

A Visit to the Ladies' Reading Room

Since it be seemingly, according to great minds, that every art shall have a purpose, we assign to this article the single and solemn purpose of enlightening you readers on that little world—the Ladies Reading Room. It is, I assure you, a task of extreme magnitude but then never let it be said that we lacked courage.

Up the steps we go to the second floor of the Arts Building, a little to the left and here we are. You will notice as we approach that the door is wide open and is ever so. Note this down as proof of the hospitality of the co-eds. You will no doubt also observe that around the premises "all the air a solemn stillness holds". Do not mistake this as propaganda or coincidence. The girls all find such an atmosphere more favourable to intense mental effort. You will perhaps feel the silence oppressive in comparison with the noisy regions below, but after a time you will become conscious of the fact that the air is charged with little electric currents dashing hither and thither in a most stimulating style. Very little is known of the scientific nature of such currents but for your benefit we will merely explain that they are prevalent in the regions of active brains.

After being welcomed graciously by our pride and joy, Peaches, you are ready to make your entrance. On crossing the threshold you will behold delicate bits of stationery covered with exquisite handwriting, and attached by small pieces of metal to the doorway. Do not attempt to decipher these little messages but do note the charming symmetry with which they are arranged. Refreshing isn't it?

Now you are ready to survey the wondrous scene before you. Your attention will be drawn first by a table in the center of the room around which will be gathered a large number of girls, four of whom hold strange little bits of cardboard done in U.N.B. colors ("college spirit" with a plus, n'est-ce pas?) Let us go closer that we may follow the intricate movements, but what has happened? Somewhere in the distance a bell tinkled faintly—there was a swish of skirts—and the room is empty. Let's go.

The origin of all Weights and Measures in England was derived from a grain of wheat.

How to Recognize A Wolf

A wolf's whole object from the moment he starts weaving his web (did you know there is actually a wolf tarantula in South America?) is to make his words more attractive than either his face or the principles in which his intended victim believes. There are many, many types of wolves and the question arises as to whether it would be easier to illustrate those who aren't than those who are. But here again a difficulty would be experienced for the precise reason that wolves make a point of looking like men who aren't.

Wolves have existed since time immemorial. There are certainly records of their existence in Roman days (Lupus Humana) and it is almost certain that when he first met Cleopatra, Marc Anthony intended to be a wolf—but since Cleopatra also was a wolf, the example is not a good one. A better example is that of Thais and Paphnutious, except that there again, as Anatole France showed so brilliantly Thais was probably the wolf. Incidentally, never tell a naval man that he is a wolf in ship's clothing; this is not considered a good pun, nor will an R.C.A.F. man like to be told he is a plane wolf.

Wolves use a myriad different approaches, but the more common ones can be recorded. The most usual (strange as it may seem) is the "Approach Oblique", others are the "Lure Financial", the "Plea Heroic", the "Jump Royal" (or brutal), the "Caress Paternal", the "Chat Fraternal", the "Shrug Bohemian" and the "Cry Passionate". Above all be on your guard against the man who says something like this, "Time is fleeting, above all for those of us who are young, things we thought enduring have become transient, swift, sudden—tonight laughter and joy—tomorrow tears and death—these days of youth should be precious for us, we may not have them long . . . please, please give me something to remember you by?"

A type whom it is not easy to categorise is the one who starts with disarming frankness by saying, "Quite frankly I am a wolf", and then goes on to show you that he is really quite a nice chap. This type can only be described as dreadful and deadly and if you ever meet it run—run as fast as you can, run like Jehu.

—NEW WORLD.

May We Present

Here they are folks! the master-minds of the campus—the ever-ready with a helping hand men—the Engineers. Sorry about the picture boys, but we couldn't get the full-length portrait you ordered—the war, you know.

Aside from gentle ribbing, though, the engineers form our largest faculty, and are the mainstay of college activities. The Engineering Society, with Bernard Downman presiding, is a going thing and from the fertile minds gathered at their meetings are born such wonderful things as dances, Boiler-maker style, and such horrible things as the Wassail.

Next week the Engineers are indulging in something a bit different—something literary. They are issuing an Engineering Copy of the Brunswickan. It should really be good, because they have had an admirable example set for them by the foresters, their foes of long-standing. We trust that Herbie Loane, the editor, will keep everything under control and not allow his staff to "run wild", but then this is not the first Brunswickan produced by the Engineers. They, themselves, have set a high goal by their supreme effort of last year.

One thing is puzzling the student body, however. It is a ticklish question and we hope we are not infringing on personal matters in asking it—but tell us, what color is it going to be???

SWAP SHOP

Wanted: One set of car springs. Apply to Bill Thompson at the Residence.

