

The Wonderful Year

I idly traced the date, January 21st, 1944, across the top of my loose leaf, in the first stage of my doddling exercises which usually result in a surrealist nightmare that would put even Giorgio de Chirico to shame. Besides wasting my ink it keeps my mind off the Prof's vacant mutterings and is much more amusing than watching a fly walk across the ceiling.

In the midst of my weighty reflections, I noted by calculation to three places of decimals that 1944 was divisible by four, which meant of course that this was Leap Year, and memories of a quaint tradition associated with such a year immediately put new life in me. But being a careful creature I decided to check up on my suspicions before proceeding to take violent action, so I hustled over to the library and seizing the Encyclopaedia Britannica, thumbed my way to page 884, vol. 13 (just in case you want to look it up for yourself) and behold there I found the most interesting facts.

It all started back in 46 B.C. when Julius Caesar of Freshman History fame changed the calendar around so that an extra day was needed every four years just to keep the thing in running condition. Being of a conservative nature the Britannica declines to let out the secret of just when the female sex began to woo on their own initiative. However the Scotch lassies weren't so dull for in 1288 they got a law passed which said that "it is statut and ordaith that during the rein of hir maist blissit Megeste, for ilk yeare knowne as lepe yeare, ilk mayden ladye of bothe highe and lowe estait shall have liberte to bespeke ye man she likes, albeit he refuses to talk hir to be his lawful wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye sum ane pundis or less, as his estait may be—" in other words "marry me or pay a pundis" which was rather expensive in those days.

It only took a few years for the left-over mademoiselles to be satisfied by a similar law, and so the idea spread. Frankly I didn't check up with the present code of laws, but with such reliable authority as a law dating back to 1288, I can't see why modern girls should hesitate about proposing in Leap Year. It's particularly handy in these war-time days when time is so limited. For example, say your boyfriend's furlough is fast drawing to a close, and still he hasn't popped the question. A full moon is still several days off so a romantic atmosphere can't be counted on. Are you to give up in despair without finally getting the noose around his neck? Definitely not. Why not sit down quietly with him on the settee before the gas heater and explain that we are all making sacrifices these days and though you fully realize his many weaknesses and intensely dislike his brand of hair tonic, you will gladly overlook them all, and consent to become his wife. What could be simpler or sweeter?

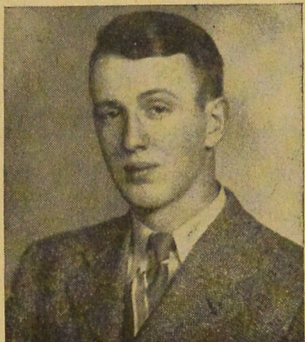
Of course if he is the old fashioned type, a more subtle wording may be necessary before the magic "yes" can be drawn from his quaking breast, but either method is guaranteed to work in a small number of cases. Just what your married life will be like is horrible to contemplate but after all, all I'm concerned with is the proposal. Doubtless many men will not respond to this type of wooing, but what the heck—if he refuses you can always collect the pundis, and I don't mean in flesh either.

F. H. '44

"So you came to visit my daughter, eh?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "And you play that saxophone there, eh?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Well, blow!"

—American Boy

Let's Get Acquainted



ROBERT FORBES

Ah me! Time shore do fly and here it is another week. Another week?—that means somebody new to get acquainted with and that somebody who appears in this column is none other than Bob Forbes.

"Seven up" Forbes came to U.N. B. from Moncton, that great burg known as the Hub of the Maritimes. He is the only senior forest bugologist hangin' round Canada this year—at least that's what somebody said—and jobs are chasing after him like wolves after a blonde. As a freshman he was handed out the duties of chief cook and bottle washer of the Foresters Tea Party. They call it the Hammerfest. In his junior year he was vice-president of the Forestry Association and news editor of the society's issue of The Brunswickan for that year. This year he is doing a repeat performance on the job of news gathering for the Foresters and their little publication of next week.

Bob's sports career hit a new high when he was almost champion of the ping pong craze of the Residence a couple of years back. Since then he has contented himself with inter-class hockey. After faithful allegiance to the C.O.T.C. he has in his last year attained the rank of corporal.

