

To The Forces

Arts Building, U.N.B.
November 3rd, 1941.

Dear Joe:

Received your daily allowance of five letters today and I must say they are not up to your usual standard. In one of them you spoke about yourself six times and only ten times about me. Are you sure you are being true to me? By the way I have an uncanny feeling that other people besides you read my last letter. Are you sure no one else in your outfit got into your mail. Either that, or the censor is an awful gossip. Somebody down here heard what I said in your letter about one of the crowd.

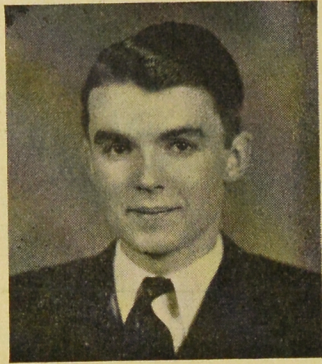
Gosh, oh golly I wish you could see some of the swell clothes the coeds are wearing this year. Maybe being a man, and only being able to wear a khaki uniform, you won't appreciate them so much, but then again maybe it'll cheer you up to know that there are still pretty clothes in this day and age. At the dance the other night one of the Freshettes had on a sweet outfit. She had a long-sleeved red silk blouse under a beige, long sleeveless jerkin, and the skirt was beige like the top. The jerkin was quilted at the top too. One of the other girls has a green flannel dress with short sleeves and very tailored and down the front she has the polished army buttons of her boyfriend's unit. I wish you would send me some buttons for my dress. Zippers are good, but they haven't got the class of polished military buttons. You should see all the long sweaters the coeds are wearing now, the longer the better. There are red ones, wine ones, blue ones, yellow ones and even green ones. They are mostly cable-knit, but some are ribbed. Well, you must be tired of hearing about the clothes the gang wears, and I suppose you want some news, but gee, oh gosh I just got to tell you about the dress I saw at the tea the other day. It is a French blue, and has a wide fitted waist band, edged with tiny covered buttons, long full sleeves and a collared yoke, which is also bordered in covered buttons. I think you'd even go for it yourself.

By the way you know that old flame of yours who looks exactly like her sister, well she gets letters on the bulletin board all the time. I guess they are from an air-force man cause the crest was on one of them. You remember the girl who always drinks cokes, and who boards at the house where a lot of the girls stay? Well last week-end she went clear to that foggy city about 64 miles from here, to have dinner with that boy who I told you sold hot-dogs at the football-game. I believe in privacy on a date, but that—that's high class!

The boys some girls pick, to go to dances with. Why the other night at the sweater and skirt dance

CENSORED. I just couldn't keep quiet about that little piece of news. However, don't let it get

May We Present



DOUGLAS GUNTER

This week we give you our star male dramatist, Douglas Gunter—Doug to you. He came up from the foggy city to our college as a Freshie-Soph. His whole career has been studded with dramatic presentations. In his Sophomore Year Doug took part in one of the Fall Plays "The Marriage Proposal" and in the spring one "The Importance of Being Earnest." In his Junior Year he was vice-president of the Society, and gave us a grand performance in "Three Corners Moon." This year Doug is President of our Dramatic Club, and is also taking a part in one of this fall's productions. Along the line of sports, he has played badminton, and is a good shot, being on the shooting team last year. He has done some debating in the past but lately has had to give it up due the scarcity of time. Last summer Doug was at Brockville, and is now an officer in the C. O. T. C. He has been a great worker up the hill especially in the Dramatic Society. If he keeps on, who knows, we may some day be acclaiming him as the favorite movie actor.

any further, cause if it did it would just ruin her name up the hill!

Those North Shore folks sure can pick their women. Why that blond pre-med from Campbellton had out that girl who lives up on George Street and was out riding in the early hours in the Baby Austin a few weeks ago. And the girl whose place she stays at had a sailor come up and visit her too.

You wouldn't know the Rat Race. I guess I can call it that freely cause that is only a nick name and not an official appellation. The college crowd all inhabit it and its really quite a popular date now. Last week-end I even saw the President of the Sophettes there, and also that cute basketball player from the North Shore (I never could figure out whether it was B— or C—she comes from) who stays at her house so I guess it must be "being done."

Write me soon, and send me something sooner.

