



By Murph & Hatch

The Forestry Association Christmas cards have been on sale now for a while and have been found quite popular. Prospective customers should go up to the third floor and give a holler for Gord Fenton. He'll see you're satisfied. Or maybe you prefer the "East Portico", known to many as Bud's Place. But don't go 'way mad, we hear that the 'piece de resistance' for next year is the 'West Portico'. Ah! To what sublime heights are we rising?

To show that we don't lack culture and also as a public service we would like to announce that Bock and Moe Zart are playing a one night stand at the Arts Centre next Sunday evening.

The Whangdoodle is another woods creature which should cause no one alarm. He is a shy sort, rarely seen but often heard. His front paws are spoon-shaped with claws for climbing and digging, while his hind legs are modified for rapid running. His tail is as long as his body and tail put together and that's pretty long. His diet consists of fish, which he catches by dangling his tail in the water and scooping out the curious ones with his paws. On cold days and cool evenings while fishing, his tail gets kinked up, so he'll climb a tree and whack his tail against the trunk to take the kinks out or break off the ice. So if you hear popping noises in the bush you'll know it isn't the trees in the cold, but the Whangdoodle looking after his tail.

The Civil Service Commission of Canada must have a rather low opinion of the mentality of Joe College; so low, in fact, that it doesn't think we know enough to call ourselves mister if we're men, and missus or miss if female. On the C.S.C. application form, question 3 asks you to indicate if you are Mr., Miss or Mrs. To catch up with those who aren't quite sure, question 12 asks: Sex..... To this, the only reasonable answer is "yes".

We would like to apologize profusely for the glaring error which appeared in this column last week. Any of you who read that the Faculty of Arts had one prof for every 4.6 students must have suspected that there was an error. To you, our humblest apologies. The error stemmed from the figures used in our calculations, which were for the 1951-52 term. Working with 1952-53 figures, we have arrived at a more reasonable total of one prof for every 3.4 students in the Arts Faculty. Adding lecturers to the list of profs, we arrive at the figure of one prof per 2.8. We sincerely hope that we brought no embarrassment to the Arts Faculty through last week's unintentional error.

We would like to present the mossy Order of the Balsam Bough with three sennate spruce spines to those diminutive fellows, Luke and George (the Short brothers) for their worthy contributions to this humble column.

How To Catch Bears.
Method One.

1. Cut a clearing, 1 ch. by 1 ch.
2. Cut trees into 16' logs.
3. Build a slidway on one side and a bush pile on the other.
4. Now the most important part. Dig a hole 16' X 16', and 8' deep.
5. Throw all the logs into the hole and burn them. (Only ashes should be left).
6. Spread the brush over the hole.
7. Take a can of green peas and distribute the peas evenly around the hole.
8. Wait for the bear, and if it comes and takes a pea, kick it in the ashhole.

Method Two

If you are very low on food and there is no peas to spare, there is another method.

1. Go to a blackberry patch favoured by bears.

BORDER RIVER

BORDER RIVER. By Alfred G. Bailey, McClelland and Stewart, \$2.50.
Reviewed by Desmond Pacey

In the 'seventies and 'eighties of the last century, there began in Fredericton a poetic movement which was destined to transform the literature of Canada and to make the names of Roberts and Carman known throughout the English-speaking world. During the last decade, another poetic movement, and one which may yet rival the old one in accomplishment, has been steadily gaining strength in the New Brunswick capital. It has been, so far, an unspectacular process, but to the discerning eye the signs have been evident: the launching in 1945, of the *Fiddlehead* magazine and its continued vitality; the publication, last year, of Elizabeth Brewster's chapbook, *East Coast*; the appearance, in poetry magazines in Canada, the U.S.A., and Great Britain, of poems by such Fredericton poets as Frederick Cogswell, C. F. Boyle, A. G. Bailey, Donald Gammon, and Miss Brewster. The chief inspiration of this new poetic movement has been Dr. A. G. Bailey, Dean of Arts and Professor of History at the University of New Brunswick, and it is altogether fitting that his volume of poems, *Border River*, should be the first clear sign that the movement has reached maturity.

Dean Bailey is one of the most learned men in Canada—a fact which has been recognized in his appointment to national institutions of scholarship such as the Royal Society, the Humanities Research Council, the Social Science Research Council, the Historic Sites and Monuments Board, and the National Library Committee. His learning has breadth as well as depth: he is equally erudite in the fields of history, sociology, and anthropology; he knows much of literature, philosophy, theology, psychology and political economy. All this may seem irrelevant to a review of his poetry, but it is not. The fact is that Bailey's poetry reflects almost all of his many-sided learning, that it is probably the most erudite poetry ever to come out of Canada.

