

Letters to the Editor

Fredericton, N.B.  
Jan. 20, 1952.

...swickan,  
...ulations on last week's  
the Brunswickan.  
...nted more news of stu-  
...nties than I can remem-  
...ng in any Brunswickan  
...st few years.  
...pinion there was an im-  
...nt in "make-up" as well  
...nt.

...that you will keep up  
...work, that more students  
...nter to become members  
...staff, and that together  
...make the Brunswickan  
...ation worthy of the Uni-  
...of New Brunswick.

...not aim at winning the  
...Bureau Trophy offered  
...petition among CUP mem-

Yours truly,  
Jack Murray  
Alumni Sec'y.

# Writer's Workshop

★  
By  
JOAN GOLDING  
★

For many years now MacGregor's collie, Locklad of Dunbar, had been the Highland champion, but he was getting old and today was to be his last showing. Interest was keen and ardent Highlanders had come from as far as Verness and Kilgornoch to get their last look at this champion.

He was standing alone at the great white gate waiting his turn. He was a strikingly handsome full-feathered animal; his straight long nose and thick shiny hair revealed his select ancestry. The defending champion seemed aware of his importance. He breathed more rapidly than usual, the heated moisture from his breath froze in the chilled air, then disintegrated. His whole body throbbed with anticipation on the excitement that would soon be his. The babble of voices behind his pen grew increasingly louder. Between the brooch bars of his enclosure he could see the different plaids of many knee-stocking covering the bony, the hairy, the deformed shapes. Deeply pleated kilts ended his leg examination; but to Locklan there was only one kilt that mattered. . . MacGregor's.

It was a crisp autumn day, the kind that bristles the hair in one's nostrils. Suddenly a hushed silence fell over the gathering. The champion tensed. . . it was so quiet he could hear the delicate crackling of a single crisp leaf as it fell to the hardened ground before him. With one echoing crash the gate was flung up; he darted forth. A spontaneous cry of encouragement rang from the anxious onlookers. Unexpectedly his pace slackened, he crouched low; his whole expression changed. The wide eyes grew slanted, the lips of his mouth curled up revealing sharp white teeth. The crowd drew back.

He advanced menacingly, his body almost sliding over the ground. His keen eyes never once wavered from the objective. Fear gleamed from their eyes and they pressed closer together as though their massed presence made them stronger. He slunk cautiously around the compressed group, slowly moving closer. . . and closer. . . Suddenly the frozen silence was split as several crazed members darted from the far side

and ran desperately down the stubbled slope to the brook. As though it were a delayed cue, the whole mass rushed forward, pushing, stumbling, falling. Locklad bounded ahead and rushed to the front of the retreat.

The leaders had crossed the small wooden bridge and were tearing off through the nearby field. The sound of hard feet echoing over the hollowed planks was terrifying. They were all pushing and scrambling and rushing for escape. The dog had advanced ahead of them all now and was angrily facing the band from the front. A young mother with her baby had been recklessly tripped and lay shaking and crying near the dog. With the lead cut off the only route of escape lay in retracing their steps.

It was then that the only source of refuge was sighted. The gate into the sheltered pen which had held the dog was wide open. They scrambled as one body towards it, the young ones and the mothers limping frantically behind. Safe at last! The gate was clamped behind them.

Over a loud microphone a man's voice hollowly began, "Gentlemen, again champion is MacGregor's collie Locklan of Dunbar, the greatest sheep dog of the Highlands. His voice softened. "He's a fine dog. . . a fine dog".

### Baby picture

This one, if he could  
He'd keep undisclosed  
The photograph's good  
But he's overexposed.

No wonder a dog is man's best friend. If someone gave you room and board and paid your taxes wouldn't you be friendly too?

### Its no Millinery Secret

Most hats that are women's  
Have delerium trimmins.

### Room Temperature

Some like it cold, some like it hot  
Some freeze, while others smother.  
And by some fiendish, fatal plot  
They marry one another.

# "Inspector" Plans Being Completed

When "An Inspector Calls" goes on stage on Jan. 31, Feb. 1st and 2nd., students and townspeople will be seeing a smooth running performance which is the culmination of this year's activities of the Drama Society. Few people are aware of all the effort necessary to put on a play of this sort. From the time of the choice of the play, through casting, rehearsing, making of sets, ticket sales, etc., up to when it is presented at Teachers College, a large number of students have been hard at work making "An Inspector Calls" and the Drama Society a success.

Alvin Shaw, the Director, carefully considered many plays this summer and suggested several to the society from which "An Inspector Calls" was chosen. This is written by J. B. Priestley the distinguished British novelist and playwright. It was first produced in 1946 at the 'Old Vic' and later had a successful run on Broadway in 1947 and '48. "An Inspector Calls" is an unusual thought-provoking play combining mystery with penetrating social and moral comment. It tells of the connection between the well-to-do socially prominent Birling family and a poverty stricken girl who has committed suicide. The mysterious Inspector Goole, played by Dan MacArthur (star of Last year's "Taming of the Shrew") unfolds the part each member of the Birling family has played in her downfall.

The fact that the actors do not alone make the play will be realized when the impressive sets are seen. They were designed by Professor Shaw and the stage crew, Willie Schure, Al Trambley and Gord Fenton have been working hard on them.

