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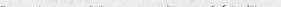
AGNIFICE

In the Faculty Club, in the Library, in the Canteen, and, especially, in the First Floor Offices in the Arts Building, there is a tense attitude of chagrin and bewilderment. The problem deeply disturbing the campus is the scarcity of co-eds at UNB.

After observing the confused efforts of the authorities to cure this temporary malady, the glorious few, the co-eds, have expressed themselves willing to clarify the situation.

However, may we first point out that we are not particularly disturbed-we feel that our quality can amply compensate for any lack of quantity. We account for this unnecessary concern with numbers as only a by-product of the influence exerted by television, mass re-armament and New Larder U.

- 1. Our explanation: The intellectual standards of the University eliminate all females with an I.Q. under 160. UNB is skimming the cream of the nation.
- solution: Faculty-Co-ed exchange for a period of two \$1500 SPENT AT Our solution: Faculty-Co-ed exchange for a period of twoboth groups.
- 2. Our explanation: The high character requirements for entrance to this co-ed sanctuary admits only those who have had an impeccable moral record for the past fifteen years. Modern psychology discounts conduct before the age of worked ornaments. three as the superficial behaviour of the adolescent. "On entering the University for the first time, the following declaration is required of all students: I promise . particularly that I will faithfully avoid intemperance, profanity, gaming and all indecent, disorderly behaviour, and disrespectful conduct to the Corporation and University Board, and all combinations to resist their authority; as witness my hand . . .





runswickanne

Joanne Corbin and Jim Bruce, WUSC Officers at Bazaar opening

ORIENTAL BAZAAR

Last week something new arrived in ful. The gold and silver casket was Red 'n Black, who will do a solo Fredericton. All the way from India topped by the Maharajah's crest, a number with a dance background. two-headed eagle. On the sides of this The idea of mixed chorus line

The whole affair was organized in fantastically fast time. Only one week before opening time Miss Joanne Cor-bin, chairman of the World University lacework box, inlaid with seven prec-Service of Canada Commission, was asked if the bazaar could come to UNB. also there in its glory. The panels were Help was forthcoming however and it changed twelve times to arrive at this was agreed to hold the show in the perfection. A masterpiece of ivory carv-

ballroom of the Lord Beaverbrook (Continued on Page 6) On Sunday, Mrs. Mulvany, who ha

Red'n Black Goes On

Owing to weather conditions, not many showed up at the Red 'n Black meeting on Sun. Feb. 1, but the outlook for the review seems more hopeful, and if interest continues the show will go on as in preceding years. The schedule dates are the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth of March in Teachers' College Auditorium, so not much time remains to whip up a show. Skits are still urgently needed.

anyone has an idea, contact Stirling Sheppard at the Men's Residence. The girl's residence is toying with the idea of a pantomine and hoping for an inspiration. A theme for the show is also lacking, and any ideas on this angle are also welcome. Everyone seems lacking in ideas!

The newcomers to the campus are carrying off several positions in the show-the Master of Ceremonies of the show is Jim MacDonald, a freshman forester, who has been very active in his first year Up the Hill. Don Stephens, a freshie-junior is doing some solo-singing numbers. Also on the agenda is Ted Cleland, a veteran of the

The idea of mixed chorus line has casket were reliefs of two of his palaces. been discarded and the boys and girls The whole affair was organized in Those Maharajah's certainly lived in are both hard at work at rehearsals on separate lines. The co-eds are turning out in large numbers now, after the first reluctance has worn off, and with luck we may have a line of twelve. The male quartet has been practicing, although its members are not yet un-scrambled. A female quartet is non-

existent so far, but there is still time for one to be organized.

Nancy White and Claire Douglas of the Dance Committee

ITS THE WOMAN WHO PAYS



- Our solution: Liberty, equality, and frivolity.
- * Excerpt taken from GENERAL CONDUCT, The University of New Brunswick Calendar.
- 3. Our explanation: The prohibitive distance between the men's residence and girls' residence severely handicaps social intercourse. This lamentable situation forced many of our co-eds to leave last year for McGill.

Our solution: Well, the Barn is empty.

- 4. Our explanation: The enrolment is becoming younger year by year and seems less inclined towards domesticity-in a nutshell-the field as seen by the Freshettes is less fertile. '-at first the infant,
 - Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms. And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel And shining morning face, creeping like a snail Unwilling to school."

Our solution: More eligible bachelors on the faculty.

- 5. Our explanation: The revival of Charles G. D. Roberts' "Tantramar Revisited" has given misleading publicity to the buyers and tryers. Even Indian charms swamp
 - Our solution: A free copy of "Border River" to all High School graduates.
- 6. Our explanation: Board's gone up, tuition's gone up, hot chocolate's gone up, HOW CAN WE GO UP

Our solution: Subsidized Co-eds.

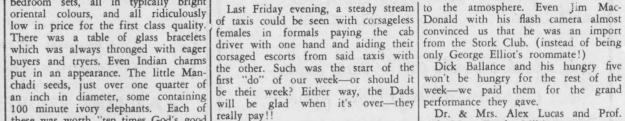
TO THE FAULTY

A brick of gold, a jug of wine A book of verses underneath a bough, And Thou, beside us lecturing in the wilderness O, U. N. B. were Amazons enow.

spent several years in India, came and on Monday, Ralph Mosher, National Secretary of W.U.S.C., followed to help out. Also in attendance was Jim Walker of Texas, who was so struck with the proposition that he promptly signed up with Mrs. Mulvany when the ex-hibition was at McGill.

Hotel.

The goods arrived safely on Monday night and the evening was spent (until 2 a.m. Tuesday) setting it all up. There really was an amazing display of skill and finesse in the carving, inlay work and other objects. There was hand carved ivory in various forms: necklaces, earrings, caskets, statuettes and a veritable zoo of animals. Each was an individual masterpiece. No two were identical as in modern mass-production. The brass section too was magnificent. There were elephant bells, vases, ashtrays in the form of shoes, candlesticks and others, all hand-woven scarves, bedspreads, rugs, table-cloths, bedroom sets, all in typically bright oriental colours, and all ridiculously low in price for the first class quality.



these was worth "ten times God's good really pay !!

luck." Indeed as a gift, they were Jane Benett-a Maggie Jean girlworth ten times that, so tradition goes. was in charge of the Powder Puff Hop and Clair Douglas-another residence

First and foremost were two caskets, one of sandle wood, he other of solid girl-saw to the decorations, with sevsilver and gold. These were the only eral co-eds offering their advice and assistance. things not for sale, both being gifts

from the Maharajah of Mysore, whose Since we could not have the Gym and for a bottle of pop. Did you see portrait was also on display. Both of the floor for the Hop, the Boxing Room campus policeman Wagar go back for these were exquisitely worked pieces, was our next choice. A number of a second helping? They must have gone carved on all sides and beautifully tables alone one side, colored streamers over big with him finished. The sandalwood casket was gay posters of female cosmetics (and surmounted by a carved lion, prepared how did that poster of a glass of cham-But its just begun, and most of us are to spring. The realism was almost fear- pagne get in there?) all seemed to add broke already.

of taxis could be seen with corsageless Donald with his flash camera almost females in formals paying the cab convinced us that he was an import driver with one hand and aiding their from the Stork Club. (instead of being corsaged escorts from said taxis with only George Elliot's roommate!) Dick Ballance and his hungry five

> and Mrs. Frank Milligan were our chaperones (we even danced with

them!). Around eleven came intermission, and we adjourned to the Dining Hall (Ping-Pong Room, to you) for those sand wiches the residence girls supplied,