Wanted: Protection from all the gypped boys at the Co-ed dance. Apply to Little Doc. Telephone 1407.

For Sale: Post card photographs of the Woodstock High Basketball team. All information concerning said team given freely and without charge. Apply to Don Holyoke.

Wanted: One male, not interested in the taxi business. Call Wolf Kitchen who took no one to the Co-ed Dance and ended up with three men—good ones too!

Lost: One gas ration book. Reward offered. See H. Ryan.

Wanted: Co-eds who don't know what a Pine Float is, and will order same. Call Bill, Arnie or Buzz.

Wanted: Information on rates to Montreal. Call Maynard. (No questions answered).

Found: Six cases of beer in my closet. Reward to anyone who can solve the mystery. Call S.D. at xxx-xx.

For Sale: Three bottles of "Kreml". Reason for sale a secret. Apply Bob Evans at 1190-11.

Found: One male, over six feet. Anyone trespassing on my property will be prosecuted. Call at the library and ask for the redhead, for further particulars.

Wanted: More Co-ed Weeks. We thought it was fun. Apply to the U.N.B. boys.

SHE DONE HIM WRONG

A doctor was called in to attend a man. Having done all he could for the time being, he told the patient's wife to take the patient's temperature in the morning.

On the following day when the doctor called he asked her if she had done what he had told her.

"Well, we hadn't a thermometer in the house," she said, "but I put the barometer on his chest and it registered 'Very dry', so I gave him a pint of beer and he's gone to work."

The old fashioned doctor had examined the poor man's eyes, and took his wife on one side and said, "I fear expensive optical treatment is beyond your means, but let him wash around his eyes every morning with a little brandy and I will call and see him again."

The doctor returned in a week and asked how the good man was getting along.

"Well, doctor," said the wife, "he has tried his best to bathe his eyes, but he can never get the cup past his mouth."

Previously to the reign of Charles II, the National Debt had no existence in England.

POETRY CORNER

ANTICIPATION

How can I in words express
The joy that courses through my brain
When glorious spring awakes from rest,
And sings her song through silver rain.

Oh, could you understand at all
That sweet pain that creeps through me,
When I hear exulting water fall
From the vice of winter free.

But surely you must feel it too
That undefined and haunting sweetness,
Which fills the balmy waiting silence
In the twilight of the early spring.

REVERIE

Did you ever sit alone and dream
Of sunlight playing on a laughing stream,
Of waters that sparkle and gaily leap
Over rocks and stones away to the deep;
In peaceful fields perchance you strayed
And heard the song the bluebells played,
And saw the daisies dance with grace
As zephyrs gently stroked each face;
Or through Fancy's door you wandered slow
And gazed on hills bewigged with snow—
There in grandeur, so awful by height
Great peaks pray silently to His Might;
Mayhap in woodland glade you found
The sweet arbutus scenting the ground,
And over head from leafy shade
A clear high note some wild bird made;
But as your dreams went on and on,
Soon they faded and were gone
Back to the realms where fairies keep
Them safe and sound, as you fell asleep.

B. D. '45

Daydream

She draws her shawl about her, gently sighs,
Then leans back with her Bible on her knee,
But gold Bathsheba's face she cannot see
Nor hear dead David's mournings sadly rise.
What does she care for David? Cold he lies,
Gone down to Sheol, to the place of gloom,
And in the shadowy places of the tomb
Forgets the color of Bathsheba's eyes.

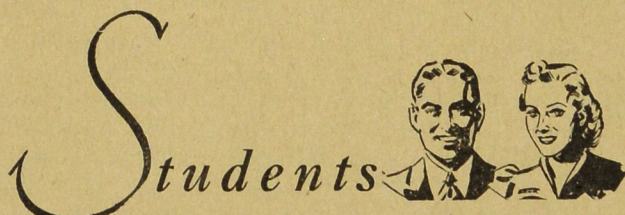
How can she help but dream her own youth over,
How red her lips were, with their tender pout,
How sweet her breath was, like the steam from clover?
Oh, but those cobweb charms are long worn out.
The years have withered from her life's green bough;
The lips she kissed are crumbled ashes now.

BETTY BREWSTER

The orderly officer received a complaint about the issue of bread. "Soldiers should not make a fuss about trivialities, my man," he said. "If Napoleon had had that bread when he was crossing the Alps, he'd have eaten it with delight."

A violinist entered a music shop. "I want an E-string, if you please," he observed to the man behind the counter.

Nervously producing a box, the new Cockney assistant said: "Would you mind pickin' one out for yourself? Y'know, I 'ardly can tell the 'e's from the she's."



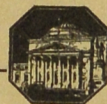
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