

Students and the War

It is unfortunate that some of our citizens, in uniform and out, have come to regard University students as slackers and draft-dodgers. That point of view is one which naturally arises in the minds of those who, either actively engaged in the war effort, or who have given up loved ones to help in the big job. This is not an unreasonable attitude by any means, but one should make some effort to acquaint himself with the other side of the story before making any statement in criticism.

One had but to look at the long list of University students who have taken, and have done honorably by the king's uniform; and another look at the longer list of those students who have already applied for enlistment as officers in all of the branches of our war machine, to bring to mind the role the university men are playing. At the outset of the war it was realized what a heavy load technical men would have to shoulder. The modern type of war is obviously based on the ability of our technical men to make the most of what they have to work with, and to their ability to develop superior machines and tactics in an effort, finally, to bring the world back to a normal and saner way of living.

Not only in uniform do our men ply their brains and brawn against this attempt at barbaric domination, but in the industries vital to moving armies and flying squadrons. With very few exceptions, the men and women of all of Canada's Universities played a very active part in these industries in capacities that ranged from the lowest of laboring tasks to highly skilled laboratory work. They gave up willingly, even gladly, what was once a "vacation", rolled up their sleeves, and pitched in with the rest of Canada's war producers to get on with the job of "keepin' 'em rollin' and keepin' 'em flyin'".

Our own University of New Brunswick was well represented throughout Eastern Canada in practically all of the important plants engaged in equipping our fighting men with the best that can be built. One glance at the thinned ranks of the upper classmen and at the changes in the faculty will suffice to show how many of these U.N.B. men have stayed on at their posts in jobs that count, and a little inside investigation would show an even greater number have returned to their studies to qualify for important technical jobs for which the demand far exceeds the supply.

Except for the university men who are accepted as officers in the fighting forces, the role of trained men in war work is necessarily obscure as is the role of nine out of ten of the men who are necessary to keep a modern war machine rolling. Critics who take exception to young men wearing Red and Black sweaters instead of khaki uniforms might bear in mind that it takes good men to build those tanks and we have to make them before you can use them, and it takes trained men to build bigger and better ones than you'll be meeting over there.

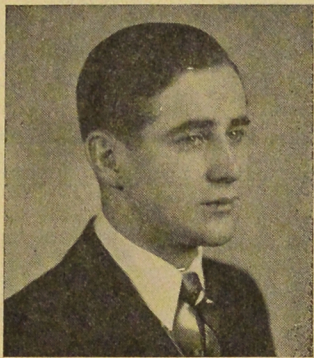
IS THIS YOU?

COLLEGE SPIRIT! And we do mean more. We're darn sure you all know what college spirit is; it's a very hackneyed phrase, but the principle of the thing is by no means obsolete you know, although judging from last Saturday's football game, it is just that at U.N.B.

We'll tell you what we are leading up to. The U.N.B. football boys played the M.T.C. team (football, of course last Saturday, and won 17-0, and did the crowd roar!—but not for U.N.B. You see, one side of the field was all khaki, and the other side had but a smatter of U.N.B. rooters—you know the kind with the Harpo Marx twang. About half the students present were huddled in the grandstand, and apparently nothing could dislodge their respective fannies from those boards, much less start their vocal cords working on a rah-rah for the team. The line-up along the edge of the field showed more life thanks to Sandy. On the whole, the turn-out was lousy, and the spirit—not as in John Collins but as in Joe College—even more so.

Naturally, the incentive to sit

May We Present



BOB McLAUGHLIN

This week Bob McLaughlin of the athletic world comes to our page as the president of the Amateur Athletic Association. Bob holds the coveted position as a result of three years of extensive athletic training and, we might add, many triumphs. For three years he has carried away all awards in boxing, light weight class; was winner of the Laskey Cup in his Freshman year, held the Intercollegiate and Provincial Amateur Boxing titles during his Sophomore year, and last year got his athletic distinction. This year he is captain of the boxing team and according to Bob, is ready, willing and able to carry off all titles this year. There is a challenge to all you potential boxers.

