

The Brunswickan

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UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK
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MRS. MACKENZIE

We have dedicated this, our co-ed issue of the Brunswickan, to our President's wife, Mrs. MacKenzie.

She has always taken a keen interest in the activities of the co-eds and has ever been willing to help us and advise us with our many problems. We shall miss her particularly at our teas and our banquets, where she was an ever-welcome guest.

Through Mrs. MacKenzie's efforts we have been able to brighten the hall of the Arts Building with paintings by some of our foremost Canadian artists. A great improvement indeed!

To Dr. and Mrs. MacKenzie go our best wishes for many more successful years.

Co-ed Week

Tradition cast its ensnaring roots into The Ladies' Society, discovered fertile soil, sprang to life, grew and flowered into what is called (among other names) Co-ed Week.

Man has ever been pursued by woman, and so we modern gals, not to be outdone by our common ancestor, Eve, started U. N. B.'s gal-chase-man week way back in 1928, when the co-eds innvated the idea of a Leap Year Hop. On the next Leap Year the jamboree was continued and was so successful that everybody clamored for another on the following year, regardless of the four year interval. It became tradition.

Then as 1935 plowed its young face on the calendar, the co-eds, realizing the importance of the time element decided that it was utterly and wholly necessary to set aside one week to successfully bait and trap that elusive male. This, too, became tradition.

From out the pages of your funny paper in Al Capps "Li'l Abner" came Sadie Hawkins' Day to gladden the hearts of all females. Some of Sadie's excellent systems were incorporated into Co-ed Week, but the original theme still remains prominent. As an interesting sidelight we inform you that our Co-ed Week was the forerunner of the now famous Sadie Hawkins Week on other campuses.

The co-eds ever eager to tackle new and bigger things and to show their ability and skill, five years ago edited and published the first co-ed edition of The Brunswickan. In 1940 novelty lent its charm by decreeing that the issue should appear on pink paper, also in the same year a hilarious fixture was added to the week when the co-eds challenged the faculty to a rip-roaring game of hockey.

Tradition says Co-ed Week is ours, girls, let's always see it flourish!

PROGRAMMES FOR WEEK FEB. 28th

GAIETY

MON.—TUES.—WED.
"THIS IS THE ARMY"
in technicolor starring
MEN OF THE ARMED FORCES
GEORGE MURPHY
JOAN LESLIE
THURS.—FRI.—SAT.
HUMPHRY BOGART in
"SAHARA" with
BRUCE BENNETT
J. CARROL NAISH

CAPITOL

MON.—TUES.—WED.
JACKIE COOPER in
"Where Are Your Children"
Also "THE MAD CHOU" with
Turhan Bey Evelyn Ankers
THURS.—FRI.—SAT.
"THE RACKET MAN"
Tom Neal Jeanne Bates
Added Attraction
Ken Maynard Hoot Gibson
in "WILD HORSE STAMPEDE"

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SCRAPIN'S

by Major

The following little item discovered in the University of Alberta's "Gateway" serves as the ideal means of recounting the terrors, flutterings and palpitations assimilated with Co-ed week.

SAYS HE:—

If I were a poet I would speak of clouds with silver linings, of silvery voices twinkling like stars or a beautiful fall night, all in good metre, too. But I'm no poet; I am just a shy tongue-struck Varsity man. A man of seclusion and books, of dreams, too.

It doesn't pay to dream; someone may be psychic or something. I feel that is what must have happened to me. My window faces the street, the street of beautiful women. Ah me! I had such lovely dreams of the impossible happening, me being asked to the Wauweta.

And was I?

I must weakly confess "Yes".

It happened one night in a break I sometimes take from my studies to pray. In this break I was dreaming of a beautiful nameless co-ed escorting me to the Wauweta ball. You see, I usually play safe and dream of seemingly impossible things.

Just as we started on our first dance, a dreamy waltz, the phone rang. I broke off to comment, "Some lucky dog getting an invite." There were only two of us in the house without one. Then before I could get on with our dance some mug yells my name.

"Hey, — you're wanted on the phone," and gleefully adds for the benefit of the rest of the guys, "It's a gal; boy, what a voice she's got!"

