

# The Brunswickanne

CO-ED EDITION

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CO-ED EDITION

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## THE MAGNIFICENT MINORITY

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.

Our solution: Faculty-Co-ed exchange for a period of two weeks to establish an intellectual standard compatible to both 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 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 . . ."

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' "Tantamar Revisited" has given misleading publicity to the 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.



Joanne Corbin and Jim Bruce, WUSC Officers at Bazaar opening

## \$1500 SPENT AT ORIENTAL BAZAAR

Last week something new arrived in Fredericton. All the way from India came a magnificent display of hand-worked ornaments.

The whole affair was organized in fantastically fast time. Only one week before opening time Miss Joanne Corbin, chairman of the World University Service of Canada Commission, was asked if the bazaar could come to UNB. Help was forthcoming however and it was agreed to hold the show in the ballroom of the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel.

On Sunday, Mrs. Mulvany, who has 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 exhibition was at McGill.

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. There was a table of glass bracelets which was always thronged with eager buyers and tryers. Even Indian charms put in an appearance. The little Manchadi seeds, just over one quarter of an inch in diameter, some containing 100 minute ivory elephants. Each of these was worth "ten times God's good luck." Indeed as a gift, they were worth ten times that, so tradition goes.

First and foremost were two caskets, one of sandal wood, the other of solid silver and gold. These were the only things not for sale, both being gifts from the Maharajah of Mysore, whose portrait was also on display. Both of these were exquisitely worked pieces, carved on all sides and beautifully finished. The sandalwood casket was surmounted by a carved lion, prepared to spring. The realism was almost fear-

ful. The gold and silver casket was topped by the Maharajah's crest, a two-headed eagle. On the sides of this casket were reliefs of two of his palaces. Those Maharajah's certainly lived in style.

Along with these was a solid gold lacework box, inlaid with seven precious stones. A perfect jade box was also there in its glory. The panels were changed twelve times to arrive at this perfection. A masterpiece of ivory carving.

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## 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. If anyone has an idea, contact Stirling Sheppard at the Men's Residence. The girl's residence is toying with the idea of a pantomime 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 Red 'n Black, who will do a solo number with a dance background.

The idea of mixed chorus line has been discarded and the boys and girls 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 unscrambled. 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

## IT'S THE WOMAN WHO PAYS

Last Friday evening, a steady stream of taxis could be seen with corsageless females in formals paying the cab driver with one hand and aiding their corsaged escorts from said taxis with the other. Such was the start of the first "do" of our week—or should it be their week? Either way, the Dads will be glad when it's over—they really pay!!

Jane Bennett—a Maggie Jean girl—was in charge of the Powder Puff Hop and Clair Douglas—another residence girl—saw to the decorations, with several co-eds offering their advice and assistance.

Since we could not have the Gym floor for the Hop, the Boxing Room was our next choice. A number of tables along one side, colored streamers gay posters of female cosmetics (and how did that poster of a glass of champagne get in there?) all seemed to add

to the atmosphere. Even Jim MacDonald with his flash camera almost convinced us that he was an import from the Stork Club. (instead of being only George Elliot's roommate!)

Dick Ballance and his hungry five won't be hungry for the rest of the week—we paid them for the grand performance they gave.

Dr. & Mrs. Alex Lucas and Prof. and Mrs. Frank Miligan 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 sandwiches the residence girls supplied, and for a bottle of pop. Did you see campus policeman Wagar go back for a second helping? They must have gone over big with him.

Well, Co-ed Week started off well. But it's just begun, and most of us are broke already.