

Co-Eds Learn to Ski

There was a ski-bus last Sunday and golly, what we didn't learn about skiing — especially competitive skiing. So for the benefit of all you aspiring males and females who would like to ski, but think you wouldn't know the difference if you had your right ski on your left foot, we have compiled all we learned in five easy lessons on how to avoid competition in competitive skiing. All you have to do is read the following carefully, taking care to rate all the finer points of the art as we saw them.

1. Ski-waxing. If you want any speed at all in your downhill races you must wax your skis. You can get ski wax at any sporting goods store, but Johnson's floor wax is just as good. For best results be sure you use enough to make it cake on your skis; gobs of it will increase your speed and protect your skis. We also noticed that last Sunday's winner in the downhill run applied the wax backwards, but this is not advisable for beginners. He was afraid of going too last.

2. Adjusting harness. Have the soles of your ski-boots covered with ice and snow for better foot movement. Don't have your cables too tight if you want to stop on the way down and let your fellow competitors pass you. Its lots of fun letting everyone get ahead of you while you stop to fix your harness, then trying to get ahead of them again. It gives any skier that true competitive spirit which is so hard for beginners to acquire.

3. Your ski poles. If you should happen to be ripping downhill and some dope is just ahead of you and won't get out of your way, grasp your right (left if you're left-

handed) ski-pole firmly and spear him smartly. This is easy, because ten to one he will be leaning forward anyway so you may as well take your chance while you have it. To our knowledge, this is the only use there is for ski-poles.

4. Position and form. When you stand poised for the take-off, let your last thought (perhaps literally as well as figuratively speaking) be that of the position you are to assume throughout the race. Remember that you must not relax one muscle. Hold your body tense and erect, stiffen your knees, and hold your arms as far from your body as possible, pointing your ski-poles down. On your way down, if you think you are going to fall on your face, lean slightly back and vice versa if you are going to fall on your fanny. This will give you that graceful rocking motion which is the true form of all good skiers.

5. How to stop. You have come to the end of the run, and you have to stop sudden-like as you are being timed. This is a cinch if there is a fence, preferably barbed wire, or a barn complete with pile; then all you have to do is to throw yourself heartily at either one of them. There is always one of those three things at the foot of any steep hill, so don't worry. Don't try to do anything fancy like a stem or a Christie.

Now you're all set. Borrow your room-mate's skis if you haven't any of your own, get a crowd and go to Curry's Mountain, and let 'er rip. Do follow those five rules. You can be assured of the time of your life, so what if you don't live to tell any one about it.

—T. R. '43

Co-Eds Corner Clothes

At last, we co-eds have a chance to come into our own. What is the main interest in a co-ed's life? Men? Clothes? Well, here we go!

Did you happen to notice the snazzy black velvets that are appearing this year. One in particular was that long torso gathered at the hips, the only touch of color being a large pink rose. The crowning glory was a little cap which sat on the back of the head, and another pink rose plunked right in the middle of the crown.

Then there is the new costume jewelry being modeled this term. All these colorful macaroni beads that we see strung around certainly take the eye. Also, did you notice that flower necklace made of felt, which travelled safely all the way from England?

For lectures, there is the usual collection of sweaters and skirts. For instance, there is that beige sweater with the red and black diamonds down the sides—oh, and that red plaid suit one of the Freshettes has been sporting lately. Take

note that a Freshie Soph has a marvellous collection of tweeds and wears them to advantage.

Our co-eds have smart accessories too—all very collegiate. We have a large, roomy, red and black patent leather purse on our campus which is the envy of all the girls. Mitts are being shown in Varsity colors too—big, black fur ones with bright red palms, in fact. Dresses too are following the trend of red and black. There is a duo-colored long torso gown going the rounds with a red fitted top, and black full skirt.

Really though, U.N.B. co-eds shine in evening dress. What top there is to the one we're thinking of is black velvet, tightly fitted. The full skirt is pale blue net, and the effect is really stunning. For wraps, we have one of white corduroy, lined with red flannel, with a white hood lined with more red flannel. On the shoulders are big red frogs and on the hands are white mitts with red palms.

J. N. '45

We Present The Co-Eds

Scattered among the male students on the campus, there may be seen an animal which looks much like "Joe College" except the pants are rolled a little higher. Upon closer inspection it is found to be a skirt—this is a co-ed. The U.N.B. co-eds are not all tarred to the same stick—we have variety.

