

Reflections on this wicked world

POOR LONG JOHN

Women's clothes vary greatly from year to year and occasion to occasion, but men's — never!

Compare, for example, petticoats and long-johns. Petticoats have changed, through the years, from the voluminous layers of the gay nineties (when the meek and mild men wondered how many layers, and the brave and bold found out) to the short tight wrapper of the depression thirties (when no man wondered — they all knew that no woman could afford more than one). Today, the petticoat takes many forms, from the plain straight-cut type that is worn to prayer meetings under severely tailored skirts by straitlaced young ladies, to the elaborately frilled and ribbon-bedecked type that is allowed to show teasingly by the coy young miss as she dances.

Through all the changes and variations of petticoats on the female side, the long-johns of the male have remained the same. "Longies" seem destined to be worn on all occasions and for all times. From them, there is no hint of the era, the occasion, or the man.

Speaking of variation in women's clothing — there are some intriguing blouse styles being worn by les femmes fatales these days. One popular style is the "barbed-wire-fence" blouse — it can be seen through, but it still protects the property. The most recent innovation is the "attic" style — spell it and see what you find!

Ladies' Society Prexy



Three years ago Jane Bennett came to UNB as a fresher-soph from Dalhousie University. Jane is a well-known figure around the campus for her capacity for hard work and for parties.

During this time she has taken part in numerous activities such as the Red and Black Revue, Drama Society, Ladies' Society, S.R.C., University Investment Syndicate and Cheerleading. After graduation, she hopes to go to England to train Arabian Stud Horses. We're sure that she will be successful in anything that she attempts.

CO-EDS BAN SMOKER

At a meeting of the Junior Class, held in the Arts Building on Wednesday, Feb. 10, a smoker was banned by the mighty majority (i.e. the co-eds).

The meeting was called to determine how to spend the \$80.00 which the class has in its bank account. The co-eds, hearing rumors that the funds would be spent by the male population of the class for a smoker or stag party turned up in force to ban the plan.

LADIES AT THE HELM

by a man!

Because of the insatiable demands made upon me by my professors, I am unable to take part in social activities, hence can be only an interested onlooker during the annual co-ed week. But I do think it is a marvellous institution and it impressed me quite strongly. This thought arose and grew in my mind — why not make the idea of co-ed week a six-month national institution? The reasons — I have always disapproved of the social system whereby the man always takes the initiative in all social affairs, and in which the girl usually has little choice except to say "yes" or "no". It does not seem fair that the woman should be forced to sit at home with a book until invited by a man to the majority of social functions, merely because of a hangover from primitive society that the man must always be the aggressor.

Women now have equality with men in the political field of social relationships. A woman may vote, sit in parliament, could enlist in the armed services, may have her own bank account, possess property, and in the labour market often commands as large a salary as a man. Yet in this day of freedom and economic equality, the woman takes the back seat in social relations — the man decides when, where, and with whom he will go.

I suggest that half of each year, January to June, be the ladies co-ed week on a national and eventually world basis, during which she makes dates etc., and takes the entire social initiative. This set-up would, of course, involve PAYING, but as mentioned, the business woman's salary is often comparable to a man's. In UNB it would give the woman an opportunity to pick out her special man, or to have unlimited variety.

I have not yet decided if asking THE question should be included in the woman's prerogative during this period or not, but I think I'll leave it open till the system is tested by time.

The other half of the year — July to December — would be the man's period, in which he could act as under the present social organization. I believe the proposed system would do much to increase the man's initiative during his half of the year, for if he doesn't want to sit on his you-know-what the first half of the year, he will exert himself more strenuously in HIS half of the year.

One will note that the man's period includes Christmas. A choice as to which period Christmas would belong had to be made, and I decided it would be better in the man's territory, largely because on the whole his income is larger than the woman's, and also if he wishes to "get around" at all from January to June, a jolly Christmas present is indicated.

STRENGTH

Come wind and come weather,
Four furies on me,
But you cannot harm me —
I'm stronger, you see.

