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The Brunswickian



Vol. 63 No. 17

FREDERICTON, N. B., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25th, 1944

Price Seven Cents

JOE COLLEGE TAKES A BACK SEAT

Co-eds Swing Out at Memorial Hall Tonight

Climaxing a week of datin' n stuff the gals will drag their only too willing dancing partners to the Memorial Hall this evening. For why, says you?—for the Co-ed Dance, says me. Yessir, to-night's the night when all you fortunate men (fortunate meaning those blessed with an invitation by some luscious co-ed) will be shown just how the co-eds can put on a dance that will be a real shin-warmer. Lessons will be given to any males desirous of learning just how, at a later date.

But, chums, before giving with the sweet and hot, there is a double header basketball game for your entertainment at ye olde Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium, featuring our age old rivals, Mount A. More, children, mora, both girls and boys will play Mount A. ditto and ditto. Can't say the co-eds don't know how to dish out the amusement.

Back to the dance—9.30 is the time for the first mellow notes to roll around the Memorial Rafter, the tones emanating from the sweet pipes of District Depot No. 7 Orchestra. Blanche Law, our very efficient chairman, ably assisted by Eileen Crotty, Betty Dougherty, Edith MacFarlane and Doreen Miller will be on hand to see that everything meets your pleasure. Chaperones Dr. and Mrs. E. O. Turner and Professor and Mrs. Argue will be there to see that you mind your P's and Q's.

See ya all there, kids at this stupendous occasion.

Co-eds Stuff Faculty

Members of the Senate, the Faculty, and others were entertained at a delightful luncheon arranged under the auspices of the Ladies' Society. Fran McLean headed a committee composed of Eileen McLaggan and Jackis Pickard for the Freshettes, Marye Forbes from the Sophettes, Mavis DeLong and Betty Dougherty for the Junior class, and Eileen Crotty for the Seniors. The buffet table, centered with spring flowers, was laid in the Reading Room, and all the profits, agreed that they were stuffed to the gills by two-thirty.

This luncheon differed from previous ones in the absence of any noise of falling debris in the regions of the kitchen(?) Altogether ten chickens, three quarts of pickles, two gallons of coffee, and various other small items, mixed with broken crockery, were consumed. Per usual all the co-eds cooperated to make it a grand success.

Symposium

In an interview with John McNair, it was learned that the Arts, Science and Pro-Meds are again holding the symposium. Apparently the only thing that has been settled so far is the date—it will be held on the Saturday before Easter. More plans are going to be made at a later date and it is expected that the details will be available in the near future.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Another Co-ed edition has rolled off the press! May I extend my congratulations to the co-editors Kathleen Bell and Betty Dougherty and to their capable staff in making this, the ninth annual Co-ed publica-



M. EILEEN CROTTY

tion of the Brunswickian a success. It is perhaps fitting in this issue to give a brief report of the activities of the Co-eds.

Our year began with a record number of Freshettes to initiate and the innovation of a "Big Sister-Little Sister" scheme to assist the new girls in getting acquainted. The idea has proved its worth and it is my sincere hope that it will be carried out even more successfully in future years.

A new precedent was set this year with the registration of one of the Co-eds in the Engineering Faculty. Draughting too is becoming an increasingly popular subject with the girls. The women of today are playing a dominant part in world affairs and every possible field has been invaded by them.

The most important work undertaken by the Co-eds is that of assisting the Red Cross in the Blood (Continued on page five)

Campus Awakes as Co-eds Take Over

With the Co-ed Dance tonight, another whirlwind week comes to a close. This year, because of that extra day in February, the co-eds had a double reason to drag the men around and they have made the most of their opportunity.

U. N. B. CHESS MEN WIN

The University Chess Club had a very thrilling weekend in the foggy city when they played St. John's Chess Club. This was the second Inter-Club Team Contest. The University club had previously edged out the Fredericton Chess Club.

The games in St. John were played at the home of Mr. C. C. Kirby, the headquarters of the club. Mr. Kirby is President of the New Brunswick Chess Association and an ardent lover of the game.

On Saturday night the St. John Club members as hosts, regaled their guests with a banquet in a private salon at the Admiral Beatty Hotel. A warm welcome was given to our boys during the whole weekend.

The City's Club was represented by Messrs. E. Boyaner, F. Barry, S. Davis and F. Joyce, while the University players were Morton Margolian, Johnny Hough, Bob LeBel and Jim Doane. Bob LeBel, a freshman, played lovely games and probably gave the hardest fight to Mr. Barry. Other feature games were between Barry and Hough, Barry against Margolian and Boyaner against Doane. These three games took each more than 3 hrs.

Each player played the 4 players of the opposing team—starting 2 games with the white pieces. The final score was 10-6; the University Club winning 9 games with 2 draws and the St. John Club winning 5 games with 2 draws.

