

## EARLY IN THE MORNING

by BETH CATTLEY

There are some facts which fail to impress me, no matter how much research has led to their discovery and subsequent announcement. The triumph of advertisers who have found out that 78,515 people in Ontario eat Grape Nuts for breakfast or that half of New Brunswick's population have tried anti-rheumatism pills with success, leaves me unmoved. However, one fact which does disturb me greatly is that every day begins with a morning.

There are many people who wake with joy to see that the sun has risen and it is time to be up and doing. There may even be people who are completely indifferent to mornings, who would not care if morning lasted all day long. I envy them. They do not begin their work with the feeling that there is already a heavy count against them.

When I open my eyes to see that morning has come again, my immediate reaction is to close them as tightly as possible. Then I tell myself that if I throw back the covers and jump out of bed, the worst part of the whole miserable process of getting up will be over. In spite of myself though, I lie there thinking that I will have just five minutes more. In the twenty minutes that follows I am more and more tortured by the contrast of the warm cave of blankets and the hard cold floor of the room. In vain I picture the large blue cup of steaming coffee which will make me feel at least human, and by the time I am late enough to have to rush through breakfast I have made myself utterly wretched.

However, I must admit that there is a wide variation in mornings. Many of them depend on whether the sky is blue or even gray with the crimson streaks which promise a fine day. Sometimes there may be a dense band of fog to the tops of the trees which will vanish from the bottom up leaving a wreath suspended from the branches like the grin of the cheshire cat in "Alice in Wonderland". Then I think there is something freakish and gay about the world which answers to no rules but follows its own whims in defiance of the rhythm and order of nature. For a moment I am in sympathy with it although I know that I would not leave secure routine for a life of following my fancy. It does at any rate, provide a lift of spirit and a change in my prevailing feeling about mornings.

When I was younger, I used to think a night watchman's job ideal. Off he goes, swinging his light into the darkness with all the world to himself; and when dawn spreads and the street lights blink out, he can go home and blanket his head against the energetic bustle of other people's day. The clear uncompromising sunlight need not prod him into action.

I did not become a night watchman though. A little serious consideration convinced me that the terrors of constant darkness outweighed the accusing shrill of my alarm clock; and the even more accusing ping it gives ten minutes later. Who knows what might be lurking in one of the darkened corners of a building? On some nights "it" would not go away at the very loudest whistling of "Davy Crockett", but would creep about sometimes ahead of me and sometimes behind me as I tried to slow my panicky footsteps. I suppose I could always obey my impulse to turn on every light I could find, but when nothing was there, I would feel foolish and my ego would be deflated accordingly.

Therefore I have come to the conclusion that if mornings are a collective evil, at any rate they are a necessary one and must be put up with as gracefully as possible. All the same, waking to a new day always means a bad temper to me and I have met kindred spirits who claim to experience the same although I can never believe they feel as hostile to the rest of the world as I do.

My family asks reproachfully if I might make an effort to be polite and chatty over coffee but the more courteous I am on the surface the more I seethe underneath and no attempt to overcome my resentment to people in the morning has succeeded yet. Psychologists would doubtless point this out as a symptom of deep dissatisfaction with life in general. However, my mother tells me that when I was a child I used to scream with rage for ten minutes when I awoke; and so I could hardly be dissatisfied with a life of playing with blocks and walking in the park, I think that it must be in my very nature to dislike mornings.

On second thought that is entirely too neat an excuse for my prejudice. It presupposes that I have inherited my tendency to laze about in bed all day, as if my mother had been a nightclub dancer who only arose after the sun had definitely disappeared. She wasn't. She and all my ancestors were a hard working morning prayerful sort of people so that I cannot plead that my unfortunate trait comes from them, if they were able to pass such a thing on at all. It is true that my father had a good friend called Mr. Roe who was eaten by a lion one morning, but I hardly think that would affect me. As a matter of fact, I was rather glad to hear that Mr. Roe had passed on, because he, as a vegetarian, was always trying to persuade my parents that we children should eat nothing but spinach and radishes. However, I still think that it is a part of my makeup which makes me dislike mornings so intensely, and since I can do nothing about it, my motto for the breakfast table will continue to be: "If you can't say anything unpleasant, don't say anything at all".

