



CO-ED'S FEATURE



Dirt On Skirts!

Couldn't the Gibson girls make up their minds as to who wanted who at the tea dance?

Elsie has had a tall Heracles admirer for some weeks. Why hold him off?

Who were the two he-men Mary and Pauline took out Wednesday night? You're excused gals, the bush seems to call those foresters.

Lois holds on to her super guy even although there was a new moon. He's always changed with it before. Good work Lois!

Is Pat going to like that doctor engineer who attended her last Sunday on the eventful ski trip?

Betty R's "on again, off again" romance seems to be going on again. Just look at the sparkle in those eyes. It wouldn't be "Miller" could it?

Does Virginia COOK with gas since the fuel shortage?

Guess Ron had a swell time on the sleigh ride. By all reports he was making HAY while the moon shone.

Wonder why Mary, our cute dark-haired freshette is eating Rankine's biscuits so frantically? She insists on "the Rankine brand."

February 14.

We wish much happiness to Ruth Cumming whose marriage takes place next month.

Wanted:

One proposal before next week (21st birthday). Shirley T. is getting worried. ANY THING will do - !

MY LOVE

I looked around the College hall To see if I could find at all A boy on whom my soul might call For inspiration;

And in my search did I persist, Until I found the one I wished, And here in brief I give the gist Of my summation.

The senior boys are very sweet, And very sedate and very discreet, But still they don't quite seem to meet My expectation.

And so I turn perforce to view The Junior class, alas, there too Is none to share my love so true, My adoration.

The Sophomores are the next in turn, I found some gay, found others stern, But not a one could I discern To cause elation.

And so it came about at last I found him in the Freshman class, My heart's desire on whom to cast My admiration.

Meet The Seniors The Origin Of Leap Year



BACK ROW—Marion McLean, Pat Moffett, Nancy McNair, Bud Kinsmen, Mary Jeanne Saunders, Betty MacDonald, Mona Roy. MIDDLE ROW—Margaret Cunningham, Betty Monteith, Phyl Quinn, Dorothy Johns. FRONT ROW—Mary Dohane, Ann Gibson, Shirley Tracey, Audrey Mooers. ABSENT—Betty Robinson, Audrey Gillies, Elsie Peterson, Leonore McLeese.

That the Co-Eds are well outnumbered at UNB is a well known fact, but as definite proof that they are a "mighty minority," we'd like to have you meet the Senior girls. Throughout their four years of college these girls have been representatives on practically every organization on the campus.

For four long years the Brunswickan has had the efforts of Betty MacDonald, Nancy McNair, Betty Robinson, Betty Monteith and Shirley Tracey to its credit.

The Dramatic Society has had the loyal support of Ann Gibson and Dorothy Johns who have carried important roles well in several college plays.

Mary Jeanne Saunders has proved that she is a good debater.

The "Fiddlehead" has had the loyal support of Margaret Cunningham.

Betty Robinson, Leonore McLeese and Shirley Tracey have raised their voices in song with the Varsity Singers.

In the field of sports we are not to be outdone. Basketball has the noble efforts of Betty Robinson, Audrey Mooers, Betty Monteith and Phyl Quinn. Ann Gibson and Audrey Gillies represent the Seniors on the swimming team. Elsie Peterson, Bud Kinsmen, Nancy McNair, and Mary Dohane all whiz over the hills on their skis. Down at the Bowling Alleys Marion McLean and Betty Monteith held joint claims on the ladies' high single.

Last but certainly not least we have our Forestry student—Mona Roy.

Besides all this the girls have interests in the I. S. S., S. C. M., Newman Club, U-Y, the Social Committee, Co-Eds hockey and S. R. U.

We are proud to be Co-Eds of U. N. B. and are proud of our Ladies Society which we know can do almost anything under the capable leadership of our president, Mary Dohane!

So, dear girls, if you're like me, No stalwart male you chance to see, With whom to go on social spree, For consultation.

I beg of you to turn your glance Until it comes (as if by chance) To Freshman Joe; then at a dance You're the sensation.

A '48'er.

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Once upon a time, many long years ago, in the good old days when butter was only 20 cents a pound, there existed a princess. One says "existed" because in the days previous to woman suffrage, females just weren't decent who really lived."

Contrary to popular belief that all such princesses were young and lovely—this one, (name of Clarabell) was extremely plain, and had reached the time in when she told fibs about her age. (Shame on her!)

For 20 long weary years poor Clarabell had been confined, in the good old traditional manner to her tower, by a cruel stepfather. For 20 long weary years she had spent her days knitting heads for lobster traps and diamond socks for the aforementioned cruel stepfather.

Twice a year Clarabell was allowed to send a messenger to the corner drug store for a supply of cigarettes, "Daily Screams," and "Red Hot Romance" magazines. (As you can gather our heroine wasn't much of an intellect.)

One day towards the end of her 20th year in captivity, as Clarabell sat scanning the ads and smoking her last 3 butts stuck together in with Scotch tape, her eye fell upon an announcement of a wonderful new discovery—The "We Dare-ye" Success Course! This was the turning point of the Princesses life! For the next 18 months Clarabell

spent most of her time eating "Woofies," in order to save the required number of box tops to subscribe for the course.

After another 18 months our Clarabell was—no, not again, because never before had she been beautiful; but for the first time in her rather lengthy life, she was decidedly attractive.

For some time Clarabell had known that she had a Prince Charming. How could she know when she had never actually seen him? Ah! It was obvious! Practically everywhere she looked our heroine found the inscription—"Kilroy was here," and she couldn't help but know that this was her prince's way of letting her know of his secret devotion.

But who was this Prince Kilroy? Clarabell was faced by a dilemma which she promptly grasped by the horns. She rang for the maid and asked for the social register. Now she knew why the dear boy had never been able to see her openly!

The young prince had squandered his inheritance when he went to "The Club," with Bill Jackson, and his wicked stepmother (who wanted the money to pay her Bridge debts) had put a curse upon him. It was now Kilroy's fate to roam the globe in disguise, until he should discover the secret of the strapless evening gown.

Continued on Page Seven.

MOST PIPE SMOKERS SAY "Yes!"

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