Monday morning, as we hurried up the hill to make an 8.30, our sleepy eyes were opened wide as we gazed at the signs flaunted from the front of the Residence. Numerous small signs showed that the boys, in desperation, have turned to commercial advertising. Some of them wanted to do some coaxing, another told that the Government had not, as yet, issued ration books for everything, and that there was no priority on passion. But the main theme seemed to be a statement that the co-eds wanted it and the boys had it.

But the tall military Dean, on viewing the ads, decided that they might suggest something of which the Senate might not approve, and he suggested that the boys help the salvage drive. The signs were scrapped. But that was not the end. The queens of the campus issued the challenge, by means of the Reading Room windows, that they had it, but try and get it. The indignant Bunnies answered that by telling the co-eds that "they could keep it." Due to the noble efforts of Freshette Moffatt and Senior Stevens, however, this last was short-lived.

Monday night saw a large crowd watching the annual ice-capsade of the co-eds, and of the ice folly of the faculty. Jimmy Cagney seemed to attract many campus couples to the theatre on Tuesday.

Wednesday night, all the junior Culbertsons gathered in the Reading Room and the Delta Rho bridge night turned out to be a slamming success. Congratulations go to President Fran Harrison and Committee. Thursday night showed the males that wolves do inhabit the second-floor sanctum.

Tonight, Co-ed Week will be brought to a climax by the annual Co-ed Dance. Under the capable direction of Blanche Law, and with music by the Depot Orchestra, this dance should prove the biggest and best yet. For you co-eds who still have anything in your pocketbooks, there will be the "Y" on Saturday night.

Arts Society Hears "Hardrock"

The Arts Society held a banquet in the Goodie Shop, Sunday, Feb. 20. Several co-eds escorted members of other faculties thus establishing a unique precedence.

John McNair, president of the society, introduced Dr. G. S. MacKenzie, who gave an absorbing talk on "Greater Canada" and the "Canadian Ethelred". Dr. MacKenzie, having spent some time in Northern Ontario and Quebec, related incidents of interest in connection with his work there.

The affair was brief in order that members might attend the annual Students' Sunday Service.

DEDICATION

It is with great pleasure that the women of the University of New Brunswick dedicate their co-ed edition of the Brunswickian to Mrs. Margaret MacKenzie. As the wife of our President, she has taken a keen and absorbing interest in all college activities, particularly those in which the co-eds have been concerned. Herself a graduate of Moulton Ladies' College, Toronto, and Smith College, Northampton, Mass., Mrs. MacKenzie has been able to understand our problems and give us valuable advice. She has been a welcome guest at our banquets and other entertainments and has graciously shown us hospitality in her own home. On her suggestion our first induction ceremony was held in the fall of 1943 when the Freshette Class was welcomed into the Ladies Reading Room with a fitting ceremony which marked the end of their initiation. As chairman of the Ladies Advisory Committee she has been most helpful and largely due to her efforts and those of Dr. MacKenzie, the ladies apart-



MRS. N. A. M. MacKENZIE

ments have been redecorated. We may also thank her for obtaining the loan of the fine collection of paintings which add so much to the appearance of the main hall of the Arts Building.

Mrs. MacKenzie has not only devoted her time and efforts to the University but has also taken a prominent part in the community and in war work. She was chairman of the War-time Prices and Trade Board, and a member of a special sub-committee of the national advisory committee on post-war reconstruction. The Canadian Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Brigade have also benefited from her membership.

To say we will miss Mrs. MacKenzie when she leaves to take up residence in British Columbia, does not adequately express our feelings. We will miss her at our dances; we will miss seeing her skiing on the hill; we will miss her cheery "hello" and her helping hand in so many of our endeavours. To her and Dr. MacKenzie, and to Susie, Pat and Sheila we wish the very best of everything in their new home, for they have made many friends during their stay in New Brunswick.

SPORTS

Co-eds Polish Up Profs.

Co-eds Lose to Acadia

Last Friday in the first game of a home and home series, the co-eds played Acadia on their floor.

U.N.B., though greatly weakened by the loss of Marj Barberie, one of their best players, out because of an eye injury, and further handicapped by the unfamiliar gym, fought gamely but bowed to the superior playing of the Acadians.

The Acadian co-eds took the lead early in the game and were able to hold it throughout. The Acadia team played a good game and used long shots to the best advantage.

Eileen Chapman was top scorer for Acadia, with 16 points. Jean

McKay was next with 14, while Margie Robb accounted for 13 points.

Captain Mary Murray for U.N.B. got 7 points and Mavis DeLong and Jackie Pickard followed closely with 6 and 5 respectively.

