



"A VINDICATION."

February 20, 1948.

The Editor, The Brunswickan: Dear Sir or Madam: During last week I was in considerable mental anguish and in anticipation of grievous bodily harm. One of the gentlemen who wrote against my article met me in the corridor and threatened me by saying: "Remember, I'm out to get you!" If I am to continue the articles you wish discussed, I feel I should be provided with the protection of at least one of the campus police force when I attend classes.

I can, of course, see that Mr. MacAnlay had little choice but to protect his recent female membership increase. What he failed to point out in his letter was that the Co-Eds compromise not only 25% of the total membership of the U-Y, but 50% of the attendance (which is different!).

Mr. Rogers asks what do I mean by calling the SCM a social group? The context made it clear that the SCM is a group in which relations amongst the members, friend with friend, is of prime importance. Surely this is not unchristian! With a religious setting one can expect that religious knowledge will be gained by those present. Which of these is the by-product depends on the participants. In either case, I would admit the high value of the by-product. To find out which is by-product, Mr. Rogers could have his boys meet on Saturday night and his girls meet some Tuesday.

These two men, Mr. Editor, should be belabored slightly behind the left ear with a wet sock! Mr. Editor, my police protection.

All my love,

BILL HINE.

Reply to Skovmand

The Editor, The Brunswickan.

Dear Sir:—In last Friday's issue of The Brunswickan there was a letter from a Senior E. E. containing, to my mind, a completely unjustified attack on the literary magazine to be published by a group of students on the campus. There is no doubt that the author of this letter will not support the new venture whatever his interests may be, English certainly is not his strong point.

Whether or not the SRC was right in doing away with athletic

merits is not my concern here, but the attitude of certain students is. They feel that all cultural activities are to be assailed and ridiculed at every opportunity. They point with pride to the failure of their attempt in the past, and assume that they always will fail. They are pleased with themselves because they have never supported such a project in their whole university career. They look upon university life as merely something to be gotten through with the least effort possible and anyone who is sincerely interested in their projects as little more than a simpleton. Such an attitude is inexcusable in a people with such a cultural heritage as Canadians have. Any further progress is only possible through attempts such as this magazine, which if successful will put the work of young New Brunswick writers in the public eye. Merely making people aware of our New Brunswick talent in a service to Canada in itself.

A modern writer has expressed his thoughts on this subject so well that I should like to be allowed to quote a short passage. "The people which ceases to care for its literary inheritance becomes barbarous; the people which ceases to produce literature ceases to move in thought and sensibility." That is what can happen to this university if we allow this attitude to become general. These students attempt to destroy everything and offer nothing in return.

Sincerely,

DON ROWAN.

Misinformation, He Says.

The Editor,

The Brunswickan:

Dear Sir: As even a humorous article should not disseminate misinformation, perhaps you will allow one or two comments on the column in the 20th February issue referring to cold in our building No. 10.

The provision of heating is not confined to "a feeble frame in a little stove." That 4-foot stove burning half a dozen logs is only auxiliary to the hot air system. Unfortunately what we have been able to install will not raise indoor temperatures more than about 90 degrees above the outside, so that at 25 below, the classroom temperature does drop below the usual 70 degrees. On two mornings during the cold spell it was as low as 58 degrees for a time. That would be when the ink froze (in the columnist's fountain pen in his pocket).

Your last paragraph should have read "at the time of going to press the writer had not tried to 'contact' Dean Parr." Since term began I have not been away and nobody has ever been denied access to my office.

Another thousand dollars worth of stoves, or the oil to put in them if we had them, may not be available, but at least I am always ready to assist any student or professor who feels cold by listening sympathetically while he develops a personal high steam pressure in my office.

Incidentally someone might inform me when medical research found cold air to be the cause of the common head cold.

Yours truly,

D. KERMODE PARR, (Dean of Alexander College).

Who Does Give a Damn?

Dear Editor:

As everyone, I was glad to see a little variety in the weekly edition of the Brunswickan. The Engineers did a good job. But why must we be constantly reminded of how tough and swaggering an engineer is? I, for one, never doubted it. All this defence appears to be only for their own conviction.

