

THE POOL

There is a pool whose waters lie
Like a cool and pensive eye
Staring at the summer sky.
Round its brown and wavering rim
The thick-lashed grasses cluster, dim
In the fringed and tufted shade
Of a needling pine that droops
A brooken branch down to its brim.
Across its narrowest point is laid
A water-logged and mossy plank;
And there you weli might sit all day,
Dreaming the sultry heat away
That poises over the drowsed fields
Or sinks into the honeyed clover,
With steaming sweetness running over.

But winter's freezing—smoky breath
Breathes across it thickening death
Rigid-cold, it blankly gazes
Up at the grey sky that shields
Its icy eyeball from the wind
Of a wider world than this,
Snow above it—powdered, thinned—
Blows across in restless mazes,
Props the neavy lashes up,
Lovely pool, if I should sup,
From your summer coolnesses,
Pressing back the greennesses
Of your dripping-lipped warm grass,
Could I catch again the sun,
Drink the fluid sunlight down,
Melt my soul like your iced glass,
Let it slip into the brown,
Sweet-layered waters, dropping down?
Dropping down, far down, far down.

BETTY BREWSTER '46

Editor's Note: The above poem is that of Betty Brewster's which was chosen as a winner in the Poetry Contest.

Co-eds Gone to War

In this issue of the Brunswickan we would like to pay tribute to the co-eds who have gone to war, either in the armed forces or in war work. This is a woman's war too, as has been everywhere manifested by the trim figures in khaki, navy and air-force blue. Our co-eds have felt the call to the colors and although they are not many, they have our heart-felt best wishes and cheers always with them. Into the Royal Canadian Air Force, went the White twins, Barb and Marg of the class of '43. These girls joined in the winter of '43 before completing their year, but they were able to come back and receive their degrees in May, presenting a very smart appearance in their Air Force Blue. Also of the class of '43 in the Air Force is Pauline Cunningham, who on her return to Fredericton last fall fully extolled the merits of that service. In the senior service are four more former co-eds, Jeanne Nevers ex-'45 who left to don the navy blue in Sept., 1943 and Fran Dougherty '43, who received her call in February of this year. Jeanne has since completed her course and been posted in that "eastern Canadian port" while Fran is taking her basic at Galt. Both agree that there is no life to equal that of the sailor gal's. Perhaps not so well remembered by present co-eds, but equally one time co-eds and equally very much in the Navy are Joan Cowie '39 and Fegy Harmon '40. Joan was a member of ye olde rag's staff and Peg was always prominent in dramatic circles.

JOYS OF BEING AN EDITOR

Getting out this paper is no picnic. If we print jokes, people think we are silly. If we don't, we are too serious. If we clip things from other magazines we are too lazy to write them ourselves. If we don't, we get stuck on our own stuff. If we stick close to the job all day, we ought to be out hunting up news. If we do go out and try to hustle, we ought to be on the job in the office. If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate true genius. If we print them, the paper is full of junk. If we make a change in the other fellow's writeup, we are too critical. If we don't, we are asleep.

know how." Myself came back with, "Oh yeah? She's been practicing 15 years." "Mebbe she isn't old enough." "Huh, she's 28, if she isn't old enough now she never will be—go ahead—ask her," myself said. So I asked her if she would. She would and did. Then with the delicious raspberry of her lipstick still clinging to my lips, I went home. "That was a delightful evening," I said to myself, and myself replied, "It sure was!" Now like as not someone will say,

IN THE STACKS

By BETTY BREWSTER

I have been reading J. B. Priestley's "Too Many People" with that comfortable satisfaction felt by all confirmed lovers of essays who, after a period of exploring plays and novels, settle back again to the less exciting but more solidly enjoyable delights of essay reading. For my part, I think that essays are by all odds the best sort of reading material. Of course I don't include under that name those horrible bits of writing, deserving of no name under the sun, and of no fate except to be cast into outer darkness and to perish as the abominations that they are—I mean the treatises, dear to the hearts of high school teachers, on such charming subjects as the fisheries of British Columbia or the Industrial Revolution, or, as Priestley suggests, the economic policy of the Netherlands during the seventeenth century. These diabolical creations, having sought shelter under a name that in no way belongs to them, have, I think, turned away some easily led minds from the rightful bearers of the name, so that even the gentle humour of Lamb can hardly coax them back.