That got me. I got weak and shaky. I stumbled over the chair, but fortunately my room-mate opened the door. He said afterwards, "You had the blindest look of amazement on your pan that has ever been seen." I think if he hadn't opened the door I would have walked right through it, so dazed was I. That would have been bad, too; our landlady is sort of grumpy.

Well, anyway, I got downstairs by taking a step when my knees knocked together, giving me a little more support. It gave everyone plenty of time to get ringside seats at the phone, too. They were all eyeing the phone hungrily and giving me lots of advice, which helped no end.

I collapsed in a chair alongside and thanked heaven because of the nearness of the audience we didn't have garlic for dinner. I picked up the phone, but so weak was I that I nearly dropped it. (I must weigh it some time.) Reaching the limit of my strength, I finally leaned on the table and finally stuttered, "H-h-hello!" adding timidly and hoping it would meet with favorable response at the other end, "I finally got here."

Then that voice, that beautiful voice so cool and collected. (I'll bet she rehearsed it.) Boy, she is plenty nice. She put me at ease right away; don't ask me how she did it. All I can remember from there on, that she was calling for me at such and such a time, and we would be off to that Wauweta ball. Boy, I'm still dreaming of that first dance.

This scene took place at Underwood Ave. and the corner of Atlin-da-da St., where the magnanimous Hotel Diddle-de-Dee is situated. Professor Hot-Smuck Trovinsky had been awfully removed for not paying his diddy fees. This fellow got himself up a block away, when he remembered that his umbrella was still in his vacated room. So he switches back and sneaks up to his room.

Now a newly married couple have moved in and are at the baby-talking stage.

Both — sssnnack
He — and oos teeny, eeny we wips are wooose?
She — wose woooy-wed wips are wose
He — and oose teeny eeny we hands are oose?
She — oese, itty bitty, eeny we hands are oose
She — whose big sewatchy wiskies are oese?
Professor — When oose come to the umbrellas that's mine!

ANYTIME IS A BETTER TIME WITH A SWEET CAP



If, by your sergeant, your wife
or your dearie,
You're sent to the doghouse
to grieve for your sin,
Don't prove you belong there
by growling and whining!
... And THAT'S where a
Sweet Cap fits in!

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

The Inquiring Reporter

What do you think of the men on the campus?

The less said about them the better.
ANNE MacKENZIE

I agree with Dr. de Merten.
CHARLOTTE VANDINE

He's wonderful!
MARY MURRAY

There are all kinds.
BETTY PAGE

Some are O.K.
EILEEN NASON

I think it's better left unsaid.
MARY LAWSON

"Can you mention a great time saver?"
"Yep — love at first sight."

What do you think of Co-ed Week?

It's a restful week.
ED NAPKE

I never gave it much thought.
MICKEY MACKAY

A noble institution.
LESLIE STEVENS

They ought to have it every second week and give us a break.
BRENT HOOPER

It's great for those of us who are hermits at heart.
BUD SMITHERS

It's O.K. but the co-eds are too bashful!
FRANK DOHANEY

It's a Red-Light Week.
JOHNNY BAXTER

Auditor: Now let's see your pink slips.

Filing clerk (fem.): Sir!

"WE MUST BEWARE of trying to build a society in which nobody counts for anything except a politician or an official, a society where enterprise gains no reward, and thrift no privileges."

The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill.



What is PRIVATE ENTERPRISE?

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"IT DOES TASTE C



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pleasant hours in even
cool sweet converse v
panion which enliven
riches solitude.

Pico

GROWN IN SUNNY,

Bowling

(Continued from page two)
Wildcats, and Russ Bishop led the winners, while Stan Spicer and 'Skip' Ayers topped the Roughriders' scoring. Roughriders were minus Paul Robinson and Dick Mallory, two good men, and their return may make a big difference in tomorrow's result. Jake Astey, R.C.A.F., ex-'46, filled in for the Roughriders.

Walter Ross led the onslaught on the pins with 132 for high single and 348 for high three. Skip Ayers posted 128 his second string to trail Walter very closely, and Hatfield, Horgan, Fainer and McKinnon all chalked up high single strings. Horgan with 307 took second spot for high three, with Ryan, Reid, Bishop, Fainer and McKinnon following in that order.

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Sailors,
and Airm

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