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Let's Do It Ourselves

Speaking at the National Conference of the Canadian University Press, Mr. Peter Martin, President of the National Federation of Canadian University Students, recommended that a national student weekly newspaper be founded to provide a means of communication between the universities of the country. Mr. Martin has hit upon the main problem facing those attempting to form a national student society: the lack of knowledge on every campus of what is being done at other universities across Canada.

We question whether a national student weekly would be the answer. By the time it reached the camps, its news would be old and dead. If published by any specific organization (such as NFCUS or CUP) it would eventually be tagged as a propaganda organ for that organization. Our second reason for questioning the proposal is, we admit, a somewhat selfish one. This newspaper would not be content to remain small and, someday, under an ambitious staff, would expand. A large national university paper, with a circulation of at least 50,000 would be a good advertising medium for those firms presently printing in the 23 separate college publications. They could get the same circulation for a great deal less cost. The independent college newspaper would suffer in the place where it hurts most—the pocket.

The alternatives? We can ignore the proposition and continue to interest ourselves in local affairs; or we can do what the members of CUP should have been doing since our formation—carry a reasonable volume of national news on our pages.

Until the day comes when the Canadian university student is acquainted with what is happening in all the other colleges in the country, we will not see a national union of students. Until all the students in Canada are acquainted with all the activities and problems of the others then there is nothing to be gained from any national conference, whether it be CUP, NFCUS or WUSC.

UNB Must Expand

One of the more interesting—and to Frederictonians and New Brunswickers most important—year-end statements recently issued was that by Dr. Colin B. Mackay, on behalf of our provincial University of which he is president.

The report referred to increased student enrolment, to new buildings completed, under construction, or being planned; and forecasted further expansion and improvements in years to come. This expansion must, in fact, take place, if UNB, as the apex of our public educational system, is to keep pace with an expanding provincial population and economy.

At present not many more than ten per cent of pupils who enter grade one actually graduate from high school. If this proportion should suddenly increase—and it may do so—to thirty, fifty or seventy per cent, little imagination is required to foresee what is going to happen to college enrolments.

University leaders must have in mind the possibility not merely of fractional increases in their undergraduate body, but of doublings and treblings in the numbers of their students and scholarships and other plans for assistance to deserving undergraduates.

The increasing place which UNB is taking in the teacher training program of the province has also to be considered. Increasing numbers of students working for degrees higher than that of bachelor's must also be allowed for. There will be a steady demand for the establishment of new graduate schools and courses.

Moreover, current trends in educational thoughts are demanding an increase in university extension programs, particularly to publicly-owned universities, and UNB's extension program must get increasing attention from its governing bodies.

From "The Daily Gleaner"

Hello Again!

This issue marks the beginning of our publication for the Easter term, and, we hope, a better "Brunswickan". We have ten editions planned; some of them will be specials. Two of our editors have attended the National Conference of the Canadian University Press held in Quebec City at Christmas. Our staff is roving and the printers are waiting for the material. The news and sports are present in good quantity; there are sufficient editorial topics; but we could use a lot more features articles. The talent necessary to produce a good features section is present on the campus but their shyness makes it difficult to find them.

The one significant change you will find in "The Brunswickan" in the future, we hope, will be more and more items of national interest. In the past it has been our policy to concentrate upon the local scene since "The Brunswickan" is the only vehicle which will carry this purely local news and viewpoint. This policy remains, but we are expanding our own outlook. National student organizations have been trying to create a national student society for thirty years now with little success. The reason for this failure: the students on many Canadian camps know little of what the others are doing; there has been no sense of fraternity built up. If one has never heard of the University of Waasis then one does not have anything, above the fact that both are attending a university, in common. We hope, in some small way, to change this.

All things being equal this term will hear much grumbling about this publication. We have HEARD enough grumbling, this term we'd like to SEE it. Have the courage of your convictions. If you don't like what we're doing then write us, we'll print it. Better still come up and institute the changes yourself by working with us. We'd be glad to have you.

On the Need for a Quiet College

If somebody would give me about two dozen very old elm trees and about fifty acres of wooded ground and lawn—not too near anywhere and too far from everywhere—I think I could set up a college that would put all the big universities of today in the shade. I am not saying that it would be better. But it would be different.

I would need a few buildings, but it doesn't take many—stone, if possible—a belfry and a clock. The clock wouldn't need to go; it might be better if it didn't. I would want some books—a few thousand would do—and some apparatus. But it's amazing how little apparatus is needed for scientific work of the highest quality: in fact "the higher the fewer".

Most of all, I should need a set of professors. I would need only a dozen of them—but they'd have to be real ones—disinterested men of learning, who didn't even know they were disinterested. And, mind you, these professors of mine wouldn't sit in "offices" dictating letters on "cases" to stenographers, and only leaving their offices to go to "committees" and "conferences". There would be no "offices" in my college and no "committees", and my professors would have no time for conferences, because the job they would be on would need all eternity and would never be finished.

My professors would never be findable at any fixed place except when they were actually giving lectures. Men of thought have no business in an office. Learning runs away from "committees". There would be no "hire and fire" or "judge by results" or "standards" or "norms" of work for them: or any fixed number of hours.

But, on the other hand, they would, if I got the ones I want, be well worth their apparent irresponsibility: and when they lectured each one would be, though he wouldn't know it, a magician—with such an interest and absorption that those who listened would catch the infection of it, and hurry from the lecture to the library, still warm with thought.

It must be understood that the work of professors is peculiar. Few professors, real ones, ever complete their work: what they give to the world is fragments. The rest remains. Their contributions must be added up, not measured singly. Every professor has his "life work" and sometimes does it, and sometimes dies first.

I can recall—I say it by way of digression—one such who was working on Machiavelli. When I first met him he had worked fourteen years. He worked in a large room covered a foot deep with Machiavelli—notes, pamphlets, remains. I asked him—it seemed a simple question—what he thought of Machiavelli. He shook his head. He said it was too soon to form an opinion. Later, ten years later, he published his book, "Machiavelli". One of the great continental reviews—one of the really great ones (you and I never heard of them: they have a circulation of about 300) said his work was based on premature judgement. He was hurt, but he felt it was true. He had rushed into print too soon.

Another such devoted himself—he began years ago—to the history of the tariff. He began in a quiet lull of tariff changes when for three or four years the public attention was elsewhere. He brought his work up to within a year or so of actual up-to-date completeness. Then the tariff began to move: two years later he was three years behind it. Presently, though he worked hard, he was five years behind it.

He has never caught it. His only hope now is that the tariff will move back towards free trade, and meet him.

Not that I mean to imply that my professors would be a pack of nuts or freaks. Not at all: their manners might be dreamy and their clothes untidy but they'd be—they'd have to be—the most eminent men in their subjects. To get them would be the main effort of the college: to coax them, buy them, if need be, to kidnap them. Nothing counts beside that. A college is made of men, not by the size of buildings, number of students and football records. But trustees don't know this, or, at best, catch only a glimmer of it and lose it. Within a generation all the greatest books on the humanities would come from my college.

The professors bring the students. The students bring, unsought, the benefactions. The thing feeds itself like a flame in straw. But it's the men that count. A college doesn't need students: it's the students who need the college.

After twenty years my college would stand all alone. There are little colleges now but they ape bigness. There are quiet colleges but they try to be noisy. There are colleges without big games but they boom little ones. Mine would seem the only one, because the chance is there, wide open, and no one takes it. After twenty years people would drive in motor cars to see my college: and wouldn't be let in.

From "MODEL MEMOIRS" by Stephen Leacock

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