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A Possible Divergence

Funny thing about the liberal arts course at this institution . . . it has come to include (although not officially) a course in statuary decoration. Actually, the unique aspect which has been attached, is the specialized type of artistry which is attempted and the covert manner in which one's training may be applied. Oddly enough, the particular course appears to have appeal in each of the several faculties, and enthusiasm in any one may usually be calculated on the number of idiots therein.

Recognizing the undeniable aesthetic value in any such development, we cannot help but look askance at the ghastly tastes displayed by some of the most rabid proponents of the movement. Admittedly, the field of endeavor is somewhat restricted. One has the alternative of taking one's paint bucket to the green and practising on the effigy of the late Robert Burns which has been erected there, or he may be singularly daring and original and apply his paint to the statue of Bobby Burns. Either way, one is almost certain of a large and appreciative gallery; however the opinion of this group does not hold much water with the art critics and is not, as has been implied, always indicative of a very well executed job.

Used to be that an artist who had achieved such recognition as would allow him a public exhibition on the green was a remarkable fellow indeed. Moreover, it was usually in connection with some festive occasion. Of late years, however, the calibre of production exhibited has steadily deteriorated, and the appearance of such has come to be sporadic and apparently unmotivated.

Lest such an admirable institution perish in its very cradle, it is expedient that some regulation and perhaps a spark of originality be interjected. Up to this point, there has been a portrayal of only one aspect of the many-sided Burns' personality. The macabre has been interpreted, re-interpreted and even diluted in the bards' well-loved scotch whisky. Without seeming to presume, we would suggest as a possible divergence, a three-cornered baby-blue loin-cloth, for a "portrait of the artist as a young man."

Mid-Year Exams

Within recent weeks, both Acadia and the University of New Brunswick have announced the addition of mid-term examinations. In a statement issued with their announcement respecting the new policy, the faculty of Acadia pointed out that the new system would certainly have its defects, but that it was felt to be a definite improvement over the old.

Polls taken at both universities have indicated that the move was not popular with the students. In a survey conducted by The Brunswickan it was revealed that 79% of the student body disapproved of the abolition of the mid-term papers. An unofficial poll on the Acadia campus displays a similar reaction among students there.

But student reaction in such cases do not necessarily show wherein lies the greatest good. The average student is likely to take the stand that mid-year examinations make a course easier, or at least, easier to study for at the last minute, and will not consider the ultimate good brought about by more methodical methods. In all too many cases, a Bachelor's degree is obtained by students whose only recommendation is their ability to learn so much in so little time to so little lasting advantage.

Undoubtedly, mid-term papers do have their good points. They give the student an opportunity to see his relative position before it is too late for any remedy, if one is necessary. They afford an opportunity to judge a professor's preference . . . since professors are not mathematical calculators and do have individual preferences with respect to types of material or styles required. And they allow a student . . . particularly a new student . . . to get the "feel" of writing what may be an entirely new type of examinations.

But the new systems supply partial substitutes for these points, in that regular tests . . . tests not counting in final examination marks . . . are given. These tests can provide a great deal of information about relative positions, professors' preferences, and type of examinations.

The college student must learn that the burden of study lies on him—his professor should not be required to apply force. Similarly, he should realize that examinations should not supply the only impetus

for concentrated and consistent study, rather the impetus should be supplied by a desire to obtain the most from a given course.

For too long a time, the average college student has been, and has allowed himself to be, spoon-fed. He enters the world of business with the idea that he knows a very great deal, and soon finds all the knowledge in the world will not help him unless he learns—and learns fast—that there nobody will drive him. For the business world helps only those who help themselves, and an appalling majority of students are only too willing to forget it.

(Dalhousie Gazette)

Damon Bunion

Fred Butland (Damon Bunion) has signed his last "30". Fred provided one of the best sports columns ever to appear in The Brunswickan. In fact, we seriously believe he provided the BEST column EVER to appear in U.N.B.'s weekly Journal.