The lineups were as follows:
 Acadia — F. Rogers, J. MacKay, 14, B. Kinley, M. Robb 13, E. Chapman 16, L. Troope, N. Grant, K. MacKay, I. Trenholm.
 U.N.B. — M. DeLong 6, M. Murray 7, E. McLaggan 2, B. Page 3, J. Pickard 5, M. Morrison, B. Law, B. Dougherty, G. Harquail.

Moose Miller Stars

Tradition was upheld on Monday night as the co-eds mopped up the ice with the faculty to the tune of 5-2. Although hampered by numbers, there being 1.67 co-eds to 1.00 faculty, the girls played an astonishing game. During the first period, action centred around Stay-At-Home Ryan. Every time the fast moving co-ed line of Dynamite DeLong, Pouncer Pinder and Prancer Page, led by Captain Murray, took the puck up the ice, Ryan figured up the muscle contractions per second required to deflect the puck, and sent it back. However, Murray decided that if she was fast enough she could get past him while he was still in the latent period before treppe or contracture could show their effects. The reward was the first score of the game—for the co-eds. Unfortunately, Well-Fed McCourt went to town for the last couple of minutes and scored two goals making it 2-1 for the Faculty at the end of the first period.

Varsity Trims Acadia

In the Acadia gymnasium on last Friday night U.N.B. handed the Axemen a defeat to the tune of 36-22.

The game started off well but it soon became evident that U.N.B. had the superior team and that the Acadian team was playing a losing game. Acadia however tried hard and went down fighting.

The game was a bit rough in spots and Captain Jerry Lockhart suffered an injury to his ankle. Jerry and Rogers of the Acadia team tied for top scoring honours each accounting for 14 points. Manzer for Acadia got 6 points and Corey the remaining 2.

For U.N.B. Gariand and Milton each had 8 while Owens and McClintock got 4 and 2 respectively.

U.N.B. regrets that Acadia won't be able to come for a second game this time in our gym.

Lineups:
 Acadia — Manzer 6, Rogers 14, Morton, Corey 2, J. Adams, Algie, K. Adams, McWilliams.
 U.N.B. — McClintock 2, Elgee, Gariand 8, MacDiarmid, Lockhart 4, True, Milton 8, Owens 4

BOWLING

Tomorrow afternoon the Bowling League opens its playoff schedule, with three sudden-death games to be played, Mesquiteers vs. Freshmen, Sophs vs. Joy Riders and Wildcats vs. Roughriders.

Last Saturday Mesquiteers clinched first place by sweeping all four points from the Freshmen, even though anchor-man George McClintock was away with the basketball team. Walter Ross, Doug Ryan, and Fred Cuning all went big for the Mesquiteers, while Ghern Wheeler continued to supply most of the power for the Freshmen. The Sophs stumbled through to take three points from the Joy Riders in a close game, and these two teams should have a hot game again tomorrow. Frank Hoigan and Bill McKinnon were the Sophs' big guns, while Wally Hatfield and Bud Fairley sparked the Joy Riders. The Wildcats spilled the Roughriders for three points, and are being favored to win tomorrow. Reid of the R.C.A.F., guesting on the (Continued on page five)

DOUBLE HEADER TONIGHT

Tonight promises to be memorable in Basketball history. Mount Allison co-eds meet U.N.B. co-eds and Mount A. boys tangle with U.N.B.'s varsity quintet at 7.15 in the Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium.

Not very much definite information can be gathered about Mount Allison's teams but Coach Howie Ryan is confident that both his teams will "do him proud". The boys team hope to add another victory to their collection which has been piling up so rapidly.

The co-eds will be without one of their strongest players, Blanche Law, who will be unable to play for a while due to an injury sustained in the last home game. However their snappy centre, Marjorie Barberie, will be back in there tonight and the co-eds are also hoping for a victory.

Co-ed Ping Pong

Not to be outdone by the boys, the co-eds have organized a ping pong tournament. The interested girls submitted their names and drew partners. The draw stands as follows.

J. Pickard, K. Bell; E. McLaggan, S. Kinney; M. Murray, L. Stevens; B. Bateman, B. Page; M. Morrison, B. Law.

In the games played so far J. Pickard and E. McLaggan have eliminated their opponents. They in turn played off and J. Pickard emerged victorious.

The rest of these games are to be played as soon as possible, and our Co-ed ping pong champ will be announced in a later Brunswickan.

VARSITY TAKES ST. THOMAS

In what may prove to be the last game of the season, the once powerful Red and Black squad defeated a peppy but small Saint Thomas College team. The game—or rather the shinney, as that is just what it turned out to be as far as U.N.B. was concerned—ended with Coach Clark's old men on the long end of a 7-4 count, more by good luck than any other apparent reason.

