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The position of women on the campus of the University of New Brunswick is a frequently discussed question. Men hold debates on the topic: "Should there be more co-eds or no co-eds?" We can not help but wonder if U. N. B. suffers psychologically from the disproportion of male to female students. As we sit in the library we are doubtless surrounded by complexed and masses of frustration galore.

Each year when Co-Ed Week dominates the campus there is an air of uncertainty evident on the majority of male faces. Are they wishing that there were more Co-Eds or perhaps that they have paid more attention to those who are here? For six days the Co-Eds can pick and choose their dates—life seems good and the world a wonderful place.

In general there is much controversy about the advisability of sending women to college. "A girl only comes to college to get a man." We have heard this said so often—why do foolish parents waste hard-earned money sending little Mary to college for four years when she will probably up and marry immediately after she graduates?

We are sure this statement could only be made by backward individuals who have not yet abandoned the medieval attitude towards women. We know that our highly intelligent male classmates would never be guilty of such an error of judgment.

Civilization in protecting woman has handicapped her and she feels that she must compete. This is perhaps the underlying reason for Co-Ed Week, coupled with a desire to revenge herself upon society which has placed her in this position of dependence. Success has become the ultimate goal of our culture and woman has not yet discovered where her true field of success lies. She wants to be both protected and independent and yet how can she combine the two to create an effective note for herself in society.

Enough of psychology. The situation at UNB will probably not improve until the attitude changes. There is little effort made to attract women students by advertising the Arts Course; it would almost seem as if the lingering traces of Puritanism still cling about the campus and those who inhabit it.

POEMS FOR OTHERS

TO A FRIEND NOW DEAD

He had within his soul the seeds
Of all that make men great,
They never burgeoned out in deeds—
For this blame Fate.

His heart drank beauty as a rose
Draws colour from the dawn,
And had he lived what things—who knows—
He might have drawn.

He had his plans: he asked of life
A babe with prattling tongue,
A home and clinging arms, a wife,
For he was young.

But men he never knew fell out
Through greed or fear or pride,
And "For the flag!" they raised their shout,
He heard... and died.

That fools who live in later days
In placid ease and station
May walk the same blind ways and praise
Civilization.

Letters To The Editor

January 27, 1948.

Dear Editor,

It has been an often realized but frequently ignored fact that something is lacking at UNB this year. As members of the Senior Class we fear that some of the blame may be laid upon us, especially when looking back and seeing the enthusiasm and interest of the Class of '47. Oh yes, Bar '48 was a success but haven't we been and weren't we still resting on our laurels.

However it is not only the Senior Class that is at fault. The trouble seems to lie with the whole college—faculty and students alike. No one recognized the driving power behind Dr. Gregg, for even the series of Radio programs disintegrated seems to lie with the whole college thing is wrong, but no one individual will take the lead in trying to remedy the situation.

With all the discussion about the recent examinations, we realize that the faculty is trying to raise the standard and we agree with their policy. However would it be agreed

to by the faculty to have a committee formed of the students to determine their co-ordinated policy. At present, such co-ordination is entirely lacking, professors seem at odds with one-another and our courses have become a continual struggle to pacify each professor. We are not obtaining what we

should from the raised standard. Such an uncorrelated, unsystematic curriculum could successfully be carried out however if we had a united, compatible force present, either in the form of a president, faculty or student body.

Yours sincerely,
Two SENIOR CO-EDS.



"Well, I'm all set for the Prom... Perfection... Check!"
"Yeah, Joe's shirt... Bill's tails... and my Sweet Caps!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."



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CFNB commends the York Athletic Committee

on their efforts to
provide this city
with a much needed
covered rink.

CFNB will keep you
up-to-date on all
game results.

DIAL 550



Dirt On Skirts!

Couldn't the Gibson girls make up their minds as to who wanted who at the tea dance?

Elsie has had a tell Heracles admirer for some weeks. Why hold him off?

Who were the two he-men Mary and Pauline took out Wednesday night? You're excused gals, the bush seems to call those foresters.

Lois holds on to her super guy even although there was a new moon. He's always charged with it before. Good work Lois!

Is Pat going to like that doctor engineer who attended her last Sunday on the eventful ski trip?

Betty R's "on again, off again" romance seems to be going on again. Just look at the sparkle in those eyes. It wouldn't be "Miller" could it?

Does Virginia COOK with gas since the fuel shortage?

Guess Ron had a swell time on the sleigh ride. By all reports he was making HAY while the moon shone.

Wonder why Mary, our cute dark-haired freshette is eating Rankine's biscuits so frantically? She insists on "the Rankine brand."

February 14.

We wish much happiness to Ruth Cumming whose marriage takes place next month.

Wanted:

One proposal before next week (21st birthday). Shirley T. is getting worn. ANY THING will do -!

MY LOVE

I looked around the College hall
To see if I could find at all
A boy on whom my soul might call
For inspiration;

And in my search did I persist,
Until I found the one I wished,
And here in brie I give the gist
Of my summation.

The senior boys are very sweet,
And very sedate and very discreet,
But still they don't quite seem to meet
My expectation.

And so I turn perforce to view
The Junior class, alas, there too
Is none to share my love so true,
My adoration.

The Sophomores are the next in turn,
I found some gay, found others stern,
But not a one could I discern
To cause elation.

And so it came about at last
I found him in the Freshman class,
My heart's desire on whom to cast
My admiration.