

Should I Join?

To many of us the question of whether to join up now or later has been the source of considerable thought.

In examining the situation it should be remembered that the number of boys attending college in New Brunswick are only about seven hundred which is but a small fraction of the number of men in service from New Brunswick.

In this time of war as well as after the war college trained men are more valuable than at any time before. Most students are being trained to be specialists in their particular line of work. Work that usually requires college for its training. It is indeed true that upon graduation the government may find a better use for some of us than if we were on the firing line. The task of waging this war is so tremendous that the very best brains in the country are needed. Often these vital positions must be filled with college graduates.

It is easy to understand the feeling most of us have when we see so many fellows our own age in uniform. It is also easy to understand their opinion of us. We feel as though we were not doing our part. The temptation is great to join now and come back to college after the war. One of the major difficulties to this is, as President MacKenzie said recently that it would be exceptionally difficult to settle down to the boresome task of studying after being through a thing like a modern war. A simple illustration of this may be had to our trying to study after a big athletic game. Our brain just does not take kindly to such things as Math and Physics after more exciting things.

Through the C. O. T. C. a man may qualify to be an officer. The army must have officers and without any conceit on our part it is acknowledged that in the majority of cases the best brains of our generation are found in college.

So in conclusion it would seem as though we could best serve our country by completing our course and then seeing where we would be of the most use.

A. M. '44

Mary's Tale

In response to a request from one of my dear friends I am going to endeavor to write a brief account of my experiences during the past month. May I say at the very beginning that I hate English, my spelling is dreadful, my sentence structure is terrible and my paragraph structure is even worse. Please be gentle in your criticism and I will try to do my best.

In June I graduated from Woodstock High School. That doubtless was the greatest event of my life up to the present time. Those of you who can clearly remember those days will probably recall that graduation wasn't all joy and happiness but mingled with sorrow and regrets. To leave one's companions and teachers isn't the most pleasant thing in the world.

I know that I said I was just going to write about the past month but I wanted you to understand why I grew restless, discouraged and caught the lust for wandering. Graduation seemed to be a jumping off place, college was the next step but I had neither the money nor the courage to attempt it. There seemed to be a lot of excitement about active service for the women so I decided that I would enlist. According to the papers at that time the age limit was eighteen to forty years.

On Monday, August 18th, I went to St. John to gain as much information as possible. I found that for a time at least, the work would be all voluntary and that I would have to pay my own expenses and train at the same time, which I couldn't afford.

After that I felt I needed some action. I went home with a transport truck getting to bed in the wee small hours. Next morning I packed up a few things, a tooth-brush, a nail file, a pair of pyjamas, a clean blouse, stockings, etc., and started North.

At Woodstock I got a ride with a salesman, who was carrying wholesale drugs, with whom I got a ride as far as Hartland. At Hartland I

Dear Readers

And Incidentally all Feature Page Crabbers

As this is the first of the College year, and there are so many new students about I would like to explain and entreat all you Brunswickan and more especially you Feature Readers just how big a part you should play on ahis, your Feature Page. This page is truly your page. In it we will print all your literary efforts, whether, funny, serious, good, bad or indifferent. It is up to you all to contribute to it. If the page is not filled with writings of our own crowd it has to be filled with filler, with usually corny jokes or articles written in haste by someone at the last minute "just to fill in space." We and the other readers welcome all your contributions short or long because they are what makes the page interesting. Let us make our Feature Page one of the best ones in all college papers, with original writing galore. So if you can write doggerel, pomes or poems, commentaries, parodies or any article that would intrigue other people for Heaven's sake kids—GIVE.

Feature Ed.

got a ride with a 7 Up Man to Florenceville. We crossed the river there and drove up the other side of the river to Aroostook. He made several stops on business so I didn't make very good time.

At Aroostook I walked through the town across a bridge and then I got a ride with two ladies who were touring the province and whose homes were in Ottawa. They gave me a lift to Grand Falls. I found them very nice and before I left they asked me to write when I had reached my destination and tell them about my trip.

By this time it was noon, but for some reason I didn't stop for dinner. I guess it must have been my guarding angel. I walked up to the top of the hill—and I thought I heard a bus behind me. As it passed I noticed the name of the company (it was a moving van and the names Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton They stopped, asked me where I was going. I said "Toronto" so that was that. I knew that Toronto had both the women's Air Force and the army.

It was an enormous sized van but it was also extremely comfortable. The van was supposed to travel twenty hours a day, with four hours stop for meals. (There were two drivers).

At Edmundston, we stopped for dinner and to fill up the van with gas, oil and water. The boys were both nice but I liked one better than the other for we found more in common about which to talk.

From Edmundston to Riviere-du-Loup I didn't find much of interest but I did get a kick out of the town named St. Louis-du-Ha! Ha! Lake Timiscouata was very pretty.

We stopped for supper at St. Germain, it being, about 9 p.m. It was there that I had to eat tomato sandwiches much as I hate them. In a great many of those French towns every third house is a "restaurant" but you would be very lucky if you could buy a tooth-pick and a glass of water.

