

The Changing Times or An Appreciation of Co-Eds.

The following lines were brought to my attention when an interesting discussion was being held on the qualities of the University of New Brunswick's female students. The sentiments of the members of the group were varied but each expressed his opinion with the earnestness of the staunch supporters of U. N. B.'s basketball team. The question is from a tourist edition of a pamphlet on Fredericton printed some years ago. I do not know just how long ago the writer of these words lived but it was the opinion of some cross members of the group that it must have been in the middle ages:

"Should the tourist need a wife to accompany him on the tour of life, he is earnestly advised to pause at Fredericton. The Celestial girl is both useful and ornamental. She is a flower by the dusty wayside. She is the cream in August and sunshine in April. She is a ripple of laughter on the river of time. In short, she is the frosting which Heaven has spread o'er the dreary plain cake of Earth."

While it is evident that the author of these words (which I would like to consider immortal) is speaking of Fredericton girls in general, his sentiments apply very well to the U. N. B. co-eds. Since most of the co-eds are from Fredericton, and those foreigners who attend the University are quickly acclimatized and become like their Fredericton sisters in all respects, the words can not be inapplicable. Whether the university allowed co-eds to attend at that time is also irrelevant. What is important however and what the different views showed is: How has the Fredericton girl changed or indeed has she changed?

At the university the co-eds are certainly both "useful and ornamental" now as they were in the days of yore. Their usefulness can be seen from the fact that despite the ratio of about fourteen men to every girl there are usually as many girls in each society on the campus as there are men (except of course on the Engineering and Forestry Societies). They work just as hard and perhaps harder in the interests of these organizations and their talents are well appreciated when it is necessary to decorate the gym for dances. More seriously, they are useful in so far as they furnish the various budding poets on the campus with material for the expression of lofty and noble sentiments (a fact that has been, until the present at least, neglected).

Again it should be noted that in another respect the co-eds are equally useful. You have only to scan the pages of any issue of the Brunswickan and you will discover that

various writers have been engaged in appreciating or depreciating the female at U. N. B. So on the realms of both poetry and prose the co-eds have contributed a great impetus to the literary renaissance of the present day.

As for being ornamental, you men have only to stop and consider what the morale of the university would be without the co-eds. Imagine if you can a class without these lovely creatures. If the professor should be obliged to look either at the stern countenances of your male classmates or at the blank walls of the classroom. You could of course gaze out the window but there would be no chance of some lovely vision of female beauty tripping past. Ah! college would be dull indeed. And who could listen quite so intelligently to your reasons why you didn't pass your math as a female classmate. A man would be likely to regard your feeble excuses with contempt but a co-ed would sympathetically agree that you certainly knew what the question meant and the professor did not.

And what man could supply such a pleasant distraction as a co-ed rushing into a lecture five minutes after the bell has sounded. The professor has probably just begun to get warmed up to his subject and it will now take him at least five minutes more to get to the point as he will feel obliged to begin his lecture again so that the "sweet young thing" will miss none of his words of wisdom.

So it can be quite clearly seen that the words of this ancient philosopher can be easily applied to present conditions. In my opinion there has been no great change in the character of "the celestial girl". She is still "ice-cream in August" whether in Fredericton or Belleville; and what man can think of the periods of gloom which he has transcended because she is "sunshine in April".

What man, oppressed with fear concerning the writing of final examinations has not been roused by the admiration of a co-ed who knows "he has nothing to worry about." The co-ed is indeed the frosting on the nut-cake of the University of New Brunswick.

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CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



JOHN BAXTER

John Baxter really needs no introduction—everybody knows this campus personality.

President this year of the Senior Class, Johnny has led the '47's through their Sophomore, Junior and Senior years, and held the purse strings as Secretary-Treasurer in their Freshman year. He also represented the class on the Council in his Freshman year. As the genial host of the famous Junior Cabaret last year, John really showed his ability at both organization and showmanship.

John is a biologist and haunts the Arts Building's third floor. A premed student, he was secretary-treasurer in his Sophomore year and vice-president of the Sawbones Society last year. The S. R. C. has also benefitted from Johnny's services for he capably filled the position of Secretary in his Sophomore year, and of Treasurer in his Junior year until pressure of other duties forced him to resign late last spring.

In spite of all his extra-curricular work, John still finds time to lead a bunch of the boys in some sweet harmony in the Arts Building hall.

'47 Prexy... friendly grin... a store of jokes... familiar brown hat... barbershop harmony... a grand sport... that's J. B. M.

Resolved

Oh, come now girls, speak up! We know that you all made New Year's resolutions so why be shy. Whether you keep those doesn't really matter. The majority of people never to keep their resolutions anyway but it is a sign of strong will-power even to have made them.

What did you say? You resolved to keep up in your work this term? Poor foolish creature. Why every one at U. N. B. probably decided that but you know very well that April will find you in exactly the same frenzy as you were in December. It's part of the college tradition to be on the verge of insanity about the time of examinations.

Did you say you weren't going to go to as many dances this term? Why, my dear, that's the most important part of college. Well, perhaps I shouldn't go as far as to say that but as we learn in Sociology courses, one of the chief aims of a college education is to enable us to get along with the other members of society. And where can you acquire this ability so well as stumbling over someone's feet on a crowded dance floor. And don't forget that the commonly held opinion is that women come to college "to get a man". You don't want to shatter their illusions, now do you?

Do you actually mean to say that you are not going to play as much bridge this term? Why, my dear, the Ladies' Reading Room was given to the co-eds to stop them from playing bridge in the back rows of English or French classes. It is a tradition that the co-eds spend all their time playing bridge and we must respect tradition you know!

Now, that is a resolution of which I heartily approve. I certainly think we should speak to every man we see on the campus whether we know him or not. If you speak to one new man every day for a week by the end of the term you will know approximately half of the male students. And next term you can start in all over again! A most interesting process. (This would not be of very much benefit to the senior co-eds but they may adopt it if they wish).

So that's the resolution every co-ed should adopt. Think what it would do the college spirit!

Hasti-Notes

Dances? Oh come now, you just got here. Holidays? No one remembers. Men Ugh! Skiing? Ugh also, but one must keep up with the crowd and the crowd is on top of the hill (on skis)—so we're off.

Now you take the expert, and believe me you can keep him—let's hope you do keep him but your doing well even to "keep up" with him. For you friends who don't take to the expert we'll pray you just keep "up". Did I say just? But the expert! He's found in every group of skiers whether it be the crowd which collects behind the gym on Saturday afternoon or on the moonlit ski trials. (No, it's "trials", sir). He shines forth, being of the campus during these snow-mantled months.

Perhaps you're the type who proudly received for Christmas the confounded contraption plus bolts, screws, chains, metal dishes, links and such paraphernalia. But if your just looking around you can spot a mile off, these brightly clad figures with excited, smiling faces. If by chance you didn't notice, take a gander on your way back, for ten chances to one, the new adventurer will be in the same vicinity, if not the exact spot when previously seen, minus the smiling countenance and probably minus the skis.

But perhaps you bought your skis during that mental strain ten years ago. Not anything serious you understand, just lost your head for a few minutes and when you came to your senses found you possessed two vaguely familiar pieces of wood. Ten long winters ago, and to your way of thinking it might as well have been yesterday. In fact you wish to heaven it had been yesterday and that you were dead.

Oh well, nothing is as steep as it appears not even that vertical slope.

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