

Let's Get Acquainted



BEULAH BATEMAN

Another week, another column, and this time it's that senior gal, Beulah Bateman holding the spotlight. Beulah roamed "up the hill" three years ago from Shediac, N. B., the happy winner of a scholarship. She has never let that scholarship down in any way, has always been in there draggin' down the top honors. Still speaking of studies 'n such, Beulah can lay claim to having dabbled in darn near every course that ye collegiate institution could offer. She was a rock-man or geologist in her second year among other things.

As a junior she was vice-pres. of her class, and this year '44 she is secretary-treasurer of the Scientific Society, also secretary of the S.C. M. Three years of Library work and four in the Dramatic Society can be credited to Beulah's account—remember her swell performance as Mrs. Kirby in the fall play?

All in all Beulah is the kind of person that will get things accomplished, is sure to go far in her chosen vocation. But a word of warning—did you know that Beulah is an avid bridge fiend? Well, she is. So beware!

Did You Know?

That Santa Claus is the only man who ever pays any attention to silk stockings when there's nothing in them?

That ninety per cent of the water that goes over Niagara Falls never comes back?

Mud, if thrown into a pitcher of water will settle to the bottom, but you can't hasten the process by pushing it down with your hands?

King Louis XIV wore clothes that are now considered old-fashioned? The majority of ice in the Arctic region is not artificial?

The president of the Republic of China does not hold his position for life?

That no matter how transparent glass is you can still see through it?

That rubber balls can be made to bounce (that is when you can get them)?

That no one of social importance speaks Latin fluently?

That anyone can jump higher than a house, a house can't jump?

That this stuff is not in the least bit humorous?

A big buck Indian had just ordered a ham sandwich at a drug counter and was peering between the slices of bread when he turned and said to the waiter: "Uh, you slice 'em ham?"

The waiter looked up, replied, "Yes I sliced the ham."

"Ugh", grunted the Indian indignantly, "you damn near miss 'em."

A proud parent rang up the newspaper and reported the birth of twins. The girl at the newsreel didn't quite catch the message over the phone.

"Will you repeat that?" she asked.

"Not if I can help it," was the reply.

"Hey, Hughes, who was the blonde you were out with on Tuesday and Thursday?"

"Oh, she was the brunette I was out with on Wednesday and Friday."

IN THE STACKS

By BETTY BREWSTER

Perhaps I ought not to discuss with you a book which is already a classic, for fear you may say, with justifiable irritation, that you don't need to have pointed out to you beauties of which you are already perfectly well aware. However, it seems to me that a really good book may be talked of to infinity with profit and pleasure; and such a book is Thoreau's "Walden". I do not mean, of course, to praise Thoreau unreservedly. Sometimes he moralizes with surprising triteness; sometimes, especially in parts of his conclusion, he is painfully dull and tedious; and sometimes, I must confess, he bores me to tears with his everlasting praise of the simple life, praise which seems to me unjustifiably exaggerated.

Yet, having admitted so much against him, I must, as in duty bound, go on to say how fresh and original he is at his best, how keen and zestful is his love for life, how observant he is of the sights and sounds of Walden. Much of his moralizing, even, is really delightful, simply because, although he preached, his sermons were no more conventional than the Sermon on the Mount. He himself said, "The greater part of what my neighbours call good I believe in my soul to be bad, and if I repent of anything, it is very likely to be of my good behaviour. What demon possessed me that I behaved so well?"

I have read the criticism of Thoreau that he had no style; a ridiculous statement which could have been made only by a man who had no style himself, and could not appreciate it in other. As a matter of fact, Thoreau's delightfully rambling style is perfectly suited to his matter. What he has to say is so alive to him that the words grow with the subject, so that they may be said, not to express the thought, but to be the thought. Moreover, the brevity and vigour of many of his sentences gives his work the quotability of—to make a comparison very much at random—Horace or Pope. One imagines some late successor of Sir Francis Bacon's pompously beginning an essay, "It was a true saying among the Ancients—" and continuing with an epigrammatic saying of Thoreau's, such as his advice to those who loved to advertise their own philanthropy, "Rescue the drowning and tie your shoe-strings" or his rebuke of too enthusiastic reformers, "My excuse for not lecturing against the use of tobacco is that I never chewed it; that is a penalty which reformed tobacco-chewers have to pay"; or his defence of his own way of life, "It is not necessary that a man should earn his living by the sweat of his brow, unless he sweats easier than I do."

