

EVERYBODY'S SPORT

Skating! Wonderful sport, that. A year ago, I would have made this enthusiastic comment strictly from the spectator's point of view. You see, a year ago, I was a rather timid soul. Never having been on skates, blade or ball-bearing type, I used to spend a lot of time with my chin and mittens resting on the boards around the rink, my eyes bulging with something akin to admiration but really more like awe, while girls in abbreviated skirts and fellas wearing ear-muffs of various cuts and sizes glided gracefully past.

My day-dreams were jammed with miniatures of myself doing tricky acrobatics on a glaring sheet of ice. My mind was filled with optimistic illusions which finally overcame my reticence. I was going to learn! Two days later, I was appropriately shod. Three days later, I was broken in.

It was a crisp cold day; the ice looked as if someone had actually polished it. There were three little boys skating on their ankles at the far side of the rink, and but for these, the place was deserted. I gave my laces a final tug, stood up, wobbled a little, and stepped gingerly to the edge of the blanket of ice. Really, I thought, all you do is push yourself forward on one foot, then on the other. I acted accordingly. With a brave display of confidence in myself, I shot forward. I felt every ounce of strength ooze out of my ankles as one skate began to shake violently. I bent low, hoping to lower my center of gravity, but in vain. I sprawled. Six times I tried. Six times I failed. The little boys had joined me by this time, and were standing at a safe distance, watching curiously. I heard one say superfluously: "She's learning to skate." I gritted my teeth. Once more, said the tenacious side of my nature. Four steps I took this time before the inevitable happened. My feet both lost contact with the ice. I seemed to float upward while I clawed the air, mentally sending a passionate plea to the

gods to please take it easy this time. I crashed down on my posterior extremity, and for a minute, felt as if I had been beaten to a pulp, a most uncomfortable sensation. I opened my eyes and shook my head. Skating? uh-uh, not for me.

But I learned, "Persevere, and success shall be your reward" is my motto. Boys ask me to skate now, although for a mighty long time, while I was learning, you know, amused and slightly wary glances were all that ever came my way. But one night, I went home, triumphant, and wrote in my little book: "Dear diary, a man asked me to skate to-night, and I only fell three times; he apologised each time, so I guess it was his fault."

I am thinking of trying spins and swoops the next time I go skating. T. R. '44.

Harold Good

Description: Mr. Six by Six. Noted as: Romeo. Nickname: Foo. Afraid of: Nothing—he says. Accomplishment: Just look at him—see it? Aversion: Women? Fav. Song: "I hate to get up in the morning". Ambition: Hollywood. Hobby: Eating. Sports: Anything. Fav. Food: Same. Recreation: Studying. Fav. Sayings: "Gee Whiz".

Your new feature "Profiles" is entertaining and to the point. For the purpose of maintaining interest it should not be devoted to any particular group of students. If the Profiles are chosen at random, the feature should be some help in building up "College Spirit".

(Taken from the Snoop Box)

Dean: Where are your parents? Co-ed: I have none. Dean: Where are your guardians? Co-ed: I have none. Dean: Then where are your supporters?

May We Present



FRANCES M. DOUGHERTY

Our own little college town, Fredericton, produces the senior of the week, Frances M. Dougherty.

Fran has been active in sports during her years "up the hill", having participated in swimming, hockey and gym work. Last year, after many anxious, determined attempts, she made the coed hockey team along with fifteen other fearful fearful coeds. She was on the coed gym team and participated in the Spring Show.

Every other Tuesday night usually sees her at Delta Rho, as she is very interested in debating and discussion. In her sophomore year she was secretary-treasurer of the girls debating society.

Fran is active in musical circles and has made a name for herself in the Girl Guides of Fredericton. A quiet, unassuming type, Fran has made many true friends "up the hill". Her keen observance and active mind have not been missed by her college friends and these, along with her efficiency and willingness to be helpful, have proven her to be a "regular coed".

Learn to Swim

Lesson I: Don bathing-suit or trunks; swimmer is advised to remove clothes first.

Lesson II: Fill bath-tub with lukewarm water, about 103 deg. C. It is suggested to put 1 large package of soap flakes in and some people could thereby get full benefit of the rarely seen water.

Lesson III: Assure oneself there are no wolves, sharks or submarines present and have a lifeguard handy.

Lesson IV: Enter afore-mentioned bathtub, from either side or either end, and lie down on stomach, placing feet against end.

Lesson V: Push off vigorously with feet, at same time vigorously flailing said water with arms. By keeping extremities in violent motion one can keep oneself on surface of the water without sinking. Progress in this manner till end of tub is reached. Give right-hand traffic signal and turn slowly. Return in same manner. This is known as the dog-paddle. During these lessons we will teach you the canoe paddle, the butter paddle and churn, the Australian crawl, the German crawl (towards Stalingrad) and the snake crawl.

