

Women in War and Peace

We have all heard many times in the last few years that the position of women will be greatly changed as a result of the war, that the hitherto closed professions will be open to women; that a woman doing the same job as a man will receive the same rate of pay, and that a married woman will be able to work outside her home if she wishes. Charwomen and scrubwomen have always been accorded that privilege!

Certainly the magnificent job that women have done and are doing in this war will affect their position in a measure, but not in my opinion as materially as some people think, unless women singly and in groups are prepared to dig their toes in and refuse to allow themselves to be pushed back to their pre-war position.

Let us make no mistake about it, women have done a magnificent job. There are over one million women working now, with over 260,000 in war industries alone. They are in the shipyards, in industry, in one of the shipyards in Nova Scotia I saw women working as riveters, working in the factories, in business, as welders, handling huge travelling cranes with ease and dispatch. I saw some women cleaning out the under holds, a job that few people men or women relish, and working all day, an eleven hour day, in cramped positions with the bolt and nut gangs. In that yard they received equal pay for equal work.

In Ottawa and other centres women are holding high administrative positions and are contributing first rate technical knowledge and organizing ability. In fact I can state with authority that the consensus of opinion of employers and managers all over Canada, is that women have shown that they can do as good a day's work as a man, in fact in some cases, better, and that they can hold and administer positions of great responsibility.

However after the war the story will be different, and it is likely that

many women will be told that their services are no longer needed, or that new wage levels, on a lower scale will have to be set up. Already there are indications that this trend has started.

There is one important fact though that we must not lose sight of, and that is that many women will wish to return home and resume their place as homemakers. It is also fundamentally true that the majority of women prefer to

Swap Shop

Lost, strayed or stolen an experiment labelled "Kidding". Finder please return to the Psychology Lab.

Swap: Our kids to the Hammerfest for one-way tickets to Saint John to find Rhoda. See Marty and Tom.

Wanted: For the Residence—a few appropriate signs, not "too suggestive." Contact Scrapper 1407.

Swap: One singing room-mate for a guitar-playing one. Must be expert at doing hand stands. Any one interested see Walter Ross.

Found: On the Digby Boat, one Garland of roses. Owner may have same by contacting Ellen.

Swap: One perfectly good girls' basketball team for an authentic remedy for seasickness. Apply Howie Ryan.

Found: On the steps of the Engineering Building one, not "too bashful" Co-ed. Anyone interested—Frank—contact "Rco".

For Sale: Boxing lessons to all comers who mention a love for fresh "fair" things. Just say Mary to Jacobson at 1407.

FASHION HINTS

Smart co-eds all over Canada are re-adapting themselves this spring, to an all-out wartime wardrobe. They realize that material shortages are inevitable and are begging, borrowing and stealing any material scraps, left-overs and old dresses that can be cut down to make stylish new girdles and the new girdles that are as bright as a Mexican carnival and just as much fun.

We hear a lot about this good basic dress business, but actually there is a lot in it. Since costume jewellery will hit a new high this season, bangles of all types from ferocious Chinese beads to dandi earrings will be seen on the smartest asses who wish to make an impression on that "oh so divine" date. But for those new costume jewellery atrocities you must have a completely plain dress; after all, you don't want to look like a circus show horse. For those who are tall and slim, why not accentuate those qualities with touches of severe white on that black dress.

Don't try to be frilly and soft-looking if you just aren't the type. You won't feel right—you won't act right. This business of being feminine for the armed forces is all very well and is a nice gesture for those dress-starved men, but please don't think that being feminine entails merely a lot of loose curls with pink bows and a frilly, low-cut dress accentuated with high-heeled giddy shoes. No indeed! Being feminine stems primarily from your point of view, your tastes, your actions. A pink polka dot dress with a little blue apron won't fool any man in uniform, especially if you quake around in foreign-feeling heels and forget to cross your legs because you are used to slacks.