Last night's exhibition was really a low ebb in performance by a team that can on occasion play a smart brand of hockey; and in spite of pleas, threats, and advice by Shorty Clark the U.N.B. pucksters only occasionally stepped out of the rut of mediocrity with a few sporadic flashes of their old zip.

The boys really did look good for a few minutes of the first period. With the game only six minutes old, the second line of Skovmaid, Stewart and Ross came through with a brace of goals. Skovmaid bagging the first on a pass from Stewart, and Stewart himself registering the second on a relay from his two linemates.

After another nine minutes of play Simpson scored on a beautiful pass from the starry left winger, Brent Hooper, who had taken a clever pass from "Error" Bell, the erstwhile conqueror of the pct belled stove. This effort was followed closely by a St. Thomas goal with McKenna finishing off a play with McAlon, on which Whittingham didn't have a chance.

als, Moose Miller's "W's Was Robbed."

Thanks are due to the referees, O'Brien and Fleming, who together with the mascot, Johnny Foley, played a wonderful game for the co-eds.

P.S. You were right, Dr. Miller, you were robbed.

The second period was almost a repetition of the first in style of play with St. Thomas being a little stronger in this session as both squads accounted for three markers. Stewart opened the scoring with a beautiful unassisted goal on a rush from his own blue line, and the smooth skating centremen made no mistake as he went in to beat Bourque cleanly.

McEachern got this one back in two minutes taking a pass from Collins, the handy Chatham pivot man. He skated to the goal mouth to flip the puck to the corner for the Saints second goal of the game.

St. Thomas again chalked up a score with Collins this time doing the honors to bring the count 4-2.

Big Gale Wade, brilliant defenceman, who also played a great game offensively, contributed the next bit of excitement for the Red and Black supporters who thronged through the rink, by breaking fast from his own blue line to split the Green and White defence and whipped the disc home.

Simpson completed the scoring for U.N.B. on a pass from veteran Bell, and McKenna battled in the (Continued on page five)

NOTICE

All Co-eds, with the exception of the Seniors, must turn out for gym class on Wednesdays at 4.30. This includes basketball players.

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Women in War

We have all heard many times in the last few years that the position of women will be greatly changed as a result of the war, that the hitherto closed professions will be open to women; that a woman doing the same job as a man will receive the same rate of pay, and that a married woman will be able to work outside her home if she wishes. Charwomen and scrubwomen have always been accorded that privilege!

Certainly the magnificent jobs that women have done and are doing in this war will affect their position in a measure, but not in my opinion as materially as some people think unless women singly and in groups are prepared to dig their toes in and refuse to allow themselves to be pushed back to their pre-war position.

Let us make no mistake about it: women have done a magnificent job. There are over one million women working now, with over 260,000 in war industries alone. They are in the shipyards, in industry, in one of the shipyards in Nova Scotia I saw women working as riveters working in the factories, in business as welders, handling huge travelling cranes with ease and dispatch. I saw some women cleaning out the under holds, a job that few people men or women relish, and working all day, an eleven hour day, in cramped positions with the bolt and nut gangs. In that yard they received equal pay for equal work.

In Ottawa and other centres women are holding high administrative positions and are contributing first rate technical knowledge and organizing ability. In fact I can state with authority that the consensus of opinion of employers and managers all over Canada, is that women have shown that they can do as good a days work as a man in fact in some cases, better, and that they can hold and administer positions of great responsibility.

However after the war the story will be different, and it is likely that

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Women in War and Peace

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many women will be told that their services are no longer needed, or that new wage levels, on a lower scale will have to be set up. Already there are indications that this trend has started.

There is one important fact though that we must not lose sight of, and that is that many women will wish to return home and resume their place as homemakers. It is also fundamentally true that the majority of women prefer to

Swap Shop

Lost, strayed or stolen an experiment labelled "Kolding". Finder please return to the Psychology Lab.

Swap: Our kids to the Hammerfest for one-way tickets to Saint John to find Rhoda. See Marty and Tom.

Wanted: For the Residence—a few appropriate signs, not "too suggestive." Contact "Scraper" 1407.

Swap: One singing room-mate for a guitar-playing one. Must be expert at doing hand stands. Any one interested see Walter Ross.

Found: On the Digby Boat, one Garland of roses. Owner may have same by contacting Ellen.

Swap: One perfectly good girls' basketball team for an authentic remedy for seasickness. Apply Howie Ryan.

Found: On the steps of "the Engineering Building one, not "too bashful" Co-ed. Anyone interested—Frank—contact "Rco".

For Sale: Boxing lessons to all comers who mention a love for fresh "fair" things. Just say Mary to Jacobson at 1407.