(Continued Next Week)

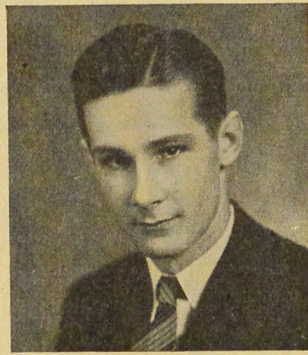
Editor's Note — Mary has changed some names and abbreviated others for she was afraid that some people would object to her using their names in print. The Mr. Fraser, whom she mentioned is Mr. N. S. Fraser, M. A., Principal of the Woodstock High School. The whole article is written by Mary and has been printed exactly as she handed it to me and will continue in serial form until completed.

Auntie—And what will you do my little darling when you grow up to be a great big girl?
Child—Reduce.

Colin—Yep, I'm a self-made man
Erk—That's what I like about you Colin, you always take all the blame for everything.

Conscience—An inner voice that warns us somebody is looking.
Jealousy—The friendship one woman has for another.
Detour—The roughest distance between two points.
Middle-Aged—A person ten years older than you are.

May We Present



COLIN B. MACKAY

We introduce this week "The Baron," one of the "yea school" boys. Colin has been very active in his three years up the hill. He has been on the Brunswickan staff since he first arrived, being a reporter for his first two years, News Editor and Associate Editor in his Junior Year, and advancing this year to Editor-in-Chief. Colin was Treasurer of the S.R.C. in his Junior year and this year is Vice-President having been elected by acclamation on Saturday last. He has been very active in Dramatics having been Sec-Treasurer of the Society for the fall term in his Junior year and has taken part in many of the productions. Surely you remember him as a ballet dancer in "Poor Madelaina" and as the haughty older brother in "Three Corners Moon." He was Secretary of his class in his Soph. year and this year is acting President of Beaverbrook Residence. To top all the other activities Colin has been on Year Book Committees and this year is Co-Editor of that worthy publication. When C.O.T.C. opened this year Colin was made Sergeant No. 1 platoon. In the realm of sport we have seen him play interclass basketball, ski a little and in the words of his friends attempt to play squash. The Baron returned this year with a shiny roadster to add to his other attractions so we predict a busy year for him in all walks of college life. Needless to say he will probably fill them all in his usual capable manner.

Advertisement

To all interested Jake wishes it known that he has returned and to expect another of his wow-de-dow articles soon!

Doc—Bob always strikes me as a lazy sort of chap.
Bap—Lazy? He is so lazy he makes me ride over a bump to take the ashes off his cigarette.

With The Forces

Kickapoo Junction, Sept. 29, 1941.

Dear Archie;

Since you went in the Air Force I thought I would write you to tell you about your home town. The folks miss you around here cause now they all have to buy their own tobacco. When you left I heard someone say, "There's one less sucker in town now," but I knew you hadn't been buying candy lately so I just smiled and waved goodbye. The other day I made you a pair of wool socks but after they were finished one had the heel wrong side out and the other I forgot to put a heel in so I guess I'll make you mittens. Maybe I can cut these down and use them without knitting them over.

Tom said if you didn't mind he and Jake and Izzie would take turns keeping me occupied so don't worry about me being lonesome for you. Stay as long as you like cause I haven't missed you yet. You were wrong about Jake's moustache. A girl doesn't mind if it tickles a little. However, Tom says your approaches were wrong. I told him what you said the last night you were here, and he said if I believed you he wouldn't disillusion me, but he could buy me a better car, and sooner too.

Uncle Sammy's cow at last up and died and we've been eating beef ever since. It isn't as tough as your Air Force boots but Ma says you can have some of it for a belt.

Is it true that Air Force boys have to wait in line for their meals or do they get their grub thrown at them on one plate like the C.O.T.C. boys at colleges?

Would you mind waiting till next week for last week's box cause seeing Ronnie got his other pip this week I thought he should have one and Fred has been made Midshipman so we sent him your last week's one. I had written to you in the box, but I managed to get the letter out and slip in one for him before Pa took it to the General Store.

You know while you are gone I will be faithful to our pact made under the old apple tree and when you get home on leave I will show you all the new tricks I have learned with my eye-lashes. (Izzie says they make his heart do flip-flops so Heaven knows what they'll do to you).

Love and kisses,

Gertie

P.S.—Pa has cut down on my stamp allowance so I will have to write to Ronnie next week so I will write you in about a fortnight unless you send me one in a letter.

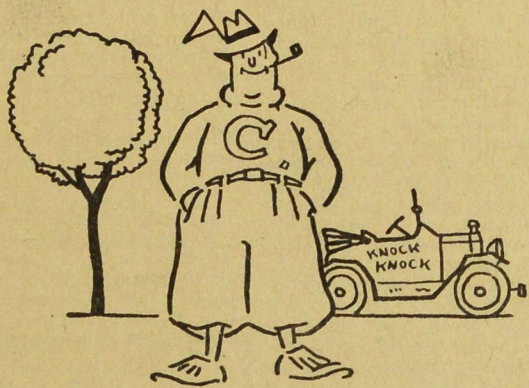
G.

P.P.S.—Daisy's boy-friend sent her an adorable locket with the Army crest on it. I'm not hinting but I think it would look a lot prettier with the Air Force crest on it and with your picture on the inside. Don't buy me one unless you're flush this week!

Love,

G.

A MAN OF SUBSTANCE



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