

## Caught in the Draft

I'm one of the fellows who made the world "Safe for Democracy."

What a crazy thing that was. I fought, and I fought and I fought—but had to go anyway. I was called in Class "A". The next time I want to be in Class "B"—be here when they go and be here when they come back.

I remember when I registered. I went up to a desk and the man in charge was my milkman. He said, "What's your name?" I said, "You know my name." "What's your name?" he barked. So I told him "August Childs". He said, "Are you an Alien?" I said, "No, I feel fine". He asked me where I was born and I said, "Pittsburgh". Then he said, "When did you first see the light of day?" I said, "When we moved to Philadelphia". He asked me how old I was—and I told him 23 on the first of September. He said, "The first of September you'll be in France and that will be the last of August".

The day I went to camp, I guess they didn't think I would live long. The first fellow I saw wrote on my card "Flying Corps (e)". I went a little farther and some fellow said, "Look what the wind blew in". I said, "Wind nothing—the draft's doing it".

On the second morning, they put these clothes on me. What an outfit! As soon as you're in it, you think you can fight anybody. They have two sizes—too small and too large. The pants are so tight I can't sit down. The shoes are so big I turn around three times and they don't move, and what a raincoat they gave me. It strained the rain. I passed an officer all dressed up with a funny belt and all that "Stuff". He said calling after me, "Didn't you notice my uniform when you passed?" "Yes, but what are you kicking about, look what they gave me".

Oh, it was nice—five below zero one morning they called me out for

underwear inspection. You talk about scenery—red flannels, B.V. D.'s all kinds. The union suit I had on would fit Tony Galento. The Lieutenant lined up and told me to stand up. I said, "I'm up, Sir, it's this underwear that makes you think I'm sitting down". He got so mad he put me out digging a ditch. A little later, he passed and said, "Don't throw that dirt up here". I said, "Where am I going to put it?" he said, "Dig another hole and put it in there".

Three days later, we sailed for France. Marching down the pier I had more luck. I had a Sergeant that stuttered and it took him so long to say "Halt" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out and lined us up on the pier and the Captain came by and said, "Fall in". I said, "But I have just been in, Sir".

I was on the boat for 12 days—seasick for 12 days. Nothing going down, everything coming up. Leaned over the railing all the time. In the middle of one of my leans, the Captain rushed up and said, "What Company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself". He asked me if the Brigadier was up yet. I said, "If I swallowed it, it's up".

Talk about dumb people. I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped the anchor". He replied, "I knew we would lose it, it's been hanging out since we left New York".

Well, we landed in France. We were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights in the trenches, the cannons started to roar and the shells started to pass—I was shaking with patriotism. I tried to hide behind a tree but there weren't enough for the officers.

The Captain came around and said, "Five o'clock we go over the top". I said, "Captain, I would like to have a word with you". He said, "Well, what is it?" I said, "I would like to have a furlough". He said,

## May We Present



HERBERT LOANE

We take great pleasure in presenting this week, Herbert G. Loane, the president of the Senior Class. Herbie, a Beaverbrook Bunny, hails from the "Nort Shore" and very ably upholds the reputation of that great place. If you do not hear "buckboards" and wailing howls of "North Shore" from Herbie, it is not because he lacks the spirit and capability, but because he is more interested in averaging high in his electrical engineering course and doing justice to his many positions on the campus.

For three years he was on the staff of the Brunswickan, being respectively Assistant Sports Editor, Sports Editor, Co-news Editor and Associate Editor. Indicative of his ability is the fact that he has been on the Managing Board of the Brunswickan for the last three years.

Herbie is vice-president of the S.R.C. and for the last two years has served as the Brunswickan representative to that body. Active also in his class, he has been twice president, in his junior and senior years, and secretary-treasurer in his sophomore year.

President of the Glee Club since it was newly formed three years ago, Herbie deserves much of the credit for the organization of that body, and also much of the credit for the efficiency and popularity of that club on our campus.

His first two years he was very active in the debating society, but last year saw him fulfilling a completely new and different job—that of football manager. Ask Herbie about Football Budgets, prices of meals, cost of oranges—he'll tell you!

In spite of his great activity on the campus and maintaining a strictly superior average in his studies, Herbie has found time to include all of the college dances in his curriculum—and no mean dancer he is. Casual coke dates and far-from-casual Community Concerts are also included in his repertoire.

We will be sorry to see you go Herbie, but keep up the good work and our wishes of "good luck" will not be necessary.

