

For Whom The Bells Toll

Well, kids, there seems to be an awful lot of wedding bells ringing lately, and you yourself know many of the people "for whom the bells toll," so here are a few ideas concerning that great institution commonly called marriage.

"Matrimony"—Oh, yes. That's a very popular subject these days. Watching all your friends take the big step, you might perchance get the feeling that you are an old maid at nineteen, but don't be silly girls keep calm, we have been assured that there will still be men left.

The question of what's a good age to get married is interesting though. There are some people who seem ready to settle down even before they are twenty, but in general I think people shouldn't get married before that. Most of us will only get one chance to look the field over, so may as well make a good survey, eh girls?

My personal opinion is that 25 or 26 is a good age, but I know there are many who wouldn't agree. But you see, my estimate gives you time to finish your education, take a good job with big pay and some travelling thrown in (no, I don't know just where you get it), stick to this job for a couple of years and have fun then get married to the right man and settle down.

If you wait too long you might be waiting a lot longer, because your schoolgirl complexion will be getting a little dimmer, and more important still the number of eligible males will be dwindling.

So I would say 26 or so fills the bill, though of course the war does make a difference. Naturally, if I came across the right one (tall and handsome of course, but not necessarily dark) before that age, I'm willing to consider.

One of the physics men just told us the facts: "Marriage is a conflict between two opposites and it may result in synthesis, yet often no synthesis is achieved and the result is dominance of one over the other. This dominance may result in separation. At times, however, marriage reduces to hair-pulling and the result is baldness."

These words seem to have been gleaned from a good deal of careful study and observation, and he concludes with, "Maybe polygamy would be the ideal state because specialization of different functions has proven to be the successful solution to various problems." So there you have the scientific approach to matrimony.

Now we get a picture of matrimony after the honeymoon is over, and the glamour has worn off.

"What I think of matrimony just couldn't bear printing, and not from any fear of disclosing my innermost heart to the campus, I do admit though, that it is a bit right as a last resort. After all, who wants to come from a simply exhausting afternoon of bridge and chatter at the club to find the maid has left your services altogether. The least she could have done was wash the dishes before she left."

So you come home, no maid, no work done, and dinner to get. You rush around the kitchen preparing a delicious dinner, with all your husband's favorite dishes, only to find yourself at 7 o'clock mournfully devouring the fruits of your labour, thinking how much better they would have tasted had there been someone sitting at the other end of the table. Of course, he phoned at 6.30 to say he couldn't possibly make it—"completely tied up at the office."

See, what I mean, girls? It just doesn't pay. But I repeat, it's all right as a last resort, and did I say I didn't like last resorts?

And here are a few remarks about the flurry of courtship.

"This courtin' business is O. K. We have lots of fun preparing lunches after dances, he always helps me in the kitchen and tells me what a wonderful cook I am. Can hardly wait to experiment on all those fluffy recipes after we're married—wonder if he'll help me then."

Also it's good for the morale to be told how beautiful you looked at the dance last night. Wonder if he'll tell me I'm beautiful in the early morning when my hair is in curl.

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



JEAN SMITH

This week, our campus personality is none other than our Co-Ed Editor, Jean Smith.

Jean has always been connected with the Brunswickan. Coming up the hill as a Freshie-Soph from Saint John High, Jean was a proof reader for our weekly paper her first year. In her Junior year, Jean was the Assistant Feature Editor, and this year she has charge of the Feature page.

Honoring (high honors, too) in Economics and Politics, Jean has been very active with the International Relations Club. She has been Secretary-Treasurer of the I. R. C. in both her Junior and Senior years. Last fall, Jean was the chairman of the Youth Commission Group from the Ladies' Society and she presented the brief on Education.

This year, too, she is Vice President of that flourishing organization, the Arts Society. And oh, yes Jean's also a member of that all-powerful Co-Ed Hockey Team.

Jean is a grand person and at ways around to lend a willing hand at whatever is going on. In May, when you get your cap and scroll, Jean, U. N. B. is going to miss you, but you will carry with you all our best wishes for good luck.

