

Sincerely Yours

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should THINK about what they wear, and when they should wear it.....not get up each morning and throw on the same sack. The law says that clothes have to be worn, so next time you buy them, or make them, why not get out of the rut and forget that you have always bought a plain brown skirt. There are lots of ways of getting more flattering clothes without spending a penny more. All you have to do is know what flattering and smart clothes look like. Buy them, and wear them (Sunday dresses went out when you learned to stay away from mudpies), and you won't look like a shadow hunting for the body that cast it.

"Grand idea", you'll say, "But why bother with this when the boys aren't any too particular about their clothes, either?" Well, you make your change, and it won't be long before you'll see them doing the same. Right now they would come to classes in a pair of overalls for all they care, but take a look at them when they are strutting that wee lass from downtown along the street, and see the difference.

Give it a trial, though. Brush your hair more often, and go a little wacky in the way you do it. Try wearing shoes with a little polish on them, and wear heels more than twice a year instead of slouching around in a pair of filthy saddle shoes.....that was smart four years ago. Do a job on yourself, wisely, with Mademoiselle or some other fashion magazine to help you, and for the first time you will walk by the Residence or a group of boys without the feeling that you are being ridiculed. Try smiling at them as if you meant it, for your teeth aren't there just so you can mangle a meal three times a day, they're part of your potential attraction. Try putting your shoulders back and your chin up.....protruding

President Meets

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in length. The complaints, which he gave to us just as they were received, included unseemly language, property defacement and the fact that some of our neighbors think that, perhaps, we have been carrying some of our antics a little bit too far. It was not in the nature of a reprimand that these complaints were brought to our attention, but rather as an indication of public opinion of the student body in general. No suggestion was made that such activities were to be abandoned, but that if things were continued at the present tempo, serious property, or worse, bodily damage might occur and so reflect on the good name of the students of the University of New Brunswick. The president hoped that he could arrange meetings with the students' representatives from time to time throughout the year, and assured all those present that the faculty was always ready to advise the students on any difficulties that the president brought the meeting to a close.

shoulder blades have never been the subject of admiring glances. Do all these things and I can practically guarantee that when you walk into Mrs. Bailey's the whistles will bring every A.R.P. warden in town to his post, and as five guys fight to pay for your drink you'll hear two others say "My gawd!! Is she a CO-ED?????"

Homer, it is said, had such an aversion to natural music, that he could never be prevailed upon to walk along the banks of a murmuring brook.

Zoroaster, it is said, though the most profound philosopher of his time theoretically, was easily put out of temper.

Professors Don Khaki

Maureen Murphy, Toronto Varsity

A campus antique, is the proverbial professor of the tattered gown, patched coat and unpressed pants, as a horde of sprightly-garbed professors, smart and trim in uniform, freshly unearthed from their summer hibernation, haunt our cloistered halls with a view to invading the lecture-room of today.

From every college, faculty, and department, they come. Venerable passages now echo with the brisk clip of boots.....the dim recesses of hallowed nooks now flash with the dazzle of emtallic buttons.

Astonished book-worms, and round-eyed co-eds whisper earnestly over their books....."what does he belong to?" "how come he's in uniform?".....but Lt.-Col. H. H. Madill, E.D., O.C. 1st Bn. of the C.O. T.C. has all the answers.

"When the war started, an age limit for men joining the C.O.T.C. was set at thirty-five, which meant we were unable to use many older and experienced men. Now the younger men are on active service, limit has consequently been extended, and the whole picture is giving place to others. The age changed". Questioned as to the percentage of professors attached to the C.O.T.C., Colonel Madill commented....."comparatively low..... the majority have been released for active service, but many new applications for commissions have been received from professors just lately". The Colonel explained further "the men who join the C.O. T.C. are those who fought in the last war".

Asked if he came into personal contact with the students in his battalion, Colonel Madill remarked "not like a platoon commander does!".....

"Tuesday afternoon parades..... Thursday afternoon parades..... Saturday afternoon parades....." is Professor B. Wilkinson's resume of a company commander's life with the C.O.T.C. "Besides all that, I have to be Father, Mother, Brother and Sister to all the youngsters in the company.....They can come to me with all their problems.....and do they know it!.....The trouble is, that, being on the Faculty, everyone knows where they can get hold of me.....even reporters!" Proving reticent about giving further information, the professor suggested....."If you want any dope on me, just ask the boys.....they'll supply it!"

Lt.-Col. W. S. Wilson, E.D., O.C. 1st Bn., Assistant Dean and Secretary of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering, works parallel to Colonel Madill, while other professors from the Fine Art Department include Lieut. C. F. Comfort, Pl. Cdr., and Major W. E. Sarswell, Coy. Cdr.

