

Birth of a Heated Prayer

'Twas Monday morning and all through the campus not a creature was stirring not even a co-ed—she being a most rational nymph naturally would not be abroad at such a dark and dismal hour as 6:30. Yet the gentle men of my Lord Beaverbrook's Residence having spent a most gruelling night of tossing and turning to the fitful excursions of nightmares, needs must rise, bathe their tired wan faces and meet together to weigh and consider a mighty problem that had descended on their unprepared shoulders. What was this dire calamity, that had befallen Scrapper's Saints? Yes, you know, I know, we all know—Co-ed Week had officially lighted her torch of terror to burn brightly throughout the week, and perhaps, to leave a few singed fingers in the wake.

These males, remembering the infinite leagues of men not encased in the Bunny Hutch, realized the fearful sharpness of the imminent sword of competition and were genuinely perturbed. If they should not receive the co-ed's phone-calls, how could they face the world again, how could they hold their heads up? So, ghostly men in the cold black morning lighted their solitary lamp, and, huddled round its feeble glow to try to meet this emergency to the best of their abilities.

Having wisely selected those heads containing the most active gray matter, the rest returned to blessed sleep leaving the chosen unfortunates in a variety of nervous frustrations. But this fell disaster must be overcome, so on with the mental show. Minutes passed—more minutes passed, soon an hour

had flown, then the quarter-hour followed—

"Ah, aha—the solution!" croaked a hoarse voice. "We are saved—re-joice!"

The others seeking the source of this raven-like rasp espied one of their comrades seated bolt upright in his chair, his face burning with an inner fire of which the heat was escaping through his gaping mouth in smoking rings and staring straight before him in truly rapturous manner.

"Yes? Yes? What the h— is it? Come, speak up man! Don't sit there like a baboon!" came a chorus of voices.

"Wh-why, we can advertise," stammered the hoarse excited voice, "We can advertise our existence."

"Done," was the reply from a host of very relieved men. With fiendish haste they collected all their box-tops, glued them together, daubed on some paint and, as the first freshman appeared on the horizon forced him to hang out this noble inscription—"Hot As a Maiden's Prayer."

It was done, and so were the artistic creators of this masterpiece of advertising as with dragging footsteps they heavily sought their beds. Now assured of a bustling week, they could little afford the attendance of such ignoble things as lectures. —Sleep, lend thy caressing touch to these thy ardent worshippers, guard them from weariness, return the roses to their cheeks, the sparkle to their eyes, and sweetest Sleep, enhance their gentle natures with all thy charms so that when they wake they will prove as irresistible as thee.

PROFILES

Name: James Joseph Fettes.
Eyes: Blue.
Hair: Auburn.
Home: Ottawa.
Favorite hideout: 323 St. John.
Interest No. 1: Everbody knows.
Interest No. 2: Everybody doesn't know—Bugs.
Ambition: To measure the wind-pipe of a flea.

Name: Arnold L. McAllister.
Eyes: Sparkling brown.
Accomplishments: B.M.O.C. Nuff said.
Ambition: Need you ask.
Fav. Pastime: Norma(ly) Dunk-ing.
Brightest Saying: The motion stands as it is now passed.
Noted for: Wit and efficiency.

May We Present



JOYCE I. MAVOR

Our girl of the week (co-ed week too) comes from Fredericton. In her Junior year at U.N.B., she is taking honors in History and English, with plenty of extra curricular activities to complete her college training.

Joyce is an active member of the Dramatic Society. In her Sophomore year, she was vice-president of her class. This year she is on the War Effort Committee, Feature Editor of the Brunswickan, Assistant Manager of the Girls' Basketball Team, a member of the Canadian Red Cross Corps, and last, but definitely not least, she makes up half of that hippy Mavor-Lemont defense line on the Co-ed hockey team.

Joyce possesses the happy combination of a friendly smile and cheerful disposition which she knows how to use to the best advantage in making friends. All of which makes her one of our best-known and most popular co-eds "up the hill".

Although fond of hoofing, Danish Drill, and the like, Joyce's heart, we are inclined to believe, belongs to the other Gym.

SWAP SHOP

Wanted—Information re phony phone-call. Appropriate reward to any and all who can supply the exact date. Call "Seedy" at 1407.

Wanted—To rent one male for the evening of the 26th. All expenses guaranteed fully covered. Phone "E" at 863.

For Sale—One shadow much used but still far from permanent disability. All interested in such an outstanding opportunity please contact Betty.

Wanted—To buy one bottle of poison to heal my skinned nose. Massage by the Duchess. Apply Mick.

Lost—Several external articles of apparel, in the vicinity of the men's check room after the dance early Saturday morning. Finders please write "Victims" care of The Brunswickan.

Wanted—Men to be escorted dancing by 12 beautiful Mt. A. girls. All applicants cheerfully received by manager of Lady's Basketball.

Reward—To anyone who can divulge the secret of Cassy's technique. Information urgently needed —Lloyd.

