

Winter, Its Assets

I do not know if any of you readers of this illustrious paper share my feelings about the subject of winter. My opinion can be summed up by the not too original and not in the least funny paraphrase of the not in the least funny saying that: the more I see of winter the more I like summer. Better than that is another paraphrase. Winter is a-cumen in. Oh, sing Goddam. Not that winter doesn't have its points, mind you, but the trouble is that all of winter's good points are negative. There AREN'T any mosquitoes, and there ISN'T any great heat to suffer through, and you DON'T have to go swimming with THE CROWD, even if some brainless idiot did invent the indoor swimming pool in a moment of great silliness.

I have heard some misguided persons say, "My, I always feel better in the winter. It's so bracing!" Now what could possibly make anyone FEEL BETTER in the winter? Perhaps I am being unfair. Perhaps those fortunate persons have oil furnaces in their houses and the only thing you have to do to an oil furnace, so I believe, is set a little gadget on the wall to a certain number printed thereon, and lo! the house is warm. Nobody bothers about the fact that nine times out of ten this little gadget is mistaken for (1) a thermometer, (2) a barometer, (3) a speedometer, and that even if you are one of the submerged ten that has an oil furnace in the cellar, a guest will point to that little gadget and say, "What a darling little hydrometer." That is the scientific guest, of course.

But I digress. To get back to these people who FEEL BETTER in the winter. How can one FEEL BETTER when she has on three layers of scratchy wartime woolies, heavy draggy overshoes, and a handana tied so tight to keep out the cold that her jaws ache. Great, isn't it? Often when I am going home from school through the Square on a "bracing" late afternoon I see human beings skating in the rink. True, they look very

jaunty, and Canadian, and I even hear childish and adolescent laughter, but I consider that a false warmth or "fool's warmth" and I chuckle gleefully to myself when I think of them at six o'clock getting ready in the dark to go home to supper and putting on icy shoes and clammy overshoes. And so I keep to Stephen Leacock's wisdom, namely: "Whenever I feel like skiing or skating I lie down till the feeling goes away."

Yes, I suppose winter is fun if you consider chapped hands and a runny nose fun. I suppose it's bracing if you call stinging knees bracing. I suppose it's brisk if you are of the rank who think steamed glasses brisk. And I know I am a little odd because I dislike overshoes, snuggles and bandanas. But I won't be really happy till about May 15th when, if you care to call around, you may see me doing a streamlined version of the Grecian Scarf Dance singing: Summer is a-cumen in Lord sing Hallelujah

Here and There

(To the tune of "Up We Go into the Wild Blue Yonder")
Up the hill, going to morning classes
Climbin' hard, startin' to run;
Bell has rung, everyone madly dashes
To and fro, gee but it's fun.
Down the stairs, over the slippery campus,
Up again and into the hall
No use to knock, he's turned the lock
You could have stayed in bed after all.

—By a '47'er

Somewhere along the line the following tale is told — but before we proceed we wish to convey that any resemblance to any persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

The day—Thursday; the hour—2:31 p.m.; and the Honour Reading class impatiently waits in the hall of the Learning Building to devour

CO-ED CAPERS

By Marion Morrison

Isn't it swell to be back again! It'll be rather hard for some to settle down to the old grind after the gay round of parties, teas, bridges, and dances we've been hearing about. Everyone will agree that the holidays flew but that's nothing compared with the way this term is going to go.

The term looks particularly active for the co-eds. Do you realize that this term includes the most important week of the year (we think so anyway) Co-ed Week. (You know, the week when the girls take the boys out).

Plans will soon be underway for Co-ed Hockey, a sport in which every co-ed can participate. With the increased number of co-eds up the hill this year, we are counting on an all star team.

The co-ed edition of the Brunswickan also comes out this term. We'll have more details for you about it later. The grand finale to Co-ed Week as usual will be the Co-ed Dance. We think this glimpse of future activities is enough to let you see how busy we co-eds are planning to be.

We can't describe co-ed activities without including the Co-ed Basketball Team. There was a game Friday night in our gym and our team was victorious. Congratulations girls! Captain Mavis DeLong gave us a schedule of the remaining games in the City League. We're printing it so that everyone will know when and where the girls are playing and can be on hand to cheer.

P.N.S. vs. U.N.B. at Normal, Wed., Jan. 17, 4 p.m.
F.H.S. vs. U.N.B. at High School, Fri., Jan. 19, 4 p.m.
U.N.B. vs. Y. at U.N.B., Wed., Jan. 24, 7 p.m.
U.N.B. vs. C.W.A.C. at U.N.B., Mon., Feb. 5, 7 p.m.

Y. vs. U.N.B. at Brunswick St., Mon., Feb. 12, 8 p.m.

U.N.B. vs. P.N.S. at U.N.B., Fri., Feb. 16, 7 p.m.

