

Brunswickan

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What?—No Co-eds

Such would be the comment of the average person on reading over a Brunswickan. Despite the fact that our War Effort may be a little slack, the co-eds do average quite a large share of the college work done on the campus. They are on all committees, working on the Year Book, the Brunswickan, in the Societies, and everywhere they possibly can,—and they do a good job too. Yet where do they get any recognition of that fact? Certainly not in the male-minded pages of that much-criticized Brunswickan. The co-eds are hardly ever mentioned unless they write an article or story themselves. The Sport page is especially lax, carrying little or no co-ed sport news. Finally a few of the co-ed supporters will get desperate and write up some sport news themselves. Basketball games are laughed off, or treated with scorn in a single line—co-ed hockey is never even mentioned, and yet with a little support and coaching a good team could be formed among the co-eds which would perhaps be able to beat the Faculty, honestly, come Thursday night!

If you look back to the earlier Brunswickans, you will see great head-lines stressing the fact that a U.A.T.C. unit was formed on the campus, and yet when the C.R.C.C. unit was formed, there was not a single mention of that fact in the paper. From the ragging the co-eds took on their first day you'd think it was the greatest piece of news let out this year!

There may be some slight excuse then for the co-eds seeming to have so little up and go. After all everyone likes to be appreciated, and we feel it is almost time, we got a little attention around here. Perhaps you feel this is a matter of little importance, but when it happens over and over again, and still the co-eds are called on to help here or do something somewhere else, one begins to wonder if it is all worth while. If you still want our support in activities on this campus—we want recognition.

Co-ed War Effort

I can almost hear the comments from the male section of the campus, as they read the title of the editorial—"What effort?" they'll grumble between gulps of milk and half a molasses cookie. Well boys, you're perfectly right, "what effort?" I say it with you. Fellow co-eds, we have let our War Effort down. Frankly now, what have we done? Well, suppose we have formed a C.R.C.C. unit here—even that won't be of any tangible value for at least three or four months, and think of the crabbing that goes on about the time it takes up putting in those three little hours a week!—I know cause I crab too. But aside from this what else have we done—nothing. Every bit of money that goes into that War Effort committee comes from the mens' pockets. There is a War Effort Dance—the boys take the girls and we gaily go along, enjoy ourselves, the boys pay and we haven't aided the fund, or given up a thing ourselves. We raise a little money by selling apples, or putting on a variety concert (I should say last year we did) but there it is again, we put on the concert but the boys pay for it. Did you realize that the money the Ladies Society donates to the War Effort Fund each year probably comes from the male pockets on the campus? True we collected it, but it didn't cost us anything to do that. Can you honestly think of anything we have done ourselves to boost our War Effort. Are we really getting behind it and making it a U.N.B. War Effort Fund, or is it a Boys War Effort Fund?

Now that the matter is before us, it is of no use to be destructive unless we can also be constructive. We should get together and plan something new and really wake up and live for a change. This is serious. Where is the old co-ed spirit? We're all slacking on the job. I can't remember when we last had a good Ladies Society meeting. Let's have one, with everyone attending, and see if something can't be done. Surely that extra coke or chocolate bar could be sacrificed, and that six or seven cents put into a bank especially for that purpose, and soon we might have something to show for our existence up here. Maybe it isn't the college that has lost all its "umph"—maybe it is us! As for knitting—well it seems to be a minus quantity. Yet think of the number of socks you could knit in the time you waste during that spare period. Come on "skoits" let's show up the men—let's change from quitters to knitters, from no-effort co-eds to war-effort co-eds, and we'll bring that Fund so far over the top, Hitler will

Letters to the Editor

Kicknaps, N. B.
Feb. 27, 1943.

Dear Editress-in-Chief:

I want to take this opportunity to rite you and thrue you to thank your coleg for havin co-ed week. I was in town las week, and wen I herd it was co-ed week I shure oremed. I had never herd of it befor, but it shure is a grand idere.

