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Go-Ed Week

Well here it is again! The Co-ed week on the Campus. This annual affair came into existence back in 1935 and has been going strong ever since and probably will continue to do so, (the gals have no intention of doing away with this week of golden opportunities).

I do not know the original idea behind Co-ed week but one fact it does bring to light is that the women of today are playing a very dominant part in world affairs. With so many professions, formerly barred to women, but now open to them, it is only natural for the females to exert themselves and show the prowess and ability that lies hidden beneath those feminine charms.

Although greatly outnumbered by the males on this campus, the co-eds play a dominant role in all college activities. You see them on the basketball floor (ahem), in the bowling alleys, on the soccer field, in the pool, on the debating team and even on the ice in that he-man game, hockey. I think even the males must admit the campus wouldn't and couldn't be the same without them. (Males may answer next week).

To get back to Co-ed Week. This is one week that the girls go all out to make every undertaking a huge success and when this week is finished the co-eds will again have shown that they can take over for the males once in awhile (goodbye last thin dime).

Publishing the Brunswickan is also taken over by Co-eds for the week and this brings to our notice just how much hard work goes into this weekly publication. I, for one, will no longer take a quick glance at it and say "There's nothing in it"; why don't they get some interesting articles? I have discovered the answer "Where does one pick those lush articles up?"

Deadly Peril of Co-Eds

Meditate upon the small population of women at U. N. B. and consider the hazards of going "Up the Hill". The co-ed is in grave danger of becoming extinct. We are not referring to the possibility of all of them flunking out in May — that could never happen. Rather it is the dangerous path one must mount to get to the seat of highest learning, the Forestry building. Think of all the perils. First there is a bridge over a stream between the railway tracks. It is minus a rail and is well heaped up in the middle with ice. The unwary co-ed either slips or is pushed into an abysmal chasm or a raging torrent. If she can pass this without mishap there are rows of boxcars (or "cursed wagons as one professor calls them) to crawl over. Think of her mental anguish as she is forced to display her legs as she climbs over. It is also a great expense for she invariably slits her tight skirt up to her waist. Next comes the icy hill-or mountain. The poor co-ed gets pushed aside or down as hordes of men plough manfully to the top. If a girl does not get to the top there is the temptation of the canteen to lure her from her goal. Do you wonder that there are so few co-eds willing to make the supreme effort to go to U. N. B. Do you want what few girls there are to be killed off? This is a plea for action. Drop your cigarette ashes on the path to make it safer. And Please don't push your favourite co-ed down the hill under the wheels of a moving train or signal it to move when she is crawling over. The situation is desperate. You must prevent the C. P. R. and Nature from eliminating the fair sex from U. N. B.

So

We have heard through the Reading Room keyhole that certain male elements about the campus say U. N. B. ruins girls. They come demure and innocent, but leave bold and experienced. To replace that pink and white freshness are wrinkles of wear and tear; to replace the charming bashfulness is a quick reply.

But what is behind these accusations? We have it! These mere males feel superior to us when we leave our sheltered homes and our mother's apron-strings. With their years of wild oat sowing behind them they think they know all the answers and confound the sweet young things. However it doesn't take us long to overtake male's wit, wisdom and what-not.

We will be charitable and allow the narrow, mean, petty

isolated male elements their thoughts but the fact that girls do not ruin U. N. B. over-powers their argument completely.

This is more like the general feeling:

Co-ed, co-ed I've been thinking

and I mean all this I say.

How we would miss your many graces

If you left for old Mt. A.

Growing

The sixty-four dollar question this year is invariably, "When may we use the New Wing?" Some of you catch brief tantalizing glimpses of its lovely interior when the door opens to allow the seemingly endless supply of new books to enter. All we can say is that your questions will be answered in May. Then the graduating class will feel like the prophet of old who stood on the top of Pisgah and glimpsing the beauties of the Promised Land knew it was not for him.

