

A DAY IN A YEAR

"Put, put, put your arms around me," blared the juke-box in the pavilion and Dipa wished Ron wouldn't take the song so literally. Why she came so often, she couldn't imagine, unless it was habit. After seven years in a summer resort, it was easy to follow the crowd. You either did or you didn't; there was no in-between.

The nickels wore out after awhile and all the boys waited for the next sucker to come across. Every time, they let the English sailors, on survivors' leave, throw away their money. Gosh, but it was maddening. Dip had heard that the Gyro Camp had been loaned to the Navy to get the men away from the sea for a while; but she only got up on week-ends and hadn't seen them before. It was a good idea, she thought; but it made her want to cry when she pictured them lying in the sun. When would they lie beneath the blue skies of England again—or would they, at all?

Another bunch of merchant marine men came in then. Suddenly, Dip was interested. There he was! Oh gee, would he recognize her? And as Ron and she danced past, he glanced at her, smiled and yelled, "Milne". Now she felt so alive and wide awake that Ron looked at her.

"For the love of Pete, what's wrong with you?" he asked.

"Not a thing", she replied and never meant it more in her life.

Again they approached the door and she heard Ron's, "Of all the nerve!" as Paul cut in. She heard herself murmur, "It's all right. He went to school with my cousins in England." And they waltzed off.

The mutual silence was odd, Dip thought; it wasn't easy to be silent in anyone's company without embarrassment. "I've known him an hour," she thought . . . for he had come into the book store and they had argued about all the new books. It was odd, too, how they had clicked. The other clerks had razed her for spending so much time with him; usually she froze up when any of the service men tried to start up a conversation. It had been a

twenty dollar sale anyway! And she had wished she could have given him every book on the shelves!

"I thought you said you lived on Dufferin Ave.," Paul said finally.

"I do when I'm in town," Dip laughed.

Then they began to talk about trivial things until she saw Ron gazing at her with disturbing intentions. What could she do? But Paul did it for her. After she had introduced them, Paul said to Ron:

"I hope you don't mind if Dipa takes me home to meet her mother. I come from the same part of the country."

And off they went. But it was a couple of hours before Paul met her mother.

As they walked up the railroad track they laughed and kidded each other—she, about his girl in every port and he, about her depth beyond her apparent indifference to the world at large. For he had drawn her out as no one had before; and he hadn't laughed at her ideas. Curiously enough, his own were similar. It was fun, Dipa decided, to know someone like Paul. He could make her laugh—and she loved to laugh—always at the right things. Oh, he was fun and good company—and that was enough! And they both adored A.A. Milne—perfect!

"I won't be in town Monday night," he said.

She knew what he meant. And she knew, too, that sheer joie-de-vivre came and went with the early teens. This was Saturday night Monday, she would be working. So what of to-morrow?

Into one day they crammed weeks of fun and laughter; it was easy because there was much too much time for grief and tears later. They played tennis and swam; they sailed on the river which had given Dipa her love for the water—how could she be afraid for him when they both loved it so much? They walked away from the crowds for the people saw only that they were practically strangers to each other. They had dinner at the inn. And they walked again. How could they be strangers when they could do

May We Present

Pretty, isn't "it"? Such charm, such grace, in other words, what a personality! Up a tree? Hm, we thought so, but don't worry, chum, before long you will know who the dignified, stately "it" is. As a matter of fact, you are going to know immediately. "It" is none other than our University of New Brunswick foresters, to whom this article is dedicated.

Sorry, folks, we couldn't get their pictures, but when the photographer approached them he was driven off with hatchets, calipers and buzzsaws, to say nothing of the agony he went through in the hands of the forestry "B" men who mistakenly took him for a new type of destructive insect. **Warning!** Don't ever mention insect pins or butterfly nets to our photographer because—well, just because!

All kidding aside, though, despite their ugly faces (real reason for no picture) they really are a fine bunch of boys, and we hope they bust that old axiom all to hell, "All foresters are stupid so-in-so's, who scarcely know how to cut down a tree." By putting out a forestry edition of the Brunswickan they are proving that they have other talents, and can equal any faculty in the "arts of life".

And so to editor "By" Matatall and his newspaper staff, we wish the best of luck and success. We are proud of you for attempting to break the jinx and can only hold our breath until it is all over.

everything together and read each other's thoughts?

The store was crowded at three o'clock the next afternoon for the sale of stationary. Paul's turn finally came and she wrapped up his books quickly.

"I shall be back for Christmas," he said. "There will be lots of new books then, eh?"

"Oh yes—and don't forget to give me your sale."

He smiled and handed her a package.

"Cheerio!" he said.

"Good-bye, Paul. They say satisfied customers always come back!"

"Young woman, I've been waiting five minutes for you to serve me," cried an impossible old woman.

And Dipa put the parcel beneath the counter as she bent to get the thumbtacks.

