

BRUNSWICKANNE

☆ ☆ ☆ 'Up With MCSTA' Co-ed On Co-eds . . . ☆ ☆ ☆

by Trudy Maag and Rosemary MacLelland
 "Down with WUSC! . . .
 "Down with NFCUS! . . . "Up with MCSTA!"

So far this term the Brunswickan has been plagued with controversy over our two existing student federations. Nobody is quite satisfied with the present set-up. At last there seems to be a solution—proposed by none other than the "apathetic" co-eds of UNB. After hours of deliberation, speculation, and penetrating comment, we have come up with the only constructive solution supplied so far, and we think it's good.

We propose a Maritime Confederation of Student Tourist Affairs, to be better known as MCSTA (pronounced mick-sta), which will provide all Maritime college students with the Maritime's version of Fort Lauderdale;—in short, a tourist Mecca catering solely to Maritime Students.

Why? Something is lacking in our yearly curriculum; we meet only as students on campus territory outside of a few ponderous and restricted intercollegiate organizations, we have no opportunity to meet on common ground as people.

The more enthusiastic students of our esteemed Southern Neighbour re-vitalize each Spring by gathering en masse at Sunny Fort Lauderdale, Florida. And there's no reason in the world why we can't do likewise.

After studying intensively a map of our coastal provinces, we have come up with our tourist Mecca . . . the little French island of St. Pierre. For those comparatively weak in local geography, St. Pierre is located off the South-Western tip of Newfoundland, and is subject to the warm waters of the upflowing Gulf Stream. Completely isolated from all social convention, the stress of urbanization and megapoles, St. Pierre offers unlimited opportunities for the average, robust and pleasure-seeking college student.

For example—what could surpass the romantic French atmosphere of checkered tablecloths, candlelight and soft music?, what more satisfactory than cheap French perfumes, casinos, wines and cigarettes?

Moreover, would the blue waters off St. Pierre be dotted with icebergs due to unforeseen, albeit frequent, polar eruptions, the chance for seal-hunting is unlimited (do-it-yourself fur coats). Whale riding surpasses that of the conventional surf-board, and the advantages include built-in showers, an expansive sun-deck, not to mention possible excursions to the sea floor.

We propose this Atlantic holiday to take place in that interim between summer employment and

winter's grind, when foresters are fresh from the bush, engineers back from the North, and Co-eds and Artsmen are released from their offices. Summer tensions can be easily sloughed with only the mild interference of the lethargic French gendarmarie to provide any restrictions, social or moral. Atlantic waters are warmer in September anyway.

Transportation might prove a bit of a problem, but we believe that with charmed persuasion, one P. J. Drew, noted traveller, might condescend to provide eager participants on his illustrious Chinese junk.

We firmly believe that MCSTA would meet with complete approval by all Maritime college students; we think it is feasible, noteworthy scheme. In conclusion, we challenge the SRC of UNB to endorse our plan, and initiate immediate and dynamic action for its organization. Who knows? perhaps St. Pierre will become the Monte Carlo of America!

Music, Talks, Debates

(Continued from page 3)

difficult, indeed, to pick out any one person who deserves more credit than the others", states Mr. Yoell, "Everybody has done a tremendous job".

And so, the sounds of Radio UNB which will soon fill the airwaves above this hillside campus will be the result of a co-operative effort and proof of a spirit of "never-say-die" which promises many digestible electrons in the future.

Co-eds are usually dismissed with a perfunctory comment such as "ugh" or "eek" or occasionally — very occasionally — "mmm". This, by implication, brands Co-eds as an indefinite progression of identical twins. Absurd! They come in five distinct varieties.

The first group are the Unchangeables. An undying love for Elvis and a spirited admiration for his associates are important characteristics. Sois a tendency to squeal ecstatically at the sound and/or sight of the aforementioned epileptics or at the tremulous ringing of a telephone. This type has a studied indifference to things not male and is a master—between squeals—of the Bored Look. It skips lectures methodically and has a rather high May mortality rate. In fact, college to this type is strictly a God-provided mating ground.

In contrast to the Unchangeable Co-ed is the Joiner. At Registration the Joiner spends ten minutes selecting courses and two hours tentatively selecting Activities. Then it spends the next two weeks doing a subtle survey of Who's-Who on the campus and narrows its Activities down accordingly. The rest of the year it spends placing a shaking, toil-worn hand to its brow and fishing for comments like "I don't see how you do it, Blank" and replying with a brave little smile that implies "I saw my duty, etc." The next year (and the next and the next) it subscribes to a similar array of Activities, but with more authoritative selection, and the hand gets shakier and the fished-for plaudits effusive-er and the little smile braver.