See Here Kollege Kuties

This is Co-Ed Week, you lucky he-males. This is the week you can hoard your pennies, count them, run them through your fingers and chuckle with fiendish glee, because this week you'll be helping somebody else to spend her money (for a change).

And Co-Eds, this is your week to howl, yet from many quarters I hear already the rumors of cold feet. For Chrestostes Sakes, why did our ancestors fight for the liberation of the slaves and for women's suffrage and then bring into the world a generation of shy young things who cannot or will not hear opportunity knocking. This is your week; this is your chance to come out of your shell and into circulation. How about it?

Ah! so there is a handsome brute you've been secretly mad about for some time. And he won't ask you out? That's easily fixed. This is Co-Ed Week, my dear, you can ask him. Just think, in one glorious evening you'll get to know quite a bit about him and you'll be calling him by his first name. Get that? His first name! Why only a few decades ago you'd probably be calling him Mr. Jones until after the first ten years of marriage. Just look what women's suffrage has done for us. Are you going to let those old crusaders down?

There are about seven men to every co-ed up the hill. That means a different date each evening if you're going to see that nobody is missed. But bear up co-eds, the town and Normal gals will take care of some of that "trouble" for you. Yet, be sure you do your bit. Remember, nothing ventured—nothing gained!

—M. L. '47.

ers and I'm mixes all makeup. Oh, of course he told me just last nite that I'm beautiful all the time. I hate not to believe all these nice things he tells me—bless his heart—but, you know some times I wonder if matrimony is all it's cracked up to be,—or if the world looks brighter from the state of single bliss!"

Any postwar plan will do, if it includes a man or two.

FASHIONS

Every day a spotlight is on us girls—the eyes of anyone who has to do with our working or our personal life. In that case, we must consider our looks exactly as we might a special occasion appearance. Before taking clothes into consideration there is a necessity—poise—which is more than important. No one wants to see a person slouching around.

Now to get down to brass tacks about clothes. Quantity is not the principal thing, but quality is quite important. A good looking suit goes a lot further and you have more satisfaction from it than from one which it not quite as good.

Spring is on the way and before the fur coat season is over those figured silk crosses look very smart with fur, also the pastel wools, and deep reds. Of course almost any colour can be worn with the fur coat. For the cloth coat the same dresses look nice providing they blend well with the coat. We won't go into hats too deeply as not many are required, but for those with long hair the new "cloche bonnets" can be worn with almost anything. Matching accessories are the thing and complete a costume.

Around the campus it is better to look collegiate but don't overdo it. Always try to be immaculate and trim.

You slim girls look very nice in soft wool (vijella or something similar) full skirts gathered at the waist with a tailored or Tootie blouse, wide sport belt and blazer. (Dark green skirt, white blouse, red belt and blazer is a suggestion of color combination). Of course loafers or hedge-hoppers are worn with this outfit. Skirts and sweaters are always smart and everyone can wear them, that is, if they are not too tight, so shabby girls don't worry. If dresses are worn at lectures the tailored and sport dresses are best as they look collegiate. Loafers can still be worn with them or the plain pump.

Pinafores are smart for the taller and slender girls and if you look around you will see a smart brown one which is very becoming. For summer they should be pretty in cottons, especially stripes, with white bodices.

Above all, girls, remember that posture and carry yourselves as though you didn't have a care in the world, however you may feel.

—L. M.

Quiz Kid

HAS CO-ED WEEK EVER AFFECTED YOUR LOVE LIFE?

"It hasn't in the past because I have never run around much, but I really think Helen will ask me out this year."

STUART BAXTER

"Well I haven't had much experience with it, but I'm willing to give it a try."

JACK SCOVIL

(Here's your chance girls—Oh yes! says Mary.)

"Which one?"

ELLEN McLAGGAN

"It certainly has, I might have been a married man if it hadn't been for the interference of Co-Ed Week."

TOM CROWTHER

"What love life! ! ! ! !"

GERRY FLOWER

"It's made an improvement—just ask Spuddy."