This brilliant galaxy of uniformed professors covers the whole campus, from Major M. B. Watson, E.D., C.I., Director and Assistant Professor of the Department of Military Studies, Major F. R. Crocombe, Coy. Cdr., Associate Professor and Accounting, Lieut. M. St. A. Woodside, Pl. Cdr., Associate Professor of Ancient History, and Lieut. B. C. Diltz, Pl. Cdr., Associate Professor of Methods in English and History, to Lieut. A. E. Barker, Pl. Cdr., Associate Professor of English and Director of Studies in English, Lieut. D. L. Selby, M.O., Lecturer in Pathological Chemistry, Lieut. J. E. McCutcheon, Pl. Cdr., Associate in

Hodgson Arrives

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own particular policy, to suit his own beliefs and principles and to conform with his campus and his publishing conditions. These may vary. In a larger sense, there are principles which all C.U.P. members hold in common. All are Canadian undergraduate publications, written for undergraduate consumption. Such publications are the products of advanced thought on the part of Canadian youth. Promotion of such tendencies as the nationalization of the outlook of Canadians on or off the campus, the furthering of higher education and the interest in educational reforms, scholarships and other things which benefit students directly and the Dominion in a less direct sense, the furthering of everything in the interest of the University in the larger sense, the university student, and finally, and not the least of these things—the furthering of Canadian college journalism".

"The main basis for expression of student opinion for dealing with student problems and furthering student interest, is the undergraduate newspaper on each campus. A well organized C.U.P. can concentrate such principles on a national scale. It can obtain a cross section of Canadian student opinion as can no other organization, and as such is the potential voice of the Canadian student—a voice which can carry considerable weight".

Dent Hodgson is an admirable personality, and the campus publication can appreciate his visit.

A. A. A. Decides

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ber of players limited to each team in intercollegiate competition.

The final item on the A.A.A. agenda concerned intramural and interclass athletics. The only decision reached here was the reaffirming of last year's resolution prohibiting players practicing with Varsity squads to participate in the "inter" athletics.

Varsity Ruggers

(Continued from Page Four) running. Spicer's convert split the posts squarely for the last points of the game.

The lineups:

Army:

Forwards: Kimball, Richard, Codden, Nauss, Acheson, Munroe, Graham, MacLean.

Halves: Kendall, MacKenzie, Capon, Dolan.

Three-quarters: Johnson, Logan, Howie.

Fullback: Herman.

U.N.B.

Forwards: Marquis, Cole, MacMillan, O'Brien, MacKay, Dalton, McLaughlin.

Halves: McDiarmid, Bell, McAllister.

Three-quarters: G. Simpson, D. Simpson, Reid, Myers.

Fullback: Spicer.

Subs: Mitton, Kerr, Fleming, Landry, Anderson.

Physical and Health Education, and Lieut. W. H. Martin, Pl. Cdr., Gymnasium Instructor for Men. Worthy of mention also, is Lieut. J. L. Hutchison, in command of the Air Force Wing, and Assistant Director of the Connaught Laboratories.

To date, there have not been traced any professors with a hankering after the Navy uniform, nor any with a yearning for that of the Air Force.....but as one pertinent freshette so succulently cooed..... "Ordinary professors alone are simply.....but in uniform they're positively....."

College Songs

We're just an ordinary bunch of boys

And not so very neat,
We seldom wash our hands and face
We never wash our feet.
Our collars and cuffs are seldom clean,

We're always on a spree
Oh! we're the kings of the universe
For we're from U.N.B.

Chorus:

Oh! Alma Mater Tra la la la la la la
Dear Alma Mater Tra la la la la la la

New Brunswick men they like their fun

But when it comes to die
You never hear them moan or groan
You never hear them sigh;
They climb right up the Golden Stairs

As you can plainly see
And at the gate they meet St. Pete
And he's from U.N.B.

Chorus

And if you chance to wander
From the straight and narrow path,

And if you flunked your morals
Like you flunked your Freshman Math,

Now don't be disappointed
When you hear the funeral knell
For we've an alumni chapter
In the deepest depths of hell.

Rolling Thru Varsity

(Tune: Marching Thru Georgia)

Sing a song of U.N.B. and sing it with a roar

Sing it as they sang it back a hundred years or more

Spread your teeth and sing it as you never sang before

While we go rolling through Varsity

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! For jolly U.N.B.
Hurrah! Hurrah! For good old Varsity

She's always been a hustler and she'll hustle you and me
While we go rolling through Varsity

We've Blinkey and we've Tubby and we've all the rest between
All their crazy notions in the calendar are seen

So join your hands together and we'll push the old machine
While we go rolling through Varsity

Hurrah! Hurrah! the button has been pressed
Hurrah! Hurrah! U.N.B. will do the rest

She's modest, she's retiring, but she'll do her level best
While we go rolling through Varsity

We're often into trouble, we've been run in once or twice
Prexy says be careful or you'll put the place on ice

The Senate thinks we're naughty but our mammas think we're nice

While we go rolling through Varsity
Hurrah! Hurrah! for jolly U.N.B.

Hurrah! Hurrah! with the cops we can't agree

And every man should treat his friend, about as he would be

While we go rolling thru Varsity.

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