

Bells! Bells! Bells!

On there's that telephone again, always ringing — always ringing when you've just put the receiver down and started something else. Who could it be anyway, ringing up at this time of night — 10.00 o'clock. Every self-respecting person would be out by now or at least settled for the evening—but not them. All right, all right! I'm coming, hold your horses. Now where's that light switch—YEOW—your ungrateful wretch! Get out of the way! Hiding there in the dark just waiting and then scratching a body's leg all to pieces. Meow!—Oh shut up! You'll get no sympathy from me. Brrrrrrrring! Ah x@&h@*! Wait a minute please! Where's that damn phone anyway—Telephone company—you'd think they would patch their telephones white so they could be seen in the dark! Now look I put it right down here. Where—! Oh.

Well! At last. "Hello—hello!" Oh for heaven's sake where are you? "Hello—hello central—hello!" Say is this some sort of a joke. Somebody's pulling your leg. Well I'll fix them — I won't answer the next time they ring — they can't fool around with me and get away with it. Bang! I hope I've broken it—no? Well that's too bad. Serve the company right for putting that phone in here. I didn't want it. I certainly did not. Victim of high pressure sales talk. They put it in—they can take the consequences. I'll not be responsible for it. Now where's that book. Where was it? Oh yes here— "The constitution, though without acknowledgement of the King, is written in terms of piety—in the name of the Most Holy—" that fresh salesman—practically forced me to accept custody of that blasted phone—"in terms of piety—in the name of the Most Holy—" Oh Hell!—Who cares anyway. Who does he think he is—an authority on religion as well as international affairs—Arm-chair strategist, wind bag—bull slinger that's what he is. Meow! Meow! You shut up you! One more peep out of you and out you go! Meow! Oh heaven help us. Get out of here.

Brrrrrring! Brrrrrrrrrring! Ah ha! So you're back again are you? Well keep ringing! Ring your little brains out! See what I care. Just because it's ringing doesn't say I can hear it. Brrrrrring! Brrrrrring! Ha! Ha! Ring you little devil you! Ring all you want to. You're not fooling me anymore. Pull my leg would you? Oh no—not me; You just try. Brrrrrrrrrring! Gad! You are insistent aren't you. Most persistent little nuisance possible.

Well—I can last as long as you can. Brrrring! Brrrrrring! Brrrrrring! "Oh G — Damn you." You might just as well answer it you know. He's going to keep it up all right it seems. If you want to read this night son you've got to answer it. Look at this 10.45. Going steadily for 45 minutes... 45 minutes. Surely it must be more than two hours anyway. Brrrrrring! Brrrrrrrring! All right! I'm coming you little — And you'd better have something important to say. Yeow! You again. Get out of the way. Gee whiz, what next. Can't I ever have any peace at all. Why does everything have to happen to me. Where's that phone! Brrrrrring! OK OK lay off ch. Bzzzzz. Bzzzzz. Now what—the door-bell! Does everyone have to talk to me tonight. All right, don't push the glass out! I'll be there in a minute. "Hello! — Hello!" "Oh Hello! — Oh! Hello!" "Who is it? What—I can't hear you. Speak into the mouthpiece—no—mouthpiece!" Oh stop pounding on that door—any poor nerves. If I survive this night I'll be fit to be reclassified 4F. "Of course I'm home. Yes—it's me. Yes me. What are you saying — speak louder. There's so much noise at the door I can't hear you." Oh stop that pounding—Now look they're using an axe—what is this—a fireman's ball. "Hey you can't go that—it's unconstitutional—No! so on I'm listening—What! — My house—on fire! Oh Good Lord. That's all I needed—call the wagon! I'll go quietly."

J. MacM. '44

Collich Hoomer

"Stick them up kid," ordered the thug. "Where do you think you're going?" "Home," murmured the student. "Where from?" "Date."

"Who with?"

"Co-ed."

"Here, friend, take this five dollar bill."

"How bashful you are," a pretty girl said to a young man.

"Yes, I take after my father in that respect."

"Why, was your father very bashful?"

"Was he? Why, mother says that if father hadn't been so bashful, I'd be four years older!"

HE WON

"Why, I'm ashamed of you, my son," the father fumed at his loafing son.

"When George Washington was your age, he had become a surveyor, and was hard at work."

"And when he was your age," the boy said softly, "he was President of the United States."

SURPRISE!

"I surprised a Peeping Tom who was looking in my window last night."

"Did you pull down the shade and scream for help?"

"No, that was what surprised him."

A man went to the doctor. He complained of a headache. The doctor quizzed: "Smoking too much?"

"Never smoked in my life."

"Perhaps you have been drinking too much?"

"Never had a drop of the stuff."

"Steppin' out with women too much?"

"Never had a date."

"Your trouble is that your halo is too tight around your head."

Let's Get Acquainted



JAMES BELYEA

Let's get a little bit better acquainted this week with Jim Belyea, whom our class of '44 has chosen as Valedictorian, before he sends us away with moisture in our eyes and lumps in our throats from the Eucalyptus exercises this spring. Jim tops four years of campus activities with this appropriate climax.

Hailing from sunny (?) Saint John as a Beaverbrook scholar, Jim certainly didn't allow the fog to befuddle his grey matter, but zipped through his four years with a slide rule tucked underneath his arm — yes, sir, an Engineer! One of our leading "Gineers, wherever you find the Beermen kicking up a — (what, no name for it?) you can expect a Belyea touch in the midst of it.