Lesson VI: Practice No. 5 for a few hours. Caution—do not drink too much of the water—it might be dirty, and besides the pool will get too shallow. We conclude this invaluable lesson with some elementary diving instructions. Climb up on end of tub, face the beautiful expanse of rippling water before you, and rising on tip-toes raise both hands above head, if possible, touching fingers as if praying—which you'd better do, and quickly throw oneself at the water. It is not advisable to remain under water for very long but you'll probably be there a long, long time. This is called the swan dive. We also teach the duck dive, the Spitfire dive, the Messerschmitt dive (crash!) and several other dives which no respectable person should enter.

This concludes Lessons 1-10. For further lessons send only the top of the Arts Building and Professor (censored)'s head and \$500 in stamps (no coins please) to "Stinky" in care of the Brunswick-an.

R. L. '46.

POETRY CORNER

SUMMER

When Housewife May churns up the heavy cream
And spills the daisies' buttermilk to gleam
In thinnest bubbles on the Earth's wide lip,
Their hearts, fat butter-blobs, while cherries drip
Their curded blossoms down to sop the grass —
Then Summer combs her hair before the glass,
Slipping her ragged frock above her head,
And pushes reeling Springtime off to bed.

When Farmer August leans upon his rake
To fill his pipe and blink his eyes awake,
And the broad Earth lies dozing in the sun
Like some great, lazy cat when day is done,
Yawning and stretching in the kitchen heat;
When sleepy breezes drag their heavy feet —
Then Summer leans her chin upon her hand,
And dreams of new days in another land.

BETTY BREWSTER.

Am I Odd?

Am I odd
Because I don't like petting?
Or, am I odd
Because I don't like betting?

Am I wrong
Because I don't like drinking?
Yes, maybe I'm wrong
Because I prefer thinking.

They say I'm queer
Because I don't like kissing.
Yes, they say I'm queer—
That I don't know what I'm missing.

Am I mean
Because I don't spend freely?
Yes, I guess I'm mean
But I'd much rather save, really.

Am I insane?
Because I don't like jiving?
I must be insane
When I like rythm-less driving.

Am I right
To avoid life's riotous places?
Surely I'm right
To seek and long for wide, open spaces.

Am I unsound
Because I refuse a love date?
You'd say I'm unsound
Because I'd rather ski, swim or snow-snow—

The Wolf

If he parks his little fliver
Down beside the moonlit river
And you feel him all aquiver
Baby—He's a wolf!

If he says you're gorgeous lookin'
And your eyes set him a-zookin'
But your eyes aren't where he's lookin'
Baby—He's a wolf!

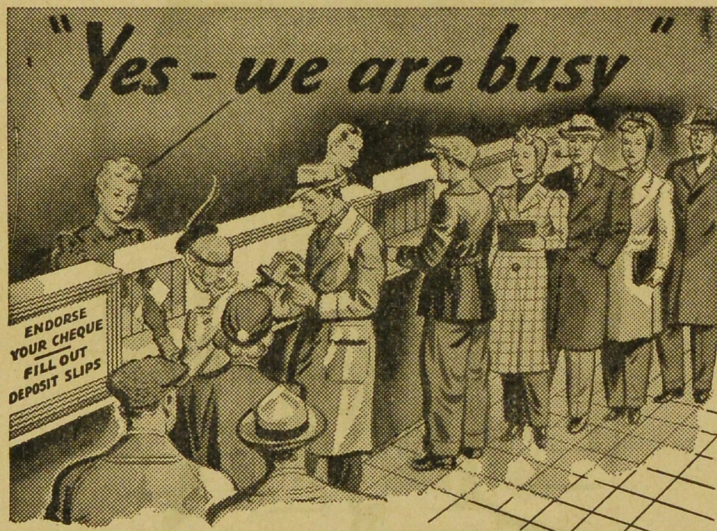
If he says that you're an eyeful
And his eyes begin to trifle
And his heart pounds like a rifle
Baby—He's a wolf!

If by chance you are a-kissing
And you feel his heart a-missing
And his breath sounds like it's hissing
Baby—He's a wolf!

If his arms are strong like sinew
And he starts the gypsy in you
So you want him close agin you
Maybe—You're the wolf!

'skate.

Perhaps I am odd—
Who knows—the missing link?
Yes maybe I am odd.
Tell me, what do you think?



YES, and this is evidence that *Canada's war effort is moving in high gear*, as the day's work in a bank is closely allied with that effort. It means:—

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- Servicing Victory Bond transactions during campaigns and at other times. Regular over-the-counter sales of War Savings Stamps and Certificates.
- Dealing with necessary Government Regulations (Foreign Exchange—Travel—Import and Export of Goods...) on behalf of the public.
- And in addition, providing the many banking services necessary to the country's activities.

Many of our trained men are now with the Armed Forces but our staff carries on. Your co-operation by banking early in the day will be helpful.

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