Love and kisses,

JANIE

CHEMISTRY QUIZZ

Describe:

1. Chlorine—A dancer in a night club.
2. Antimony—Fee collected by wives smart enough to leave their husbands.
3. Carbon—Storage place for street cars.
4. Barium—What you do to corpses.
5. Boron—A person of low mentality.
6. Gallium—A type of sailing-vessel.
7. Catalyst—A western ranch-owner.
8. Symbol—Round, disk-shaped brass musical instrument.
9. Equilibrium—State of always being right side up.
10. Centimeter—A hundred-legged worm-like animal.
11. Indicator—Place where chickens are hatched.
12. Burette—Funny looking hat worn by artists.
13. Flask—measuring vessel carried on hip, graduated in fingers.
14. Precipitate—To take part in something.
15. Plaster of Paris—Building material used in France.
16. Nitrate—Special price on telegrams and telephone messages after dark.
17. Vacuum—A large empty place where the Pope lives.
18. Combustion—When two elements get together and throw things off.

—Blue and White '40

MARY'S TALE

Then I caught a ride to Trois Rivieres and took a room at L'Hotel St. Maurice. Next morning I went on to Batiscan before I stopped for breakfast. After breakfast I got a ride to Quebec with a young Frenchman. He couldn't speak any English so I made an attempt at speaking French, tossing in an English word here and there, when I couldn't think of the French word. He took me out to see the Plains of Abraham; then we went to the ferry. He bought my ticket, shook hands with me, and asked me to drop a card when I got home. I said that I would and I did. It took some time for me to puzzle out a few French sentences.

The ferry trip across the St. Lawrence was most delightful. While on board I met a "professeur de chant" with whom I chatted for some time. His wife told me that she would send me a souvenir of Quebec and asked that I write to them.

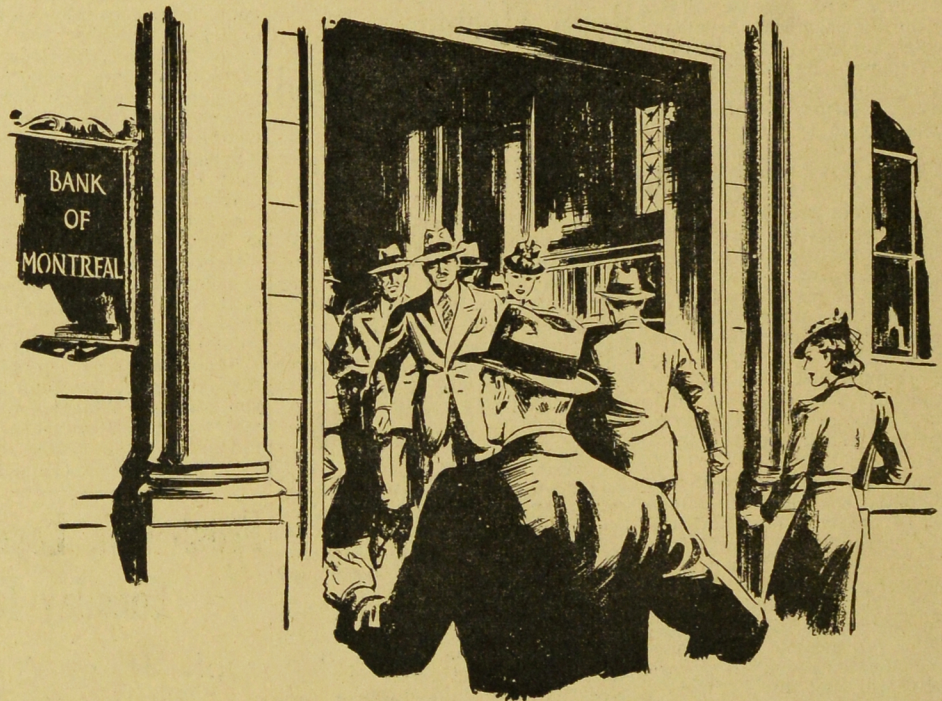
When we landed at Levis I took the bus to St. Valier. Then I caught a ride to Riviere du Loup with another French boy. Then I took the bus for Woodstock and landed there about 2.45 on Monday morn-

ing On looking over the papers I discovered that I had received a scholarship at U.N.B.; and when I looked over my mail, I found that I had also received one at Acadia. Three scholarships at three different colleges! I left the whole matter to Mr. Fraser and he decided in favor of U. N. B. so here I am. I said I was here but I wonder if I am all here after nearly a week of initiation.

Dear reader, I've finished a brief account of my experiences during the past month, but I have omitted a good many of them, since I considered them too personal, or perhaps a little hard to believe. I have had a great many experiences since I have been on my own and I realize that I am now attempting the hardest job, that I have ever faced. I am determined to go through college and to finance it myself.

To my dear friends, who have been so kind in advising, encouraging and helping me, I wish to say that I appreciate it more than words can express. I'll do my best, I won't let you down.

The End.



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