I wonder what it is about a morning that put me in such an impossible mood. Sometimes, of course, it breaks into an incredible dream, just as I am on the verge of a discovery or climax of an adventure. It would irritate anyone to have a theatre curtain fall halfway through the last act. There he would be, trying to pierce the thick wine curtain, whilst the neighbours banged about looking for their robbers. In the same way I am irritated when my dream is interrupted, and can account for my filthy mood.

Occasionally of course I will experience one of those mornings when I am up and out very early and when the sun is just beginning to warm the crisp air. This is an enchanted hour. The road dust glitters and the sparrows chirp like nightingales singing. Then I feel as if I possessed the whole world, even the milkman, who is too busy to notice that he belongs to me.

Occasionally, too, I find that I must catch a train at some hour before there will be so much as a hint of daylight. The stationmaster spends a long time convincing me that there is such an hour as five thirty a.m., but when the dreaded morning comes I find no hardship in leaving my warm bed. There are the suitcases in the corner ready to be snatched up after I use my toothbrush. The room is so clean and bare that it seems anxious to get rid of me. Soon I reach the restless station platform where the engine is spitting steam, impatient with these little squeaking people on legs. The porters are wheeling those great carts about and I smile at the little boy who wishes to go and help. Instead, his mama pulls him back to wipe his face with a licked handkerchief as he wrinkles his nose and struggles to get free. There is an expensive looking man who walks up and down determinedly as if he could urge anyone to settle affairs more quickly. A bunch of girls who are obviously going to camp are counted and recounted by a nervous little woman whose shoes hurt and whose hair is coming out of its bun in wisps. I am suddenly glad that I am not one of these other people, but me. As the train jolts off I am surprised to find that I like this particular morning.

However, as a general rule I wish that mornings could be abolished forever by an act of parliament. The only thing which prevents me from writing my M.P. about it is that such a step taken by the government would aggrive those amazing people, my neighbours, who go so far as to sing in the early morning.

# ASIA

## DEMOCRACY'S CHALLENGE

### ASIA'S PEOPLE

More than half the people of the world live in Asia. A century ago they were regarded as a negligible factor in international relations, except as economic or political assets to be fought over by the Western powers. To-day, however, the peoples of Asia are unquestionably important and often of central importance in the gravest international issues of our age. No one can prophesy what their role will be tomorrow or the next day, except that it is certain to be a far larger one than to-day. While it may be an exaggeration to suggest that Asia will decide the fate of the world, it would be no exaggeration to say that the fate of the world will be that of Asia; for in a rapidly shrinking world it seems unlikely that there will be more than one fate for mankind. It is all the more urgent, therefore, that the vital changes taking place in Asia should be properly appreciated, for the awakening of a giant continent is of the greatest importance to the future of mankind and requires imaginative statesmanship of a high order. The problems of this awakening will not be solved by looking at it with fear or in a spirit of isolationism by any of us. It requires a friendly and understanding approach, clear objectives and a common effort to realize them.

### SELF-RESPECT

Across the continent of Asia more than a billion of the world's people are churning in one of history's greatest upheavals. All the struggles of man over the centuries — economic, political and spiritual — have come together in Asia and now seem to be reaching a climax. To Asians, nationalism means a chance to stand on their own feet, to govern themselves, and to develop their resources for their own welfare. It means the end of legalized inferiority, and the re-establishment of equality and self-respect in their relationships with other nations.

In the momentous changes that have transformed Asia from colonial or dependent status to that of free nations, a new challenge faces democracy in these areas. That challenge represents the basic problem of our time. It is not the H-bomb with all its potential horrors, nor even war itself. It is POVERTY.

To-day, two-thirds of all mankind live in conditions of squalor, hunger, disease, starvation, illiteracy, and premature death. A recent United Nations Survey cited that twelve poorest nations of the world have an annual per capita income of less than \$50.00; 17 more nations have an annual per capita income of between \$50 and \$100; the 29 poorest countries with well over half the world population have only 4% of the world income, while the 8 richest countries with one-tenth of the world population enjoys 56% of the world income. In Southeast Asia alone some 80% of the people are illiterate; the average life expectancy is below 33 years; and infant mortality figures vary between 100-250 per 1000 live births.