One is an intellectual—she may be recognized by the thoughtful expression on her face and by the skirt—a little longer than the rest, and may be found in the stacks of ye olde Library. One is the athletic type, perhaps the one most easily confused with the Joe Colleges which vastly outnumber us. Then there are the ones who look on every prospective male with a glad eye. Found? At home—at Mrs. Bailey's.

Working on their own, the co-eds are potent but when they team together they're dynamite. The teams of course include Basketball and the new tunics the gals are wearing are bringing more fans than any former game. The teams vary from the usual line as the occasion demands. Lately the girls, bored with the small fry constantly around, hit out for bigger and better game by entertaining no less than the faculty and the senate at luncheon. They were eating out of the co-eds' hands.

When a hockey game is being played with rules so tame the puck can't even be left (ed)? from the ice—the co-eds are playing—whom? Not just more co-eds—but those bigger those better men, the faculty.

When not engaged in "studies" the co-eds live up to our maidenly forebears by knitting, keeping the forces happy and by continually improving the reading room. One poor innocent co-ed (we have one) not knowing there's a fine for males caught in said reading room really think its being made over with mushroom as color backdrop.

If the males would come out of their superior shells they'd discover—while the U.N.B. co-eds are lacking in quantity—they have their qualities!

—L. S. '43

Co-Eds Swap Shop

CO-EDS SWAP SHOP
FOR SALE OR TRADE—Will swap my handy little bottle (demi john) for one bottle of peroxide. Phone Blooming Bob at 1407.

Will swap one pair of skis in good condition for one key to the Mavor household. Phone the Chicken Ranch and ask for Fettes.

FOR SALE—One maroon Pontiac complete with good collection of various bottle caps. Reason for selling—using a Dodge coupe. Phone Ronnie at the College.

Wanted—One date for Residence Dance—preferably blond. Get in touch with Wolf Dalton at the Bunny Hutch.

Wanted—One copy of Six Lessons from Adam Lazonga. Reply in writing to Harry Wall at Beaverbrook Residence. Plain envelope preferred.

Wanted—Single man would like to correspond with a nice girl. Intentions honorable. Phone or write Clarence Clark.

WANTED—One pair bed-socks to warm my cold feet. Apply to Sandy.

WANTED—One lonely companion to accompany me north on a skiing trip, week-end of co-ed dance. Phone Smut.

WANTED—One boy friend without musical ability, who can take me to dances. Ask for Lovelorn Lemont.

FOR RENT—One horn, good condition. Reason for selling—interferes with my extra-curricular activities. Phone Record Roberts at 1407.

FOUND—A good buick, man equipped. Owner may have same if they can get it. Apply to Fran-Fran.



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Poem by a Co-Ed

"I have a rendez-vous with love:
The time uncertain; place unknown;
Quite all I ask: A moon above;
Two ill-matched hearts to sigh alone.

As destined love ignores my flight,
And arms itself against my wiles:
A "mixed-hearts" game is my delight;
The puzzled tear my time beguiles.

Today, I seek a whining heart
For one who's gay and full of mirth;
I want a jealous-poisoned dart
To pierce the armour of his worth.

And one night, he who holds my bow
Will come to claim the arrow's mark;
Fond smiles will thank me as I go
To find "true love"! Another lark!"

—P. L. '43

Freshettes Tell Co-Eds

All co-eds are classed in one of four groups. Group one—seniors, an interesting collection of girls, stately they call themselves; group two—those individuals known as the jolly juniors; group three—people who somehow achieved the name of lordly sophomores; group four—ah!!! Although this is the last group it is by all means the greatest, bounded by the kitchen we are the freshettes.

If it were not for us what would happen to college? and the boys? Each year there would be fewer and fewer bright and shining faces adorning the campus, until one morning the boys would awake to the horrible news—no girls. Already we can picture their dismal faces, their drooping shoulders, their dragging feet and that lost look in their eyes, life would hardly be worth living if there was not a new crop of innocents every fall to

gladden their hearts

Life for us was cruel and grinding at first. The upper class girls realizing the tremendous amount of competition about to descend on them started us off looking as we were sure they thought our positive charmingest. Accordingly the night before our first great adventure into realms of U. N. B. we were all called to our respective telephones to hear: "This is a sophette speaking, I am your superior, you are not to talk back or be saucy in any way, you are to address me as ma'am."

To which we meekly replied, "Yes, ma'am."

At the beginning we thought it might be amusing, but gradually all such ridiculous ideas left our heads and it began to be a real tragedy. As our superior listed off our necessities of apparel: 44 house (Continued on Page Five)

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