

Scattered Leaves

Revelation

On fire I stood, as often I had done,
Upon the world's first edge with sun-awaiting heart.
But now my soul sat judging at my eyes —
(My guilty eyes! That had so looked before,
And yet seen nothing . . .) Spreading like a stain
Upon the firmament, spilling on earth,
Bathing the shuddering hills with crimson shame,
The deadly travail of earth and sky
Brought forth the sun. And I, suddenly fearful,
Stood amidst a silent universe
Alone . . . and when I looked upon my hands,
(While from afar a muttering cannon-voice
Wakened in my ears . . .) I saw that they —
They, too, were red!

Hiding my face before the fingers of the world
That now, at last, had needled through my selfishness,
I wept. And all my tears more bitter were
Than sea-salt unto drowning tongues. And I knew —
Though I were swaddled in a flag, yet I must die.

But I wept no more, for my voice was the voice of Cain . . .
J. J. '45

Collich Hoomer

Collich Hoomer!

Soph: Gee but that freshman's
dumb he can't even tell Firestone
from gallstone.

Junior: And who was Gallstone?

A girl who slaps her sweetheart
may not want to hurt his feelings
as much as she wants to stop them.

Blake: Do you serve shrimps?
Waiter: We serve anyone.

C. O.: Now I want you to get your
directions straight. This is an
important mission. Facing this
way what's on your right hand?
Frosh: A wart.

A flirt is a woman who believes
its every man for herself.

Rookie: Say Col. I figured out a
way to keep the men in the front
rank from being killed.

Col: How?

Rookie: Put them in the rear rank.

Boy: What did you do when you
discovered electricity?

Benjamin Franklin: Nothing. I
was too shocked.

Department of Ancient Humor:

The following anecdote is not by
any means ancient, but, since I
heard it before Christmas, I put it
here:

Once upon a time there was a
mousehole, and in it lived two little
mice. There names were 'In' and
'Out'.

One day, just after dinner, 'In'
went out. 'Out' felt bored at hav-
ing to stay at home, and so she
went out, too.

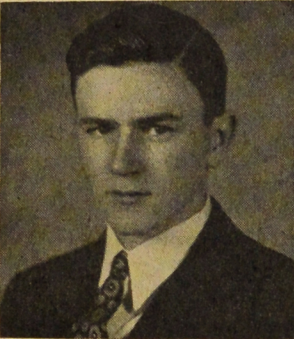
Early the next morning, 'In' came
staggering home, went into the
hole, and climbed into bed: No
sooner had he done so than 'Out'
approached the hole, but, before
she went in, she knew that 'In' was
there already.

How did she know that 'In' was
in?
Instinct.

—McGill Daily

Dumb Dora thinks "no kidding"
is a birth-control slogan.
A doctor says that there is
enough nicotine in ten cigarettes to
kill a mouse. But do mice smoke
cigarettes.

Let's Get Acquainted



FRED DAVIDSON

Lo, a second issue of the new
year has rolled around and who do
we get acquainted with this week?
—Why none other than Fred David-
son, who is doubtless familiar to
you all as last year's editor of The
Brunswickan.

Fred came to U.N.B. from Petit-
codiac as the province's matricula-
tion leader and has certainly
shown himself to be a first-class
student. But besides doin' himself
proud in December and May he
has also taken a crack at numerous
extra-curriculars. He reported for
this collich rag in his freshman
year and then the next year took a
big step upwards by becoming the
editor-in-chief of said rag. From
the first he has been helping those
great men of that great society —
ENGINEERING (of course) — to
keep things from a too muddled
condition. He was freshman rep-
resentative, vice-president and sec-
retary-treasurer of the Beermen
for one, two, three years in a row.
When U.A.T.C. hit the campus last
year he decided to join its numbers
and attained the rank of sergeant
— this year, flight sergeant.

Sports in the way of interclass
hockey and swimming have been
Fred's specialties and he also is a
member of Frankie Toole's "Yodell-
ers". Oh yes, also he jots down
the notes and stuff of Scrapper's
"Bunny Boys". But all Fred does
is done well and we know he'll go
far in his chosen profession, Engin-
eering.

Swap Shop

Wanted: Two co-eds who will go to
the show with two honest and
true real nice sailor boys. Apply
Lonely Hearts at H.M.C.S. "Brun-
swick". (Can't say you weren't
willing, eh Marie?)

