

TO THE FORCES

Arts Building,
U.N.B.
March 2nd, 1942

Dear Joe:

I have not written to you for a long time because I thought some people were reading your letters. However when once I saw a group of students hunched over a paper that seems to come around on Fridays now and then. I heard them say something like "Oh I always read Janie's letters" and so I ran up and accused them of it and they said they were talking about letters one of them had got from Jane Withers, and then they laughed, so I knew it couldn't have been any of my letters cause mine are never funny, are they Joe?

Last week was loads of fun. They called it Co-ed Week, and really I wish you had been here. You remember Pansy back home who is always calling up the boys and asking them to take her out, and how awful we all thought she was? Well last week was like that up here, only all the girls called boys they wanted to go out with, only you weren't fast if you did cause for a whole week it was all right to do it. I got onto the idea at once, only when I called one of the boys and asked him to take me to the Show, he said I had to pay for it, cause that went along with the week too, so we went to the Capital. I guess he was right though, cause I saw all the other Co-eds trying to drink nickel cokes while the boys were eating large feeds. Especially that boy from over the border who plays the trumpet, and the rink manager. I guess it was awful hard for the poor girls who invited them out to pay their cause they ordered more than even Gramp eats at home. I think though the girls are going to get even from now on.

There was a big sign over the Residence too, and it said "Too Hot to Handle" so when I called for one of the boys there I took along a bucket of water and threw it over him before I took his arm.

You know the boy who is always stage manager of the Dramatic Society? Well, he went on an extended tour last week-end to our rival college, and when he went to get on the train to come home, there was such a crowd of co-eds at the station going to another college farther east, that he got on the wrong train and went with them instead. I guess it must have been all right though cause when he came back he had an enormous photo of the coach of their team down there. Remember the short girl from our

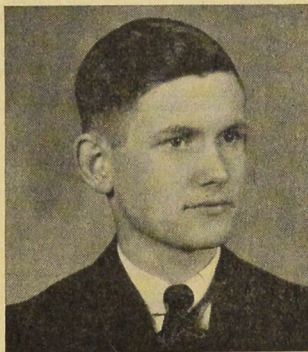
foggy city who used to go around with a soldier and then she went to the middle of our Dominion to a large city half to see him and half to buy a beautiful new suit? Well, on Wednesday night the Co-eds had a party, "bridge" they called it, but there isn't any river in the Ladies' Reading Room, and that's where it was, so it must be a new form of parlor rugby like we used to play, remember "How many stamps?" Anyway she took the tall boy who used to own a motorcycle and do you know now he owns a little tiny car which is so small you can throw it in or out of a ditch whenever you want to. He lent it to her to call for him because she lived so far away.

The dance was Friday night, and lots of people went. The girls took the boys of course, and the place seemed more populated than the last dance there, when the boys were supposed to take the girls! Anyway practically everybody who counted at all went. A number of the girls were very disappointed cause the Air Force boys could not come. Anyway everyone had a good time, and usually you could find somebody—the men practically broke their faces trying to make sweet smiles the day before. The rink manager and the Blonde Senior who made a paying proposition out of Junior English were there—the co-ed who looked after the bridge party Wednesday night was there with her old flame, of course all the inhabitants of the co-ed establishment on St. John Street were there with their respective men some of whom seem to be definite habits with the girls. They just never go anywhere without them anymore. The two George Street co-eds who live together took their respective hockey players, and the blonde who lives across the street from them took her law student and as for—she took that boy who played the awful dirty trick on—when they went into his room when he was asleep and but I can't tell you cause only a few people know about it and if I told you—well.

Well Joe I must stop now cause I have to tear out and buy some more wool to make you some more socks. I think I can turn a heel now cause there is a new recipe for socks out where you don't put in a heel. It was in the new book "More Jokes for your Soldier Boy Friend" and so it must be all right if it is printed and sold. Take care of yourself and don't go out with that blonde again you were talking about cause

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May We Present



HAROLD F. RICHARDS

We present this week another Junior, "Moodie" Richards, one of our Law students, taking an Arts course. He is Secretary Treasurer of the Arts Society, and never misses an Art Banquet. In the C.O.T.C. Moodie has been Sergeant, then Company Sergeant Major and now, although he insists he is not yet Adjutant, it is understood that he will be as soon as the new orders come through. Possessing a pleasing voice Moodie is well known in singing circle and last year was Secretary Treasurer of the Glee Club and also sang in it.

