The Last Ice Cube

Robert Courtney

In the very darkest corner, behind the davenport, there sat a little ice cube. Tears were dripping slowly, monotonously, hopelessly from its block-shaped face. The eerie moonlight peeped around the deserted room and revealed the most pitiful expression one could ever witness on the face of an ice cube. And the reason? The little ice cube was dying. Some careless reveler had flipped it out of a glass in one horrifying fling, and there it lay, in a state of inertia, awaiting the hideous death of an ice cube. Slowly, atom by atom, it was disappearing.

What if this lonely, forgotten ice cube were the last one in the world? Let your imagination wander and realize what this world of ours would be without the institution of the ice cube. Imagine drinking iceless cokes for the remainder of your life! The result would probably be a complete breakdown of social life. The “Pole,” “Parkmoor,” and the “Tee Pee” would all be forced to close. Friends would shun each other if offered iceless drinks. On the serious side, thousands of people would be unemployed if there were to be no more ice cubes. The invalid could no longer hear the cheery tinkle of fresh ice water brought to his door. Nor could he feel the immense comfort and relief an ice pack can bring. Brothers and sisters would be forced to find another way of teasing each other rather than dropping ice cubes down backs. The special crunchy music of a jaw clamping down on a defenseless ice cube would be lost to the world. And finally, the job of “who’s going to empty the ice tray” would be forever forgotten!

It would be a hot world without ice!

Canadian Jargon

Mary Bertrand

After spending two summer vacations in the Lake of the Woods area of Canada, I am beginning to understand the Canadian dialect. Only those who have never been there would say that I am exaggerating.

The Canadian dialect is a combination of English, French, and other European elements—each retaining its own pronunciation. Since all reading matter in the Dominion is printed in either French
or English, there are many things I do not understand. My only disastrous experience with the French language came about when I tried to translate the directions on a box of pudding mixture. Needless to say, we did not eat the pudding.

This did not bother me nearly as much as the British pronunciation and synonyms for American words. Even in the wilderness, crackers were soda biscuits, prunes were plums, jelly was jam, and gasoline was petrol. Tea was the most popular beverage and was served at any time, anywhere.

In addition to the English and French languages, the Canadians have their own words which cause confusion among American tourists. For example, some people who were staying in a camp near ours journeyed to town one evening with their two young children. The next morning, I was told by one of the children that they had had some “nips” in a restaurant before returning to camp. Naturally, I thought that the Canadian liquor laws were very lax. Two days later, I discovered that “nips” were hamburger sandwiches.

While citing instances of Canadian jargon, I should also explain that I was constantly made fun of because of my Hoosier accent. I did not realize until then the marked differences in the pronunciation of the English language. I am very glad that I am beginning to understand and speak the Canadian “language,” because through it I am beginning to understand the Canadian people.