For Sale: Six easy lessons on how
to catch and hold a man. Terms
strictly cash. See Ruth for fur-
ther details.

Wanted: General information as to
the whereabouts of the co-eds
hideout last Friday night. See
Johnny or Jake.

For Rent: Will rent my new hat (?)
to anyone anxious to captivate the
gals. Price reasonable. Call
"The Mad Russian" or just ask
for Eric.

For Sale: Two long drawn-out
gloomy phizs. In good condition
having had very little wear. All
applicants cheerfully received by
Blanche and Bob.

Wanted: Nursemaids to look after
wayward Freshmen especially to
see that they drink their milk—
NOT MIXED!

To Exchange: Will swap Theriault
for any co-ed to play on the Co-ed
Hockey Team. See Manager De-
Long.

Wanted: At once the low-down on
how to go about getting such a
bee-oo-tiful romance as that of
The Navy Bell(e). Address all
letters to "Lovelorn" in care of
The Brunswickan.

And now for the question of the
week: What physics prof. has been
hitting the high spots lately with
what blonde freshette?

IN THE STACKS

By BETTY BREWSTER

It is rather a pity that many
people's acquaintance with the po-
ems of Gerard Manley Hopkins
seems to be limited to the rather
inadequate representation which he
is usually given in anthologies of
modern verse. Compilers of an-
thologies include "The Wreck of the
Deutschland" because it is the long-
est of his poems; readers of anthol-
ogies skip it for the same reason.
Those of you who, like me, prefer
short poems, will find it necessary
to read his collected works.

Don't be too ready to condemn
some of his poems as trite, after
reading the first line or so. Take,
for example, his poem, "Spring".
It begins with a line that might
have been written by any news-
paper poet: "Nothing is so beauti-
ful as spring". Could anything be
duller? But then he goes on:
"When weeds, in wheels, shoot long
and lovely and lush,
Thrush's eggs look little low heav-
ens, and thrush
Through the echoing timber does
so rinse and wring
The ear, it strikes like lightnings
to hear him sing".

Similarly, in "God's Grandeur",
he brings forward the hackneyed
idea that, although the world
"Wears man's smudge and shares
man's smell" nevertheless "Nature
is never spent." But the next words
capture that spirit of delighted
wonderment at new sensations,
which seems to me the peculiar
charm of Hopkins' style: "There
lives the dearest freshness deep
down things".

The poem "The Leader Echo and
the Golden Echo" is a really ex-
quisite one which I hope you will
read in full, whatever else you skip
(my own particular favourite is
"Ash-boughs" but that is a personal
preference, and you mightn't like
it). I quote the first two lines of
the "Leader Echo" merely as a
sample:

"How to keep—is there any any, is
there none such, nowhere known
some, how or brood or braid or
lace, lace, latch or catch or key
to keep

Back beauty, keep it, beauty, beauty,
beauty . . . from vanishing away?"

This bit also illustrates—as does
almost everything he wrote—Hop-
kins' love of alliteration; and al-
though he often uses alliteration
with telling effect, he now and then,
control of it. He uses it well,
though, not at all subtly, in the
lines,

"We are leafwhelped somewhere
with the hood
Of some branchy bunchy leafyflower-
ed wood"; but I refuse to believe
that, in the lines

"or like a juicy and jostling shock
of bluebells sheaved in May",
his choice of words is dictated by
anything other than a desire to
match "j" and "s"s. It was some-
thing of the same attitude, I think,
which brought about his love for
odd modes of expression and for
that compression of speech which
is sometimes vividly expressive
and sometimes merely annoying.
Now and then you may run across
a line (such as the much-quoted,
"Or to fro tender trombeams truckle
at the eye") which, because of its
compressed form, is difficult at
first sight to understand; but this
is often only a surface difficulty,
and there is so much real beauty in
his poetry that I think only a per-
son of extreme mental laziness
could possibly object to spending a
little extra time on it.

Flash!

The latest campus news is that
'Swoonatra' McC. has been released
from 'Ye Old Arts Building Prison'
situated at the top of Moronic Hill.
He has made his debut at classes
appropriately displaying 'hollow
cheeks' and a magnificent 'Maestro'
haircut. His famous "Serenade to
a Maid" program will soon be
heard issuing forth from Room 304,
which is the Wolfe's Den of the
Bunnyhutch. Owoo! Watch out
Co-eds!

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