

A Lass... But Still A Lack

(Taken from The Woman)

Something has been troubling me for many weeks: what's happened to the girls I used to know? And I don't mean any particular girl—I mean the institution of womanhood?

Take for example, the woman behind the wheel. A few years ago, whenever I spied an automobile coming toward me, far, far over the white line and apparently intent upon bisecting my car from front bumper to rear bumper, it was very comforting to be able to murmur, "Woman driver!" But where are they today, these ex-road huggers? They're right in the middle of their own lane, rolling along at 25 miles an hour, and likely as not, wearing a uniform of the A.W.V.S.

And about this Motor Corp business. I've been driving a car for nearly a quarter of a century and all I know about what's under the hood is that it's called an "engine". I'm a good driver and have never had an accident (knock, knock), but I've never understood what makes the darned thing run. So what happens? The other day I penetrated a daring 20 miles into the country, drunk with power at having five gallons of gas in the tank, when suddenly the car stops, as if on a dime. I have barely said, "Something must be wrong," when my wife is out of her seat and under the hood.

Then, before you could say "Leon Henderson," another car pulls up and a voice says, "Need any help?" Not a strong masculine voice, but a dainty little Alice-in-Wonderland soprano and out hops a wisp of a girl wearing one of these blue uniforms with a Sam Browne belt and she trots over to my wife and in two seconds they are discussing gaskets and cylinder heads and fan belts. And what's more they got it going again. I peered over their shoulders but wasn't allowed even to kibitz. I was told to go sit on a fence until the clinic was ended. I even caught myself restraining a wild impulse to powder my nose.

Now I don't go so far as to say that woman's place is in the home, but I do say that all this talk about post-war problems has omitted the most important one, and it is this: Will men have equal rights when Janie comes marching home?

It's all very well to put women on the assembly lines and behind the riveting guns and at the blacksmith's forge, because it's necessary to win the war. But what Baruch and Nelson and F.D.R. don't realize is that they are creating a Frankenstein which will some day trample them to a pulp with high-heeled slippers.

I suppose I am a candidate for a glass case in the Smithsonian Institution but I miss the girls I used to know.

I miss the girl who—in my youthful days—used to cuddle up in the protecting curve of a man's tweedy sleeve while he drove masterfully with one hand amid the mazes of traffic. She's driving a tractor now.

I miss the girl who used to send me home at twelve sharp because it wasn't nice for young ladies to be up with young men that late. Now, she's walking the streets with an air-raid warning band on her arm, ordering strange men into doorways until the all-clear sounds.

I miss the girl who used to laugh prettily whenever we got lost and I asked her to find where we were on the road map. She's down at the Interceptor Command plotting the movements of airplanes on complicated charts.

I miss the girl who refused to do settlement work because the people were so dirty. Her picture was in the papers last week showing her on a garbage truck, collecting tin cans in the tenement house district.

I miss the girl who—but you see what I mean. The girl I used to know is the Little Woman Who Isn't There. The other day I saw a book of old-time photographs and among them was a parade of women in front of the White House, carrying

May We Present

May we present, this week, the coeds of the University of New Brunswick.

Since U.N.B. has nothing to offer girls aside from straight arts and science courses their enrollment is not high at this university. Probably the lack of a ladies' residence may account for their small numbers. However, small though the coed group may be, they very ably strive to do their part and keep up their side of the picture against the boys who outnumber them six to one.

Interest runs high in sports. The girls' basketball team, suffering the loss of their older and more experienced players of last year, are practicing faithfully two nights a week. (We expect everybody to be at the game Friday night to cheer the girls on to victory against the Mount Allison basketweavers).

The girls have had a lot of fun playing around with sticks (that look somewhat like broom handles, but have no hay on the end of them) and a little black thing, people call a puck. Some of the players think, however, that the ice is too slippery. (Please note, Mr. Rink Manager. Would coarse salt help?) Of course the more astute hockeyettes blame their increasing number of falls on, shall we say, "hippy" opponents?

Mad screams of "Give her a penalty, she hit me on the head!" and "If you don't stop coming near this little wicker thing with that nasty black ball, I'll poke you in the eye" assail the poor referee, who might just as well stand and wait until someone gets a score. By the way, the coeds are looking forward so much to their friendly little game with the faculty next week. One thing they are quite adamant about, however. All insurance policies, for both sickness and death, must be paid up in full by the night of the game. This statement is not to be confused with a threat.

The coeds have been active in debating, dramatics and newspaper reporting this year and are making great plans for their edition of the Brunswickan, which will come out

My Day... A Librarian

(Taken from The Gateway)

"Pardon me, Miss, but is this the Library?" Rousing from a coma which might have been caused by (a) pondering whether Hamlet was really mad, or (b) a rather late night, or (c) wondering when there might be a late night (optimist!), I hasten to reply, "Why, yes, my good man, did you want a book?" This question seems rather unexpected, for he looks at me like a startled fawn and make a dash for the deep woods (I mean the Arts rotunda) via the side door, muttering, "A book; oh, no, I have one!" This sort of thing no longer arouses an emotion of any sort in me, so in a definitely neutral frame of mind I return to my learned musing re Hamlet's insane desire to take me out! But this happy condition is not to last long, for in a few minutes the bell goes and the panic is on.

One student wishes a book called "Mankind's Beard" by Whither. Of course this takes a few minutes to straighten out, but after determining which course is bent on studying "Mankind's Beard," I decide that philosophy must really be smartening up—the more practical angle, don't you know! Three young ladies have just discovered that they all want the single copy of the same book for the same night, and when I notice an air of tension creeping over the group, I feel that in spite of my inadequacy I may be conscious of, as to my ability to play the role of Solomon, I will have to arbitrate! So casting caution to the winds, I select one of the three and

next Friday, on time, if possible.