Yet the true essay, the not too serious comment upon anything or nothing, is the most delightful and least dull of the prose forms, and undoubtedly the most suitable for reading in bed. Lovers of detective stories put up a good case for their own particular pets, but for anyone who retains a childhood fear of the dark they are utterly impossible. Novels of any kind, as a matter of fact, are likely to keep one awake, besides the temptation they offer to read just one chapter more. But essays are perfect—complete in themselves, entertaining without being exciting, conducive to that mild "all's right with the world" sort of glow that makes sleep come gently and easily.

Now, Priestley's essays are pre-eminently suited to reading in bed. That fact can be seen just by a random selection of titles: "Hats", "Thick" Notebooks", "First Snow", "Photographs", "All the News". One reixaxes at the very sight of them, and the essays do not belie the promise of the titles. They have the "to be read in bed" texture that characterizes all really good essays. However, whether or not you like reading in bed, you will probably enjoy them. I suggest especially that you read "Thick Notebooks". It might be required reading for all university students. On second thought, it oughtn't to be. That would spoil it. But read it just the same.

We swiped this from some other magazine. And sure enough, we did. (New Zealand Public Service Journal.)

"Dearie, your dog's a card."
"Uh huh, a post card."

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THE DATE

I am one of those people who like to talk to myself. But the best part of it is that myself always answers me, usually with excellent advice. For example, yesterday afternoon I was pondering what to do for the evening. "I guess I'll go to that good show," I said to myself and myself answered, "Sure, let's." "I wonder who to take," I thought to myself and he replied hurriedly, "Don't take anybody, remember the shallow condition of our purse—besides, what good will it do you—besides all women are gold diggers, besides . . ." "All right, I won't take a girl." So ten minutes later I went to the phone and called up Lulu. "Like to go to the show this evening?"—"Oh, I'd be delighted! What time? O.K. Oh, who is calling?"

After a while I went over to Lulu's and read the funnies for twenty minutes while she dressed, fixed her hair and powdered her nose. "Oh, well," I said to myself, "I needed to catch up on my reading anyhow." To which myself replied, "Oh, yeah, all women are alike. Besides what good does all this fixing-up do her anyhow? She still looks like an . . ." "Shh!" I said to myself. On the way to the movies we chatted about inconsequential things, politics, weather, war situa-

tion, etc. Then I remarked, "My, but you're looking beautiful this evening!" Myself spoke up, "You're a liar! She is not!" And I told him, "Well, it does no harm to tell her she is . . . besides . . ." "Oh, do you really think so?" she simpered. The show was good and we went to Charlie's afterwards, for lunch. "She eats like a horse," I thought to myself, who answered, "Yeah, I know—pure coincidence that she looks like one too, isn't it?" "Shut up," I said to him. On the way home we talked about more inconsequential things, as politics, Lulu, gin rummies, Lulu, women's hats, stars and Lulu. When we got to her door, she paused, "Would you like to come in a few minutes?" "Deight-od," I said to her. "Don't do it, sap," said myself, "wanna stick your neck out?" "Shut up!" I said to him. Seated on her davenport, she remarked, "My, you look handsome tonight!" "Do you really think so?" I said, then myself warned me, "Don't believe her you dope, she's just trying to jack you into another date!" "Oh," I said, "Thanks, pal." So we talked about inconsequential things, such as—never mind. Then I said to myself, "Do you suppose she would?" Myself replied, "Sure she would, just try and see!" Then I said to myself, "Mebbe she doesn't."

CONTEST WINNERS

This week the Brunswickan takes pleasure in announcing the winners of the Poetry Contest. After much deliberation the judges decided to divide the 10 dollars equally among the three best poems—that is \$3.30 per person.

The winners are:

Betty Brewster
Jack Jeans
Eleanor Belyea

The feature editor would like to thank all who participated in the contest and helped make it a success.

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nd "Smut" Donahoe.
Black Widows 23.

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ued on page six)

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