The wealth of learning which Dr. Bailey possesses is one of the reasons why his poetry is "difficult". Many of his allusions, though a natural expression of his own mind, are beyond the comprehension of the average man. But there is another reason for this difficulty. Bailey writes elliptically, making the maximum use of the poetic shorthand of imagery and symbolism. What his poems lose in simplicity and directness, however, they gain in richness and suggestion. If they are hard to read, they are even harder to forget. Many of his lines go on ringing in the mind, gathering meaning and melody.

It would, however, be entirely wrong to suggest that Bailey is merely an intellectual poet. I should describe his work as religious rather than intellectual. It is the poetry of aspiration. Deeply stirred by the Christian message of love and salvation, and filled with a rich compassion for suffering humanity, Bailey evokes, in poem after poem, the eternal quest of man for his spiritual home.

Frequently he describes this quest as a sea voyage, and indeed the sea and ships are his favourite images. His poetry is filled, in spite of its cosmopolitan themes and manner, with the stuff of the Maritimes: the sea and its tides, ships and sailors, rivers and spruce forests, hills and valleys.

This fact suggests the peculiar distinction of his volume, which is that it fuses the native and the cosmopolitan into a personal alloy. Bailey knows and responds to New Brunswick; he knows and responds to the great minds of the past; he knows and responds to such modern poets as T. S. Eliot and Dylan Thomas. With these diverse threads he has woven a rich tapestry, the pattern of which however is entirely his own.

2. Arouse the bear's anger and let it chase you in the direction of the camp. (Be sure to keep ahead of it.)
3. On arrival in the camp jump into the cabin and take a seat by the window.
4. Start reading the local volume table for that district.
5. The bear, being curious by nature, will read over your shoulder through the window.
6. Open the door and let the beast come in and continue reading.
7. Be sure that the bear falls asleep sooner than you.
8. Once asleep it can be easily wrapped up in some tally sheets and makes a delightful stew.

Σ Δ Β Ρ

On Friday evening, after several weeks of preparations, the Residence Formal Dance was finally wafted into reality on the ethereal notes of Dick Ballance and his band. House Residents danced with the ladies of their choice in the gaily decorated hall from 9:30 until 12:30. For those who desired relaxation during the Formal, the tastefully illuminated pool surrounded by easy chairs was a pleasant and romantic haven. Chaperones for the evening were Dr. and Mrs. Trueman, Prof. and Mrs. Edwards, Dr. and Mrs. McAllister and Dr. Jones.

The general consensus of opinion on the following morning was that the dance had been one of the most successful and enjoyable held in the Residence for a long time. Already House members are hoping that a second formal may be held some time next term. Thanks are due to Mrs. Neilson and members of the kitchen staff who worked until a late hour on Friday providing coffee and sandwiches for the dancers.

The presence of the piano in the Residence during Thursday and Friday was sufficient to prompt several house members to try their hand at playing on the black and white keys. Some, notably "Piano-Roll" Cassidy and Bruce Whitehead, performed well and provided music for the more vociferous of our residents to accompany in song. As ever, such classics as "Mountain Dew" and "Cigarettes and Whiskey" proved to be the favourites as doubtless they will always be.

Three more teams representing the Residence have recently commenced playing in the five pin bowling league and Residence 1 and 2 in the water polo league. The addition of these teams brings to eight the number of Residence teams active in intramural sports this term. It would certainly appear that interest in intramural sports as in other campus activities is much higher in the Residence than among other students on this campus.

It has long been a custom in the Residence that all new House members, regardless of year at University, must perform telephone duty during their first year in Residence. Such duty consists of remaining in the lounge all evening approximately once a month in order to answer telephone calls. Punishment for not carrying out this duty is a fine of one dollar.

During this term a large number of instances have occurred of persons not being on duty. Unfortunately it is usually the seniors and juniors in University who are the guilty persons. On too many occasions such seniors and juniors have been heard to say that they would rather pay the fine than do telephone duty. Such an attitude is not one that would be expected from these people and is not setting a good example for our Freshmen. Perhaps if these Seniors and Juniors were made to go through initiation ceremonies together with the freshmen they would show a little more Residence spirit.

—EUREKA & TOBICLES

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