I think their case can be stated as the attempt to answer some old familiar questions, which are found most neatly stated in an old Talmudic saying:

If I am not for myself, who will be for me?

If I am for myself, what am I?

If not now - when?

The engineers' answer is "We don't Give a Damn"; which really doesn't answer anything.

Thank you,

AN ARTSMAN.

Who does give a damn and who wishes his name withheld from publication due to the overwhelming majority of Engineers.

Barnard Replies, Too.

The Editor,

The Brunswickan.

Dear Sir:—The Brunswickan dated Friday Feb. 20 printed a letter written by Mr. Skovmand. On Saturday, fiendish class mates of mine drew along side me and whispered: "Did you see the letter in the Brunswickan?"

Usually, in the manner of most harried students, I skim thru everything I see, Freud, St. Thomas or Harold Dingman.—I skim thru the Brunswickan. If some piece catches the rough edge of my revolving thought then I stop, unhook it, and either fold it away or tear it in small pieces. That particular letter to the editor did not catch.

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Now, the fiendish devils are excited, so as is my practice, I hurried to bite at their apples.

I found no apples, no ideas, only a confusing massive complaint about the peculiar people who with their scroery had hoaxed the just Students' Representative Council into supporting a Literary Magazine I understand Mr. Skovmand's indignation, sometimes I think I understand more than I credit myself, but anyway I understand righteous indignation. . . And I think Mr. Skovmand is right, absolutely correct.

The magazine will die; the students will die (we have many fine examples of this); the SRC will die (and without just awards). Sure as hell the magazine will die, Mr. Skovmand.

I have a proposition; I budgeted for \$237.50 but I suppose the SRC enfeebled by new thought and greater maturity, as Skovmand pointed out, slipped on its death bed and changed its will and testament after I left the room. So let us kill this illegitimate magazine and pretend it was stillborn. With the \$500.00 mentioned, we can build a stone cairn; the crows may rest on its roof; a cairn to the death of imagination.

Once this evil is covered with stones we need no longer fear it. Afterwhile people may even pay to see the curious pile. People are peculiar. M. BARNARD.

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Around the Campus with Egbert . . .



Egbert says

"Now I wonder what kind of a job Pierre is taking this summer?"

Selecting a summer job is always a problem—but whatever job you choose, here's good advice, hold on to as many of those hard-earned shekels as possible. Put them into a B of M Summer Savings Account, and forget about them till the fall.

You'll like that solvent feeling of being able to put your dough on the line to meet early term expenses.

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AT IT AGAIN

The Freshmen again show ability to compete with the '48 as far as college spirit concerned. Any doubting this have been at the skating party which the class s at Alex last Friday. During there was some argument there would be skating or The dance was enjoyable was had by all, though th a couple of flares of temp the long arm of mischief creeping into a certain put the light on, causing a tary interruption. One br student said that he was quiet smoke. . .

The party on the who roaring success, some of t are still looking for the l who wasn't there. The reports that there was only tile of home-brew, neverth body went home dry and The Co-Eds, God bless t plied the eats. Bill Aubin thanked for controlling t and for his jokes. We fe would do well as a disc-j way he did a great job.

The radio raffle cause stir, Walt Fleet, a Freshm it wasn't fixed fellows, I tickets myself. Every n the class did a good job ey of the freshettes. She i the men would come back time. I wish I had be instead of a worker, mayb had the same treatment. C fellers she only said: "Co

An Apple for the Te One morning recently o math. classes was gatherin in Bldg. 3 at Alexander C one even suspected the was about to happen.

While everyone was set for the hour's nap, a hust the classroom because t plain view on the table Jones was something juicy and well curved! Someb brought an apple for th For a minute or so Mr. nothing, and the tension Then he rose, looked all ar with a wide smile, said: " boys." Everybody relaxe joyed a laugh

(We wonder if that wa on Mr. Jones' face, or was the bright spring sun?)

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