Such poverty is not new in human history; it is as old as man himself. But what is new is the recognition that it is not the inevitable lot of men. The masses of Asia, who for ages have endured poverty and misery, can no longer continue to do so, especially when they have come to know what comfort and convenience a better material life can afford them. The spirit of detachment, native to the genius of Asia, which for ages tolerated the miseries of everyday life as part of the order of things, is now becoming galvanized with the same impatient yearning for betterment which the masses of the West experienced soon after the Industrial Revolution. And so it is important that many of the difficulties that the world is encountering to-day arise from the fact that the suppressed people are demanding a share in the very liberties which are so dear to the countries of the West; in this context, the unrest in Asia is a sign that democracy is growing — and not dying. As such, the desire of Asians to be recognized as equals with a right to a decent standard of life cannot be justifiably suppressed or even postponed; this is the Asian Revolution, and it is utterly independent of communism. Asia's problem is not so much the 'way of life' to be followed, whether it be the American or the Russian way — but the MEANS of life.

### A NEW HOPE

To-day the people of Asia are struggling towards the achievement of a more just and equitable society, and have welcomed the assistance extended by foreign countries. Unfortunately, the response of the Western countries, though generous, has been grossly inadequate in terms of the total situation. Sometimes, political and military considerations have influenced the offer of help; such assistance has been rejected not on account of ingratitude or a sense of superiority, but because of the hesitancy of these countries to compromise or barter their newly-found independence and freedom. Sometimes, too, the motives of the Western countries have been suspected in view of their continued support of regimes which no longer hold the confidence of their respective people; such actions on the part of the West do not strengthen the appeal of democracy and do, in fact undermine it seriously in many countries. However, the greatest failure on the part of the Western democracies is the inability to appreciate the urgency of the human situation. In times of war,

## CAMPUS COMMENT

In the future you will find under this heading facts about the campus, which attract my eye or ear, and seemed suitable for criticism. It may not always be pleasant, to read comments about you or your groups doings, but it may be useful, and improvements may even arise from it. I have one request to make, however. Do not take everything I write personally. I definitely do not intend to revenge myself on people or try to make them sound absurd. What I will merely try to do is improve our campus as an institution thereby including its manager, faculty, students and organizations.

The people in our community seem to excel in working in localities which are greatly lacking oxygen and are overheated. Is it that we prefer a bad smell to fresh air, or are we just too lazy to do anything about it? The Arts building on many an occasion seems to me an anti-chamber of hell, if hell is as hot as all that, while at times I am afraid to light a cigarette in the reading room of the library, for fear of exploding the whole building (and what would we then do with our fees on overdue books?) And now I have not even mentioned the classroom in the chemistry hut.

In most of these cases opening the windows from time to time to let the bad smell out and a minimum of fresh air in would do the trick, and perhaps a warning from the officials to the people in charge of the furnaces, to tell them that a thaw has taken the place of sub-zero weather outside.

Some results might be: More time for the ones, who now spend half the lecture to fight a swiftly and treacherously attacking sleep (not to mention the ones who have stopped fighting it!); Fewer sore throats for professors; More effective use of the library; Bet-

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have on the campus of U.N.B. In this respect our programme has, I am sure, been a very successful one, but we must not let ourselves forget the students who are not so fortunate as to be here in Canada with us. To aid in the work of alleviating the conditions of ill health and poverty in which students around the world must study, the U.N.B. committee of the Word University Service is staging a mammoth campaign from February 27th to March 9th. Our objective is \$1000. With your help and awareness of the task which MUST be done, we know that we can even go over the top; but, EVERYONE must give. We ask you to share to-day that they might share tomorrow.

### New Facts About Hitler's Private Life

Was the Fuehrer insane? Did he really marry his mistress, Eva Braun, the night before they planned to kill themselves? Was his body burned or is it secretly buried?

In February Reader's Digest Heinz Linge, Hitler's personal valet for 20 years, now reveals intimate facts about the dictator's private life — answers many puzzling questions. Get your February Reader's Digest today: 38 articles of lasting interest, including the best from current books, leading magazines, condensed to save you time.

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