ED WALTER

"No, it is a lot of fun... (censored) ! ! ! ! !"

JACK JEANS

(Hey Jack—the play was last week.)

Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide.

FOSTER'S
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REGENT ST.
T. J. McCARTHY, Prop.

FOX'S
BARBER SHOP
Queen Street

Secrets of the Phone

I am a Telephone, placed on the second floor of the Arts Building. I think I have a very strategic position, especially this week, and many are the nickels that are dropped into me.

From my place on the wall I can look right through the door of that holy of holies, the Inner Sanctum, commonly known as the Reading Room I can see and hear many things that go on there.

There are always four girls grouped around a table, and frequently I hear, "Oh, I'll double on principal," and "You have just witnessed a flimsie that didn't work."

Seated on the chesterfield are four or five co-eds. "Well, he likes that old black dress, and if you think it looks all right—" or "I don't know how I'll wear my hair," and other such weighty matters are discussed.

Right opposite me is the piano piled high with music. Lately a change has come over that piano. It used to be gay and sparkling and lively; now it is sad, and dejected and silent.

I cannot see the room directly behind me, but I can rear a lot that happens there. For about five minutes every hour it is crowded. Books are banged down, doors are slammed and voices shout: "But I can't go today I haven't got my essay done," or "I've got to find my book soon or he'll lock me out" and then "Anybody got a comb?" A bell rings and the co-eds rush out, arms full of books, their hair sleek and shiny, and their lipstick bright. And the room is quiet.

But most interesting of all are the conversations which go through me. There's the breathless, "Ooooh," I'd just love to go. What time will you call for me?" and there's the disappointed, "Aw, didn't I get a letter today?"

This week I've been terribly busy, with nickels clanging all the time. Generally one girl does the talking with others grouped around her, saying, "He thinks you're swell," and "He is just dying to go and he is scared to death he won't get asked." The girls have a long piece of paper covered with names. I don't know just what it is, but I've heard the words, "Black List" very often.

And then I sometimes hear—but here come a bunch of girls with wolfish gleams in their eyes and nickels in their hands so I'll have to stop now.

SONG OF THE RESIDENCE

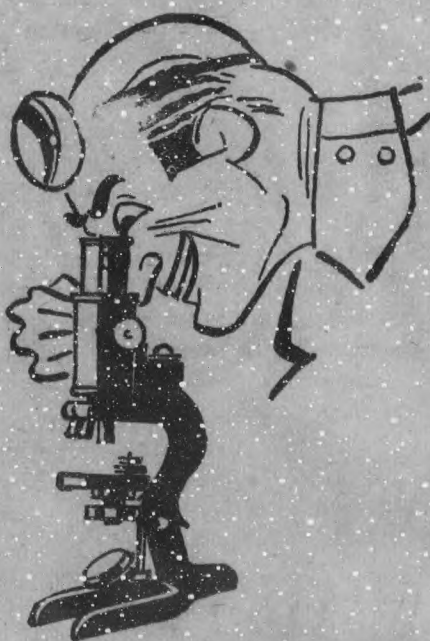
(To the tune of "Don't Fence Me In")

Oh, give me dates,
Lots of dates,
In this lovely Co-ed Week,
Don't leave me out.
I can ski,
I can skate,
I can even cut a rug,
Of that, don't doubt.
You want fun
I'm the one
Who can lead you to it,
Don't date me up
And I'll bet
You'll rue it,
For a bit of heaven
Call 1407,
It's Co-ed Week.

—K. L. '47

WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO BE

A
DOCTOR
?



As a successful Doctor, just what will you need?
A smooth bedside manner... a black bag of tricks...
a clinical thermometer, a stethoscope, gleaming
knives (assorted)?

Yes, you will need all these things... and much more besides. One quality a Doctor will always find useful is a keen business sense. And a good way to develop it is to form the habit now of saving what you can as a reserve for future use. An effective way to do this is to buy War Savings Stamps or Certificates every month. We sell them over the counter at all branches.

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