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Co-ed Week . . .

"And so begins our hectic day,
Tis likely to go wrong in every way
They say a man must work from sun to sun
But a co-ed's work is never done."

The turnabout of Co-ed week seems to be developing into a permanent North American custom. Credit (?) for the idea is probably due to the L'I Abner comic strip as well as other undetermined factors. Co-Ed Week is a mild counter-part of the annual Sadie Hawkins' day race and (we hope) that it has less drastic consequences. Obviously there are economic, technical and physiological barriers which make this idea of turn-a-bout next to impossible. We get a taste of turn-a-bout during Co-Ed week and we can derive some experience from it. The habit of mentally putting ourselves in another's place is one which should be cultivated. The experience of Co-Ed week can be of definite assistance in this respect.

Co-Ed week is not an old institution on our campus; it's nucleus was probably a Leap Year dance in 1932. Few of those who planned this inauspicious—but highly successful—beginning were aware of the potentialities of the said function, even when it was carried on during the next few years as a Co-Ed Dance.

It was not until 1935 that this dance developed into a full week of festivity. Perhaps all of us have a suppressed desire to become maudling females, if only for a week. At any rate the Co-Eds decided that they liked taking the initiative in social affairs and so the Co-Ed week was born, with it's greater length, depth and possibilities.

Since women are assuming a role of ever increasing importance in world affairs, the trend was no different on the campus. Since 1935 many important, though less radical changes have been made. The Co-Ed Hockey team was a tremendous success, as witnessed by the humiliating defeat of Pacey's Pucksters this year. This year a new feature was added in the form of a sleigh ride (?) and also Wolf-night, when the Co-eds treat their halves to the first show at the Capitol—armed with pop-corn.

The Ladies Society showed high enthusiasm in planning the program for this important week. The Co-Eds though sadly outnumbered fifteen to one by the stronger sex at UNB, nevertheless wield a decided influence in college organizations and functions, and despite popular opinion are not to be lightly dismissed. Seriously, fellas, what would you do without us?

Spirits Weak . . .

This evening the President of the National Federation of Canadian University students, Mr. Antonio Enriquez arrives in the fair City of Fredericton. He will be touring the campus for the next three days, visiting faculty and students. His main purpose in visiting the University of New Brunswick campus is the hope that you will make a point of meeting him and that you will make a point of discussing with him the various aspects of his organization.

NFCUS, whether we like it or not, is the union of the Universities in Canada. They have several planks to their platform, among which is the elimination of certain taxes and gratuities, aided the creation of student's one and one half railway fares, student exchanges at home and abroad and several other ideals and conceptions that UNB hasn't the foggiest notion.

NFCUS has been maintaining two definite and solid fronts in international student affairs. Several of the members of the organization are sincerely in favour of joining the Communist dominated International Union of Students. The President, Tony Enriquez, has already forwarded an invitation to the IUS for a round-table discussion. They have not had an answer from the other side of the curtain, which is just as well for the Canadian Student. After all, it is quite obvious that the Communist party has but one thing in mind and it is also quite obvious that it isn't the free world's good health and general well-being.

Meanwhile, quite unheralded among the Canadian student population, NFCUS became a member of the Supervision Committee of the International Conference of Co-Sec help in Istanbul. This organization is a union of the students of the free world and the fact that NFCUS has been placed on the Executive of this organization moots well for the establishment of some students' faith in the organization.

The bare facts of Mr. Enriquez's visit are that we do not know one iota of the foibles and fancies of NFCUS. Here for the first time in the history of UNB, we have the President of the organization that has been causing so much unrest among the students' council and the collegians of this University.

It isn't expected that Mr. Enriquez will have the opportunity to speak before many students, because, as we all know, apathy at UNB is such that everybody will be in bed for at least five days this week. And yet Mr. Enriquez has a vital message for UNB students.

The Council of UNB maintains a very distant attitude towards NFCUS. The annual budget almost became a cropper at the fall budget meeting of the SRC. The Brunswickan maintains a strong editorial front against NFCUS which would change the moment that we felt NFCUS was doing a real and definite job for Canadian Students. Now the student body has a chance to see for themselves. Who is in the right?

GREENE'S
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor,
The Brunswickan.
Dear Sir:

As secretary for the Third Atlantic Regional Conference held at UNB on Jan. 30 and 31, 1954, I wish to advise you of the following resolution passed by the delegates: "The Atlantic Regional Conference of World University Service of Canada records its thanks and appreciation to the press—in particular Mr. Neil Oakley of the Brunswickan and Mr. Albert Tunis of UNB—and the radio for their excellent coverage of the Conference."