Bob has gained the coveted reputation of being the only student who could make Freshman Math. lectures one second before "Scrappier" barred the door. He has perhaps another distinction that of being one of the few men who make one half of two duos—namely the Forbes-Crowther twosome AND the Forbes-MacKenzie couple! Good luck, Bob, in your entomology and here's hopin' you can handle all those jobs.

Coach: "Bill, you're a find! The way you hammer the line, pick your hole, dodge, reverse the field, and still keep your feet is simply marvelous! Who showed you how to run like that?"

New Halfback: "My mother, sir."

Coach: "Your mother!"

New Halfback: "Yes, sir. She used to take me shopping with her on bargain days." —American Boy

"Freshman", said the prof., wishing to make clear the meaning of the word "Miracle." "If a man fell from the top of a very high building and landed on a stone pavement unhurt, what would that be?"

Freshman: "Fluke."

Prof.: "But suppose he did it again?"

Freshman: "Another fluke."

Prof.: "But what would it be if he did it a third time?"

Freshman: "Habit."

Early to bed and early to rise
 Keeps your roommate from wearing
 your ties. —American Boy.

IN THE STACKS

By BETTY BREWSTER

I'd like to speak to you—for a change, perhaps—about a book, or rather three books, in which I don't intend to pick flaws; not that they are completely flawless, but, like most people, I have some favourites which I regard as too close friends to be subjected to an un pitying harsh scrutiny. The three volumes containing A. E. Housman's poetry—"A Shropshire Lad", "Last Poems", and "More Poems"—are among my own favourites and I'm afraid that, far from weighing their value in a reasonable and objective manner, I may burst into some most sickening panegyrics, unless I prevent myself by indulging in quotations.

My own very great admiration for Housman is based upon his exquisitely lucid and concise style, hiding his infinitely painstaking craftsmanship under a deceptive simplicity. Take, for example, this poem, the first and last stanzas of which especially delight me:

Far in a western brookland
 That bred me long ago
 The poplars stand and tremble
 By pools I used to know.

There in the windless night-time,
 Halts on the bridge to hearken
 The wanderer, marvelling why,
 How soft the poplars sigh.

He hears: no more remembered
 In fields where I was known
 Here I lie down in London
 And turn to rest alone.

There, by the starlit fences,
 The wanderer halts and hears
 My soul that lingers sighing
 About the glimmering weirs.

There is no blatant showmanship in this poem. One hasn't the uncomfortable feeling that one has at times, even in reading the works of an author, who, is in some respects excellent, that he is jumping through hoops for his readers' benefit. Yet, if you will try to capture, either in verse or in prose, the subtle beauty of Housman's style, I think you will realize how many times he must have blotted out lines and substituted new words for old, how he must have polished and repolished, just to write those four simple quatrains.

Fighting Babies

A rip-roaring game of hockey was staged at college rink last Saturday afternoon. The stately senior gals ripped the pants off the jolly juniors (figuratively speaking) before said juniors knew what was happening. With two stalwart sailors as defense behind each line, the coeds played forward throughout the entire game. Mauler Murray, known to the professors as Miss Ramsay, was the outstanding star of the game as she plunked the puck into a net defended by an astonished bearded sailor on a pass from Bungling Bateman, Killer Crotty, and Fly-Away-Weekend MacLean. Throughout the game, the game, the sailors showed a tendency to pass at Navy Bell and around the other players. Dangling Dougherty and Smasher Smith were last seen sitting in the ice, worn out from vain attempts to carry the puck to the senior goal where Dauntless Duffie was lying across the front of the net. However, 7-clubs DeLong succeeded in zipping the puck past Dauntless Duffie while the rest of the players were waiting for her to centre at a face off.

The game ended with a flaring argument about this last play. The seniors still claim that they won 1-0, but since the referee, Terrible Theriault, had forgotten his whistle, the outcome could not be definitely decided.

B. B. '44

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10 DOLLARS FOR YOU

The Brunswickan takes pleasure in announcing a contest for all you poetry writers of U.N. B. But as in all contests you must abide by the rules which are:

1. Your verse may be on any theme or subject under the sun.
2. No distinction will be made as to the type of poetry submitted (that is, serious, humorous or otherwise); it is quality that counts.
3. You may submit only one entry per person.
4. Your poem must be in not later than Feb. 25.
5. The decision of the judges will be final.

But listen to this — prizes of 5, 3 and 2 dollars will be awarded for the three best poems submitted.

It's usually the wrong road that has no turning.

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