You scatter the corn crop,
You cripple the trees,
But none of this hurts me —
I'm stronger than these.

The daylight is waning,
The darkness comes on,
But night brings no danger —
For I am still strong.

My candle has sputtered
As night pulls its shade,
The storm whines and howls —
But I'm not afraid.

Then soft to my bedside
The man-form will creep,
And there in the darkness —
I find that I'm weak.

—by Claudia.

Trends in L'amour . . .

The cave-man was inclined to pull her hair
and force the weaker sex into his lair!!
In medieval times there was the knight
Who lured the damsel with-out use of might
Spake Zarathustra when he gave a tip
Go not to women, man, with-out thy whip,
The great romantics placed her merits high
Til Dr. Kinsey moved her from the sky
And next the modern man—and this we hear—
"Please tell me where my slippers are, my dear?"

OF MICE (and men)

Mice, what an interesting topic for a conversation! Only the other evening this subject came up when I was chatting with my girl-friend. Her experiences with mice were very similar to my own, but they branched out to include the near relatives of the mouse family — rats. I was unable to refute any of her arguments, because I have never had any experience with them. My mother thinks rats rather offensive. I therefore attribute my attitude to an inherited one or perhaps to a conditioned reflex brought about by some forgotten childhood experience. Since I am unable to recall any such experience it is probably lurking somewhere in my subconscious. One's subconscious is such an interesting study. Just to think that one is capable of forgetting little unpleasant incidents and can thrust them back into a dark cranny and let them lie there dormant and forgotten. Only last summer this sub-conscious was illustrated very vividly to me. From the very first I disliked a woman who came frequently to the club where I worked.

It disturbed me because there was no apparent reason for my dislike, so I began searching for one. Suddenly I realized that it wasn't really the woman but a small mole on her cheek that had caused my aversion. About eleven or twelve years ago an aunt of mine visited our home for nearly a month. She was one of those persons who always makes me squirm — a very strict adherer to decorum and a very personification of modesty and femininity. She continually reprimanded me "Susie, do be ladylike!" or "Do your lessons now, you should be in bed, dear!" Aunt Dora, (that was her name) had a mole on her cheek very similar to that on the cheek of the lady that I mentioned. My subconscious had associated the two women, each with a mole on her cheek (Beauty spot is the polite name for it) and had also led me to give the woman at the club the personal attributes of my aunt as well.

While on the subject of moles it is only proper to make this distinction. A mole, as well as being a small dark-coloured protuberance on the skin is also a small, soft-furred, burrowing animal with extremely small eyes and ears.

The star-nosed mole (*candyfura cristata*) has, in my opinion, a very unforgivable vice. When two moles of this species engage in battle, the victor assumes the right to devour his fallen opponent, if he so desires. This is a rather vulgar habit and it has, fortunately, almost entirely disappeared from higher forms of society. I do recall a bus driver, (I hope you will forgive my digression) who used to drive the huge yellow and blue bus to Newcastle. He was a great loose jointed fellow with nothing that would distinguish him from any number of bus-drivers with the exception of his left ear — only half of it remained! Thinking this rather strange and noting that the part from whence the lobe had been removed was notched and irregular, I said to my inquisitive curiosity, "I wonder in the matter of this, whether a shrew's faith in human nature!" The bus-driver had been the loser in a local brawl and his opponent had taken the ear as the fruits of victory.

The star-nosed mole, in addition to these cannibalistic tendencies, has a high rate of metabolism which makes it very difficult for him to satisfy his enormous appetite. Just imagine being forced to eat twice your own weight in food every day! It is amazing that the mole ever finds time for his other activities.

Since the mole really has little practical value I will pass on to shrews, an even closer relative of the mus domesticus, or common mouse. The term shrew is loosely used to refer to a scolding woman, but since there are no shrews in the fairer sex now-a-days the fact is not worthy of mention here. The animal commonly referred to as the shrew serves a very practical purpose. Being of a practical turn of mind myself, I would like to elaborate on this point briefly. As shrews eat seeds which would otherwise develop into trees such as poplar, hemlock, spruce etc., these little animals make it necessary to repopulate our forests by artificial means. If shrews ceased to exist by some quirk of fate then at least 15,000 foresters engaged in reforestation would consequently find themselves out of a job.