Many believe we treated Fred unfairly in last week's edition. We admit it. Unfortunately last week's "BUNION FINISHED" story was part of a deliberate plan to bring Bunion back (you never know when to treat Bunion seriously—he's resigned ten times within the last ten months). Even his best friends thought the planned "strategy" would return Fred to the fold. The plan, blunt in many respects was subtle in others. Our efforts were futile.

One of the campus' characters loved and shared by all will remain loved but not shared. His wit and satire will be absent. Fred is sincere when he states he must return to his studies (we know now). If every one of the 1,000 students at U.N.B. had devoted his time and effort as unselfishly to the promotion of college spirit as Fred Butland has, then U.N.B.'s spirit would remain unequalled. We are sorry to see you leave the ranks of U.N.B.'s amateur journalists, Fred, but the thanks and best wishes of all the staff go to you.

THE BRUNSWICKAN STAFF

. . MOSE . .

DAM'N BUNION

Stupid cuss! What some people do to get their pic in this rag. A'd how will he get into the spats 'n' slats games for nuttin' without that press card? Never mind this, ya bum — straight jealousy. 'An whose pass was it that Hay's girl friend was always usin'?

NASTY BUT . . . PEOPLE ENJOY IT

So the Nasty But—People Enjoy it title has sunk into the swamps until next year. A fine state of affairs when the Muskrats can win something from US. Will someone please tell us why that referee does his homework on us? Listen, plaster-head, when you tottle o' that tin gadget it stops the fracas. Better have a good reason. Specially when that Church fella gets goin' . . .

Whatta ya hafta do for a high tackle penalty, pull his hair? Trooth to tell fellas, ya done noble, every bit as well as the Rust and Tarnish in spite of him — and he did manage to spread his disfavour around evenly sort of like. After ol' surefoot McAdam tied the score and I swallowed my stomach, it looked good — ask the sober guy (ANY Freshman) — he knows.

Re the trip trimmings — who remembers the broken track record between the Moncton Station and the St. George St. (You-tank-up-and-I'll-help-carry-you-or-it) Store; 'nd something about Mountie FRESHettes in by 11:45 you say?

Those people sneaking bundles into the local Cash and Carry — did they have anything to do with two unlit cars at Mt. A., 4:00 a.m. the Saturday before, with mumbling about paint brushes and the number of lights on said campus? Or the pink and grey goal-posts that afternoon? They got off, the dirty rats! And how did they get the lovely red off the residence sidewalks? One consolation, there was a little smear on the lid of their ice factory — Say, would they be trying to squelch our spirit?

CALLIN' CALLAN . . .

At the start of this season a certain squad brought home the rind from its first two squabbles. Why? Well what good is a team less a name? Some suggestions were made by exceedingly bright fans; (The You-take-it-I-don't-want-it-you-can-do-better-than-I-can) the result: "Red Bombers". To prove they wasn't no kinfoke to the "blues" they snagged their next two battles in a manner wonderful to see. Yea verily I say unto you, they scared a certain N. S. collich into summoning the armed forces; the sailors proved superior, but the game looked O.K. exceptin' fer a few plays and the score board. Why the long faces, boys? Some of dem ex-pros! S'posin' you can't win the dominion title — put Canadian Football over to a good start. Whattaya think (Think, that is — linemen may skip this sentence) of a league next fall — Moncton, St. Jo's, St. Thomas, an' maybe St. John? (—this collyum is gettin' sanctified.)

(continued on page three)



DISCRIMINATION?

November 5, 1949,
 160 Robie Street
 Halifax, N. S.

Sir,
 In the past, your paper has held a record for tact and diplomacy. This record was violated in your recent "Forestry Brunswickan", on the first page of the issue by the notice which began "Canadian Wives of Veteran Students. . . ." If discrimination is intended, we feel that a notice of this nature should not be published. If such is the case we wish to register a vigorous protest.

Yours truly,
 H. G. Good '49, John G. Blackmer '49, J. C. McNair '49, H. S. Liphshetz '47, W. W. Waters '49, R. R. Wills '48, W. A. Richards '48, James A. Gibson '49.
 Ed's Note: No discrimination was intended.

