

Feature Fans I Give You The Freshettes

This is your page of The Brunswickan. In the past years it has been dubbed anywhere from excellent to (as some would say) "stinky". However this year we, as loyal feature fans, must never allow that much overworked, but truly expressive word to be applied to our department. We want to have a page that simply reeks of U.N.B. and "collich stuff" — none of this borrowing from other papers and magazines. Our page pleads for an individualism of its own. Everyone of you can write after some fashion or other — remember how you sweated over your first Freshman essay, then proudly handed in what you thought a minor masterpiece at the least, and how your face fell when your pains were rewarded with a "D"? Be that as it may, the feature page shall mirror its readers' desires, and so, any of you U.N.B.ers that ever fitted words together into poetry, fiction, plays or plain articles on campus life, please contact the Feature Editor. Every effort, be it ever so humble, will be appreciated and rushed to print away, provided of course, it is printable. We want the feature page of The Brunswickan to be the best of its kind in Canada. The Freshman class has already evidenced considerable talent in fields other than literary, so doubtless they are talented in this capacity also. Therefore feature fans gather together your papers, apply a few strokes of the pen and hand in your finished products to the Feature Editor. You know what you want to read.

The wheel that squeaks the loudest
Is the one that gets the grease.

When I am dead, I hope it may be said:
"His sins were scarlet, but his books
were read."

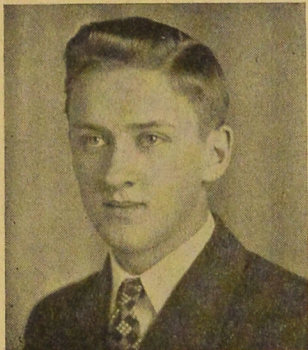
May I propose a toast to the freshettes? This year we have twenty-four new girls who have come up the hill to grace our campus. Although they are not quite the largest class of girls within the last four years (the present junior class originally numbered twenty-five), they may truthfully be called the nicest-looking class of girls within that period of time. Boys of U.N.B., and men too, shall we hear no more derogatory remarks about U.N.B.'s co-eds? We upper class girls have long been patient sufferers of your criticisms, but the freshettes can not warrant it.

These twenty-four girls, I have no doubt, will prove themselves quite definitely an asset to our campus. About four play basketball, two do the Highland Fling to perfection, and one tap dances very prettily; another is an excellent horse-woman, several play the piano, one of whom charmed us very much with a bit of Strauss at Monday's initiation, and they all can tell jokes some of which are pathetically musty. In short, they seem to be a grand group of girls, however I have yet to see them "show their stuff" at dish-washing. But I have no very great fears along this line for they have already had a chance for practice at the Sophette Tea.

There is only one thing that really worries me, they had all undergone a week of Math, and had no idea as to which freshmen connected with which names—at least that was the state of affairs last Saturday. Freshmen be warned and take it from there.

The freshettes have been with us now for almost two weeks, you know what I think of them and I'm sure you agree entirely with me—

Let's Get Acquainted



BRUCE MILLER

With our first edition of The Brunswickan this fall, let's get acquainted with the most important man on the campus, the president of the S.R.C., Bruce Miller.

Bruce came to U.N.B. in the fall of '40 to become one of our Pre-Med. students, and since he hails from Campbellton he naturally is a member of The North Shore Club. During his three years "up the hill" he has always displayed a keen interest and lively participation in campus activities. In his sophomore year he held the position of secretary of his class, also holding a similar position in the Pre-Med. Society. The junior year saw him as secretary-treasurer to the S.R.C., of which organization he has this year become president. The Glee Club could always depend on Bruce to be present with his contribution to harmony. Furthermore in the musical vein, he constituted one-fourth of the Campbellton quartet of Macmillan, Loane, Morrison and Miller. The Blood Bank found in Bruce a very active and energetic campaigner for donors. His interest in the C.O.T.C. has so far rewarded him with the three stripes of a sergeant.

Ever popular and well-liked at U.N.B., we shall miss this senior when diploma day rolls around next spring and takes him from our campus life.

so come, one and all, let us drink to the freshettes, the girls of '47.