Know something? We now have a telephone just outside the Reading Room door. It's ever so convenient and we want to thank Mr. Sears for arranging it.

gobs of knowledge. One of the members is dispatched to see if Professor Fur-cap has arrived. This member we shall for simplicity's sake describe as wearing red hair, a droll expression and is given to muttering punny sayings—and it is not Jack Jears. This nameless character enters the classroom and finding it empty, is struck by a glorious idea. He returns up the hall with his face (and ears) all lit up, and utters for all to hear—"Let's all go in and lock him out!" No sooner are these momentous words uttered when Prof. Fur-cap himself, furs and all, rounds the corner! The latter looks very surprised, the speaker looks very embarrassed, and receives a gentle reminder from behind for his happy suggestion.

Love's Labour Lost
(First prize light verse in The Varsity contest of December, 1944)
While people huddled homeward
And cursed the choking frost,
In converse at her corner
We stood an hour lost:
"My eyes are brown, not golden,"
She bantered, "Just between,"
Cried I, "and Love's forever!"
She laughed "But loves wanes lean"
Impervious to weather
Were we at seventeen.

The taxi ticks its mileage
And shuts the tempest out:
"Is love, sir, still so lasting?"
"Nay, now I share your doubt:
Fond fictions scarcely fit us
At twenty-six years old.
And yet—your brown eyes beckon"
"That once you fancied gold?"
My corner—lovely party—
Don't kiss if you've a cold."

Bellhop (after ten minutes): Did you ring, sir?
Guest: No I was tolling. I thought you were dead.
—Silhouette

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CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



ED MITTON

Before Ed begins crowding up the Sports Page with the basketball season getting underway, we would like to claim him as a figure around the campus, for it is not only in the field of sport that Mit has distinguished himself. Ed has gone through the ranks of the offices of the A.A.A., for in his Sophomore year he acted as Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Association, and as Vice-President in his Junior year. Thus he is well qualified to take the chair as A.A.A. President in his Senior year.

Ed's home is now in Summerside, P.E.I., but originally he came to U.N.B. from Alberta. The handicap of joining his class half-way through the Freshman year didn't deter Mit's popularity at all.

Having been President of his class in his Junior year, Ed was again elected to be the Prexy of the class of '45 for the terms of its Senior year.

Mit has particularly distinguished himself on the floor of basketball, being one of our two guard giants—Ted and Ed. Ed has been a great back-stop of the varsity basketballers for the past three years. In the fall of his Sophomore year, Ed turned out for football and successfully made the team. His Junior and Senior years again found Ed on the U.N.B. squad.

Mit also has a yearning for the cinder path and with ease made the Track Team in both his Sophomore and Junior years.

In his third year, Ed coached the Juniors' Interclass Basketball squad. With the close of the term last year Ed was fittingly awarded the coveted Athletic Distinction Ring as a recognition of his brilliant athletic record.

All in all, Ed found his Junior year very refreshing, and the same interest seems to be pick(ard) ing into his Senior terms. He will go out from his Alma Mater in the not-so-distant future with his best wishes and will leave the memory of a leading campus personality and a brilliant athlete.

Nippon can now be referred to as the Land of the Writhing Sun.

Fyt: Were you ever pinched for going fast?
Cpl: No, but I've been slapped.
—Gazette

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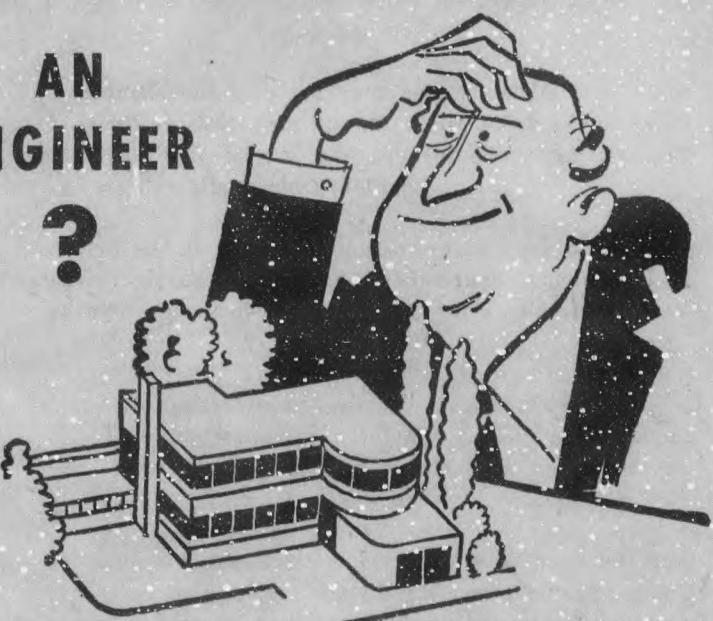
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