If you can think back to Moodie's Freshman year, you will remember him as the butler in the spring play, of that year "The Importance of Being Earnest" where he displayed his dramatic interests with such gusto. However we feel it is other than this type of interest which has made him pay so much attention to the Dramatic Society Cup winner last year!

In sports Moodie wields a fast badminton racquet, and he claims he is a "whizz-damner on skates!"

BADMINTON--For Ladies Only

Last Christmas I was presented with a large bulky parcel. When I beheld the contents, devoid of its holiday trappings, I remained quite cold and unrelaxed. It was a badminton racquet, a more or less useful instrument, I suppose for one who played that game; which never appealed to me in any way.

However, owning a racquet and failing to make use of it did not suit my 'economical nature. So despite the fact that all doctors vehemently maintain that the game of badminton is much too strenuous an exercise for the delicate feminine constitution, I decided to risk the damages I might incur, with the hope that I could 'wear' off a few surplus pounds as well as make use of my unwelcome gift.

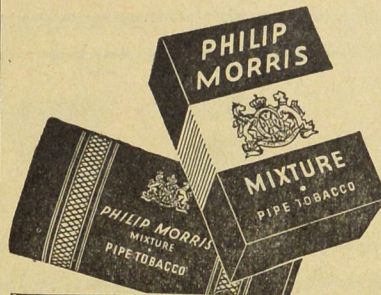
Bravely I launched out on a court with an unsuspecting lady player. On the opposite side stood two other lady-players, very nonchalant and cool, ready for action. Somebody hit something (it had feathers on it) back and forth several times. I stood cautiously in the corner so it wouldn't come my way. But it did. I made a dive for it, waved my arm about, looked sheepish but tried not to, and picked the thing up off the floor.

Beginning to suspect I was a novice, my good-hearted partner began to demonstrate the correct method of attack. She held the bird prettily by the feathers, tapped it daintily. It miraculously flew across the net and before I knew it, back it was in my direction again! I made a feeble attempt to swat at it.

They began to 'play' then. My partner instructed me to stand close to the net and play 'up'. I felt rather hemmed in by the net so I stepped back. I later came to the conclusion that my partner was not expecting me at that particular moment. I believe I was struck. My right eye and area thereabout came into sharp collision with a racquet. My partner was very sorry. So was I.

Slightly 'woozy' but still determined I maintained my stand. My efforts to 'serve' should remain unrecorded but I picked up the bird, poised my racquet, no contact, bird

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POETRY CORNER

"SAPERE AUDE"

We sing with pride of Varsity,
As others have and others will,
Midst nature's grandeur "Up the Hill",
She stands in stately dignity.

Responsive to her honored call,
We now renew the pledge we made:
Our Red and Black shall never fade;
Our banner bold shall never fall.

On wings of Time, we too shall fly
Forgotten like the rest.
It is enough we have been blest
To hold her name and glory high.

To those, her future heirs, we leave
A Varsity to be revered
As she will always be endeared
To those who did her fame achieve.

Chorus:

"Sapere Aude!" Our voices rise
With unknown tones of those gone by;
And chant with those as yet to cry:
"Sapere Aude!" Dare to be wise!

—P. C. L. '43

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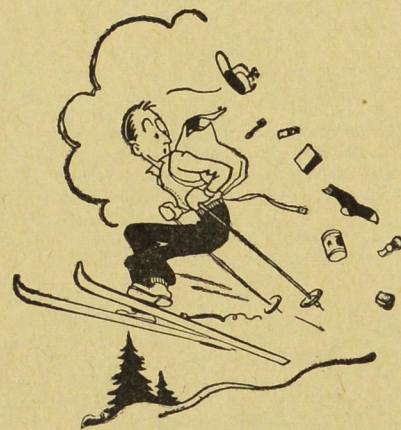
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Equipment

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Good equipment for successful living is the habit of thrift and financial foresight, most easily acquired by putting money in the bank regularly. There is nothing like a fund of ready cash to hold things together when the going is hardest.

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