

THE RAVIN'

By Versus

Once upon an evening dreary, while I pondered weak and weary
After many a quaint and curious paper of exams were o'er
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door
"Tis my room mate," then I muttered "open up the (censor) door!"
Only this and nothing more.

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Fool" said I, "or idiot, don't stand there knocking on the door
For the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door
That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—here I opened wide the door.
Just a party, nothing more.

Deep into my Moosehead peering, long I sat there wondering, fearing
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before
But the party was unending, while the elbows there were bending
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Some more"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the words 'what for?'
Party now was on the floor.

Back towards my chamber turning, with my guts within me churning
Then again I heard a chopping, somewhat louder than before
"Surely," said I with a yearning, "surely there is something burning
Let me see, then, what thereat is and this mystery explore
Let my gut be still a moment and this mystery explore;"
Fire Department nothing more.

Open here I flung a shutter, then, with many a flirt and flutter,
Out there stepped a student, stepping as if through a door
Not the least resistance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he
But as if of lead he dropped he, from the window second floor
Dropped onto the ground below us, then returned by way of door—
'Just a game' the Gleaner swore.

But the liquor still bequiling all my fancy into smiling
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of table, drinks galore
Then upon the velvet sinking I betook myself to drinking
Fancy unto fancy thinking, "Would there be enough for more?"
With this gin, and wine, and whiskey, a bit o' rum and little more"
Oh to be thus evermore.

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the boys whose fiery eyes burned into my bosom's core
Thus and so I sat devining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er
Thus they found me at the dawning with the sunlight shining o'er
Another party? "Nevermore."

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CAMPUS O-ORDINATOR'S CORNER

REGULAR EVENTS

Thursday	Business Admin. Club	Ladies' Room
Thursday	S.R.C. All students invited. Tonight's meeting may be very interesting to you all	
Thursday	Painting Classes	Art Centre
Sunday	S.C.M.	St. Anne's
Sunday	U.Y.	Y.M.C.A.
Sunday	Newman Club	St. Dunstan's
Sunday	Musicale	Art Centre
Sunday	Canterbury Club	Cathedral
Monday (alt.)	Male Chorus	Mem. Hall
Monday (alt.)	Geological Assn.	Geology Bldg.
Monday	C.O.T.C. Second Year	
Tuesday (alt.)	Chemistry Institute of Canada	Chem. Hut
Tuesday (alt.)	Chemistry Colloquia	Chem. Hut
Tuesday	C.O.T.C. Third Year	Arts Bldg.
Tuesday	Philosophy Club	Art Centre
Tuesday	U.N.T.D.	Services Hut
Wednesday	University Invest. Synd.	Arts Bldg.
Wednesday	Biology Club	Art Centre
Wednesday (alt.)	N.F.C.U.S.—I.S.S.	Forestry Bldg.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from Page 2)

spirit and general student interest around UNB. I think we could all profit by following the example set by this year's Freshman Class."

—ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

—Mr. Bickerstaff! There is in this city a newspaper known as the "Daily Gleaner." Also the "Telegraph Journal" is prominent every morning. If you can't find these newspapers, ask someone, but they contain (the Gleaner) complete write-ups of UNB varsity games. It has been my practice since taking over this job, to publish material that is very seldom seen in the local paper. However, if you care to write-up these games for the Brunswickan, you'll find my number in the Student Directory. I'll welcome your service. Till then I suggest you at least confine your babble till you make known your anonymity, or are you on the "sheepish" side. Better still, if you want this job, also let me know.

—Sports Ed.

Now that an atomic bomb has been made that fits into a 12-inch cannon, it is hoped there soon will be available one small enough for use in opening a clogged sinus.