

You and Me, Too

I dreamed a dream last night—I mean I had a nightmare. Did I ever! Somebody phoned me up to say exams were starting the next day, but they didn't know what I had first. So there I was. Heaven only knows that exams are killing enough anyway, but not to know what to cram first—ye gods!

First I thought I'd just make for the bridge. Who would blame me with only a ninety-nine to one chance of devouring 240 marks worth of a Fall Term education? But then I said to myself, said I: "Now take it easy—after all you haven't run up that hill five minutes late every day for nothing."

So I turned off the radio, took the receiver off the hook, locked my door, sat down at my desk (comfortable chair, that) and reached for a book. But gee, there were an awful lot there! "This requires something, keed, something you haven't got." So I tried to think back to the lectures I had slept through to see what I had gleaned in my waking moments. But all I could hear one prof. say was: "Now here's a little book . . ." That was good—but I was only stung once. Seeing as I like "little" books real well I thought I'd make an impression and borrow it, which I did—the whole seven hundred pages of it. All those little books accumulated to such an extent that I eliminated that subject. I really had passed my mid-term in it anyway; and what was the point in that if I couldn't rest on my laurels?

It suddenly dawned on me one never-despairs gentleman had told me when exams were nine weeks away (imagine!) to "do a little work." Can you tell me why everyone harps on "little this" and "little that" up here? Heck, if I only had a little time and a little sleep I'd probably get that elusive 40%. As that was nine weeks ago there was little hope for me there; but seeing questions (they sounded good) I as I had asked a couple of intelligent wasn't particularly worried.

With the promise of "some thoroughly nasty questions" when exams rolled around from another un-

reasonable "facultas," I thought I had arrived at my goal. But gee golly my books were in whatcha-call-her's car and I couldn't read my red-pencil notes; they were pretty too! Then I opened my drawer and found a whole essay and a half that I hadn't passed in. I screamed. I really did.

"Where do I go from here?" thought I. Why I've got a course with only one text—lemme at it. Yeah, but what? There was the little matter of the Science Club's capability. Ah! that was the solution. Could I help it if my book didn't come? I ordered it sometime last week didn't I? My enduring pal across the hall had a book but I had locked my door and I'm a very strong-minded creature. Uh, huh!

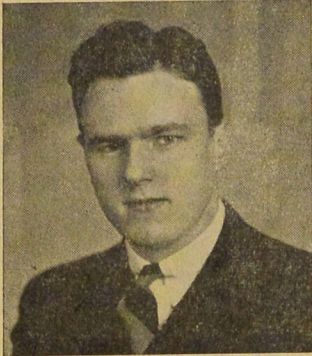
Another professor thought I was doing so well he asked me what I was in college for. Not bad, eh? Making an impression like that is all in the way you hold your mouth and the tan you can hold on to and the number of cigarettes you don't smoke. It's funny, you know, but almost everyone asks me what I'm doing in College. Guess they think I should be a Canadian Julia Perkins. And what would Julia Perkins want with romantics?

By the process of elimination I had arrived at that man who is always bestowing an extra one, two or three hundred pages on his trusting and unsuspecting class the day of his last lecture before exams. I pride myself on being a reasonable soul but that burned me up. I don't mind staying up till five o'clock but I do like to jump out of bed at least; and I do think anything like that is not only uncalled for but monstrous. Nobody ever gave me the notes I missed either—everyone's so selfish up here.

By that time I was getting tired of not being able to find anything to do, I really was. Patience is a virtue that I haven't got. Anyhow I had only skipped four lectures; of course I missed a few every week but there's a difference between skipping and missing (didn't you know?) And I found some books in

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May We Present



BERNARD DOWNMAN

A big, bad engineer comes to our page this week in the person of Bernard Downman. Ben is president of the Engineering Society and as such holds prestige and honor as head of the "We are, we are . . ." boys. In his junior year he was secretary-treasurer of the society and vice-president in his sophomore year. He was also Class President during his Sophomore year.

Last year, Ben worked hard on the advertising end of the Year Book and was instrumental in making it a financial success.

His interest in dramatics has been on the purely electrical side. He officiated as assistant electrician in his Junior year.

Promotion from cadet-sergeant to second lieutenant to lieutenant is quite an honor in the C.O.T.C., and this year Ben is second in command of "A" company.

Always interested in college activities Ben is on the S.R.C. and rigorously sees that we get a square deal. Frequent lapses of attention may be attributed to any one of a number of things—that public address system in the gym or day-dreaming about Montreal.

Questioned as to his preferences in women Ben replied, "All I require of a woman is that she can eat corn on the cob through a picket fence." This probably explains why Ben is so particular about his campus dates. On the other hand, maybe interest in Montreal accounts for this peculiarity. May we add one bit of advice Ben? Don't spend all your money on that nice present at Christmas!

SWAP SHOP

Wanted: Someone to make me start studying, someone to write five essays for me and someone to feed me cokes at my fifteen minute rest periods. Call Campus Queen at 1407.

For Sale: Perfectly good sweat shirt. Somehow it got lipstick all over it. Reason for sale—it embarrasses me. All interested call C.D. at Beaverbrook Bunny Hutch.

Wanted to Borrow: One blackjack for self-defense against the Celestina. Would also be interested in Judo Lessons. Call Eileen.

Wanted: Complete book on blackouts, especially information as to their frequency. Call the U.N.B. Dramatic Society.