Last year found Jim the Secretary-Treasurer of the Engineering Society. Much of the success of last year's newly instituted Boller-makers' Brawl, which everybody admitted was "More earned fun," is owed to Jim. Who was it begged, borrowed or stole (We ain't saying which!) from the Library the goat which adorned the platform, Jim?

During his last two years at U.N.B., The Brunswickan has benefited from Jim's helping hand. In his Junior year we found him ably filling the News Editorship and this year Jim is our C.U.P. Editor and writes the weekly column, "The Gorbie". Where do those jokes come from Jim? In a couple of weeks he will take over the reins when he will edit the Engineering issue of The Brunswickan. Each year has found Jim assisting with the Year Book with willing co-operation. For an extra bit of diversion Jim sticks his fists in to do a bit of punching with the pugilists.

As a Junior, Jim was one of our campus law makers and rulers as a member of the S.R.C. This year he is President of the Men's Debating Society and with his wit and wise-cracks has aroused yells of laughter by originating debating topics which we are still trying to figure out, but which proved fun.

We shall miss your dependable co-operation next year, Jim, but we are already anticipating your

IN THE STACKS

By BETTY BREWSTER

I have been looking through W. H. Davies' collected poems with that dreary feeling which is inevitable when the collection amounts to over four hundred examples of verse. It is, perhaps, rather puzzling that although a novelist may produce a dozen or even more really good books in as many years, even the best of poets seem to have trouble in scraping up, during an entire lifetime, enough passable poems to fill one comfortably fat volume. Even then, if, as I have said, the book is a fat one, in all probability many of the poems won't, by any stretch of the imagination, pass. That is the great defect of the Davies collection. For instance, I quote the first two stanzas of "School's Out".

Girls scream,
Boys shout;
Dogs bark.
School's out.

Cats run.
Horses shy;
Into trees
Birds fly.

I spare you the remainder. You may look it up if you wish to trace any improvement. Perhaps I'm lacking in perception, but I'm quite sure my four-year-old nephew could have done just as well. I have no fond illusion that he is a young prodigy, but I have distinctly heard him rhyme "cat" with "rat", and even with "bat"; and I'm positive that he is capable of speaking four lines of two syllables each. Even I can do it.

It is most annoying that scraps of doggerel like this are mixed in helter-skelter, with really charming verse. Could anything be more fresh and delightful, for instance, than this little poem?

Peace to these little broken loves
That strew our common ground;
That chase their tails, like silly dogs,
As they go round and round.
For though in winter boughs are bare,
Let us not once forget
Their summer glory, when these leaves
Caught the great Sun in their strong net;

And made him, in the lower air,
Tremble — no bigger than a star!
Davies' great charm, it seems to me, lies in the expression of his sheer bodily delight in being alive. In this respect — and in others too — he reminds me of Herrick. They both, indeed, are lovers of nature, but of a rather candied cherry sort of nature. Don't think that I'm being harshly critical. I like the candied cherries or literature myself, and love nature and yet, love a good image more. That, I think, is certainly true of Davies, although a rather affectedly unsophisticated manner of introducing his imagery may deceive one into thinking that this imagery actually is completely natural.

Valedictory with enthusiasm, knowing we can't be disappointed. Congratulations!

Letter Writing in 3 Easy Lessons

My dear Family:

Oh, how glad I am 'tis Sunday again. A glorious Sunday and a chance to spend two uplifting hours at church. I arose very early and as I knew you wouldn't approve of my studying on Sunday I thought you wouldn't mind if I improved my mind by reading Chaucer. How delightful it was. I fairly lost myself as I drank in the melody of that fascinating work. In fact I would have been late for church had it not been for a crowd of those nice boys in the Beaverbrook Residence who called for me to go to church with them.

After dinner I went for a drive with some boys in their lovely new car. It's painted red and black and runs so smoothly, airflow and everything. We drove quite a distance and gave the car a delightful ride home, the modern man-power you know. We had a flat tire but do you think those boys said anything bad. Indeed not! They just looked at the tire and talked to God.

At nine I went to Church again and stayed to listen to a missionary speaker.

Thanks for the cheque, dad, it came in handy. I bought myself some woollen underwear like you told me, had some ice cream and put the rest away for collections on Sunday.

Well, it's getting late, so I must close as I have a 9 o'clock lecture in the morning that I wouldn't miss for the world.

Your dutiful son,

WILLIAM

Hi Folks:

Well, thank goodness, it's Sunday and I can lie in for a good snooze. I need it, for I didn't get in till 3 last nite.

Guess I'll go to a few classes this week. I skipped them all last week.

Thanks for the ten-spot, Dad. It didn't last long, because I sat in at a little poker game the other nite and lost most of it, and then Saturday I took a floosie to a hop at the Jitter House.

Well, I guess I'll go back to sleep again. I wouldn't sleep anyway while the church bell was ringing. It's stopped now.

So long,

BILL

P.S. Listen dad, how about forking over another ten—or make it twenty-five this time and save yourself a postage stamp.

Dear Dad:

I hope that you are well

" " " mother is well

" " " sister " "

" " " brother " "

" " " grandma " "

" wish " you were here

" " " mother " "

" " " sister " "

" " " brother " "

" " " grandma " "

" " " you would send me some money.

B.

HOCKEY

Co-eds vs Faculty

on

Monday, February 21

at

7.30 p.m.

POETRY CONTEST

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.

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