Having now arrived at the main thought of my essay, mainly the practicality of mice, I must say that I have a feeling of restlessness when one is around, perhaps a mouse disturbs my sense of privacy.

Mice must be admired because of their industry; they do not believe in procrastination. I also find them very interesting to watch. I remember finding a nest of field mice many years ago. The mowing machine had just passed, leaving the bare stubble behind it. There they were, safe and unharmed — babies shivering and helpless in their nakedness, perhaps wondering whence the tall yellow forest which their mother had lined their nest was their only protection and they did not know, as yet the ways of the field. I tiptoed away, lest I disturb this happy family.

Have you ever, in a dream, imagined that you were in some far-off country? It is almost as nice as actually being there. Only last night I had such an experience. I was lying on a warm sandy beach in Guadalupe doing absolutely nothing, which is what I love to do. A huge basket of grapes was very conveniently within reach. A native band was playing softly in the distance. Suddenly one of the dark-skinned dancers began to shake the castanet very loudly. So loudly that I was wide-awake. The strange thing about all this was the fact that the castanets continued to rattle and the sound was coming directly from my cupboard across the room. Even in such a drowsy state of mind it did not seem logical. Suddenly the gnawing started — slight at first and then it became more vicious. Covering my ears only made the danger more ominous. It is only human folly that the unknown assumes such great proportions. I thought of Clarissa and the feeling that she must have had when Lovelace carried her away. Just as she, I had nothing with which to defend myself. Then, I thought of my window stick. Hastily I thrust my feet on the floor. . . . HORRORS! . . . One of my toes had touched a furry object. I huddled shivering in my blankets. Then it struck me, my slippers! — they are lined with sheep-skin. I laughed shakily, screwed up my courage and managed to get the stick, turning on the light as I tiptoed to the window.

Slowly and cautiously I advanced toward the cupboard. Standing well back, I probed the plastic curtains. . . . With the speed of a jet-plane and a flash of brown he disappeared and suddenly I heard the pitter-patter of little claws in the hall outside my bedroom. Would you believe it? My door had been closed all the while. After plugging up my key-hole I went back to my bed, but sleep did not come for a long time. . . .

MAXINE MacDONALD '54.

CO-ED ANTHOLOGY

Having never encountered an anthology of poems dedicated wholly to the fairer sex, we have decided that one is certainly necessary. Though we do not hold the opinion that "if a great man said it — then it is true" our research has revealed a definite trend down through the years.

Since the subject of "I am" is of interest to most co-eds, here is the worthy opinion of Shakespeare:

"No woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they
lack retention
Alas, their love may be called
appetite."

However, we are inclined to like the following:

"And then the lover,
Sighing like a furnace, with a
woeful ballad

Made to his mistress' eye-brow.
Then came the Age Of Reason
with its unromantic tendencies. We will pass over it lightly as it was not inductive to poetry in a lighter vein. Then came that period dear to a girl's heart — the Age of Romanticism — that frolicsome, "risque" time when:

"Time's on the wing and will not
stay,
In loving youth let's make our
hay;
Since love admits of no delay
O let nay scorn undo thee"

(Mallet)

It was also about this time that Allan Ramsey gave us this delightful little poem:

"If I were free at will to choose
To be the wealthiest Lowland
Lady
I'd take young Donald Without
TRENDS"

Which Bennett blew and belted
plaidly."

Also from Bonnie Scotland came Robbie Burns:

"Green grow the rushes, O
Green grow the rushes, O
The sweetest hour that e'er I
spent
Are spent among the lasses, O,"

A little later came this thought:
"O Nelly Gray, O Nelly Gray
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet
coat."

Should be more uniform!"

And then modern times and Ogden Nash (very appropriate for Valentine's Day):

"I love you more than a duck
can swim,
And more than a grapefruit
squirts
I love you more than g'n-rummy
is a bore,
And more than a tooth-ache
hurts."

