

And So It Goes

Your life history, short and uneventful though it may be, is pretty important to you, because it is your own. Occasionally, when you are in a thoughtful mood, you like to think about it. Did you ever notice that the general pattern goes like this?

For the first couple of years, your part in life was strictly passive, was putting on midnight serenades. Your chief diversion at this period favorite selection being "Waw-Waw" but in your infantile mind you sometimes felt a little doubt as to whether the family was fully appreciative of your efforts along this line. Noted as an early riser, you loudly exhorted the rest of the household to do likewise. If you had developed into a vain baby, you could have been forgiven, because you were constantly bothered by a stream of grinning strangers who peered in your carriage, cooed at the little darling and wanted an "itsy-bitsy smile".

But escape from all this was soon to come, when you had reached the toddling stage and "mother" with mingled feelings and shall we say, considerable trepidation set you in the midst of a mob of older brothers and sisters, the next-door kids, and the inevitable bunch of neighborhood dogs. Left to the tender mercies of this gang, you, as one of the junior members, sometimes fared rather badly. Baby legs often found it hard to keep up with older ones, though you probably will admit that if some brother or sister didn't develop "humpback", it wasn't through failure to ride you piggy-back. On the whole, life in this dirty-faced, eat-sleep-and-play all the time, ragamuffin stage was glorious. But alas, 'twas not to be ever thus, for one fine summer you began to hear ominous rumors of "school" from the family, and uncanny instinct told you that you were to be the victim. Well, you were willing to try anything once (not that it would have made much difference if you hadn't been) and one bright September morning you departed in brand new outfit (everything has its compensation). So you met the much talked of "teach-

er"; she patted you on your little fair head, and was sure you were going to be a good little boy (didn't know you very well did she?). Thus had begun this long business of "schooling" which was to bring so many headaches, but also many pleasures in the course of the years. At first, everything was rather novel, but you soon ceased to be impressed and became your old self again. Soon you had your first experience with "exam", and if you were the kind who always got a lot of stars in your rabbit, you probably came out of the fray with 99's, and your parents were delighted to think that you were going to be clever. But if you came off with only middling fair marks, Santa Claus didn't hold it against you come Christmas time.

Year followed year — you passed your tenderfoot, went up from cubs to scouts, brownies to guides. You collected a godly show of badges on your sleeve, safe to say that you also gathered up a few black eyes in the course of the inevitable school boy fights. Tempus fugit, truly it does, and now you were one of the revered Grave Villers, lords of the schoolyard. It was an enjoyable year, and fun to be one of the big fish, even though the pond was pretty small. But eventually June passed, and with it, you passed from the portals of the old school. Summer fled and when September came, you had reached another milestone in your life—you had become at last a high schooler. It didn't take long for you to fit into the new environment. Eagerly you took up all the current fashions and quickly developed that "school spirit". You turned out for the team or failing that, went down and cheered it on. You developed the habit of spending the remainder of the afternoon walking front street and gossiping on street corners with your particular pals. At home you seemed to be in constant conflict with the family as to whether you should or should not be running hither and yon every night. Money seemed to have developed legs or wings, because you were broke more often than not.

When you were up to second sweeping three Giants, who lost by a heart-break. Bob LeBel and were tops for the bright lights were Herb Lip-Bond. A smart manning anchorman from the Maroons, leading the way, second place by Eagles for three provided a real first string, but second. Gern Mallory in the winners and centered in Joe Fainer. Fanned the Hornets as they early landing. Jud Ad- led the looting s, while Angelo a double strike was a tower of Hornets. crowned the Aces' anchorman Connie the Pirates, and led the Maroons decision over the acDiarmid, who a double strike, for the Clippers.

nd Barnett, Bam- MacDonald each Juniors.

WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO BE



AN ARCHITECT ?

YOUR job will be to plan ahead for other people. It's not a bad idea to do some planning for yourself as well . . . preferably while you are still a student.

One definite step you can take now, is to cultivate the habit of saving at least something out of whatever income you may have. This is a good habit to acquire, one that will stand you in good stead when you're out in the world of business. One highly effective system of saving is to put spare quarters in War Savings Stamps as a regular practice. Or open a personal Savings Account and add to it regularly. Your account is always welcome at any branch of this bank.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



CONNIE MULHERIN

That's right — this week our Campus Personality is Connie Mulherin—another one of our Senior Engineers. Connie hails from Grand Falls coming 'Up the Hill' in the fall of '41.