I think that the chief pleasure of reading "Walden" lies in making the acquaintance of Thoreau himself. As a man who always stood up for the rights of the individual against a society for which he had little but contempt, he had naturally developed his own individuality to the full, and he revealed it in every page he wrote. He himself said, "I should not talk so much about myself if there were anybody else whom I knew as well." However, it would have been hard for him to find anybody else to write about who was so annoyingly and refreshingly contradictory, so broad-minded and so magnificently intolerant, so pig-headed and so lovable.

E. DAISY SMITH
LADIES READY-TO-WEAR

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Collich Hoomer

Boners are usually as dull as those who perpetuate them but this one picked up from the June shearing has character:

"Surajah Dowlah put 146 Englishmen in a small room with one widow and in the morning all but 23 of the men were dead."

—Saskatchewan "Sheaf"

He who laughs last has found a dirty meaning.

—Manitoban

The visiting team was brawny and rough. The home team was faring badly.

Time after time the referee overlooked little incidents not strictly in accordance with the book of rules.

At last one of the home supporters could stand it no longer.

"I say, ref.," he bawled, "do you only know a foul when it wears feathers?"

—Open Road

He: "Say, waiter, where is the menu?"

Waiter: "Straight down the aisle and the first door to the left."

—Manitoban

Rose bud: Where did I come from.

The Rose: The stalk brought you.

"Is that girl's dress torn or am I seeing things?"

"Both."

The cutie: "I dreamed about you last night."

The Gent: "You would."

The cutie: "I would not; I slapped your face."

A bat is a long round piece of wood. So is a flagpole, and some people think it's fun to go and sit on a flagpole, so it's fun to go on a bat.

What was the Age of Pericles?

I'm not sure, but I reckon he was about forty.

He stood on the bridge at midnight

And tickled her face with his toes

For he was just a mosquito

And he stood on the bridge of her nose.

Does Bill still walk around with that slouch of his?

No, he's going with a better woman now.

Last night I held a little hand

So dainty and so neat

I thought my heart would surely break

So wildly did it beat

No other hand e'er held so tight

Could greater gladness bring

Than the one I held last night.

It was

Four Aces and a King.

He: There's a certain reason why I love you.

She: My goodness!

He: Don't be ridiculous.

Blondes appeal to men—and they usually get what they appeal for.

Labs. Their Merits

Most of you have, I presume, worked in a laboratory at some time. It is most delightful. In fact, I can think of nothing I'd rather not do than spend an afternoon in a lab.

However, for you who have never had such an experience, let me describe an afternoon in a laboratory.

First you obtain a sheet of paper on which are printed, in a vague way, your instructions. Further instructions are given by the instructor, but these generally amount to the date and the name of the experiment. Then you proceed to your bench.

When you get to your bench, you set up your apparatus. Your apparatus consists of test-tubes, beakers, crucibles, a long glass rod and a thermometer fitted together. When you are sure your apparatus will not fall over, get your materials. Also get a supply of matches—you will need them.

The materials differ from day to day, but generally you will take some dark powder, a piece of metal, mix it with an acid, add water and heat CAUTIOUSLY. To heat anything use a Bunsen Burner (natch-erly), but before trying to light a Bunsen Burner it is sometimes better to turn on the gas. In fact it is almost necessary. And if you do you will save yourself time and temper. Once you have heated the mixture and carefully noted that the test-tube became hot, you can begin to write your notes.

Writing lab. notes requires skill and care. The best way to do it is to wait until your partner has written his, then skilfully manoeuvre his book to your side and carefully copy his notes.

Now you are ready to calculate. This requires time. First take the amount of the mixture used, the volume of noise in the room, your weight and multiply together. Add to this the temperature of water at 32° and the number of villages captured by the Russians that day. Multiply your answer by the time of day (Absolute) and subtract the number of matches used in lighting the Bunsen Burner. Divide your result by 22.4. You always divide by 22.4. I guess it is tradition.

Then have your note book initialled and promise faithfully to fix your drawing before next week. Your lab is finished.

Before I close, let me give you some helpful hints. Always remember that:

a Sulphuric Acid burns.
b Soda Bicarbonate and Alcohol do not mix.

c Watt's pots never Boyle.

—C. V. D. '47

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