You see I haint never been out with one of them things in pants befor, but someone sed co-ed week was when anyone in a skirt could take out anything in pants—and I sure did. I chose the loneliest lookin' men I cud find, and I found sum very lonely lookin' ones back on a hill behind the town. Wal I got one Toosday nite and when I showed him my walet (he asked to see it, I cudn't figure out why) he sed he wood go to the show with me. I never saw one of those befor, and it was awful dark inside to be alone with a man, but the pictures was good, espeshally one about a man that could fly like a bird and a plane, and jump over tall bldings with a single lepe. Then we went to eat—he said we had to, and I was kinda hungry anyway, but it was nearly 9.30, but then I decided to be reel lad and stay out till 10 o'clock. So we went to a place like a nite-club in those dime novels, and sat down in brown seats and some girl brought us food. He asked for it all, he called it stake I think, but it wasn't wood, and it was real good. Then he said the bill was mine, so I kept it cause it said value \$3.00—gee he was a kind man. In a room at the back some more girls dressed in very short dresses and thin stockings were doing the craziest things with some more men. They had there arms around each other's necks and were jumping around like Pa does, when he hammers his thumb, only they didn't say "Dod rat it!" I think they were sirens or something like that. I read about them too in a novel and I herd there were air raid sirens in some towns now so they must have been them.

After a while we left and went back to where he stayed. As I opened the door to go out, I heard a boy yell out "Come in, fish," but there weren't any fish there cuz there wasn't any water, so I think he was rong. When we got to his house, I tried to do what the girl in the show did, but when I grabbed him and tried to put my face to his, he said "Look out for those teeth!"—and when I went to grab at them to see if they were dropping out, he ran. I guess that is what the modern generashun does. Anyway I had a wonderful time, and now I can tell my grandchildren how I once was out with one of those things with pants on. So thank you editor and your colege for giving me that chance. I just had to tell you.

Yors sinserly,

Faith
P.S. I lost my wallet that nite. If anyone finds it cud you send it to my home? Pa says all last months egg money was in it.

F

CO-ED ISSUE

This year, we the co-eds, have once more put out an all-girl issue of the Brunswickan. We have not tried to imitate the more serious vein of the usual weekly publication, but have merely aimed at editing an interesting and entertaining Brunswickan stressing especially the co-eds and co-ed activities. It has been fun for us and we hope reading it will be as much fun for you. To all who helped to edit it—thank you.

personally attend to sending fifth columnists to U.N.B. to sabotage our war-effort.

McDermott: Weel, McPherson, where's that chicken ye promised to gi'e me?

McPherson: Mighty sorry, McDermott, but it got weel.



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The Inquiring Reporter

DO YOU THINK THE CO-EDS SHOULD TAKE UP POKER INSTEAD OF BRIDGE?

Strip poker yes.

JOHNNY LANDRY

Definitely, they're bridge playing is punk.

NELS McNABB

The only game I think they'd be good at is "Spit in the Ocean".

COLIN MARQUIS

Joyce's bridge playing is fine, but in general they'd better try poker.

JIM FETTES

If they only have \$4.29 for Co-ed Week I don't think they could afford it.

BRUCE MILLER

They should take up poker instead of bridge—it's quieter.

BUZZ KERR

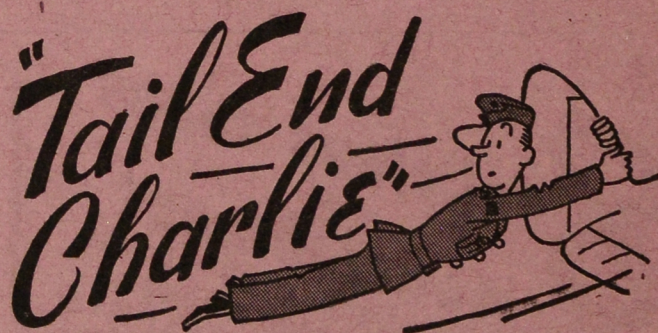
Yeah definitely—more male interest.

STAN SPICER

They can take it up if they want to.

ROBERT BEACH

BRUSH UP ON YOUR SLANGUAGE



TAIL END CHARLIE . . . The name given to the air gunner in the rear gun-turret . . . or "waste-paper basket" . . . of a bomber

Tail End Charlie is an important man in air fighting. In business it's better to be up in front. And you will notice that most men of affairs to-day have a keen sense of money management . . . a sense that can be developed by the exercise of care and foresight in the handling of personal funds.

Have you any words or expressions to add to our War Slangage Dictionary? If you have, please send them to the Advertising Dept., The Royal Bank of Canada, Head Office, Montreal.

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