Having passed along a pleasant item, I wish to add information that should clear up some misunderstanding created by the two quotes of two weeks ago. The headlines for that issue were "Confab Condemns Treasure Van" and the article went on to state that the conference was "bitterly opposed" to the Indian Handicraft Sale. According to the minutes, these two quotes are totally incorrect. The delegates had criticisms of the sale—that is quite true. Such criticisms were of a constructive nature. However, the major decision of the assembly was that there certainly would be a Handicraft Sale in 1954, but that the goods should come from a source other than India. What we are attempting to point out is that the delegates felt that the Indian handicrafts would not sell another year, but that other countries' handicrafts would.

This misunderstanding has gone as far as Montreal (McGill Daily) and Toronto (WUSC National Office) and it was felt the matter should be made more clear. The resolution passed was as follows: "Be it resolved that we have a general handicraft sale in 1954, and that for this sale we buy no more Indian goods until such time as a greater market is shown."

May I also at this time bring to the attention of the student and faculty body, part of the WUSC report given to the SRC on Feb. 3: "Our main difficulty this year has been in arousing enough interest within the student body to attain a good sized committee. It is not necessary to explain the difficulties of planning and carrying out activities and fund-raising projects when there are only a handful of people in the group. This situation, however, we continue to hope will disappear. We are planning to arouse interest by special speakers and movies, etc. We also hope to gain the support of the faculty through their membership in the organization."

Joanne N. Corbin,
Local WUSC Chairman.
At no time did the Brunswickan infer that there would be no Treasure Van next year.—Ed.

The Editor,
The Co-Ed Brunswickan.
Dear Madam:

I wish to take great exception to statement in this issue that "Purity is Obscurity." I must say that after viewing, with mixed emotions and certain apprehension, the total co-ed element on the UNB campus, that their overwhelming good looks and sincere personalities can lead one only to the definite conclusion that the motto of the UNB co-ed is "Obscurity is Purity." And I don't think anything will ever be done about it.

Yours sincerely,
Doctor Kinsey.
We feel that you have made your statement without due investigation. Why don't you come up and see me sometime?—Ed.

The Journal of Mistress Johnson

Feb. 14—I am all the sons of my father and all the daughters too. Thus perhaps it will not be improper that I appear in this virtuous (mehopes) publication. In my journey through the merry town at an early hour this afternoon, I chanced to encounter Smelly Bad, in grievous condition and at that time just arriving home from the previous night's carousing. Seems that his trusty steed had wandered home without his master. Dropped into our burg's most enterprising Pub, the 252 and after greeting many debauched characters who I claim for friends, hastened back to my place of residence with a stern avowal to reform.

Feb. 15—Raised my worthy self from my frilly yet sumptuous coverlets around noon. Cleaned two pairs of nylons with Old Green Beer and at the end of that industrious performance, tears appeared in mine eyes when I discovered a ladder in one of those precious articles; at that juncture becoming sadly discouraged with the general state of affairs I decided that such effort was not worth my valuable time and so reared back to bed to consider in what manner I might pass the rest of the day.

Finally aroused myself once more to continue my ramblings of the previous day. Passed the Churris' Smelladence and was strangely attracted by the fragrance of Chanel No. 811 and the pink banners waving in the breeze. Then with the realization of my superior intelligence it came upon me that this is Snatch'im week. Did wander down the street, this time with a definite and deliberate purpose in mind. However at dusk was still pursuing my cause to no avail and so returned to my digs to prepare for the forthcoming day in meditation, thought and an increased ration of slumber.

Feb. 16—Did arouse myself at the preposterous hour of ten minutes past the eighth hour this morning to drag my weary bones to the top of the crag, as some unkind person in the person of Professor Smogbad had ordained that there should be a teaching in the literature of this glorious country at the stroke of nine. After sleeping peacefully for the first half of said teaching I woke with a start to recall once more that this is THE WEEK. Glanced around the room to find that my worthy colleagues were slumbering peacefully and as I could not determine the colour of their eyes in their present state I retired deeper into my comfortable chaise-longue to get down to the business of paying attention to the matter at hand—sleep.

Feb. 17—Did arise today to find the sun high in the sky and the unmistakable air of spring dominating the atmosphere. Wandered down town and finally meandered back home in time for the noon repast. Picked up a copy of The Daily Blister late in the afternoon and while sauntering home that eve, I was stopped on the street by a portly gentleman, who enquired as to the state of my health when he saw the latest edition of said Blister reposing under my arm. Was informed by this gentleman that the superior newspaper in this town is the weekly Hellwicken from up the hill. I cleverly snared him for my cause and when he told me his name I was surprised to find he was none other than my own Sam. (Had left my spectacles at home this day).

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As one-casket to Slabs and Edging and other Literary sou active engineers. Note 15. That means that they had to go and Engineering Store—the it has not got what you is showing at the Gale a drum and a shrill but the next 100 years. living memory on a

"Of course", said be wrong, but it strikes "Well", snapped chicken?"

"Oh nothing, no to say that it is evident boiled egg".

Have heard that Wasserman, from Red St. John would be di his beverages.

The order of the for Marr-ing the Res We were right a Wash-ale. To quote ended with many of We also thought it v the Engineer's banne for a few days.

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