Sterling Character

November 8, 1949

Dear Editor,
 You seem to have acquired a rather distorted outlook on life from your third-storey window. I suggest that next time you try the view from the ground floor, although if you are contemplating printing any more of your slightly slanderous items, you will be considerably safer in the third-storey! Printing the campus is one thing, but when you feel it necessary to include a nasty crack in every line that is carrying the situation too far.

I hope you realize that should your own sterling (?) character be placed under observation, you might be surprised to find yourself in an even less admirable position than the "certain personalities" mentioned in your article. Last week's "Brunswickan" has been the topic of much unfavorable discussion. Just keep up the good work and you're sure to win by acclamation the title "Most Unpopular Man on the Campus". Sincerely,
 Joan van Atten

Chin Tickling

My dearest Joan:

Thank you so much for your kind letter of admiration. However, don't let your imagination exceed your inebriated verbosity. Your accusation that I wrote "Observations From A Third Storey Window" is too presumptuous. . . . I wrote one column two years ago—unfortunately some people have long memories. . . . This column I deny! I suggest you snoop around the third storey of the U.G.R. for the culprit(ess).

I must report, unfortunately, that in this particular column ALL students are subjected to the scrutiny of the third storey observer, yours truly included. No doubt my sterling (?) character will be discussed by these slander-writers in the near future.

With warmest personal regards for your future health, I remain,
 Your devoted servant,
 THE EDITOR

P.S. There is an old saying that if the shoe fits, wear it. You didn't deny that your chin(s) was (were) tickled?

Ph. D.

Thursday, Nov. 10.

Dear Sir:
 I see your paper needs jokes, here's one that fits it. One negro asked the other what the letters B.B., M.S., Ph.D., meant after a person's name. The other replied: B.S. (You know what that means!) M.S.—Means more of the same. And Ph.D. means piled high and deep!

Derek C. Wiggs.
 Ed's Note: What dire offense from am'rous causes springs. Or better still—Loud clamor is always more or less 'nsane.

(Continued on page 4)



There are many . . . the U.N.B. athletic d . . . eral reasons for this, . . . letters and crests disp . . . some sports.

The quantity of c . . . ways be regarded as a . . . wick has ten sports in . . . probably be an additio . . . ian Football. No oth . . . such an extensive spo . . . aim of physical educa . . . ented but sports for t . . . ever that some of th . . . they merit. The cou . . . is the A.A.A. whose . . . Since then there have . . . available for the scr . . . (C'etat est moi) Bid . . . a short time ago that . . . would receive their d . . . ticipated in the 3/4 o . . . 1946 constitution. T . . . It includes the manag . . . representative, a facu . . . executive. Since the . . . some leeway for a co . . . are not implying tha . . . the evil is there. Th . . . tinctions are awarde . . . lose their significan . . . If a player really has . . . iate it all the more.

We are of the . . . minor letters awarde . . . we suggest it be ado . . . or minor should be d . . . and competition and . . . there are three recog . . . basketball. Whether . . . is up to the student . . . Last year the S . . . athletic awards due t . . . etic Banquet Varsit . . . pieces of material as . . . miniature crests had . . . mer signifies a letter . . . We suggest that the . . . have not completed t . . . Lately we sugges . . . his out-dated constit . . . "amendments" and c . . . Amateur Athletic As . . .

NICE FORM . . .

Due to the pop . . . Mural B. Ball leeg, th . . . Last Thursday, stun . . . were you?) Rally, I . . . Jimnasium, and the . . . with one anyway. I . . . them to count, but t . . . player; came out eve . . . COME AND I . . . Don't let them k . . . can't hit a ball in t . . . six friends (This is e . . . Kelly all about it in . . . *@JEX)X(\$. . . When we get on . . . Jimnasium and every . . . two pro teams up her . . . than full? The only . . . WE HAVE TO PAY . . . JIM! An' what ir . . . we're gonna hafta see . . .