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Hello Again . . .

Greetings upper classmen, freshmen, faculty and amateur literary critics. Unless you are afflicted with an extraordinary astigmatism, it is obvious that the literary journal of the University of New Brunswick is back in print; and we, the editors, after five months of much needed rest and severe slate cleaning, wish you all good luck during the 1954-55 semester.

Realizing that practically any statement made outside of lectures which is repeated more than twice is instantly labelled as prosaic, we would like to get on the beaten path for a moment and address the new members of our student body in a voice of friendly authority. We would like you to know that this is not just the college newspaper; rather, it is, with some necessary, minor revisions, the voice of the student of UNB . . . your voice. The news it contains is the news you make. The complaints that it airs are the complaints that you make. The gags, stories and sports events which will be printed on these six pages in the next few months will all be done by, or for, the students Up The Hill. This then is your newspaper from first to last. Read it. Enjoy it; and, if you like, come and help write it.

A LOOK AROUND

A provincial university with a campus that often looked a place for the dumping of refuse is now a thing of the past in New Brunswick. Canada's oldest university has finally been equipped with new roads. No longer will UNB students have to slog through ankle-deep mud to attend lectures in the spring and fall. No longer will students jump for the ditches at the sight of an on-coming car on the campus lest they be splattered with New Brunswick muck. Traffic-wise at least, ruts are but memories Up The Hill; and the installation of cement curbs has vastly improved the once shaggy appearance of our traffic lanes.

Modest amounts of landscaping mark the places where old roads have been narrowed or replaced, and student motorists have been directed to park their cars behind the Forestry building.

It is, however, somewhat unnerving to drive about the campus for the first time, especially if you are a returning student. Small white arrows are numerous and conspicuous, but they all say "No Parking". If one follows the directions indicated by these signs he runs the risk of becoming so hopelessly confused that he may abandon his vehicle in a fit of despair, whereupon he will immediately be confronted by UNB's one-man police force who will give him a ticket for illegal parking. In the course of the argument which ensues, the driver will be informed that he is to park his car behind the Forestry building; and if he has four wheel drive he will do just that.

Books

Class of Fifty-nine, order your year books now! Not that there is an unusually large rush expected, but to assure yourselves that you will have them by the time you graduate. It has become the custom to publish "Up The Hill" several months late; that is, you do not receive it in the spring when it would be of interest to you, but in the fall when half the people pictured in it have either flunked out of college or graduated. The graduate receives his copy by mail. The flunkee never receives his. For this service each student pays five dollars per year. It would seem that something is vitally wrong somewhere.

At this date the Fifty-four year book has not even been sent to the printers. Inquiries as to the progress of the book are answered with shrugged shoulders, or an assurance that everything possible is being done. Everything possible is *not* being done, however, and no excuse which will hold water has been given as yet. The biggest accomplishment which the year book editors have to their credit is that they have established a new record for bringing the book out late.

It is almost worth five dollars to see if it will be out before the Fifty-five edition.

Blood

The decision of the S.R.C. president and his committee to hold a blood clinic on the 19th of October is most commendable. Red Cross, whose responsibility it is to collect the blood needs of our province, requires 400 donations each week. It will be the aim of the University to produce at least one week's supply next Tuesday.

Every student will realize that this is an opportunity too important to miss. Blood is available only from the veins of healthy humans—it cannot be made in a test tube—and dozens of times each day blood bridges the narrow gap between life and death.

In the past there have been some excellent blood clinics on the campus. In fact, in 1953 the University was only .04% short of winning the Canadian Collegiate Corpuscule Cup. Plans for an all-out drive to capture this prized trophy are being worked out, and the probable date of the big drive will be late in February.

Let's get in shape by turning out Tuesday and giving, not one, but two weeks supply of blood to the province.

MENDES AND ECONOMY

(Queen's Journal)

Pierre Mendes-France, the French Republic's dynamic young Premier, stated again last week that he intends to effect radical changes in the nation's economy. Despite the wrath he has aroused in some western circles over his failure to support EDC, Mr. Mendes-France has shown that he is the first Frenchman since the war willing to tackle the economic problems facing his country. Unlike so many earlier premiers, Mendes has not been content merely to stay in office but has demanded the power to renovate the French economy.

