

A Comparison

One of the first things that strikes the ex-service man returning from abroad is the attitude of the Canadian woman. When the ship docks and disembarkation starts, the boys are anxious to have a look and talk with the women of Canada. In many instances they are sadly disappointed, especially those that have been overseas some time.

The first noticeable difference is the speech. It is difficult for those who for years have listened to a soft English voice to become accustomed to the hard "twangy" drawl of Canadian girls. This does not mean that there is anything wrong with our way of speech, but the cheap slang which is being picked up by girls at an ever increasing rate does not lend itself easily to a man's idea of femininity. It tends to give an impression of cheapness and hardness such as portrayed in the cinema of the gum-chewing "gangster's moll" of a few years ago.

After the returned man gets more acquainted with the girls he notices their frivolity. One tries to discuss intelligent subjects and is immediately listed by the ladies as a bore. If the man talks about nothing but dances, cinemas and parties he gets along fine. One who has been in England during the past election brings up the subject and what answer does he get? "Oh! I don't know anything about politics." They seem to know even less about their own provincial or dominion politics than they do about world affairs. Women of today take great delight in bringing up the facts about their fight for an equal franchise, but what have they done about it. Women seldom run for seats in our political houses. They just "wouldn't think about it". Well, it's about time they did. If one compares an English girl of the same age it is usually found that she has a far broader outlook on the world in general. On the whole they can usually discuss politics, education and books with a very rational and realistic outlook. They seem to be able to reason for themselves and apply knowledge learned on a firm

er basis than do our girls.

On the matter of dress there is no comparison. The Canadian girls have it all over the girls of other countries, especially in Europe. Of course some of this may be attributed to the fact that clothes rationing was very strict during the war years in England, and there were no clothes to be had at all on the Continent. Could a Canadian girl get along on twenty-four coupons every six months when stockings were eight coupons per pair and a woman's tailored suit was twenty-four as was the case in England? I wonder.

One thing that impressed me about English women was their natural ability to make their own fun. They didn't have to be taken out and entertained all the time as seems the case with our girls. An English girl gets just as much pleasure out of a walk in the country or in the city as our girls get out of a movie and dances, which they do, but it shows that one did not have to be continually entertaining the girls. English girls seem to have the facility of making one feel perfectly at one's ease which, I am sorry to say, does not seem to be the case here.

One of the greatest differences between English and Canadian women is the attitude taken towards drinking. It must be realized, of course, that the Public House in England is an institution and has been for centuries. English people are brought up with a more broad-minded view of drinking than are Canadians. Most English girls know how to take a drink and it is not frowned upon as it is here. Many of our own girls take a drink, but most of them, especially the ones in their early twenties, are afraid that the other girls will look down on them if they are found out. This is a very narrow-minded and bigoted attitude. Not all English girls drink booze, but those that don't are not horrified at the prospect of a man taking a drink as is so often the case in this country. This does not mean that our girls are supposed to take up drinking. By no means. But it is

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



STUART BAXTER

This week the spotlight of our Campus Personalities is turned on one of our Senior Scientists—Stuart Baxter.

Stuart graduated from Saint John High and joined the '46's in their march up the hill. Entering as a Beaverbrook Scholar, he has continued to win prizes during his college years—the Magee Prize for French in his Freshman year, and the Noel Stowe Memorial Prize for Chemistry and the Thomas Harrison Memorial Scholarship for Mathematics in his Junior year.

Stuart chose Science as his course and, majoring in Math. and Physics, has shown consistently top-flight marks. In his Junior and Senior year, Stu has been Math Assistant and whatever spare time he can find is usually spent marking Math. tests.

In his Junior year Stuart was the efficient chairman of the War Effort Committee, and this year he is a member of the U. N. B. Relief Association. Stuart is also the Science representative on the S. R. C. this year.

Stuart has been a member of the Students' Christian Movement for the last three years. Last year he took the notes and handled the money for the S. C. M. and this year

about time that they realize times are changing and they must accustom themselves to the changes. Unless our girls, to put it crudely, "back up", they will continue to degenerate and eventually become "cheesier", if that is possible after having seen some of them around here.

Butter Before Books

A Dartmouth professor recently indicated that butter comes before books.

He said, "yes," to a married student who asked: "Can I be excused from class for a few minutes? I've just heard that they have butter down the street." Apparently he didn't even detain the student long enough to correct his grammar.

But he may be starting a dangerous precedent. The peace and quiet of the classroom is likely from now on to be broken into by an announcement that a local store has nylons on sale.

And word that there is an apartment available would empty a classroom of its married students.

News that a store had received a shipment of men's shirts or shorts would certainly leave a professor facing a purely feminine audience.

But even so, the professor is probably right in realizing the importance of butter over books.

Time was when a college student only had two things on his mind—having a good time and learning enough to pass his exams.

Now, as likely as not if he is a married veteran, he has as many worries as a suburban commuter.

If he sleeps through his 8 o'clock, it is more likely to be because Junior kept him awake all night than that he was out drinking all night with the boys.

And if his mind wanders from the lecture, it's probably because he is wondering if he and wife are going to be able to pay all the bills out of the army's allotment.

The dimmest lights have the most scandalous power.

"Let's turn out the lights and pretend we're in heaven."

"But honey, I'm no angel."

"I know, that's why I wanta turn out the lights."

And then there was the conscientious nudist who drove into the nudist colony and stripped his gears.

he is on the S. C. M. Executive.

In his Sophomore and Junior years Stuart reported for the Brunswickan. And this year, as Managing Editor of said Brunswickan, Stuart holds the unique position of being the only person to "make the headlines" every week!

READING RUMORS

by "Mardie" Long

SEVEN SENIORS

And it came to pass, as the days wore on and the nights grew shorter, that seven Seniors emerged triumphant from the Valley of Reckoning, bearing parchments in their hands. Ahead lay the Road of Life and, somewhere along it, the accomplishment of many dreams; but oh, the four short years lying just behind . . . What of them?

See the young Freshette, rosy-eyed, apple-cheeked, gay! Circumstances have cut her off from her High School friends—but she is making new ones and the break is not so sharp, so keen. How wonderful to be one of the "college crowd"—an inferior one of course, but it's fun just to "belong." First Formal this year? Perhaps.

Oh the Lordly Sophomore! She has become the model of sophistication, "belonging" to the upper classes, terror of the Freshettes. Here is the mad participant in every social activity. Here is the pacesetter of the University, for the Freshmen are too "green" and the Seniors are too busy.

What of the Juniors? These are the in-betweens, who first begin to realize that there is a life beyond these four walls. Things have been so pleasant up till then. It is hard to accept kindly even a small drop of acid in the cup. All rebellion, all questioning all wonder . . . Wherefore this life? And so, a little sadder, a little wiser they become—

Seniors! A class of many dwindled down to seven. Those who tell by the wayside were not missed 'till now. Seven who are to taste momentary success and a smatch of glory; seven who have attained their immediate goals and yet pause for a moment to look backward and to wonder how much they will miss those they are leaving behind. Ahead lies new dreams, new hopes, new successes, new adventures; but all this is small compensation even for the loss of a friend.

And so it came to pass that seven Seniors went forth into the darkness, bearing lighted torches in their hands. Farewell! And Fare You Well!

Case No. 114. What is a sick wolf?

Ans. A soldier who takes a turn for the nurse.

WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO BE



A Dentist?

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