Found: One A1 Snoop. Will be on exhibit in Arts Building or Tuck Shop Friday at 11.30. Call "Wouldn't you like to know?"

Wanted: Blankets, coats, anything to keep us warm. We can't stand these freezing mornings. Get in touch with "The North Shore Boys."

General Information: Better luck next time, By; Minards Linamint is good for a broken nose, Bud; Boogie Young has an enormous appetite; Sandy can't make up his mind whether he prefers Brooklyn or Southern accents; C.D., Dalton and Fairley got fooled—there wasn't any blackout; Eric's policy "Let 'em walk"; Franny's statement, "No, he wasn't sick!"

"D'ya know vy I'm noivous?" said Holman, "And why I kep jumpin' and squolmin' I'd stop if I could But what is the good? Because it ain't me, it's the voimin." —Sask. Sheaf.

The Rose Mystery

BY J. V. CLARK

He knocked, and a small old lady answered the door. She invited him in out of the rain, asking no questions except his name. Upon his reply, she smiled, "Oh yes, you have some relatives in Greysville; have you not?"

"Yes, that's where I was going when the storm broke. I guess I should have chosen a better day. Do you mind if I stay here until the storm passes over?"

"No, I don't mind at all; I have so few visitors, and I do like company once in a while." Her face took on a look of concern—"My, but you're soaking wet; come out in the kitchen where it's warm. Here, let me have your coat."

"Thank you, you are very kind." "Make yourself at home," she said, "It looks as if you may have to stay here quite a while."

"Were your relatives expecting you?" she asked.

"Oh, I wasn't going to visit them. I had—I mean, my fiancée lives there, and I thought I'd like to see her—you know."

"Yes, I know—John used to visit me often before we were married."

"I didn't know you were married. Of course—now I remember the pictures and the pipe in the other room."

"My husband has been dead for two years."

"I'm sorry."

The old lady continued, "Yes, John and I were very happy together. Of course I am still quite happy, but I miss him so much. Do you believe that the spirits of the dead watch over the ones they love?"

After a moment's pondering he answered, "Of course they do!"

The old lady smiled, "Would you like me to tell you a story?"

"Yes, I think I'd rather like it."

She took him into an adjoining room, and pointed to a sofa, "Come sit here."

The old lady spoke, hardly above a whisper, "John's mind used to bother him before he died; he used to wonder if what he had learned about God and the hereafter was true. He was sick for weeks before he died, and he had often talked to me about it. He knew that the doctors could do nothing for him and unless there was some miracle, he would soon be dead.

"One morning, I found him close

to death; he too knew that his time had come. He whispered, "Martha, will you do something for me—Go out into the garden and get the nicest rose you can find. Put it in the flower bowl on the mantelpiece, and if there is any truth in the hereafter, I shall come back and get it, after I have passed away."

"I was afraid of his words and I would not go for him. With the last bit of strength in his body he got out of bed—I could not stop him; my courage failed and I stood motionless in the corner of the room."

"Finally I came to my senses and ran out after him. As I came into this room, he was standing by the mantelpiece. He had just placed a rose into the flower bowl. Then he swayed—fell—and died there."

The young man was looking at the mantelpiece, and now he saw in his mind the complete scene, a prickly feeling ran up and down his back; the old lady continued:

"Well things went on in the usual manner. Friends came to offer their sympathy and so forth. The rose stayed up there on the shelf."

"Then one day, it was just three days after the funeral, while I was busying myself around this room, my eyes happened to fall on the flower bowl. The rose was gone. John's spirit had come back and taken it."

"From that time until now, I have often seen or imagined I have seen, John, over there by the mantelpiece. I never go near it myself, somehow. I am afraid of it. It's too high for me to reach without straining, so perhaps it is just as well that I don't use it."

"Do you believe it?"

He did not answer.

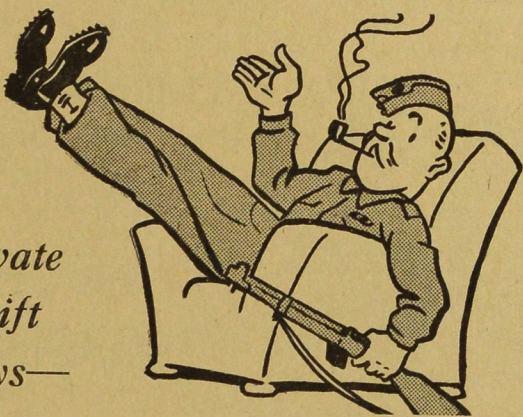
The old lady looked around: "It's getting dark, I must get a lamp—I'll be back in a minute."

She went out; he was alone in the room.

Curiosity overcame him. He walked directly over to the mantelpiece. A thousand eyes seemed to be fixed on him. He reached up for the flower bowl. It's deathly coldness made him start. He grasped it firmly. An idea struck him; he put his hand into the deep interior of the bowl. He heard the old lady coming

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Private
Thrift
says—



I'M NO ARMCHAIR STRATEGIST

But here is one sure way to help win this war. Watch every penny you spend. Save all you can.

Postpone all needless spending until after the war is over. One of the best ways of doing this is to invest regularly in War Savings Certificates. Another is to build up a reserve of fighting dollars to purchase Victory Bonds.

Thrift is a virtue in peace time, a patriotic duty today.

THE ROYAL BANK
OF CANADA

The Bar that
Sailors, Soldiers,
and Airmen Prefer

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chocolate made

Neilson's