Bob has participated in Varsity football and track and last year was awarded the Sir Frederick William Taylor's Gold Medal for most points in athletics.

Aside from sports, Bobby has been very active on the S.R.C. having represented his class in his Freshman and Junior years, and having held the position of secretary of the S.R.C. in his Sophomore year. This year Bob is again on the council, representing the A.A.A.

In his Junior year he was manager of the Brunswickian as well as the treasurer of the renowned Spitfire Committee.

Bob is one of our nicest Beaverbrook Bunnies. He is a Beaverbrook scholar and has kept up his scholastic standing despite his many and varied activities on the campus. Last year Bobby was a corporal in the C.O.T.C. but this year prefers to be among those who "wear a pair of silver wings".

EXTRA!!!

Extra Bit of News:

The Beaverbrook Bunnies discussed and debated, argued and harangued, bickered and battled the "pros" and "cons" and finally arrived at this drastic decision (take careful note, girls) namely and to wit: they did not like saddle shoes. Why? Your guess is as good as the next fellow's and you're probably both right.

through a football game and give vent to lusty yells of "hold that line" may not be as great now as it was two or three years ago when bleachers were jammed from one end to the other, and your hat never was the same after a game because some buoyant co-ed sitting behind you insisted on pounding it out of its original shape, or discarding peanut shells and smoking fag-ends all around the brim, but there would have been much grumbling and groaning all around had football been cut out this year. As it is, you are asking for and paying for something that, when handed out to you, doesn't seem to fizz on you in the least. We want more and more and more of you—and then some—at all the games. So please sight our plea and sink same. Much woe on our part if you don't; much joy if you do. Bigger crowds, more noise, more honest-to-goodness college spirit. Let's have it, eh?

The census taker was inquiring of the mountaineer how many children he had.

"Four", was the answer, "and by gosh, that's all I'm going to have".

"Why?" asked the census taker. "I've just read in this here almanac that every fifth child born in the world is a Chinaman".

Sincerely Yours

Perhaps this little article should have been titled "Prelude to an Obituary", for that is what it may become, but letting off steam has always been a dangerous pastime and there is going to be a lot of steam let off in the next umpteen lines, so hang on.

If you were a girl, and were told that there was a college in Canada at which the boys outnumbered the girls by about five to one, wouldn't you yodel "Lemme at it" happily and dream of mile-long stag lines, cases of free cokes, and a full date book. Well, calm down sister, for you are already attending that college, and the five men that are your allotment are wandering around somewhere on the campus, but, had you noticed that they seem to buy their cokes one at a time, and that somehow that date book is as empty as a classroom at 12.31 P.M.? It's funny, too, the way they seem to confine their dating activities to girls from the Normal School, or some other schools, while poor Snoop froths at the mouth and gets bald trying to find a bit of scandal about, or even find, a 100% U.N.B. couple.

If you have noticed this, and you are kidding if you say you haven't, did you take the easy way out, and say in a vague sort of a way that it wasn't your fault if the boys were too tight to treat a girl to a drink in the Tuck Shop, and as for the dates, well who cares about that anyway. You came here to study and not to go running around.....etc. etc. etc.

Well, know who's fault all this unnatural attitude is? It is YOURS! Yup, yours, and no one else's. Chew on that for a while.

Sure, maybe you can kid yourself about this, but the next time you are sitting at home with a good book the night of a Formal, substitute that good book for a good look.....at yourself in the mirror. Turn on lots of bright white lights and look at the specimen you see before you the same way you'd look at a frog's esophagus in the Biology Lab. The first time you look you'll see the same thing you've seen each time you've looked in the mirror in the past three years. But for once check the details. Your hair, for example...isn't it done exactly as it was in your Freshman year, and when was it brushed the last time? Then your ski!.....kinda baggy isn't it? Especially from the side, and, after all, bustles went out years ago. That torn hem on your slip that is dangling so nonchalantly below it doesn't help matters any, either. Take a glance at your fingernails, too. They don't even come close to matching the fringe of lipstick left on your lips, and they're so chipped that one would think you did Beach Combing in your spare time. But why go on? The same will be true of most of the other "minor" details, which, in their total make a major success or major calamity. You needn't guess much to get the right answer in your case. Don't be fooled about these things

SWAP SHOP

Wanted: La(und)ry to take in during the week or weekends. Apply to winner of the Sophomore lottery.