The University gave the Dramatic Society the use of a room in the basement of the Forestry Building. At present the sets are being painted by the stage crew with the help of Lucy Jarvis, dance, a bridge party and the publication of the Co-ed Brunswickan. The girls will also hold an exhibition hockey game with the faculty which usually proves to be hilarious. . . and victorious for the co-eds.

Final plans for these events will be concluded at a buffet supper meeting to be held at the Ladies' Residence.

# Co-eds Plan Week For Feb. 17 - 23

Last Friday there was a dinner meeting of the Ladies' Society. The main topic of the meeting was, of course, Co-ed week, and it was finally decided that the joyous event would take place the week of Feb. 17-23.

Something new has been planned for entertainment in the form of a basket social. For those who are not familiar with rustic social do's, the procedure is as follows. All the girls take a basket containing a lunch. This basket is to be gaily decorated, and no girl is to let anyone know which basket (or box) is hers. She inserts a card with her name on it inside the wrappings. The baskets are then auctioned off to the highest bidders among the men. (It was decided that a definite price limit would be set) The man who buys a basket then eats its contents with the girl who prepared it. Sound simple? Sure, but it's lots of fun. To round out the evening, everyone joins in a barn dance.

Other items on the agenda include the regular Co-ed Week

# Ski Club Dance Special

It was observed by our reporter that the Engineers have taken a new interest in life. . . Two of the group of the "Distinguished" were seen in deep discussion off to one side of the dance floor. Suddenly without warning the subject they had both been studying gave way before them. . . When will they learn not to lean on the Foresters for support. . . Them trees were fer' decoration, fellows, not learning. No wonder you got it in the end. . .

# INTERNATIONAL ATTITUDES

By MARY LOU O'BRIEN

Not long ago we ran the headline "RUSSIAN EXCHANGE GAINS STRENGTH", but there has been no mention of this proposal which caused so much talk on Canadian camps this fall. Dr. Kirkonnell of Acadia explained that a "Student delegation would almost certainly be picked member of the Soviet political police, with a subversial job to do in this country". Whether this be true or not is certainly a question open for debate, and as long as we prefer to remain in ignorance on such a point it is just one less opportunity gained to restore world co-operation.

What follows in this article may seem to be irrelevant to the question of Russian students but, I hope it may show what a meeting of students from all nations can do.

In the summer that has just passed there was a seminar held at Limbour Quebec where 67 students from all parts of the globe met to study together for over a month. This meeting was sponsored by the International Student Service, an organization which was first set up to develop exchange. Their purpose in holding such a seminar was to give expression to a world university community. They work and interest gives them an international unity. First let me speak of the site, which was a small Catholic college. Those present were of every denomination possible, and they were able to listen to lectures given by some of the priests with all the interest and respect possible. This in itself may seem small, but the fact that Jews, Moslems, Indians and Europeans, as well as Canadians and Americans, lived together in the same dorms, ate at the same tables, and even had many of the same problems, proved to some extent that the similarities were much more prominent than the differences.

This does not mean that at the beginning all was complete peace and harmony for at first there was a certain tension that could be felt in the atmosphere. I recall special cases, where a Jewish girl on meeting a German had to force herself to be civil. She told me later that the thoughts foremost in her mind were that in Poland she had seen over 60 Jews put to death at the hands of German soldiers, and this included most of the members of her own family. Her first idea seemed to be that she could not possibly tolerate this young man with the scar across his face to signify that he had been a member of these horrid aggressors. This feeling lasted for a time until she got to know others at the seminar, and found that they were interested in hearing his views, and found his entertaining without feeling hostile.

There was also a medical student from Holland who met this same German chap, and after talking to him for a while, a strange look passed between them. While talking with her later I found that he had asked her if she came from Holland, and was "Breda". Then his face reddened when he realized that she knew he had been there during the war. She showed me her badly scarred legs which were the result of a bad freezing, when she and her family barely escaped to Switzerland in time.

She said afterward that she realized in her heart that she couldn't hold one person responsible for the crimes they were forced to commit under the pressure of war. It wasn't long before I realized that she was making an honest effort to talk to "Joachim", and they even able to talk about the last war without any looks of enmity.

(Cont'd page 6, col. 3)



use  
y won't let  
wear it  
ess it fits

## SOCIETY MEN'S SHOP

554 Queen St  
For Those Who Prefer Quality

this way  
priming coat is sometimes

clearest demonstration of  
ast this country is losing its  
l occurs in giving a small  
bath.

man can remain a  
lor, provided of course no  
n wants him.

evision has made a wonder-  
ange in American conversa-  
There's less of it.

# THE SHOE OF CHAMPIONS

THE SHOE OF CHAMPIONS

# THE WORLD'S FINEST TOBACCOS make PHILIP MORRIS the most pleasing cigarette you can smoke!

MILD . . . SMOOTH . . . SATISFYING!

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With trim, short point non-wilt spread collar

Another Arrow favorite! Arden has the short, spread collar that won't wilt . . . stays fresh all day long . . . yet needs no starch. Mitoga cut for perfect fit and Sanforized-labeled, of course. For a gem of a white shirt, and a whale of a value —ask for the Arrow Arden!