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What I Did This Summer

What did I do this summer? It was a wonderful summer, lots of fun and very instructive—I worked in a munitions factory. Why, you say, did you choose that? Because it was a field that needed little or no previous instruction, it paid well and it was far enough away from my native province to provide the excitement of travel, of seeing Canada's most up-and-coming industrial province. I must confess that patriotic reasons were almost entirely absent from my head, that is until I was actually there. But when you are a part of a tremendous human machine, all forging ahead with but one thought in mind—production—when you see walls covered with war bonds and certificates and girls living on as little as twenty-four dollars a month so that they can pay for their five hundred dollar bond—when you see boxes of finished ammunition being loaded on great trucks, driven by men with families, with loves, with hopes and you know that one false move, one drunken driver, one careless child can end those hopes and those loves, you think twice, and gradually you begin to feel a part of that huge machine and a pride in being a link in Canada's war effort.

But of course the most interesting feature of a job like that, a job that in a very few days becomes mechanical, is the people that you meet, the different types and sizes and shapes. Perhaps if I can reconstruct for you the picture of twenty odd girls working around a table each with her own job to do, her own rapid thoughts—

First of all, visualize noise—presses banging, the vacuum motor never ceasing its monotonous hum, the dull sliding of rubber trays, the metallic clank of hand tools, the bubble of human voices, an occasional loud laugh and above all this the harmony of girls voices raised in song—Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition—or better still—You Are My Sunshine. Then your

ear will detect a lack in the steady noise—a press has broken down—oh good—a few minutes off from work! Immediately knots of girls will gather, while somebody looks for the machine, and stories will sting the air, and I mean sting—they are no social butterflies, these girls—gossip will come creeping out from under tables, from cracks in the floor, from behind shields, from somebody's slightly warped personality, or wherever gossip comes from and cries of 'Well, I would think so' or 'Oh, I guessed that long ago' will come into the scene. But the meeting will be broken up when the foreman says 'Lunch, girls'. Well, that's a completely normal statement and why it should make girls go completely awry I'll never know, but immediately those words are out these normal, gossipy girls become absolute madwomen intent on only one thing—food—and as quickly as possible. Cat-walks are jammed with girls walking at a slow run (running on cat-walks is forbidden), huge wash-basins flooded with girls, not water, paper towels rolled into wads that feel so horrible on the back of the neck. Into the cafeteria tear seventy-five girls, each grabbing a tray and its accoutrements, plying the poor dietician and her helpers with crazy questions, absurd demands, for those girls never wanted the straight dinner, oh no—they concocted all sorts of weird combinations leaving a very capable dietician wondering why she could never prepare a satisfactory menu.

Dinner over, one could see quiet, satisfied girls wandering aimlessly back to work, crabbing about the dinners, crabbing about their afternoon job, but one could also easily see that these girls were happy in their work, thoughtless disparagement had become a habit with them and once back to their rooms and their work, young girlish voices are again raised in song and Canada's great war effort goes on.

BRUNSWICKAN DANCE SUCCESS

The first dance "up the hill" this year,—the annual Brunswickan—was held Thursday night, Sept. 23rd in Memorial Hall. Dr. and Mrs. Toole and Mrs. McKenzie were the chaperones. Dr. McKenzie—away on business—was unable to attend this dance.

The music was supplied by the Depot Orch., and it was really solid. The boys were "hip to the jive", and were right in the groove, with some really hot tunes.

Being a non-programme dance, there were plenty of wolves attending. They didn't content themselves with merely howling, but really went to work, much to the chagrin of a few of the boys.

The freshmen had a special dance for the express purpose of striking up an acquaintance with some members of the opposite sex. They really did in that short time and the progress that some of them reported was astounding!

At just a casual glance, it appeared that the freshettes had turned

out "en masse" rather showing up the older co-eds, who are going to be put completely in the shade, unless they get on the ball, and show some real spirit. The freshettes are comely and some of them are even more than comely. Their queen, Marie Graham, seemed to be especially in demand at the dance—sigh!

The dance was really enjoyable, and got things off to a fine start "Up the Hill". Everyone had a good time and all eagerly await the next big shindig—namely—the Freshman Reception.

The cook was a good cook, as cooks go; and as cooks go she went.

Some Americans used hyphens in their names because only half of them has come over.

—Woodrow Wilson, Address May 16, 1914.

What I aspired to be
And was not comforts me.



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