But the books going into this Bonar Law-Bennett wing are the very things that may bring some of you back for a M. A. This is what, in part, the Toronto Saturday Night of November 14, 1950, says of the new wing: "The new library structure... contains special rooms set aside for each biographical collection. Incidentally, His Lordship isn't overlooking the general usefulness of the library by any means. The university submits lists of volumes which it feels might well equip the shelves of the beautiful new recreational reading room, and Beaverbrook is sending the books literally by the thousands from London. The room, it is anticipated, will accommodate about 10,000 volumes."

STOP PRESS!

S. R. C. President
trapped on fourth floor of stacks

—by a Co-ed.

We who have grown old at the game find it hard to remember that what to us has become commonplace concerning the library may be still fresh and interesting to you. Looking back over the past ten years of responsibility here we find great changes.

In 1941 many of the pamphlets and periodicals were on the floor of a basement room, in a horrible heap called by some the Kitchen Midden, by others The Porridge. And here from time to time desperate and frustrated professors went excavating, usually with negative results.

To make confusion worse confounded this dusty and impossible head was surmounted by the stuffed carcasses of many animals — moose, deer, bear, a spread of caribou antlers, and various other museum specimens. Some of these were lashed to the pipes overhead, the heaps of books and papers below offering but a precarious perch.

The engineers at one time abstracted one of these creatures — the albino deer, if I remember correctly — for a certain engineering do, and were greatly chagrined to find, on returning the wanderer with utmost stealth, that it never had been missed.

Later, space was found for two glass cases and an experiment in raising saw flies undertaken not by the librarian but by a white coated forester. That was in the 40's. But — the sawflies succumbed to stomach trouble, the animals went to the Normal School, and the pamphlets, books and periodicals were arranged, listed, and shelved elsewhere. Now all that remains to recall the past is a name — the SAW FLY room.

Ten years ago it would have been impossible to find your way about in the Government Documents, the periodicals. Now these are available and used to great advantage in essay writing, the key to them being found in the several periodical indexes to which we subscribe.

This is only one small sample of the way in which we have changed.

Eisenhower, in a letter to a prospective student, advised him to choose his University carefully, and to choose one that was growing. To find that record of progress, said Eisenhower, the student should study the progress of the University library.

Opportunity Knocks

To each individual the term "Co-ed" may have a different meaning. To many of us it means one of our associates or even ourselves. To others it may bring to mind the group of individuals who have gradually joined the ranks of this university, to the chagrin of some of the more stoic of the male students.

The co-ed has now established herself in just about all the different courses. In previous years many of these were taken up only by men.

It is with no surprise that we see now a co-ed hustling to classes carrying a T-square and drafting implements, or proceeding towards the more advanced chemistry labs, donned in a lab coat bearing the many battle scars of the Chem. lab.

We are no more surprised now to hear a co-ed discussing problems of complicated mathematics than talking about an English course. Even the "sacred" course of Forestry which many of the male students probably thought would never be invaded by women, has been conquered by a lowly co-ed.

According to studies of human anatomy women do not possess the amount of brains in pounds and ounces that men usually do. However, the boys must be ready to admit by this time that some of the co-eds must put their lesser amount of brains to better use, having equal or excelling intellectual abilities.

Co-ed Dictionary

Flagrant—perfume
Equine—quinine for a horse
Buttress—a female butler
Rampart—going up a ramp
Ulcer—a county in Ireland
Average—what a hen lays on
Rebate—put another worm on the hook.
Yoke—a funny story.

One way to get your troubles off your mind is to go horseback riding—especially if you aren't used to it.

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SCOVIL'S

Will Intervene D.V.A.

Mr. George Anderson, representative for the D.V.A. has visited us that he has to interview all D.V.A. during the week of February 3rd. This week students who are at their own expense for future D.V.A. benefits.

For this purpose will be at the (Hut R Room 6) M. Wednesday and noons between 12 and 4. Any student interviewed during periods should contact Bureau immediately.

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