

A Canuck In Connecticut

(Continued)

I found the American educational system extremely progressive. New methods and processes of teaching as well as new subjects for study were being introduced. In increasing numbers, on a trial basis. There was little or no regimentation and hide-bound tradition. There remained wide freedom for the development of the individual personality. Indeed, such individualistic classes as free rhythm, hand-painting, chalk music interpretations, brush painting and soap sculpture were designed to bring out special talents inherent in many children and to help all develop well-rounded personalities, unhampered by fears and repressions. These innovations in American educational system in the light of the progressive spirit held my admiration and here receive my praise.

Our countryside drives from New Britain were mostly business drives to Hartford with Mrs. Underhill. The occasion for the first of these excursions was our introduction to Dr. A. Grace and Dr. Englemann, important state education officers, at their official quarters. Rita and Luise were with us and Elaine and Arline came up from New Haven for the meeting. Both gentlemen seemed extremely interested in the mechanics and values of student exchange.

Upon our second official drive to Hartford we visited the state capital building and had the honour of meeting the Governor of Connecticut, Mr. Baldwin. Later we crossed the street and blundered, on our own, into the largest state library in the United States. Here we had the good fortune to discover a special guard who hunted and fished quite often in our New Brunswick forests. We were delighted to discuss "home" with him. We saw much of interest during our following tour of the building. I was most excited over the chamber of the United States Supreme Court.

One afternoon we took a pleasure drive with Mrs. Underhill and her son out to West Peak, which rises 1200 feet above sea level. The air pressure, while driving up the mountain, was terribly hard on the ears. From the top of the wind-swept stone tower, we could see the whole city of Meriden stretched out beneath us and the surrounding forest looked like the merest shrub.



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And here again may I recall another of those frustrating incidents which occurred often during our U. S. visit. We had been on a guided tour through the Stanley Tool Factory in New Britain and we had not spoken to our factory guide because the noise made it almost impossible. Only by yelling could he get his explanations across to us. But after our tour Mrs. Underhill explained that we were Canadian students. "Oh!" came the horrified reply, "and I was speaking English to them." He, and many other Americans believe that Canadians must invariably be French. This is the sort of foggy situation which we did our best to make clear.

Our social life during our fortnight at Teachers' College of Connecticut was highlighted by our trip to New York. Rita, Luise, Dorothy and I arrived in the big city aboard the Banker's Special on the morning of June 8. We met Elaine and Arline at Grand Central Station and checked in at the Commodore Hotel. The morning was spent sight-seeing amid the Fifth Avenue shops: Kresse's, Franklin-Simons', Dennison's, Beck's, Lerner's. My first impression of New York was that the inhabitants of large cities must invariably dash themselves madly into an early grave. My second was that the buildings were sickeningly high. I got used to the buildings in time but not to the rapid, congested rush of civilized animals. The more I saw of crowds, the more I felt that the animal was getting the better of the civilized element. Politeness in the streets was unthought of; there seemed to be no time for it.

After lunch we week-end tourists proceeded to the Battery and caught the sight-seeing boat for the Statue of Liberty. Elaine, Dorothy and I made the climb to the crown of the Statue while the others waited below. It was an exceedingly warm day and the interior of the Statue was stifling. From the windows of the crown we had a breathtaking view of the city.

After a quick return to our hotel we went to dine at the Iceland, a Swedish restaurant on Broadway featuring the famous native Smorgasbord. We all enjoyed the clever ice-follies floor show.

We left the Iceland for Shabert's Broadway Theatre, where we had orchestra seats for the operetta, *Song of Norway*. These tickets had been procured in advance of our visit by the Canadian Consul. This operetta was, for me at least, the crowning glory of our New York venture. Loving music intensely, I was enchanted and speechless throughout the whole performance. I especially enjoyed the breathtaking dance finale by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, expressing in motion the song of Norway.

After the theatre we walked down Broadway, thrilled by the neon signs and the bright lights and the laughing people. I found my hot, busy city had become gay, a lot cooler, and almost friendly. I definitely prefer New York City at night.

Even without the New York visit, our social calendar would have been well filled. We made our social debut the evening of our arrival at Teachers' College of Connecticut by attending the Junior Prom, which was, to our minds, a huge success. That first evening also, we were introduced to the dormitory rules as to signing out and in and



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the matter of "late" permissions. Luise and Rita, both Juniors, received twelve midnight permissions for the year and two ten-thirty leaves a month. Otherwise the "signing in" deadline was nine o'clock. Sopranos and Freshman did not fare so well. Freshman were required to be "in dorm" by seven thirty. Offenders were "campused" for two weeks. There was no official lights out time once inside the dormitory. At first I thought the system rather stuffy, but later reached the conclusion that it was the only conceivable way for two women to properly see to the welfare of one hundred twenty young girls.

Upon the last evening of our visit to the New Britain College, we attended the charming formal dinner which preceded the College Theatre production of *My Sister Elton*. The play itself was an excellent effort, with many quite professional touches. The setting was expertly done and set off the whole performance.

And then, the following evening, not without deep regret, we took leave of Teachers' College of Connecticut—with the pleasant memory of our "farewell dinner" with Mrs. Johnson and the girls who had become our close friends, fresh in our hearts.

For some time previously, plans had been underway to enable us to spend a week-end in Washington, D. C., before returning to Canada. Now these plans were completed. We went from New Britain to New Haven, where our good friend Miss Foster again took us into her home and explained the preparations made for our Washington trip.