FASHION HINTS

Smart co-eds all over Canada are re-adapting themselves this spring, to an all-out wartime wardrobe. They realize that material shortages are inevitable and are begging, borrowing and stealing any material scraps, left-overs and old dresses that can be cut down to make stylish new girdles and the new garkins that are as bright as a Mexican carnival and just as much fun.

We hear a lot about this good basic dress business, but actually there is a lot in it. Since costume jewellery will hit a new high this season, bangles of all types from ferocious chinese beads to dambli earrings will be seen on the smartest asses who wish to make an impression on that "oh so divine" date. But for those new costume jewellery atrocities you must have a completely plain dress; after all, you don't want to look like a circus show horse. For those who are tall and slim, why not accentuate those qualities with touches of severe white on that black dress.

Don't try to be frilly and soft-looking if you just aren't the type. You won't feel right—you won't get right. This business of being feminine for the armed forces is all very well and is a nice gesture for those dress-starved men, but please don't think that being feminine entails merely a lot of loose curls with pink bows and a frilly, low-cut dress accentuated with high-heeled giddy shoes. No indeed! Being feminine stems primarily from your point of view, your tastes, your actions. A pink polka dot dress with a little bite apron won't fool any man in uniform, especially if you quake around in foreign-feeling heels and forget to cross your legs because you are used to slacks.

Be yourself. If you feel best in shorts, and have the legs, by all means wear them. Don't worry he'll appreciate them!

Everybody has a pot hole in their closet—A dress that didn't sit well the very first time you wore it and which has been relegated to unimportant dates ever since. Well for goodness' sake don't wear it! Tear it up—but intellectually like any good coed should. Don't clamp your teeth in it and rip it this way and that murmuring "I hate you, I hate you." Look it over. How is the skirt? Full and fits well. Alright, now if you rummage through Aunt Rebecca's old trunk you will undoubtedly find a piece of old silk print (probably real silk, too, so take a good look and handle carefully). This should make a wide piece to attach to the skirt for a waist band, for deep belts and girdles gives you that nice slim wasted, feminine hipped look that every girl should try to achieve. If you are the patch pocket type cut out a crazy quilt type of thing for a completely new idea in pockets, but if you aren't, content yourself with what looks like a pleated underskirt of print but which in reality is just two inches of the stuff stitched to the skirt. Now you might forage in your clean clothes drawer for a simple little sheer or silk blouse and there you have a perfectly good date dress. You should be all aglow with achievement and when your man asks, "why all a twitter", and when, incidentally, he has told you that you are without doubt the prettiest girl on the campus and look simply good enough to eat, be careful, for he probably will when you tell him with shining eyes, accentuated as only woman can, that you made it yourself!

J. I. M. '44

marry and have a home in which to raise their children. However it is the other group of women with whom I am concerned, the single woman who has to work to support herself (and her number will be increased by reason of war casualties) and the few married women who wish to combine marriage with work outside the home. What of them?

Are they to be allowed to work, is the job to be the basis of the pay and not the sex of the worker? Are they going to be encouraged to add their contribution to the economic life of the nation? In a time of full employment, and government officials and business men have assured us that there will be full employment after the war, there is only one answer, a strong affirmative.

(Continued on page five)

May We Present

Make way! Make way! This week either we are presenting, or they are bestowing themselves upon us (we ain't committin' ourselves!) the ladies who inhabit a little nook in the corner of the rambling building which tops the Hill. By special concession from the Department of Secret Documents we have managed to obtain a picture of the said Ladies' Reading Room. Rumour has it that a few changes have been made since the picture was taken.

relax and thus save their waking hours for other duties. The piano still stands but owing to the shortage of hands which are otherwise occupied at bridge-tables, the walls do not resound as they did before. Many weighty problems are discussed and solved within these walls with nary a hair pulled. It has been whispered of late that the girls have been occupied in compiling a black list for use in the present week. Practically the only rule in force is



but basically we may gain an impression from the above. The room is in the same location and its inhabitants are female students at U.N.B.

During the morning (co-eds are occupied in the afternoons) between 9.55 and 12.30, you may find the above room bustling with activity. Due to the fact that the rocking chairs found too many creaks in the floor add thus disturbed the classroom below, they have been replaced by over-stuffed chairs and couches, upon which the girls may face the forbiddance of gossiping and

this is rigidly adhered to. Offenders are severely punished by retaliation with a fresher piece of news.

During the week Feb. 20 to 27, the co-eds have consented to climb out of their rockers and to take over the swing of things on the campus. It has been heard from some sources that the Prime Minister has appointed a commission to study the success of the experiment of feminine rule at U.N.B. during this week. If it is deemed a success, there is a possibility of introducing the plan into Canada.

(Continued on page five)

Freshettes to Seniors

Here I am a senior and my last chance is almost gone.