## SWAP SHOP

Wanted: One pair of double vision glasses to help me glean dirt. Call Snoop at xxxx.

For Sale: Book entitled, "The Art of Telling Untruths". Apply to J. L., c/o St. F. X.

For Sale: Green looks at and heavenly scents from my one dozen roses. Looks 10c, smells 15c. Call at "Doc"tor Sheila's Florist Shoppe.

Wanted: One quire of "Bond"ed paper. Preferably with U.N.B. crest. Call Connie, c/o Bliss Carman.

For Sale: One (Hint on) how to Trac(y)e a 'cello. Phone Jean Smith at 691-41.

"Haven't you any red blood in you?" I said, "Yes, but I don't want to see it".

Five o'clock we went over the top. 10,000 Germans came out. They way they looked at ME you'd think I was the one who started the war. Our Captain yelled "Fire at Will". But I didn't know their names. I guess the fellow in back off me thought I was "WILL". He fired his gun and shot me in the excitement.

## The Prospects of Victory

by DR. N. A. M. MacKENZIE

It is interesting and useful to ask oneself occasionally the question: How is the war going? What are our prospects of victory? For if we do so, sincerely and intelligently, we can get a better idea of what lies ahead of us and what we should individually and collectively do about it. My own opinion has been, that if the Russians could hold the Germans, and the Chinese, British and Americans, the Japanese until winter comes, then they will not be able to defeat us.

As winter is fast approaching, it seems that we are still holding and fighting back despite desperate losses. They, our enemies, will have to face another winter of stalemate and suffering and an all-out offensive in the spring. The Russians, however, have lost men, equipment, territory, population and resources on a very large scale to the Germans. The British, Dutch and Americans have been equally unfortunate in their losses to the Japanese. This adds up to the conclusion, that since our enemies have not been able to defeat and destroy us when we were almost totally unprepared, they will not be able to defeat us at all.

But the question: Can we defeat them? still remains. The answer

to this question depends on how quickly we can mobilize all our resources, men, materials, industry and morale, and how wisely we use these resources. Once again it is a race against time. The Germans have gained control of almost all of the resources of Europe. Japan has gathered in the Empire of South East Asia and the Pacific Islands. If they can organize and consolidate these new empires before we defeat them, then the outcome of the war will be stalemate—a precarious balance of power, and another world war in a few years time.

If we can get the productive capacity of the United States, the British Commonwealth, and the other United Nations up to maximum capacity by the spring of 1943 and use that production with courage, skill and audacity, we can beat our enemies and win the war. That is why I consider it so important for everyone to do and give and produce his and her utmost within the next few months and to keep on doing, giving and producing at maximum capacity. The struggle will be long and hard, the sacrifices and losses, heavy and hard to bear, but if we put all that we have into it, this winter should see us over the crest of the hill that leads ultimately to Victory.

## Q. M. Picnic College Types

For the rookies in the C.O.T.C., the U.A.T.C. or any outfit, it's all the same. "Uniforms will be issued at 1600 hours". And we say, Oh Boy, won't Mabel and the family like to see me with that on! We walk in innocently, hoping to catch the sergeant's eye and his sympathy for our particular case. Instead we find ourselves at the end of an infinite line, and told to remove our lower and distinguishing garment. Thus exposed, we spend a drafty half-hour suddenly terminated by an avalanche of woollen cloth. Before we can assuage our modesty the sergeant bellows, "Fits fine—move on, you're holding up the blank works". The blank works turns out to be a desperate passage through a double line of amiable characters possessing an unerring aim. Their accuracy with boots and other solid equipment improves with each passing rookie, and as they clasp a hat on our heads so that it covers both eyes we collapse in sheer desperation—only to land with a ton of clothes into the lap of the chief quartermaster. This unsympathetic gent expects us to drop our burdens in quick time, sign on the line in double time and move out faster, kicking whatever we can't recover ahead of us.

