

COSMOPOLITAN

by STEVAN D. KARON

Cosmopolitan to most of us would mean (that is the ones who know what it means) a world citizen. I would like to open the field wider and use the defined word more loosely by terming it opposite to Metropolitan, so that it will allow me to discuss both Canadian and international affairs. That is exactly my aim in writing these columns. For instance the topic I have chosen for this week should be quite close to our hearts: Canadianism.

Now the first thing one would say is, does it really exist? I believe it does, but in word or expression only. The sole reason it does not work as a force is due to our lack of national unity and national goal. Besides that of course, we must include the strong American influence which we have used rather childishly as a scapegoat for our own problems.

The sole method by which Canadianism or Americanism is arrived at is through nationalism. Many of you will shrink back from the bare sound of that word. Those people do so are really only pessimists or sceptics who only see the bleak and ugly side of this word. They do so because some maniacs in the past have used nationalism for their own ends. I mainly refer to Hitler's Germany. Since nationalism is made by man, it can be wrought by man. It will either do a good job or a bad one according to the will of the people. Before you jump to see the bad side of it, you must take in consideration that Nationalism was the only true force that created the United States. That country is just one example, but it is closest to home. And for the fear that Nationalism

would produce a dictator in Canada, is totally absurd. How could Canada have a one man rule? Look at poor old Caette—he has become the laughing stock of Canada, besides the U.S. would never permit a dictatorship to exist in our country. And whether we like it or not, we can not renounce that nation's influence, but instead let us face it, and make the best of it.

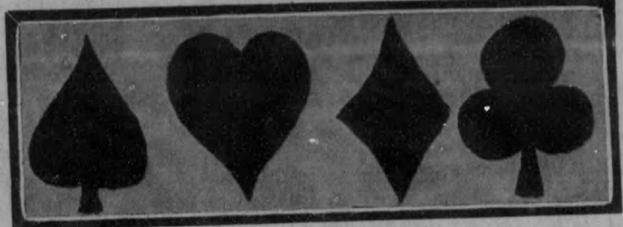
But what I mean by Nationalism is really in its purest form—love for one's country—for which every citizen would be prepared to lay down his life. This Canadianism, to make Canada a nation would erase our procrastination and compromising methods. A compromise is a good umbrella but a lousy roof! A distinctive national flag should be agreed on immediately. Sure some won't agree, but with time they will. Otherwise Canada would become a model of useless Greece, debating uselessly without taking (making) any decision. Some people will never agree—that we must realize. A national emblem will help Canadians from coast to coast acquire a new pride from this flag which flies across our land. Same with a national anthem.

Fine, these are just small crumbs which perhaps appeal to our emotions but they are the foundation of any nation. And no one can doubt the truth of this as he has just to look and see what the first thing any nation does. These national symbols bind a nation together into one country—one race. Canada in the past has been labouriously experimenting with a dual language system—good. We have

tried—but it does not work. It would be foolish not to arrive at that conclusion. It has not been a wasted experiment, but let us not waste our precious time by not admitting its failure. In a country the size of Switzerland it might work—fine. But in Canada it can't for the simple reason that our land is much bigger in area and we have a small population which does not come in contact with one another as often. How can you expect a native of Regina to be bilingual — when the chances are he will never meet a French-Canadian and even less that he will converse with him. Besides it is an undeniable fact that English is spoken throughout Canada—this is not true to its superiority nor because of the lack of respect for French. But at the same time we must face the facts, for the good of Canada. Let us not be stubborn about it. We have tried long enough.

Again let us look at what occurred in the U.S.A. Of course, do not take those comparisons with our powerful neighbour as an indication of my being pro-American, I am neither. But America has shared some of our history especially in drawing its original settlers from the same area. One of the things they did was to take a vote on a national language. English won by one vote over German—that is how close it was. That meant that approximately 49% were in favour of German. Yet this large minority group realized that for the good of their nation they should accept this vote.

But most important then these initial phases which we must take if we are to survive, are the sacrifices and effort Canada will demand of us. We will have to forget our petty sectional differences. We remain sitting back watching T.V. thereby hoping a nation will be built. Yes, it is up to us—let us not pass the buck—for we are the future citizens of this land of promise! We have the raw materials and a bountiful area in which to achieve these



by DAVE WHITWORTH

Bridge is a social asset. The purpose of the column is to teach the fundamentals of bridge to students without taking up so much of their time that they fail their year. Hands actually used at the U.N.B. Duplicate Bridge Club will be used in order to illustrate the proper techniques in bidding and playing the cards.

S K J 6 2
H A J 10 6 4
D A 7 3
C 9

S A Q 7 5 3
H K 9 7
D K 2
C J 6 5

	N	
W		E
	S	

S 10 9
H 5
D Q 9 6 5
C Q 10 8 4 3 2

Dealer.
S 8 4
H Q 8 3 2
D J 10 8 4
C A K 7

North-South vulnerable			
South pass	West 1 Spade	North pass	East 2 Hearts
4 Hearts	pass		pass

Opening lead 10 of spades

The bidding is straight-forward, West's bid shows a minimum of thirteen points and at least a four card spade suit. North's vulnerable overall shows the equivalent of an opening bid plus at least a five card suit. South's bid is open to question but seems the best under the circumstances, he lacks the spade stopper required to bid in no-trump, is too strong for a three heart bid and can see little possibility of a game in diamonds.

The play at four hearts is simple, West takes his Ace and returns a small spade won by North's Jack. North then leads his singleton nine of clubs to the ace and leads to the Queen of Hearts which West covers with his King and North wins with the ace then leads out the Jack and ten of hearts clearing the suit. He then cashes the King of Spades and ruffs (trumps) his last spade in dummy. Next the King of Clubs is cashed, North discarding a small diamond. North then concedes a small diamond and claims the rest of the tricks.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—We present this column in the knowledge that many UNB students play bridge. If you like the idea, write us and we will see that it remains a regular Brunswickan feature.

BEEFS AT THE BOOKSTORE

by BILL PIERCE

"Cripes, that's more money than I've got in the bank," squeals a discomfited student who has just purchased his year's supply of textbooks—of the best quality paper, carefully bound by the best bookbinders, printed by union printers and written by the foremost professors in U.S. schools. Our professors feel that we must have and cherish forever these souvenirs of our days trudging up and down the Hill looking like travelling book salesmen.

The price racket revolves around the high cost of typesetting combined with very expensive paper, royalties and many other overhead costs. The standard mark-up for University texts is 20%—a figure small in comparison to the 100%-200% mark up on such articles as women's hats, shoes and U.N.B. leather jackets. The publisher's list price including the mark-up is printed on the invoices sent with the texts. Out of this modest 20%, the bookstore must pay 6%-10% in express and freight charges, for books are a very heavy, and therefore, costly thing to ship. The remaining 10% must pay the salaries of employees, heating, lighting, insurance and general office expenses including frantic wires to book companies for texts which professors neglect to order early and for which some student has an urgent need—perhaps to read at noon in the Arts Centre.

One begins to wonder when a student wants all new texts as well as every possible reference

book and then is shocked to learn the cost of his extravagance.

And then, of course, there is our ever-popular would-be play boy with two or three quarts of the N.B.L.C.B.'s best Scotch under his arm, or perhaps it is the lady-killer treating his favourite freshettes at the Lady Beaverbrook to good French champagne—all the while curing "these crooks" who clean his change purse at the bookstore during the day.

A student who spends \$1500 a year shouldn't mind spending \$75 or \$100 on the tools of his trade. Many men have educated themselves without fancy residences, cars, women or booze, but none without the benefit of their elder's knowledge as written in one form or another since the beginning of time.

The devalued dollar has raised the price of American books, i.e., the majority of our texts, an additional 10% this year—over and above the usual annual inflation. Little can be done by anyone about this—so grin and bear it.

The price of supplies in the campus bookstore has in many cases been marked down below the suggested retail price of the distributor's and a good supply of worthwhile paperbacks are kept on hand to keep the prices as low as possible.

We are indeed lucky that we do not have to purchase books and supplies from profit-happy chain stores or unscrupulous small town merchants.

Voice Of The Free

The main weapon of the Soviet Union in this era of the Cold War is propaganda. That nation uses any sort of line, twisting the truth in it to damage its opponents, the dirty and capitalistic United States.

This column will attempt to show its readers just how ridiculous and feeble some of this propaganda is. This first quip concerns Radio Free Armenia, which satirizes the Soviet way of life and thought.

On Education

A Soviet teacher asked her best pupil some questions. The dialogue goes something like this: "What is life like in America?" "Teacher, all workers in America are starving and

many of them are unemployed. Only the rich capitalist pigs of Wall Street can eat. Negroes are lynched every day and no one is happy."

"Tell us about life in the Soviet Union, please."

"Teacher, life in this glorious nation is wonderful. We have full employment. The State provides every thing we need and want. All our schools are free. Here, no one is unhappy."

"Good," said the teacher. "Now tell us what is our party slogan."

"Teacher, our slogan is, WE MUST CATCH UP WITH AND SURPASS THE UNITED STATES!"

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