

SEND CO-EDS TO C. O. T. C.

In which a C.O.T.C. boy tries to make C.O.T.C. camp more ideal, but with the usual masculine habit merely transfers his "punishment" to the unsuspecting females.

From the experience gained at camp at Woodstock last spring, it is clear that there is a glaring necessity for something to be done about this business of fatigue duties. In many cases, some of the boys spend almost half of their time doing irksome duties such as peeling potatoes and scrubbing the mess hall, when they should be occupying their time learning their military duties. For two weeks at camp, there are only twelve days actually devoted to practice and manoeuvres, and usually half of these days are spent in fatigue duties, which leaves only six or seven days available for the purpose for which they went to camp. Now this seems to me, to be a waste of time, and there should be something done about it. Where will we look for an answer? England is where the answer will be found—in the persons of the members of the A. S. S., the W. A. A. F., and the W. R. N. S. or "wrens" as they are popularly called, who are young ladies who have volunteered to do the fatigue duties around their respective camps. Now what England has learned, Canada can benefit from also. We can put this into practice. In order to find girls to do this job, one has only to go to the colleges, where plenty will be found. This is the solution. Send the college girls to camp with the

boys and they can do all the tiresome duties, thus releasing the boys for their military studies. This possibility has advantages, for the average college girl frivols her time in wastefulness during the summer months, and never does anything really worth while. If they went to camp, they would get some real honest-to-goodness experience in housework, which they will greatly appreciate later on, and in some cases not too "later-on." Not only in releasing the boys for the purpose for which they went to camp, would this be advantageous, but it also would provide good consorts and escorts for the boys during the evenings, instead of the slightly questionable company usually available near an army camp. Also as the girls would have to be in by ten o'clock the same as the boys, they would both make an effort to get to camp on time, which would prevent the boy from having to do an extra days fatigue for being late. This consequently gives a double advantage.

The college girls, during the year, keep continually talking about helping the war effort, and they make valuable contributions, but here is the place in which they can be of great practical help to their country. There is lots of time between now and next spring, and it is not too soon for the girls to start thinking about this plan with the view point of putting it in action. Show the boys how efficient and pretty you can be doing these tasks and he'll want you to do his fatigue jobs the rest of his life.

...PEPPER-UPPER...

Alright you big lug, you've finally fallen. You were quite immune to women, you thought. Oh sure! they fell for you, but you took it all in and it didn't bother you a bit. You were elected president of something or other, not only because the majority of boys voted for you, but because there were more girls at the meeting, and

you have never realized it, but you did a gal a great favor when you asked her to go out coke-guzzling at ten o'clock of an evening. You're not handsome in a movie-hero sort of a way, but jeeps, you've certainly got what it takes. You're so-o-o nonchalant about the girls, and they tumble like ten pins in a strike And it never bothered you—until



Surprise!

This life we live is not all plain sailing as a glance at our illustration will show. At every turn lurk bumps and unexpected problems—some of them financial.

This is to remind you that in such circumstances a talk with our local bank manager is often a wise course to pursue.

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May We Present



DOROTHY REED

Jumping back to the Seniors again, we present this week Dodie Reed, one of the most active girls of the graduating Class. Dodie has been on the Social Committee for all her four years "up the hill" and on the S. R. C. for two years. She has been very interested in dramatics, has been on many play-reading committees, and has done a large amount of the make-up for the college plays. In actual acting Dodie has shown ability, for she "rolled 'em in the aisles" at her performance of "smoked his cigar" in the Ladies Society Skit last Fall.

Dodie has been on the Brunswickan staff quite regularly and was Feature Editor for one year and Co-Feature Editor for another. In the line of sports, Dodie is an ardent Co-Ed hockey player, featuring in the Anderson-Reed guard combination where she acquired the title of Rugged-Reed. She has aided football by being a competent cheer-leader for two seasons. At the Co-Ed banquets Dodie is always on hand to play a piano accompaniment to the "post-manger" sing-song, and she also plays a noteworthy hand of bridge. Last, and by no means least, Dodie is taking first class honors in English and French, and last year won the prize for the best mark in Junior English. Whether it is teaching or beating tom-toms, Dodie is sure to be a success.

one month ago.

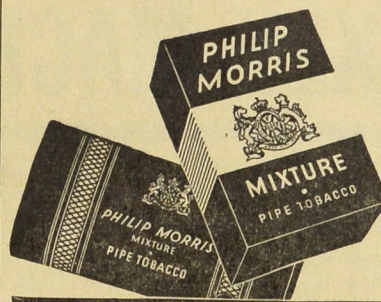
You saw her at the rink one night; you glanced casually, then looked again. Within ten minutes you had worked an introduction and she was skating with her arm tucked under yours. And so it went. You took her home, and you have been seeing her every night—well almost every night. You realized that the bug had bitten you when you asked her to the Red Cross Formal, and she already had a date. You spent the rest of the evening feeling as if you had swallowed a ton of bricks, and the whole dead weight had settled in the pit of your stomach.

But you were right in there, tho', weren't you? Ain't love wonderful, you thought. The way you look at her! You trip over your own shoe leather when you see her, your eyes pop and gleam brightly, and sometimes your face turns a peculiar shade of green, like on that day she was down at Mrs. Bailey's paying more attention to that goon with the Arts crest on his sweater pocket than to you—and you a forester, gosh, you'd think...

Well you'll get over it, for heaven's sake stop grumbling into your shirt collar. Perhaps she likes discussing Chaucer and you didn't know whether he was the First King of Bohemia, or Cleopatra's heart pumper. Dust off your eyeballs and look around. You lucky man! the femmes are all after you again so don't mutter "Phooey to women." We know better you'll fall again, but definitely.

A rabbit one hears
Had long, long ears
And a tail that goes round and round,
Everywhere he goes
He leads with a nose
That snuffles out what can be found.

So now we know
Why when you go
To the House you are a bunny
You start a tale around,
Prick up your ears to sound,
Snuffle in your nose till it isn't even funny
—Anon



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POETRY CORNER

BRIDGE

The finest game that I have ever seen
Is that great wond'rous game of bridge, I ween,
An exercise that stimulates the brain
And gives to every mind the utmost strain.
I watched a game of bridge the other day,
And this is what, it seems, I heard them say:
"Let us not go to Math. today," Pat said,
"Let's stay and play a game of bridge instead."
They then took from the drawer a lovely pack
Of cards with little scotties on the back.
And so began the game in all its force,
And, as they played, they talked, and talked, of course.
"We're being talked about in classes, I feel.
Oh! say, this is an awful hand! Misdeal!"
And so they dealt again another time;
This time, the hands they had were truly fine.
One said, "I bid two hearts. What's yours?" "Oh! Me?"
Well really, I don't know. Now let me see."
"Oh, are you going to the dance tonight?"
"I haven't quite decided, but I might."
Oh, say, is Jo going with Johnny Tripp?"
Why yes, she is. My, he's an awful drip!
"I hope their music will be good tonight.
What's that? A choc'late bar? Give me a bite."
"Tell me girls, did you hear that Mary Bliss
Was married yesterday? Say, who dealt this?"
"They say they're going to move the city dumps."
Now are they really? Say, tell me, what's trumps?"
And then the peace of heaven upon me fell,
For lo! The hour's up, and there's the bell!
I soon departed, thanking all the bards.
I'd rather go to lectures than play cards.

—By a '44er

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