Few persons on this side of the Atlantic are aware of how badly the French economy needs renovating. Most Canadians and Americans regard France as a nation with a high standard of living and fail to realize that the average French working man makes fifteen dollars a week or less. Although housing in France, such as it is, is much cheaper than in Canada, the Frenchman's food and clothing cost him just as much. Little wonder then that Frenchmen turn to the Communist party. France desperately needs a national housing program, modernization of its industry, reorientation of its manufactures, and a much more equitable distribution of the national income.

In the years following the Second World War, Britain undertook a rigid program of "austerity", a program whose purposes were only dimly understood by most North Americans and one which cost the Labour party much of its popularity abroad. The austerity program was based on Britain's realization that only a strict control over her economy and a refusal to return to normalcy too quickly would save her from economic disaster. France was faced with much the same predicament but did nothing. Her politicians since the war have been politicians rather than statesmen almost to a man, and none of them willing to take responsibility for a program which would endanger the prosperity of strong vested interests such as wine-growers and luxury manufacturers. France's instability in the post-war world and her unfortunate social animosities have never been faced with courage and realism. By his resignation from the DeGaulle cabinet immediately after the war and by his reluctance to join later governments, Mendes-France has shown that he is willing to pursue a policy which is good for the nation if not for some parts of it.

Since the war, France has been living on borrowed time. The next two years will decide whether or not she is ever to pull her weight in the western alliance again. Mendes-France and his cabinet will probably be criticized from abroad for appearing to neglect foreign affairs in the interests of internal problems. Mendes-France has, however, made it abundantly clear that he values the western coalition and that he thinks France can be of most value to it by fostering well-being at home. He argues rightly that a France which faces economic reality is a much stronger France than one which is over-extended militarily, imperially and economically.

A LETTER HOME

Dear Folks,

Gosh, this is certainly some place! I can hardly believe that I am a college student at U.N.B. It is really a marvelous thing to be here and find out what it takes to get a higher education.

Many thanks for the three hundred dollars which you gave me to register with. I made up the difference with the money I had saved to buy books. Later, I met a man who very kindly loaned me the money to purchase my texts. He said his initials were H.F.C. and told me to send the money to a downtown address. Fortunately, I managed to get a job selling the Daily Gleaner (a newspaper) to cover the provincial education tax on the books I bought. Sure seems like a good idea to have an education tax. They can probably do a lot for needy students with the money. Some of the fellows don't agree with me about this however and one said that a Conservative was a man who already had lots of money and couldn't see any reason why he should spend it. I told him that agriculture had nothing to do with books at all.

There are many beautiful and interesting buildings here on the campus. There is a plaque in the Arts Building that says it is the oldest college building in Canada, but I heard an upper classman say that the Student Center was. I think he is right too because the inside has all fallen to pieces.

All the freshmen were given a tour around the campus when we first arrived and one of the things

I noticed particularly was the large amount of tar all over everything. There was even a sign on the door of the library telling us to be careful and not get any on us. I think they were tarring the floor of the Beaverbrook reading room since the door was locked for the first week we were here. Imagine Tobacco Road with a new coat of hot-top. Also there is a man who looks like that old picture of grandfather Stutz in his army uniform who goes around making sure that no one drives on the new roads or parks their cars on them. These are the first tarred roads they have had on the campus since it was found and I guess they don't want to wear them out in a hurry.

The president of the college gave us a speech the other day and I guess I will only be here for one year. He told everyone to look to the person sitting beside them on the left and the right and told us that only the one in the middle would be here next spring. I was on the end of the row so I guess that lets me out. Seems to me that this is an awfully expensive way to play musical chairs.

You know something, you don't just enroll in this college, you have to be committed. They take a picture of you holding a big number under your chin. I haven't seen my picture, but look in the post office every day and maybe they will have it hanging up soon. I got away from them before they could get one of me facing sideways.

Lovingly your son,
 Anthony



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