The next is very appropriate for a cold winter's day at UNB:

"Love, deck your lower limbs in
pants
Yours are the limbs, my sweet
ing
You look divine as you advance—
Have you seen yourself retreat-
ing?"

There is a certain timelessness about the classics and from Horace we have this timely advice:

"This too awaits, your fate may
be to teach suburban school the
parts of speech."

* def. trousers

WHO NEEDS MEN

A recent meeting of the WTCU (World Co-ed Technological Union) arrived at the decision, after due deliberation, that men are unnecessary in the modern era. This was an economic survey compiled from abundant statistics. We would like to quote a few of the decisions made by this organization.

1. Banishment of men would leave women free to choose the type of hat style which they liked, with no adverse criticism on the male side. As a result the hat industry would reach an all time high, causing unemployment to vanish.

2. The over-all health of the nation would be improved. Just imagine the gay and imaginative salads that one could dress up unhindered by the heavy male appetite.

3. The endless, dreary washings and ironings of male socks and shirts would cease, leaving more leisure time for such intellectual pleasures as bridge clubs, afternoon teas and bingo. The friendly conversations over the back fence would continue indefinitely. And the telephone! Free at least from long-winded male conversations on business topics!

4. The money gained from sale of equipment from pool-rooms, beer parlours, bowling alleys and certain other — er — establishments could be used to erect more useful buildings such as beauty parlours, dress shops and department stores.

And so on. These are only a few of the many decisions arrived at by the WTCU. The decisions were scientifically and carefully attained. — Men Must Go! Oh dear, I nearly forgot. John, dear, who is going to stroke the furnace when you're gone?

HAH!



Engineering Was Never
Like This . . .

Nominations are called for the following positions for the year 1954-55:

President S.R.C.—must be a senior for the above term.

First Vice-president—must be a senior Arts or Science student or an Intermediate Engineering or Forestry student.

Second Vice-president—must be a Junior Co-ed.

Treasurer—must be a Junior.

Secretary—must be a Sophomore.

Four Class Representatives, one of whom must be a Co-ed for each class.

Nominations for the above positions close Saturday, February 13, 1954.

Nominations may be passed to the Secretary of the S.R.C., or may be left in the S.R.C. office.

Signed,

G. M. McAllister, Secretary S.R.C.

Mrs. James Vigneron

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THE CO-ED

PETTING PROBLEM

During the last few years, and women of all ages, drawing visibly closer. Holding hands and entering into the fast affectionate contacts of part of everyday scene. Married folk go so far as to hold hands in the street hand in hand.

Petting, known as "sparking," "spooning," "ing" is another of the of love.

Some of the reasons young people pet are:

One needs assurance she is desirable.

Where else can one little love?

The rest of the crowd

It's exciting.

It's something to expect

Most dates without a bore.

How else can you k compatible?

There seems to be ment that promiscuous hazards that most f avoid. Briefly listed, culties are:

Petting often rules activities.

It tends to over-en physical aspect of the

It may limit the 4 championship.

It may give feeling and guilt.

It leaves them unsatisfied.

It tends too often in sexual intercourse with of unwanted pregnancy of regret.

It makes good marriage difficult, especially petting has been too and too deeply established pattern of behavior.

General opinion is necessary to pet to Sexual promiscuity dates for you but it to keep them. At l hold those who matte easy petting has never to increase a person in an enduring sense, itself lead to mature

An intelligent man who has not been "pa every male on the ca intelligent girl feels th about a boy; she too siveness in his affecti chap need ever feel th succeed with a girl does not pet. But he iz that he will neve girls worth having if promiscuous in his a

The main danger that the physical int bracing, kissing, fondl forms of caressing v sexual desire to suc that it will be difficu It is easy for "ligh develop into "heavy easy for "heavy pet velop to the point wh the way" or "pettin sion" with result. Al ried to this climax, may leave both indiv isfied. To keep casual, few rules may help.

From the

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