Once outside, things seem simpler. We count our new possessions and find we have a few less than our neighbors—we left our pants behind somewhere; and on trying on the greatcoat find we can navigate alright without them—the greatcoat is an oversize pup tent. Dashing madly back we find that we must go through the hour-long line again, gently persuading perspiring sergeants that we already have one of those things (whereupon he loses all interest and sanity and looks like he would like to eat us alive). Thus we decide that asking to exchange any misfits would be the ultimate in discourtesy. So we again work our way down the line, but this time with empty hands, so we can viciously repay the boot hurlers. Coming upon our pants and also the quartermaster, we have to explain that they are really ours and not a fatigue issue; and we escape to find our previous pile ransacked by refit searchers. Our greatcoat would now scarcely do duty as a dog blanket, while the tunic has reversed its role and could easily pass as a greatcoat. And while we stand there glowering indignantly at the disarming garments that we'll have to wear, our pet enemy smiles past, "Howsa fit? Mine's perfect!"

The linguistic family of most of the races of Africa below the equator is the Bantu.

Last night, after I went to bed, I lay for a while half-listening to the drowsy tick-tock of the clock on my bureau and thinking, in a misty sort of way, of the different types of people I had met at college. All at once I felt my bed gently rising and floating through the open window, which had miraculously grown larger to let it pass. I buried my nose in the pillow and pulled the blankets over my head as a protection against the frosty night air, while my novel airplane soared up and up into blank darkness.

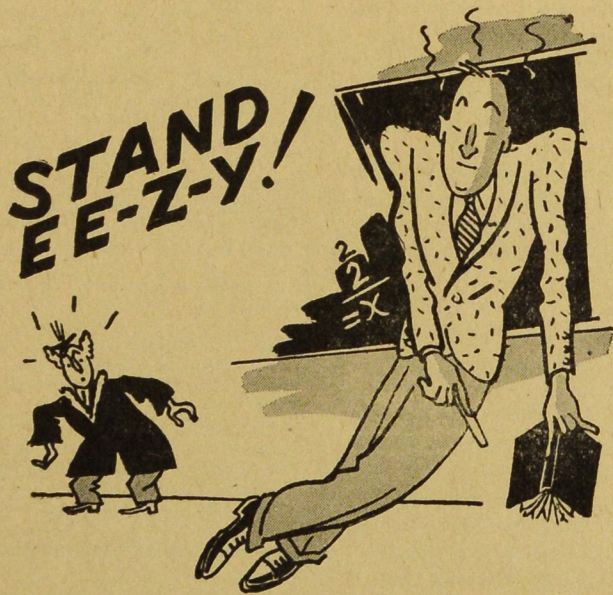
The gentle, rocking motion must have put me to sleep, for I cannot recollect anything of my trip until I found myself in front of a large, shapeless building with a single feeble light glimmering in one window. I stepped gingerly out onto the pavement, but was somewhat annoyed to see my bed rolling down hill at a great rate, and finally hopping along the road on its hind legs, cackling mockingly as it went. There was nothing left to do, after sticking out my tongue at that treacherous bed, but to tuck in the shirt of my pyjamas, take a deep breath, and climb the steps to the door.

Following the pale glimmer of light, I made my way through a dark, draughty corridor to a closed door, under which the rays of light were stealing. Pushing this open, I was surprised to see, mounted on the walls, a number of my university acquaintances, all in miniature, but seemingly alive. Some of these, who were vigorously moving their jaws up and down, were neatly labelled, "Gum-chewers: Amateur Species", while others, whose jaws were almost motionless, were designated as "Expert Gum-chewers." There were Peekers, looking over other people's shoulders and asking, "How in heck do you get that answer?" There were Cheerleaders, who wore wigs with one side red and the other black, and who made long and eloquent speeches on College Spirit. There were Two-Faced Specimens, who, by some freak, possessed two heads, one to laugh at the jokes of the professors, the other to groan. There were Sleeping Beauties, with mouths half-open to let out musical snores. There were Whisperers, Gigglers, Thumb-twiddlers, and so many other groups that I became quite confused, and gave up the task of sorting them out.

However, noticing a book-case in one corner of the room, I decided to sit down and read while waiting for someone to tell me where I was. Becoming interested in my book, an enthralling biography of the Queen of Nowhere, I did not notice that I

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## MILITARY TERMS ILLUSTRATED



CHINESE philosophers and present-day medical experts extol the virtues of perfect relaxation. This does not mean a quiet doze while attending classes. What the experts are trying to tell us is that worry impairs efficiency, gives rise to muscle-bound brains. As you grow older you will discover that many of life's worries are financial. Perhaps you have discovered this truth already. If so it is proof positive that you have failed to plan your personal budget or have not budgeted at all.

MORAL—Avoid financial worry by planned spending. The new wartime issue of the Royal Bank Budget Book will help you do it. Available on request at Fredericton branch.

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