Be yourself. If you feel best in shorts, and have the legs, by all means wear them. Don't worry he'll appreciate them! Everybody has a pet hate interned in their clothes closet—a dress that didn't sit well the very first time you wore it and which has been relegated to unimportant dates ever since. Well for goodness' sake don't wear it! Tear it up—but intellectually like any good co-ed should. Don't clamp your teeth in it and rip it this way and that murmuring "I hate you, I hate you." Look it over. How is the skirt? Full and fits well. Alright, now if you rummage through Aunt Rebecca's old trunk you will undoubtedly find a piece of old silk print (probably real silk, too, so take a good look and handle carefully). This should make a wide piece to attach to the skirt for a waist band, for deep belts and girdles gives you that nice slim wasted, feminine hip look that every girl should try to achieve. If you are the patch pocket type cut out a crazy quilt type of thing for a completely new idea in pockets, but if you aren't, content yourself with what looks like a pleated undershirt of print but which in reality is just two inches of the stuff stitched to the skirt. Now you might forage in your clean clothes drawer for a simple little sheer or silk blouse and there you have a perfectly good date dress. You should be all aglow with achievement and when your man asks, "why all a twitter", and when, incidentally, he has told you that you are without doubt the prettiest girl on the campus and look simply good enough to eat, be careful, for he probably will when you tell him with shining eyes, accentuated as only woman can, that you made it yourself!

J. I. M. '44

marry and have a home in which to raise their children. However it is the other group of women with whom I am concerned, the single women who has to work to support herself (and her number will be increased by reason of war casualties) and the few married women who wish to combine marriage with work outside the home. What of them?

Are they to be allowed to work, is the job to be the basis of the pay and not the sex of the worker? Are they going to be encouraged to add their contribution to the economic life of the nation? In a time of full employment, and government officials and business men have assured us that there will be full employment after the war, there is only one answer, a strong affirm-

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May We Present

Make way! Make way! This week either we are presenting, or they are bestowing themselves upon us (we ain't committin' ourselves!) the ladies who inhabit a little nook in the corner of the rambling building which tops the Hill. By special concession from the Department of Secret Documents we have managed to obtain a picture of the said Ladies' Reading Room. Rumour has it that a few changes have been made since the picture was taken.

relax and thus save their waking hours for other duties. The piano still stands but owing to the shortage of hands which are otherwise occupied at bridge-tables, the walls do not resound as they did before. Many weighty problems are discussed and solved within these walls with nary a hair pulled. It has been whispered of late that the girls have been occupied in compiling a black list for use in the present week. Practically the only rule in force is



but basically we may gain an impression from the above. The room is in the same location and its inhabitants are female students at U.N.B.

During the morning (co-eds are occupied in the afternoons) between 9.55 and 12.30, you may find the above room bustling with activity. Due to the fact that the rocking chairs found too many creaks in the floor add thus disturbed the classroom below, they have been replaced by over-stuffed chairs and couches, upon which the girls may face the forbiddance of gossiping and

this is rigidly adhered to. Offenders are severely punished by retaliation with a fresher piece of news.

During the week Feb. 20 to 27, the co-eds have consented to climb out of their rockers and to take over the swing of things on the campus. It has been heard from some sources that the Prime Minister has appointed a commission to study the success of the experiment of feminine rule at U.N.B. during this week. If it is deemed a success, there is a possibility of introducing the plan into Canada (Continued on page five)

Freshettes to Seniors

Here I am a senior and my last chance is almost gone.

A freshette-co-ed week was a week of opportunity, opportunity that knocks four times during college life and I got in on the ground floor. For months I'd had my eye on that tall mysterious engineer, and a senior at that. Patiently I bided my time, the day co-ed week was ushered in. I dragged him out. What sweet anticipation. But he was the L'll Abner type and I'm no Daisy Mae.

A year later I was more subtle—I waited half the week to invite the man of the hour. But this time patience was not a virtue and he was dated for the whole week. I spent the time ferreting out who was escorting him and made a point of being on hand. I even dragged a man to the dance, with the Paul Jones in mind.

Then a Junior—By this time I was looking to the Freshmen but the word gets around quickly. They didn't refuse my invitations and we did have fun—but no future there.

Desperation was setting in, my senior year. I looked the field over—they didn't look back—I imported—So there it is—Freshettes gather ye rose buds while you may and all that sort of things.

But seriously co-ed week is lots of fun. In the years to come, every co-ed will look back on her week and smile, wishing that life in general would adopt the custom.

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NOTICE

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