

DECEMBER SONG

From New Year's day to March's Ides,
We sing of snow and icy slides;
Then Spring and Sun the Winter cow'rs,
And brings the songs of April show'rs.
Through May and June the rain cloud hides,
And songs are sung of blushing brides.
As Summer's cup o'er flows her brim,
Our songs bespeak man's every whim.
September's song of Summer grieves,
October sings of Autumn leaves
November's Winter winds then blow,
And songs again are sung of snow.

Those songs consist of joy delirious - - -
December's song is far more serious

Her song is in commemoration
Of Him Who died for our salvation.
The birth of Christ is now the theme
Of every song and every dream.
The Day approaches, joy is sung
From every lip and every tongue;
The Earth is lauding happily
The Day of Christ's Nativity.
The songs of other months are done,
The Son of God our hearts has won,
And carols ring out loud and long,
Resounding man's December Song.

—C. '52

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

Oh yes, I remember now! I was walking over from supper that evening when someone remarked from behind, "So we have 12:30 permission tonight, eh?" "Is that true, Joe?" Why should I have to ask such a silly question as that? That casual remark seemed like a spark that sent me scurrying up the stairs of Old Memorial Hall to my (ahem) domicile. Do you think that out of this awry suite, there can emerge within, let us say, sixty minutes, one who may be classified as "chow".

Now, what shall I do first? It is such a long process—this "chowing up". But wait, we must have order and system in our actions. One must take first things first.

What could be a more primary step than first taking a good, refreshing shower? Resolved upon! Oh, sure, just my luck on such an occasion—all showers in use. Well, I'll wait. Let's see now, where'll I go tonight? Dance? Show? Hockey match? The all-important factor is, "Which is the most economical?" Very good, I'll try the it's about time that fellow had finished. Wonder where he's going tonight? Ouch! Who shifted the H and C on these taps!

Back again in the orderly semi-private. I think a clean shave would be very much in order now. Hope there's some of that shave cream "used on a partnership basis" left. *A la bonne heure!* The water is really boiling. I wonder who all will be at the dance? Oops—just another sliver of flesh. This is really the time I can make a good job of shaving. "Hey, room-mate, where's our talc?" A little rub of polish on my shoes would be a wise move now, so it can dry while I am picking my wardrobe.

Luckily, I have my suit back from the dry-cleaners. That shirt with the French cuffs would be "chic" if I could rustle up a set of cuff-links. Someone on the corridor or in the building must have them. Now, what goes with blue? Red? Grey? Green? I'll pick the red tie to match the diamond socks. I wonder who will be playing the music tonight? Now for a thorough polishing of my shoes and I'll be all . . . Oh, Oh, my hair yet! Couldn't go anywhere with hair standing on end. One must be well groomed, you know . . . I guess it's cold enough for a top coat tonight. There now! Boy, do you look swell!

As I gently opened my door and confidently walked into the corridor, I became aware of four students approaching from behind. I politely recognized their presence with "Going to Town, boys?" All of a sudden I realized mischievous intent in their eyes. Immediately I sensed disaster. Oh no, it just couldn't happen to me! Then I found myself protesting vigorously, at first verbally and finally physically. But it was inevitable. Swish . . . splash . . . swish . . . swish . . . and I, water-logged, trudged from the showers for a second time that night.

—ANONYMOUS.

These, far departing, seek a kinder shore
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

—Goldsmith.