With an inclination for sport, Connie turned out in his Freshman year for both Interclass Hockey and Basketball. Yes, Connie has been a member of the famous Hoskey Squad which has won the interclass title for three years in a row and which is out to crown it for the fourth this year.

In his Sophomore terms Connie again turned out and played on the Interclass Hockey and Basketball teams.

As a Junior Connie became Vice-President of the Newman Club. He also held this same position for the Bowling League. The winter months again found him on the ice playing Interclass Hockey and on the floor playing Interclass Basketball.

In this, his Senior year, Connie is filling the position of President of the Bowling League. This year also places him on the S.R.C. as a representative for the "Gineers". Interclass Hockey and Basketball again are attracting Connie and he is out there doing his bit to bring that hockey title in for the champion team. All in all, Connie seems to find his final semesters quite refreshing, and we wonder if he would choose forestry for he seems to pay frequent visits to the home of a member of that faculty.

Whenever there was a game or dance in the offing one of the more thrifty or more opulent members of the family was always in for a touch-up. Lessons weren't too onerous (you didn't allow them to be) never failed to roll around tri-annually. But you survived—and though good old cramming period prospered. So eventually you reached Grade XI and June brought your graduation, and for one short week the limelight was on you and your fellow graduates. Finally came the last day and diploma in hand you write "finis" to another chapter in your life.

Then as summer advanced, you had to face the problem of what to do next. If you are one of those decisive people, who always seem to have their minds made up ahead of time, the matter was simple, but if you hadn't any definite ideas on the subject, you probably did some serious and perhaps not very conclusive thinking. In any case, the result was that mid-September found you college-bound. You arrived, and went through a week of weird and not so wonderful proceedings in the course of which your disposition, equanimity and dignity were much disturbed. That endured and accomplished, you settled to the business of being a college student. Whether you are Senior, Junior, Sophomore or Freshman, quite a bit of water has run under the bridge since then. For most of us, this time in college will be the last period of formal education. What you get out of it will depend ultimately on yourself, so make of it what you will.

C. S. '45

FOX'S BARBER SHOP

Queen Street

CO-ED CAPERS

By Marion Morrison

President and Mrs. M. F. Gregg are entertaining at tea Sunday, February 4th for the Seniors. All the senior girls are invited and each is asked to bring a Senior boy. The tea is to be held at 5 o'clock.

The Co-ed Dance (which this year is to be a Valentine Dance) is by now well underway thanks to Spuddie Laughlin our hard working chairman. Her committee, Edith McFarlane, Patsy Ritchie, Pat Wright met last Thursday evening.

Flash! The Co-ed Hockey Team is desperately in need of a goalie. Anyone (with or without experience) who would like to apply for this position please contact Betty Page or Blanche Law. Coaches "Doc" Fleming and Blake O'Brien, in an interview today stated that they are confident that they can present an unbeatable team by Co-ed Week.

Kay Simcock, President of the Delta Rho, requests that co-eds who are planning on attending the co-ed bridge party sign their names as soon as possible.

Swap Shop

With the revelation that "twenty-four-hour-service" Walter does not believe in long engagements, we decided to stick our noses in farther. Leave us face the facts:

Miss Helen (Stuart, you are my obsession) Gibson disclosed today that she is doing as well as can be expected under circumstances beyond her control.

Bob Evans of notorious "I" fame seems to have digressed from our famous co-eds to the almost more famous Normalites.

Skating is certainly fascinating and those enthralled were Shirley Tracey and Ronnie McAlinden, Eileen MacLaggan and Blake O'Brien, Elmer Scott and Marion Baird, and Harry MacEachern and Anna Sewell.

Blanche seems to have stopped spending her spare hours Reiding and seems to be making happy ho(l)mes instead.

The Campus Terror Theriault deserves honorable mention for still keeping the lovely co-eds guessing who is going to be the lucky victim for the Victory Ball, you wolf, you!

For Sale: Lessons in the appreciation of the finer arts. Apply Dr. J. B. M. Baxter, specialist of the Roving Eye Institute.

Will swap: One Joan Ross for more quiet company. You lucky people can get your particulars from Ann Gibson.

For Sale: One pair of red unmentionables. On display at Memorial Hall any Friday night. Apply Mavis DeLong.

For Sale: At College Library "The Change of Heart" by Becq Young. The master's latest novel promises to reveal all.

In conclusion we wish to announce to all interested that the result of Saturday night's battle of Joe Stags vs. Joe Steadies will be posted in the hall of the Arts Building at the first available moment.

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