Will swap one strip of "beach" for ideas on how to get the better of upperclass girls. Write to the Engineers' Model.

For Sale: My complete stock of floating material. Reason for sale: last Saturday night. Clarke — ex-Acadia.

Wanted: A door that will lock on both sides. See Mr. Baxter.

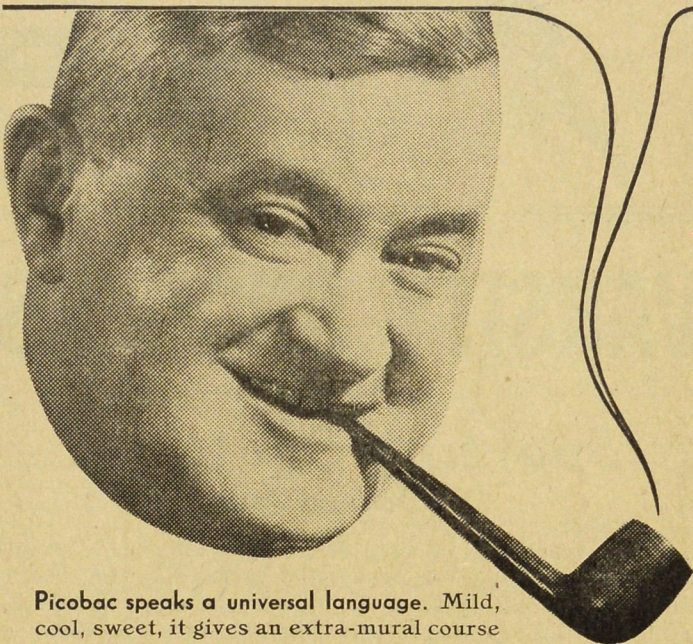
Wanted—drastically: More material for Swap Shop. Call proprietor.

Will exchange all the cokes MacDonald can buy me for Mickey's social calendar for the end of the month. Apply Jingle, jangle, jingle.

Will exchange one new razor for one slightly used eyebrow pencil. Phone Bob at 1413-11.

For Loan(e): One "Bell" in perfect condition. Eileen will act as go-between.

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GROWN IN SUNNY, SOUTHERN ONTARIO

not being noticed, either. Boys are just aggravating enough to seem to ignore untidiness, but their attitude when Hangover Hattie appears on the scene is like the backward lunge of a startled horse compared to the way they would act if it was Glamorous Gloria instead. Why, you could line up nine out of ten of the girls in the Ladies' Reading Room against a dark background and they would look like an illustration for an Army Pamphlet on Camouflage For Humans....drab colors, drab styles, droopy outlines of a Sloppy Joe sweater all combining to make them look as outstanding as a chamelon. Girls should look on themselves as a painter's canvas, which isn't anything until the colors and designs have been added, but that is admired by all when the artist's work is done. They

(Continued on Page Five)

STUDENTS STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

ANNOUNCING

A

SHORT STORY CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE - - - \$5.00

SECOND PRIZE - - - \$3.00

THIRD PRIZE - - - \$2.00

This contest is open to all students of the University other than those whose names appear on the masthead of this week's Brunswickan.

The story should not be any longer than 1500 words, may be of any title the writer chooses, and must be handed in to the Editor of the Brunswickan before 12.30 p.m., Friday, Oct. 23.

The three prize winners will be announced as soon as possible after the deadline.

The three prize winning stories will be published in the Brunswickan at the first opportunity.

Judges will be Professor McCourt, Dr. Bailey and the Editor.