At nine o'clock she stood at her bedroom window. Down the harbour she knew so well, she saw the inevitable dirty grey ship sailing, just one of the many that pass the island every week. Only, Dip thought, there goes Paul. She looked at the lovely necklace and bracelet he had given her; and the colours in them reminded her of the summer day they had spent together. Yes, it had been fun!

Mavis DeLong

Noted for: Her witticisms.
Accomplishment: Best skater at U.N.B.

Hobby: Eating peanuts between bidding—pass.

Famous for: Being late for classes with a certain sophette.

Ambition, Math, math and more math.

Favourite saying: Snappin' drawers.

Aversion: Rotten skaters.

Marion Morrison

Favourite saying: "Whatever you say".

Accomplishment: Can play "Missouri Waltz", "Star of the East" and "Wine, Woman and Song" on the piano.

Famous as: A runner of exceeding speed.

Favourite song: "Sweet Alice Ben Bolt".

Aversion: Short men.

Chief worry: Mary Kesson.

Hobby: Increasing her 45,000 word vocabulary.

VICTORY TRAINING

Forty-two glamorous Co-eds (the other ten were suffering from foot trouble) smartly clad in neat black tunics and crisp white blouses, stepped out onto the Gym floor as a crashing chord arose from the juke box in the corner. Without a moment's hesitation they fell into position, and on the command of their leader, proceeded to execute a most difficult military drill with seemingly effortless ease. As one woman they performed "right about turn's", "halt's" and "company will advance", to the delight of an audience above them.

The boys of the U.A.T.C. and C.O.T.C. blinked twice as they watched the cute little number they had dated last week, give orders in a voice that would have shamed any drill sergeant. Could these be the droopy Coeds they had been criticizing so harshly? Why these little girls were a credit to the college! Such precision, such esprit de corps! More than one Joe College got a trifle red as vivid pictures of their own ragged drill flitted across their minds. Darn 'em—just like a woman to keep it all just one beautiful big, dark secret!

But the girls' sweet revenge was not yet at an end. The usually witless femmes had mastered yet another art. To the lilting strains of "The Merry Widow Waltz" they gracefully performed the many complicated rhythmic movements which compose the "Danish Drill"—recognized the world over as the only true way toward a lovelier and more luscious figure. It was a joy to see how easily they touched the floor with the palms of their hands with nary a squeak from their tender young joints; how deliberately they balanced on one toe while kicking out the other leg in a single sweeping movement, how delicately they manoeuvred their slender young hips to the haunting music which flowed about them. What a finale!—what Coeds!

As the audience finally pulled up stakes and prepared to depart, there was but one question on everyone's lips. Who had been responsible for this unexpected and unrivaled performance? Some said the energetic gym instructor; others just plain hard work on the girls' part; and a few even classed it as a miracle and let it go at that. But me and the gals know better! If the gentle reader will follow me up the back steps and peak with me through the key hole of the Ladies' Locker Room, the fog will clear. For in

that little room my friend lies answer to this most baffling of mysteries. Look closely now as we see the lovely ones donning their street apparel. Since there is a shortage of cubic feet in the room, they have had to adapt themselves to an entirely new way of life. Note how they utilize every inch of space—the lucky ones have standing room for one foot on the floor, the next group take to the narrow benches, while the late-comers have to dress while reposing on the locker tops, a very precarious position. When Mary finds she has left her skirt across the room, eight feet away, she has to go through more manoeuvres than a soldier on a commando course. In turn she must clamber over two girls' backs, crawl under a bench, then duck suddenly to miss being hit in the face by a wet towel, and then do a back bend if she doesn't want a whack from a badminton racquet. To make the shower room two methods are advocated—(1) take to the locker tops, i.e. by way of the stratosphere, or (2) just crawl through, which necessitates a good physique. Talk about dismantling unexploded mines!—these kids can manipulate combination locks while standing on thin heads.

And so now you know where they got that coordination and timing, that rhythm. Yep—it's all from the antics they have to go through in that new two-by-four locker room they got. Without it, they would have been sunk, boys—so help me!

NOTICE !!

Wanted—Coach for the Co-ed Hockey Team. Please fill in application below and hand in to Joyce Mavor, Mary Murray or Sheila Lemont. Note: Only masculine applicants will be considered.

Name
Address
Phone number
Financial status
Single (if the answer is no, don't go any further)
Color of hair
Color of eyes
Height
Weight
Experience—on skates
Experience—not on skates
No objections to two applicants who wish to be co-coaches for the co-eds.

IT'S
ALWAYS
YOUR
TURN
TO
WRITE



It's regular news from home that the boys on active service really appreciate. Write every week. Tell them about the family—what the friends and neighbours are doing—all the local news. Keep your letters cheerful and full of optimism. Tell them about the money you are saving—the War Savings Certificates and Victory Bonds you are buying—of the plans for the future when they come home.

• Tell them of a Savings Account in the Bank of Nova Scotia which will provide for the readjustment into normal civilian life, for the comforts and pleasures of a world at peace.

Service overseas is provided through our London, England, Branch at 108 Old Broad St., E.C.2. Money may be cabled through any Branch.

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