A freshette-co-ed week was a week of opportunity, opportunity that knocks four times during college life and I got in on the ground floor. For months I'd had my eye on that tall mysterious engineer, and a senior at that. Patiently I bided my time, the day co-ed week was ushered in. I dragged him out. What sweet anticipation. But he was the L'll Abner type and I'm no Daisy Mae.

A year later I was more subtle—I waited half the week to invite the man of the hour. But this time patience was not a virtue and he was dated for the whole week. I spent the time ferreting out who was escorting him and made a point of being on hand. I even dragged a man to the dance, with the Paul Jones in mind.

Then a Junior—By this time I was looking to the Freshmen but the word gets around quickly. They didn't refuse my invitations and we did have fun—but no future there.

Desperation was setting in, my senior year. I looked the field over—they didn't look back—I imported—So there it is—Freshettes gather ye rose buds while you may and all that sort of things.

But seriously co-ed week is lots of fun. In the years to come, every co-ed will look back on her week and smile, wishing that life in general would adopt the custom.

Members of the Faculty,

Alumni and Students

Are all Cordially Invited to make

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NOTICE

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The Brunswickan

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VOL. 63 FREDERICTON, N. B., FEBRUARY 25th, 1944 No. 17

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 CHOUL" 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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The Standard Life Assurance Company

Canadian Bank of Commerce Building

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Phone 380

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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 Waunetta.

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 Waunetta 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 blakest 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 stammered, "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 Waunetta 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 magnificent Hotel Diddle-de-Foc is situated. Professor Hot-Smock 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 — sssnack
He — and oos teeny, eeny we wips are woose?
She — wese wooly-wed wips are wose

He — and oose teeny eeny we hands are eese?
She — eese, itty bitty, eeny we hands are eese

She — whose big sewatchy wiskies are ees?
Professor — When eese 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 wonderfull!
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.



Churchill is right!

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

"IT DOES TASTE G



Join the Picobac pleasant hours in even cool sweet converse with a companion which enlivens riches solitude.

Picobac

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 Pstey, R.C.A.F., ex-'46, filled in for the Roughriders.

Walter Ross led the onslaught on the pins with 133 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.

The Best Sailors, and Airmen

Neil's JERSEY M CHOCOLATE

Neil's

"IT DOES TASTE GOOD IN A PIPE!"



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Picobac
GROWN IN SUNNY, SOUTHERN ONTARIO

Bowling

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

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May We Present

(Continued from page three) on a large scale as a post war measure. Good going, girls!

We should like to take this opportunity to extend our sympathies to all these male inhabitants of the campus who are confined to their homes this week, due to ill health (or sumpin'!) We hope that another week will find them well and around again.

The final standings of the league follow: (first number indicating points won, second points lost) Mesquiteers 32-8; Sophs 28-12; Wildcats 23-17; Roughriders 17-23; Joy Riders 12-23; Freshmen 8-32.

"Thanks for the dance."
"The pressure was all mine."

The Bar that Sailors, Soldiers, and Airmen Prefer
Neilson's JERSEY MILK CHOCOLATE
The best chocolate made
Neilson's

St. Thomas

(Continued from page two)

Saints last tally of the game, scoring from a melee in front of the net. The third period opened fast and it proved to be the best of the game with both teams fast, and passing nicely to keep the crowd on its collective toes. In spite of the action in this period there was only one goal and that was by speedy Jim Ross who played tonight's game minus one pint of blood. The game ended with U.N.B. crowding St. Thomas fiercely with five forwards but the whistle went without additional scoring.

Collins looked good for the losers in the tussle while the overworked U.N.B. rearward were definitely outstanding as they broke up many a dangerous St. Thomas sortie.

Lineups:
St. Thomas—Goal, Bourque; Defence, Kennah, Hammond, Murphy, Byron; Forwards, McKenna, Gagnon, Collins, Toner, McAllister, McEachern, McAloon

U.N.B.—Goal, Whittingham; Defence, Wade, Fleming, O'Brien, Bond; Forwards, Simpson, Ross, Bell, Stewart, Skovmand, Hooper.

Women in War

(Continued from page three)

active. It can not be stressed too strongly nor too many times that there should be equal pay for equal work, and that women should not be discriminated against whether single or married on the basis of their sex, or their marital status.

If Canadian women will not lose sight of these points, and will insist on them being put into action then they will have as varied, and as full a contribution to make to Canadian life in the peace years as they have made in the war years.

Scrapin's

(Continued from page four)

"Where did I come from, Mother?" chirped eight-year-old Jimmy one evening after school.

"Oh, oh, this is it!" thought his mother as she replied in embarrassed confusion, "I'm busy right now, dear, but when daddy comes home tonight he'll tell you all about it."

"Okay" asserted the lad, a puzzled look on his face.

