

The Brunswickan

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Dr. C. C. Jones

It is with special significance that we dedicate our first issue of the Brunswickan to the memory of Dr. C. C. Jones, past president of the University of New Brunswick. For it was under Dr. Jones that the Brunswickan developed from a monthly magazine to the present weekly paper.

We students did not know him as a president, but we have the privilege of enjoying the high standard of learning at U.N.B., which was brought about through his untiring efforts during his thirty-four years as president. His great deeds will re-echo throughout the university and province in the years to come. As Premier McNair said at Dr. Jones' retirement in 1940: "Dr. Jones has left a mark of progress and a record of achievement 'up the hill' that will endure."

Welcome — Class of '47

The Brunswickan takes this opportunity to extend a hearty welcome to the Class of '47. You, like us, are entering U.N.B. at a period of world disorder. You, like us, will find University life hard. Your few spare moments taken up by C.O.T.C., U.A.T.C. and Red Cross work. Do not be discouraged, as you are not alone. Throughout Canada and the Empire people are facing disorder, troubles and danger, with a determination to put every ounce of effort into their respective jobs, and thus bring about a lasting peace. You have been given a job—it's up to you to do as they are doing.

A word to you, the Class of '47. Soon you will have the opportunity of taking an active part in the various organizations on the campus. It is not expected that you will take part in everything, but it is expected that you keep alive the torch that others have striven to keep burning — the S.R.C., The Brunswickan, Dramatics, Debating, Sports and above all to support the War Effort Committee's work to your last cent. Let's see you make an all out effort!

Our Sympathies

We, the students of the University of New Brunswick, wish to extend our sympathies to Mrs. Walter Bailey and family in their sad bereavement.

For over 12 yrs. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey conducted the well organized "tuck" shop, which they started, in the Arts Building up the hill. Each year they served the students of the university, befriending all.

We miss you around, Mrs. Bailey, and hope your readjustment has not been too difficult.

BUNNIES HOLD MEETING

Members of the Society of the Lady Beaverbrook Residence gathered in the lounge last Tuesday evening, September 21, to elect officers. Ralph Crowther was elected President; Fred Davidson, Secretary-Treasurer, Jim Scieniewicz, Sophomore representative, and George Bond, freshman representative.

The Society was addressed by Major Jones, Dean of Residence, extending a hearty welcome to those who are new to the house. He also spoke of the management

of the building, stating that extreme care should be exercised with the furniture especially in the freshmen's rooms.

Routine business was carried out towards the latter part of the meeting. An interesting sidelight of the meeting occurred when the question of newspapers was being debated. Bob Coffin suggested that we should this year have the Gleaner, saying that "We have slighted this town long enough." However it was decided to get the Telegraph-Journal.



the gorbie

Well chums and chumettes, looks like as if we're away for another gruesome grind of this college education stuff. With a drippy send-off, we sez. Praps we're getting antiquated and take a dim view of everything — but with the exception of a bouquet (cauliflower) to Johnny Baxter, (that's pretty good Johnny, we thunk initiation stunk. Only the toibans wuz terrific. We tried one on for size — and just give us the life of a Frosh — Ya, nix!

Dropt in to see Bruce the udder day — he looks great, and turns the tables by cheering up his visitors instead of the usual routine — but his pulse still fluctuates when taken (as hoose wouldn't? whut a noice nurse!). Sorta swell set-up, Bruce, but we'll be glad to see ya back on the Hill as soon as you can make it.

The Wassail it appears, is doomed. Not being content to merely outshine the 4F boys in Erts and Scientz, the female of the species has at last invaded the citadel of the Beermen. We predict a very civil Civil class for '47—oh whut is this place ever coming to? And wethinks Beulah will have to look to her laurels.

Or maybe you've heard these — Maisie was in a bar having a beer when a friend from England dropped in.

"Aye say, Mpsie, are you 'having one?"

"No, it's just the cut of my coat."

Co-ed to boy friend, who was driving wildly down the road: "For Heaven's sake, use both hands."

B.F.—Can't. Need one to steer with."

Stupor: Being unable to respond to external influence, like the fellow who takes a girl in the Tunnel of Love to show her how his Mickey Mouse watch shines in the dark.

Then there was the lipping shoe salesman who said, "I'm sorry, Mith Smith, but I'll have to look up your thlze."

Or perchance you go for the one-line wonders like:

Drunk, in telephone booth: "Number hell — I want my peanuts."

Indian to mermaid: "How."

And we wonder if infants have as much fun in infancy as adults do in adultery.

To wind up this mess we give you gratis this potent piece of poesy:

Little Willie hanged his sister
She wuz ded b4 they missed her
Things wud have bin OK-doke
But sister cudn't take a choke.

S'long fer now —jay elby.

GAIETY

Week of Oct. 4th

MON.—TUES.

ETHEL WATERS

In
"Cabin in the Sky"

WED.—THURS.

BETTE DAVIS

In
"Now, Voyager"

FRI.—SAT.

RASALIND RUSSELL

FRED MacMURRAY

In
"Flight for Freedom"

CAPITOL

MON.—TUES.—WED.

"Henry Aldrich Swings It"
"They Came to Blow up America"

THURS.—FRI.—SAT.

CHARLES STARRETT

In
"Frontier Fury"

ROSEMARY LANE

In
"All By Myself"



"Wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

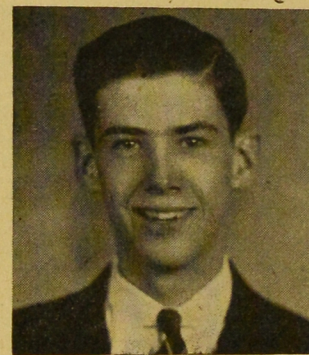
"Right here, Glorious, and I brought some Sweet Caps, too!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"



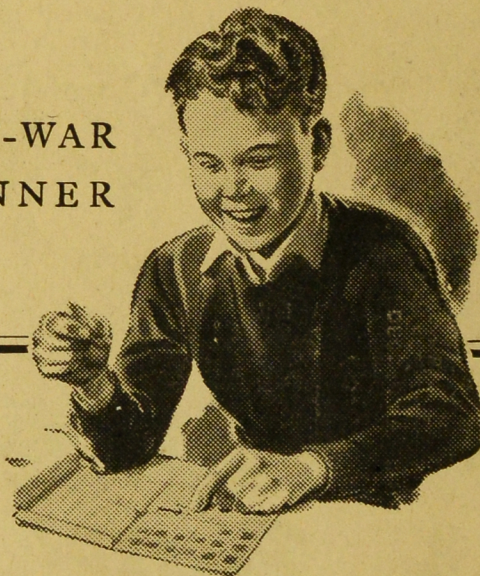
R. F. CROWTHER



E. T. OWENS

Who with This Issue, as Editor and Business Manager Respectively, Present Volume 63 of the Brunswickan

POST-WAR PLANNER



YOUNG BILL is doing his own post-war planning. Every week he calls at the Royal Bank, buys another War Savings Stamp and sticks it in his book. He has his own ideas of what he wants to do when the war is over—so he's saving for it now.

YOUNG BILL typifies the spirit of all Canadian youth . . . a quality of self-reliance and personal initiative that has made our country great. No one is going to plan his future for him. He's taking a hand himself!

What is
PRIVATE ENTERPRISE?

It is the natural desire to make your own way, as far as your ability will take you; an instinct that has brought to this continent the highest standard of life enjoyed by any people on earth. It is the spirit of democracy on the march.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA