

### A Report

(Continued from Page Six)

Sorbonne, French sounded everywhere. The phrases I didn't understand were just as melodious and exciting as those which conveyed a meaning. I must admit I was disappointed with the cafe au lait—too bitter even with quantities of sugar. But the bread—nothing like it.

We lay down on our beds—just for a minute—mustn't miss anything. Already I'd opened wide the french doors, opening onto a tiny balcony yes, there it is... the tower Eiffel. I am, I really am here.

I woke with a start. I roused up some of the others and we walked over to meet the boys. A chat at a sidewalk table and lunch avec du bon vin in a student eating-place, a reception by the French ISS with patisseries that tempted me to overindulge and white wine that I mistook for a sweetened and bubbleless champagne. Dinner for

next to nothing near the Existentialist hangout in an out of the way restaurant whose facade Bill Turner described as looking like a chinese laundry. Then up narrow cobbled streets, past a small vineyard to Montmartre, a sudden hill which bounces up in Paris about a mile north of the Seine. Twilight. A reddish sky. Paris lights blinking on below us. Soft music of violins from the open cafe doors. Art shops cluttered with Paris in watercolours. Petite red lights on tables crowded together under a square of trees.

Suitcases heaved on top of the bus, past Notre Dame, across the Seine and the last au revoirs to the French students who looked out for us. The French eskimo pies—chocolate browning my skit. Settling into the carriage. A last minute dash down le quai to buy two bottles of wine. Oh, that French money. So much paper and such big billets. Who's got a cork-screw? "No, don't dig at it like that, the wine will be full of cork."

A young priest, Pere James, accepting a petit coup of our wine. "I am so thirsty". Student chatter. Paris slips by and is behind us.

These are my impressions of Paris, impressions made on a tired body but receptive heart. I fell in love with what I saw. When tourist minded people or my Art and Archeology professors ask me what I saw I can say I glanced at the Pantheon as I hurried past to lunch. That I've been in the American express office, stopped for a minute at the Place d'Oera and have sat at a table of the Cafe de la Paix. But this is not Paris to. It is Montmartre at twilight, the houses hugging the streets, the

woman who saw Canada on my battered blue hat and stopped me to tell me she's had a Canadian boy stay with her during the war. It's the woman in the epicerie who told me where the boulangeris was. It's the elderly bearded priest in black robes who smiled shyly and shrugged his shoulders when I asked him if I might take his picture and then, flattered, waited on the narrow sunlit street in front of the cafe while I clicked the shutter. It's the taste of the petit pain alone on the street, the wine, and the tip of the Tour Eiffel rising above the roofs beyond my window. It's that and much more. It's this I love. This is my Paris.

an eye to future years an effort will be made to give Freshmen and sophomores experience in league and exhibition debates. Everyone will have an opportunity to participate in debates.

Meetings of the debating society are held every Monday evening at 7:15 in Room 201 of the Arts Building.

Now is the time for all debaters to come to the aid of the society. (P. S. Coeds especially welcome!)

### Projects; Now Sure And Past

Almost \$200,000 has been spent on books, clothing, and food. Arrangements ISS has made will buy \$4 worth of medication for one dollar.

Students, formerly in Canada, are now studying in Canadian universities. Canadian students, formerly in Canada, are now studying in Canadian universities.

Change students from now studying in Canada to now studying in Canada.

Plans to extend the scope of the scholarship program.

Plans to hold a fourth European conference.

### Why Not Go To School in EUROPE?

By Jackie Webster

For the information of any who feel they are having a tough time making the grade at U.N.B., particularly the hard working Arts students, we submit a brief commentary on European education.

In the Middle Ages when higher learning was a very esoteric affair, all European Universities employed the tutorial system which now only England uses. In the late Middle Ages, the students developed into a fairly tough crowd whose extra curricular activities consisted of duels and the famous tradition of student beer parties, which our own little school enthusiastically supports, has its origin here.

Public school for the European student is compulsory. The student attends school at six; after eight years at public school he goes into an apprenticeship of some type. If his mother is ambitious and his father has money, he will leave his class-mates after four years and enter a high school for nine years. High school teaching is tougher and more intensive in Germany than it is here. The teachers are required to hold a degree to the standard of an M.A. at least.

Our student will get 30 to 35 hours of classes during the week in subjects like Latin, Greek, English, French, German, Math, Physics, etc. He will struggle through grammar in various languages and see the pure reason of Math. He will cough in a chem lab and catch cold the morning his classmates are writing an essay on Hamlet. He will get Faust as an intellectual Easter dessert.

The style and methods of teaching are similar to those employed here. Bavaria's stout-hearted Minister of Education has re-introduced physical punishment, however. The hard-working student doesn't have to worry about annual exams, but written and oral tests keep him in constant tension throughout the year. A day's homework may easily consist of a translation of 30 Homeric verses, perhaps thirty more of Catullus, one problem in Infinitesimal Math, and one in Analytical Geometry, some reading in German and some Biology. At the end of High School he takes one great exam covering more than ten subjects. The exam is more difficult than many University exams, but once it is passed, a Certificate of Maturity is issued which entitles enrollment in any university. The student by this time, if he survives, is supposed to be a reasonable person, capable of scientific work and studies. He has a well rounded education.

In the last twenty years, especially during and after the war, difficulties have arisen. As the Universities refused to adjust their standards to the lower High School level, this often made it difficult for the student on entering University.

But the education in the last

High School years is in some sense parallel to undergraduate study in North America. The knowledge is not as profound as that obtained in particular fields of undergraduate study here, but it is broader. Not very many Europeans can afford University education so the last years of High School must take and carry out the functions of undergraduate studies. If the student proceeds to University he specializes in some faculty immediately. The advantage of the North American system is that in the undergraduate years a preparation for possible jobs is given in addition to general education. Another advantage of our North American system is that more people attend the Universities and so obtain a social education many people in Europe have to miss. Relatively, not nearly as many attend European Universities, but those who do always proceed to the standard of an M.A. or a Ph.D.

### Wanted: Debaters

Poor attendance at scheduled meetings of the debating society has prevented planning of the season's activities. New members are sorely needed especially from the Freshmen, Sophomore and Junior classes.

The policy of the society this year will be a long range one. With

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