The next morning we left for the United States Capital. Our train trip was highlighted by stops at Philadelphia and Baltimore and a vivid conversation with a Greek newspaperwoman. We found the Maryland countryside especially lovely.

Upon arriving in Washington, we went to our hotel, the Martinique, and called Mr. Crockett of the Canadian Embassy, who had arranged a bus tour for that afternoon. During this tour we saw many of the tourist attractions of Washington, some of which we later visited and inspected more closely. Our bus passed: the National Gallery of Art, the Department of Justice—headquarters for Mr. Hoover and his G-men, the Washington monument, the Botanical Gardens, the Library of Congress (where one must have permission of a congressman to take out books), the magnificent Capital Building, the U. S. Supreme Court, the new Union Station (handles 326 trains daily), the Government Printing Office for U. S. currency, Georgetown University, Radio Centre, and White House, Blair House (where visiting dignitaries spend the remainder of their visits, having spent the first night at the White House), the Ford Hotel, the Slave Market — 28 per cent of the population of Washington today is Negro, the Hotel Statler, the Carnegie Institute, many Embassies and Legations, the National Zoological Gardens, the homes of Hoover and Wilson, the Mayflower Hotel (where movie stars stay during Washington visits), the Pan-American Union and a Federal Reserve Bank. The bus tour terminated with a fifteen-minute stop at the Lincoln Memorial. I felt it the most awe-inspiring and impressive fifteen minutes of my whole American visit. I have never seen anything so strikingly splendid so simple and yet so austere as that great white Statue, sitting amid the tall columns representing the "united" states he did so much to make secure.

That evening we made friends with Washington and it was not difficult to do. I felt that Washington, despite its million or so population, had a small-town air about it that spoke of home. There was none of the desperate urgency, the mad race against time, which I had sensed in New York. The people we met were polite, and extremely co-operative and willing to help when they found we were "foreigners." There was a slow gentleness about them—their actions, their voices and, I sus-

Hasti-Notes

We now turn from dances, parties and the hectic co-ed week to a topic which emerged from the memorable budget meeting. Along with discussion on boxer's jackets and timers' salary came the opinion from students that too many delegates were being sent from campus organizations to their national and international conferences—or if there weren't too many now there may be too many in the future—which wouldn't be "too good" for the budget.

We send our teams to other colleges to compete in physical skill. The University has been among the winners of Maritime and national sports events but in comparison we seem to have neglected our contribution to the leadership of national and world organizations. The campus lacks interest in such organizations as the International Students Service. Their work is not as spectacular to U. N. B. students as a basketball game. They do not work primarily for their own University. Their contribution to society is in the area of greater need—a sanatorium in Switzerland for T. B. students of European Universities. This effort seems too remote to deserve the support of those students who want immediate material results from their S. R. C. levy.

Such organizations as that one mentioned above, need leadership and active workers. These needs can be met only by students from Universities such as ours. In what better way can we participate than by sending delegates to national and world conferences, where ideas from various areas of living are fused to solve the present day problems of University students?

I attributed their attitudes to the "fine old southern hospitality" which I had heard so much about. Even the buildings took on the appearance of clean comfort and small-town goodwill. I have great enthusiasm for the "first city" of the United States.

The following day was spent sightseeing, with an excellent guide—Miss Laure Leblanc of the Canadian Embassy staff. Mr. Paul Tremblay showed us through the official quarters of the Ambassador, and we were highly impressed with their magnificence. I would imagine that the Canadian Embassy could hold its own with any other in Washington. The scarlet-coated "Mountie" at the entrance door was like a breath of home to our uniform-acustomed eyes.

With Laure we visited the famous new Statler Hotel. Thence to the Capital Building where we were fortunate enough to see the Senate in session. I was considerably astonished at the heat of the discussion being carried on concerning the Strike Bill. I feared fistcuffs on several occasions. I recognized Senator Taft of Ohio but was highly disappointed at not seeing THE women.

Later we walked through the Library of Congress and saw the original Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. The reading room of this library seats one thousand persons. The Pentagon was next in line for our inspection. It impressed me as being a city within a city, seeming entirely self-sufficient. We then spent over an hour at the National Airport, watching the continuous arrival and departure of planes, before returning to the heart of the city and visiting the Smithsonian Institute. Here we saw: colorful "period" uniforms and formal

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(Recent Books Acquired by the Library)

Adams. The ways of the mind. 1925.

Barzun. Darwin, Marx, Wagner. 1941.

Curtis. World war, its cause and cure. 1945.

Kant. Perpetual peace. 1939.

Lindsay. Religion, science and society. 1943.

Miller. An introduction to the New Testament. 1943.

Mumford. Values for survival. 1946.

Nock. Conversion. 1933.

Penrose. Mental defect. 1934.

Rivers. Conflict and dream. 1923.

gowus, war and achievement medals, exquisite china, model mines and homes, fabric displays and life-size plane models from the early days of flying. We next visited the National Gallery of Art where we were delighted to gaze upon masterpieces by Romney, Botticelli, Gainsborough, Manet . . . We also visited the famed Mellon collection. Woodridge's Department Store did not escape our quick inspection. We topped off our tour with a short stopover at the Mayflower Lounge, hoping (and it remained just that) to see some famous Hollywood personage.

In the evening, with Laure and friends, we dined at Michaels', a Rumanian restaurant with wonderful music and a colorful atmosphere. We had seen as much of Washington as was humanly possible in two days.

The following morning, June 16, exchange students Dorothy A. Loughlin and Marjorie L. Long, tired, a little sad, but terribly thankful and contented, took the train for Boston, destination—Home!

(To Be Continued.)

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