That night daddy settled down with his small son, and Jimmy's eyes opened wide as he was gently introduced to the "facts of life".

When the ordeal was finally over, Jimmy turned to his model airplane without comment, while his father, brick red and with wilting collar, picked up the evening paper.

Five minutes later, he looked up. "By the way, son, what made you ask your mother such a question?"

"Oh, nothing specially, Dad, 'cept I heard the new boy up the street say he came from Peoria, so I just wondered where I came from."

Five year-old Janie had listened thoughtfully for some time to the only sounds in the room—the ticking of the clock, the creak of the rocker and the clicking of grandma's knitting needles. At last she asked, in her piping voice, "Why do you knit, Grandma?"

"Oh", replied the bright old lady, "just for the hell of it."

A robust rooster was chasing madly after a fluttery little hen.

President's Message

(Continued from page one)

Bank during free lectures, and in the afternoons. It is part of our war effort and we are proud of it. This work replaces our training as a University Red Cross Corps which began last year. In addition, donations of money have been given to the War Effort Fund. Individual efforts have been made by the Co-eds who are members of the War Effort Committee and by those who assist in tag drives and other money making projects which tend to swell the fund.

The secret placed at our disposal last fall a sum of money which we could use to furnish our rooms. After a thorough investigation by our furniture committee it was deemed wiser to postpone purchasing the furniture until a later date.

We owe gratitude to the members of the Alumnae Society, also to Mrs. McKenzie and the Ladies' Advisory Committee who gave us valuable advice and assistance.

Some mention should be made of the changes in the Reading Room. The furniture and window seats have been newly covered, the piano and tables have been repaired and painted, magazines have been bought and we have added to our supply of kitchen utensils. Much has been accomplished but much more can be done. We should strive now, more than ever, to keep our rooms looking clean and tidy. This cannot be done without the cooperation of every girl, so let each of us resolve to do her part for the remainder of the term.

In closing I would like to thank the girls for their unfailing support and enthusiasm in Co-ed undertakings. Without it we would not have been successful.

"Got a pen I can borrow?"
"Sure thing, pal."
"Got some paper?"
"Yeah."
"Going past a mail box?"
"Yup."
"Wait till I finish this letter?"
"Okay."
"Lend me an airmail stamp, will you?"
"Sure."
"By the way—what's your girl's address?"

—The Communique.

Out in Hollywood producers are confused. They don't know what kind of stories to schedule, because now even good pictures are making money.—Sydney Skolsky.

Archie: "I'm not feeling myself tonight."
Sally: "You're telling me!"

German (passing Dutchman in Rotterdam): "Heil Hitler!"

Dutch (acknowledging and returning salute): "Heil Rembrandt!"

German: "Halt! For vy do you say Heil Rembrandt ven I say Heil Hitler?"

Dutchman: "You mentioned your best painter, so I am polite and mentioned ours."
—The Ulyssey

Squawking raucously, the hen dodged wildly to escape and finally dashed into the roadway in the path of a truck. Two old maids, seated on a porch, witnessed the tragedy.

"You see", said one, pointing to the sad remains and nodding vigorously, "she'd rather die!"

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SWEET CAP

your wife
doghouse
your sin,
along there
and whining!
where a
is in!

RAL

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porter

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MICKEY MACKAY

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LESLIE STEVENS

have it every sec-

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BRENT HOOPER

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BUD SMITHERS

the co-eds are too

FRANK DOHANEY

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JOHNNY BAXTER

let's see your pink

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CANADA

Chit Chat

By Betty Page

Mrs. MacKenzie entertained the girls of the Junior Class at a delightful tea on Saturday, February 12th. After tea was served, games were enjoyed.

Dave Saunders ex-'46 is a patient in Westminster Hospital, London, Ontario. Dave joined the Royal Canadian Air Force last spring.

One of last year's grads, Pauline Lacey, is on the staff of the Bank of Montreal in Fredericton.

Norwood Carter ex-'46, Albert Clark ex-'45 and Harold Good ex-'46 are stationed at Deep Brook, N. S., in the Royal Canadian Navy.

Lieut. Ralph Marr '43 is stationed at H.M.C.S. Stadacona at Halifax. He recently completed a course at Deep Brook, N. S.

Don Duncan ex-'46 is taking an Army Officer's course at Toronto.

Joe Richards ex-'42, who underwent a successful operation on one of his knees several weeks ago at the Royal Victoria Hospital, has undergone a similar one on his other knee. He will have to remain in Montreal for some time for treatment.

John Evans ex-'46 is taking a course at the R.C.A.F. Wireless School in Montreal.