Swell plans are being made also for the annual Coed Dance, to be staged in the Memorial Hall on the Friday night during Coed Week. Boys are asked not to look askance at the limited, mean-looking budget prepared for the coming week and are reminded not to forget that during these times of stress, expenses should be cut to the minimum. (Funny that Coed Week always seems to be a time of stress, isn't it?)

And so, we leave you with this thought. The Coeds aren't really such bad kids and if you don't believe us, just wait until next week. If you have done your share of dating you have no visible worries, if not, well—!

indicate that she had asked just one second ahead of the others. Secure in the thought that at least I am batting .333 in that league, I try to disregard the baleful glances of the other two and watch them depart.

"What do you know about nights in the Middle Ages?" With a gasp I turn around, ready to intimate in my iciest manner that although I have that worn look, it was not my privilege to be around at that time. However, when I discover that it is really "knights" that is meant, a spark of romance, latent in all of us, stirs and I rush down to the Stack Room eager to find all the information I can regarding the "men with swords and bucklers." The romantic dream is slightly spoiled by an enquiry en route as whether or not this is the place to look for a good book on pig breeding. But alas, it was ever thus with dreamers! On returning to the desk simply oozing books on knights, I discover that my number one client for this material has had to dash to a lecture. So there I stand, covered with books whilst I brood on the ingratitude of man.

Then, of course, there is the Library's major problem for the month of October—that is to get some two hundred students sufficient material on Chaucer's pilgrims so that they can write two hundred essays without having to use more than one idea of their own per essay. This is not too difficult, as the students definitely co-operate 100% on the lack of ideas end of it. However, just at this point in "My Day" a rather desperate student arrives to confide in me that all the Chaucer books are reserved, and he can't understand a word of "Ye Olde English," and his essay is due tomorrow, and what shall he do? Stifling an almost overwhelming urge to deliver a brief but pointed lecture on the fact that some of the more far-sighted students had completed their essays before the rush began, I assure him that he will be able to use the books for a period during the day. With this ray of hope brightening an otherwise bleak horizon, he departs promising to return later. (Author's Note: He never returned, so I presume that "Ye Olde English" was revealed to him in a dream!)

A slightly bewildered but decided—
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IT'S
ALWAYS
YOUR
TURN
TO
WRITE



It's regular news from home that the boys on active service really appreciate. Write every week. Tell them about the family—what the friends and neighbours are doing—all the local news. Keep your letters cheerful and full of optimism. Tell them about the money you are saving—the War Savings Certificates and Victory Bonds you are buying—of the plans for the future when they come home.

• Tell them of a Savings Account in the Bank of Nova Scotia which will provide for the readjustment into normal civilian life, for the comforts and pleasures of a world at peace.

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Co-ed Week Schedule

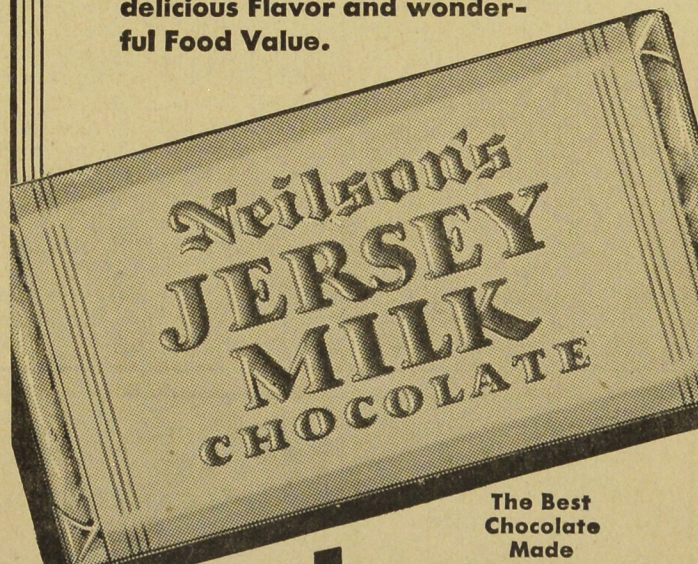
Sunday Afternoon:	Go to Inter-class Hockey Game—Wolf afterwards (hot chocolate for one)	.10
Sunday Night:	Take him to church	.02
	Go to his house afterwards.	
Monday Night:	Show night—Capitol's cheaper!	.04
	Goody Shoppe afterwards 2 cokes—1 number on juke-box	.27
Tuesday Night:	Coed Hockey Game—Wolf afterwards 1 sandwich and 1 hot chocolate (for you)	.25
Wednesday Night:	Delta Rho Bridge Party	.50
	(Eat up there)	
Thursday Night:	Stag night at the Goody Shoppe one milkshake 2 straws	.10
	2 nickels for juke-box	.10
Friday Afternoon:	Wolfing	.00
Friday Night:	Basketball Game—Coeds vs Mt. A. Coed Dance	1.00
	Ticket on Boutonniere	.10
	No taxis	.00
	Food	.50
	Crock for dance—2 pints	.40
Saturday Afternoon:	Wolfing 1 chocolate bar for energy	.06
Saturday Night:	Basketball Game Boys vs Scoudouc Lunch from home 1 coke—2 straws	.11
	Stay 'til after midnight then He'll take You home!	
Incidentals:	1 small Sweet Caps, 1 stick gum (halved) matches	.14
Total		\$4.29

"Votes for Women" signs. I laughed right out loud. The slogan then was "Equal Rights For Women." Equal rights my eye! What they wanted was superior rights and they've been watching for this chance for years. Women are working happily side by side with men at the victory plants, the papers say, and show us rotogravure pictures to prove it. What the men do not realize is that before they know it, these photographs will show women working beside—women. Men arise! The Trojan Horse is a mare!

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