For Sale—One book, good condition, valuable asset, entitled The Art of Meeting a Co-ed. Special price offered to Jake, all others will meet the required price.

Exchange—Will exchange 10 limp, uninspired basketweavers for 6 new speedy go-getters. Call Howie at 1281.

PROFILES

Name: David C. Stothart.
Eyes: Blue.
Hair: Natural blond.
Nickname: Patsy Stothart.
Ambition: Score 100 points in one basketball game.
Accomplishment: One of the most talked of men on the campus—for various escapades.

Name: Robert E. Evans.
Eyes: Dreamy blue.
Hair: Best "Kreml" ad.
Nickname: Cassie.
Accomplishments: May be a good lawyer some day.

It is said that the various nations of the earth speak about 88 different dialects.

HERE WE GO AGAIN

There has been criticism and more criticism of the co-eds of U.N.B.

B. There seems to be something wrong with most of us, and yet none of the thoughts and ideas voiced on the matter have been very constructive, have they? We have been verbally torn to bits, but no one has offered to put us together again as he would wish us to be. Well, some of those outspoken comments are exaggerated: we fairly bristled on being told to wise up and get on the beam, or what have you. But perhaps we did not stop to think over the fact that some of those stinging blows have a lot of truth in them, and that if we took the time to thumb a fashion magazine, or read some of the countless articles written on "How to be well-groomed", etc., we would find that we are sadly neglecting some of the elementary steps that cannot be overlooked if one's appearance is to be admired rather than criticized.

On looking around and over the various female members of the student body as they stumble and droop around our halls of larnin', this is what we would like to suggest:

Be you blonde, brunette, or red-head (Bruce likes them all) your hair needs combing after any and every lecture. You dash out of a lecture-room and naturally, the call of coking is ever so much stronger than the call of combing—in fact you hardly think of the latter as you make your way to the tuck-shop. And there are usually two or four or six more pairs of critical eyes in the tuck shop...

And my, my, your make-up—or your lack of it. Do powder your nose more often, and do wear lipstick that does not become a mere fringe around your mouth half an hour after you've applied it. You can skip rouge unless your skin is on the pasty side—then just a touch. There are three basic shades of lipstick—clear red, red with a pink cast, and red with a touch of brown to it. Surely you have enough color-sense to see that your lipstick matches whatever you are wearing, so please none of that

orange stuff with a pink sweater, etc.

Those fingernails are noticed a lot more than you think. If you wear nail-polish, be prepared to change it every two days, and again, see that the shade blends with your apparel. Otherwise, leave nail polish in bottles. Natural nails are far better than a coat of bright nail polish that chips like crazy if you can't change it or remove it when you should.

You don't have to have a drawerful of sweaters, and seven or eight skirts. But do have two or three plain sweaters that come at least two inches below your waist. Slips were never made to be seen at either end of your skirt. The plainer your sweaters, the more stylish they are, so you can skip over those intricate patterns and fancy buttons. Three skirts and a few sport shirts should complete your every-day wardrobe. In short, we are trying to tell you that it isn't quantity, but style and taking care of your clothes that counts.

There has been a lot of crabbing about saddle shoes and low heels. We'll admit that high heels improve your appearance fifty per cent. There is no such thing as tottering around in high heels, but there is such a thing as shuffling around in scuffed low heeled shoes that should have been discarded a long time ago. It is practically impossible, however, to jeep up and down our only-too-well-known campus-er-slopes in high heels; it speaks of bunions and fallen arches and things nobody wants, so wear your low heels. But keep them looking attractively comfortable with shoe polish and an occasional visit to a shoe repair shop. Brown or red moccasins can look smart, but saddle shoes are definitely cut.

There you are. Sorry if we've touched a few sore spots, but we are all in this together, and there is certainly lots of room for improvement. No bigger co-eds, but better ones from now on is what there is a great demand for, so let's see what we can do.

CO-EDS—THEIR LEGS

Legs, to the right of us,
Legs to the left of us,
Legs to the front of us,
How they display them.

On they go trippingly,
Dainty and skippingly,
Frost that bites nippingly,
Does not dismay them.

Straight legs and bandy ones,
Bum legs and dandy ones,
Awkward and handy ones,
Flirt with the breezes.

Love is a sweet dream, and marriage is the alarm clock.
My girl friend reminds me of a fruit cocktail—she's as sour as a lime, slippery as a banana, and when I squeeze her, she hits me in the eye like a grapefruit.

Round legs and flatter ones,
Thin legs and fatter ones,
Especially the latter ones,
Showing their kneecaps.

Knock-kneed and bony ones,
Real legs and phony ones,
Silk covered tony ones,
Second to none.

Straight and distorted ones,
Mated and ill-sorted ones,
Home and imported ones,
Gosh! Ain't we got fun!

The Bible is against bigamy when it says that no man can serve two masters.

General Smuts are what all the different black races are called in the north-west quarter of Africa.

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