A third type, the Do or Die-er, is at college to make Marks. She has a carefully planned work day (she draws up dozens of schedules each term) which allows a healthful eight hours for sleep, a healthful three hours for eating and digesting, and one hour and fifteen minutes for healthful recreation. She is careful to avoid learning anything that won't show in her Marks. After graduation, she will teach or marry a teacher or both.

Because Co-eds have a tendency to be Arts students, the last two varieties of Co-ed are drawn solely from that faculty. The first is the Dyed-in-the-Wool Arts Co-ed. She has memorized Fowler's *Modern English Usage* and reads a few cantos of the *Shorter Oxford* each night before retiring. She dotes on words like "existentialism", "aestheticism", and "pornography" and she can work philosophy into a discussion of baseball scores and Freud into a discussion of the weather. This Co-ed can usually be found in one of two places. She can be found alone in the corner of a room with a book in front of her. At such a time, her face will be aglow with a sort of fiendish ecstasy. Her eyes will protrude grotesquely and pages will flip at an alarming rate. Woe betide she who speaks! This type can also be found Discussing with a crony. First one will speak slowly and pensively while the other stares at the table and meditates. Then they will both light British cigarettes, inhale slowly, and gaze fixedly at the escaping smoke. Finally, the second will reply with the precision and intensity of the first. Probably they are discussing the calibre of the coffee.

The second Arts type, and the fifth specimen of Co-ed, is the Arty-Arts Co-ed. She wears grey Things and no lipstick, writes frustrated poetry, and doesn't like people. She uses vast quantities of Murine and wears blue eye shadow under her eyes to give herself that *Wasteland*-conscious look. She sighs a great deal of the time and, when asked why, will reply with another sigh—"Life". This type can frequently be found walking in the rain—probably because its face needs washing—or making love to classical music.

Obviously, Co-eds can, almost without exception, be placed in one of these five categories. There are, however, a few—a very very very few—who are a subtle and delightful blend of all five types—who have normal healthy impulses, who are enthusiasts, who are both masters of the examination room and erudite, who radiate sensitivity . . . Me, for example!

It's About Time!

by Margaret MacLelland

Oh! Oh damn. Why doesn't someone answer that phone? alright just a minute, i'm coming, this goddamn shoe, ow, my elbow, i always crack it on the post, it's a wonder i don't fall down stairs and break my neck.

"Hello? Just a minute please, um um could you please phone 5-9002? you're welcome" goddamn freshettes haven't they got their numbers straightened out yet? i'm damned if i'm going chasing up and down stairs after them why doesn't someone answer it? it's seven-thirty now and he promised to phone at quarter to he's always doing this to me, unreliable that's him, hah, that's not the word for it i suppose he's talking to the boys or out drunk and forgotten all about me "Marcia if anyone phones—he probably won't—but anyway i'll be washing my hair" well that's taken care of God, is she playing that record again? every time

i come near the room all i hear is that damned chorus singing along with Mitch, she must be a frustrated choir singer, you'd think even she'd get tired of it, they're all the same humpty-dumpty-dumm let's all be happy and gay and sing along God there's that phone again that bitch that's the fifth phone call she's had tonight what's she doing? playing hard to get? she'll probably talk for hours, why doesn't she say it in person well, she hung up, what do you know! Lord it must be eight o'clock, why doesn't he phone? everyone else has phoned their girlfriends twice but do you think he'd so much as bother to phone on time like any other decent guy? no of course not, just any old time will do or maybe not at all, it doesn't matter about her, she can be replaced NO he wouldn't maybe i misunderstood, maybe he said quarter to eight no i'm sure he said seven and its five after eight already



Middle Of The Road Kid -- Here Comes A Car

Every time it rings i jump a foot there's something about a phone ringing and ringing that i can't stand i must calm down, after all it's only a little phone call get a grip on yourself kid, so what if he doesn't phone tomorrow is another day and similar nauseating platitudes there are just too many girls with the same first name in this residence i wish mine were really different it would save wear and tear and maybe this time it is it IS at last it's about time!

Brunswickanne Staff

Editors-in-Chief Carol Cooke, Patricia Flieger
 Associate Editor Elizabeth Farrell
 Cartoonist Yes!
 Columnists: Margaret MacLelland, Trudy Maag, Rosemary MacLellan, Vivian Grant, Frances Mahan, Janet Murray.
 Typist: Anne Emerson.

V
O
T
E

MULDER Junior Rep.

EUROPEAN STYLE ORIENTAL DISHES

SUN GRILL

Foremost Food

Prompt Efficient Service

Most Modern Air Conditioning

Cor. KING & REGENT Sts.