And speaking of manpower, this story comes from the C.O.T.C. It seems that two members of that organization were hastening towards drill, one of them in a very troubled state of mind, but his pal kept telling him not to worry. "Because," he said, "you're not the ONLY one that has lipstick on your uniform." —The Varsity

Exam Hangover
Backward turn, backward,
Oh Time in thy flight
And tell me just one thing
I studied last night!

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BARBER SHOP
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The Princess Grill
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A new lot of U. N. B. stationery just received boxed and letter size tablets.
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after a dance, football game or party bring your friends to
LANNAN'S
for
Hot Drinks and Lunches
24 HOUR SERVICE

ROUGE ET NOIR

Scoop by "Snoop"

ROSES:

To the faculty for being such good sports at the hockey game, and keeping up the usual tradition of letting the co-eds win.

To all the lucky men who got themselves invited to the co-ed dance tonight.

THORNS:

To Club for his telegram, "The twenty-fifth." That's no way to treat a girl like Eileen on Friday of co-ed week.

GOSSIP CORNER:

It's hard lines to defend a goal with your glasses, Marie, but maybe it was worth it. Halseeb was quite forceful about your seeing him Thursday. Didn't anyone ever teach him manners for Co-ed Week.

Couldn't Anna See Weil when Jug-Jugging at the "Y" Saturday night? A-vey man, don't let her rob the cradle.

Pretty Boy MacDonald thinks white heat is swell in a Blizzard.

Have fun double dating at the show Wednesday? Mary K and George B., Betty P. and Dave P.—a nice foursome, we think. Too bad Top Pat Gillis couldn't make it!

One man in New York dies every minute.
"Yeah, I'd like to see him."
—Temple Owl.

No Danger

Some years ago a brash young lady remarked to an up and coming English statesman who was trying to grow a mustache, "Mr. Churchill, I like your mustache as little as your politics."

"Don't worry," replied the now Prime Minister, "you are not likely to come in contact with either."
—Mantoban

"Do you read Poe?"
"No — I read pretty good!"

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KATE M. STEWART
Managing Director

I'm sure you should learn to play bridge, Ed, after hearing Dave bid "One little Spud-oops, I mean spade!"

Leslie takes J. B. M. to the bridge, Harry to the dance but her English friend only to the hockey game. Where is your discrimination? We didn't think he was so bad!

Couldn't you find a boy in the whole phone directory worth taking out, Alice? What about Messrs. Miles, Gerrish, Crowther—looks like pretty good pickings to us.

Looks like 10 and 12 Waterloo Row are certainly getting together this week. Why didn't it happen before?

Our little Basketball Navis certainly shone up to that Acadia basketeer—Nice lookin' too, umm!!

Kinda lonesome way down in Nova Scotia for three whole, big long days, wasn't it Mary?

NEWSOME TWOSOMES:
Mavis Pindar and Ralph Brooks.
Mary Whalen and Jack Scovil.
Mary Anderson and Little Jake.
Pat Ritchie and Mac Perkins.

BRIGHT REMARK:
We quote Shirley Kinney here: "I wish Co-ed Week would last a month. You just get going and you have to stop."

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College men appreciate the value of



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TOM BOYD, Mgr.

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Varsity
And

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Vol. 63 No. 18

MAX AITKEN

Impressive
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Address Given On
Lord Beaverbrook

Adding to the interest which Lord Beaverbrook has shown in U.N.B., was the presentation of the painting of Wing Commander, The Honourable Max Aitken, D.S.O., D.F.C., Lord Beaverbrook's son. The portrait, which has been painted by the English artist, A. R. Thompson, will hang in the Lady Beaverbrook Residence.

Canadian born Wing Commander Aitken joined the British Auxiliary Air Service in 1935. He was in the fight from the start, at first serving as one of the so-called "week-end fliers". During his career as a flier he has attained renown. In 1940 he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, and in 1942 the Distinguished Service Order. He has also received Czechoslovakia's highest air award, the Czech War Cross.

The portrait of the war hero was presented to the college in an apartment.
(Continued on page five)

ENGINEERS TO EDIT
NEXT BRUNSWICKAN

Special editions of this "news and literary journal" have been appearing rapidly on the campus within recent weeks. A new treat awaits readers of the Brunswickan next week when the third annual Engineering edition will be published. An announcement from Editor-in-chief James Belyea reveals that the forthcoming issue will be the best Brunswickan ever to roll off the presses.

Although specific plans are the deep, dark secret of the Engineering (Continued on page five)

McGill Students
\$2,500 Re

Montreal (CUP)—A campus Red Cross drive, starting today, will run concurrently with the annual National Red Cross Campaign. It has been announced by the War Council. The students will be given small printed cards, where the name will be asked to put down the name, the amount they wish to donate, and their signature. The contribution will then be deducted from their caution money.

The men students, stated the committee in charge of the campaign, will be contacted at the