

John Roderick Winters

isaac bickersaff

Punctually at 8:00 a.m. John Roderick Winters arrived at Consolidated Securities Co. Ltd., hurried over to his small corner and sat down. During all the time he had been employed there (it was just over 7 weeks), John was as punctual as this and (if it was possible) would probably have been more so. But to get on. John lived with a singular woman who called herself Mrs. Otis O'Shea. She lived in a large house which it was her wont to call "a stay-in" and took boarders. A boarder was entitled to all the privileges of Mrs. O'Shea's "stay-in". These included breakfast (no fruit, stiff porridge and cold coffee) and dinner, (stew, tapioca pudding and cold tea). The only unfortunate restriction occurred early in the morning when Mrs. O'Shea herded her unwilling boarders out on the street for an early start. Presumably she meant them to catch a bus.

The bus stopped seven blocks past Mrs. Otis O'Shea's house, on a corner beside a large Elm tree. Besides John (Roderick Winters, in case you've forgotten), there waited for that bus, every morning, a plain young woman with plain brown hair, an ordinary white bandana and a quite common plain brown coat. In fact, there was nothing to distinguish her from thousands, even millions (for it was a large city) of other plain young women who wait for buses in the grey light that is morning. John didn't know her name, and it is doubtful whether she knew his name. If she did, she made no pretext of telling him that she did. When the bus came along, as it generally did, the young man, who was John, and the young woman, who John did not know, stepped onto the bus, payed their fare and sat down. In the seven weeks that this bus had paused to pick up John, he had become quite used to its interior, and the faces that went with this interior. He therefore ignored both the interior and the faces, as anyone ignores something he has become used to, especially a bus that regularly carries one to work in the morning.

As the bus rumbled along, carrying its grey faced cargo, John noted that it passed the school punctually at 7:30, the post office precisely at 7:40, and arrived on time at the bank, 7:50 a.m. By this time, it began to intrude upon John's thoughts, whatever they may have been, that he would be at Consolidated in 10 minutes. This intrusion was by no means an uncommon thing. In fact he always thought this, at this time. It was not surprising then that, after the bus had trundled slowly up a long hill, around a sharp corner and dashed unhesitatingly into a busy street, that John lighted from the bus, and went into Consolidated Securities Co. Ltd., where he worked in a dark corner with Dennis Benjamin Murtogroid. It was 8 a.m.

One morning, Mrs. Otis O'Shea called John at 6:15 a.m. When John got to the bus stop, seven blocks from his house, beside an Elm tree, there was no plain

Continued on page 3, col. 5

Canadians Adolescent

by Gino Blink

In a recent issue of the *Star Weekly Magazine* Nathan Cohen, Canada's nationally known drama critic and television-radio personality, made the following statement:

"Canadians don't suffer from an inferiority complex. The opposite is true. They exaggerate whatever they do when, in actual fact they haven't done anything. We sell ourselves big; we tell the world Canada is this and that. And we make fools of ourselves. What are we good at? Where are we going? Why do we over emphasize our importance?"

This is an interesting statement. It is this for two reasons. In the first place because to myself, having lived in Canada for the past three years after having arrived from Europe, Canadians in general have struck me as having an inferiority complex; in the second place because one of the reasons that Canadians strike me as such is that they blow up everything that is achieved here in an effort to assert themselves of their greatness. It appears therefore to me that Cohen's statement is a contradiction in termini.

I do feel, however, that Canadians would make less an impression of having an inferiority complex if they left well enough alone, if they concentrated on the world instead of on Canada as an isolated unit. If they do not do so they might, in this respect, easily be mentioned in one breath with their southern neighbours in a few years.

Roughly one might divide Canadians up into two large and one small group. The two large groups are basically the same except that they have different centres of attention: The one—Diefenbaker cum suis—admires Great Britain and what it traditionally stands for while it considers the United States of America a barbaric country; the other—Lower cum suis—admires the United States and what it technocratically stands for while it looks upon Englishmen as colonizing snobs who live on faded glory. The third group is but small and consists of those people on whom Canada depends to become a country, a nation, an individual in the world community of nations. These are men like Nathan Cohen, Stephen Leacock and others. They value Canada for what it is worth, not whether it is better or worse than England or the U.S. They do not refuse to accept everything from England because it is English, without considering it for its own value. By the same token they do not look upon all inhabitants of the U.S. as philistines and techno-idiots simply because magazines such as "True Stories" and "Confidential" enjoy a certain popularity and they develop machines that compose melodies.

Canada is in the process of becoming a mature country in a fashion that corresponds to equivalent phases in other countries. Those parts of cultures that come from other countries, whether it be England, France, the United States or Japan, and are suitable to the Canadian intellectual climate can and will be assimilated in due time by Canada and Canadians. As of yet the population is too heterogeneous. A

certain unity is building up, though occasionally set back temporarily by floods of emigrants. Once complete integration of the different races now inhabiting Canada has taken place the country will be found to have a culture.

To force this process of 'becoming cultured' is ridiculous, although heartily attempted by fashionable institutions and poetry reading clubs. The latter only have value if they exist on a basis of sincere interest, and not because some socialites want to be known as understanding modern poetry, painting or music.

To encourage an interest in fine arts, literature and music is essential and should occur at an early age in the home and continue at the university, in the latter as a direct result of aroused interest.

It should be done with an open eye for what is good and bad both in foreign countries and in Canada itself. General appreciation, not isolated and localized interest should be encouraged. As yet Canadians tend too much to like things because they are liked in either England or in the U.S. depending on the group to which they belong. Canadian novelists have to make a name for themselves elsewhere before they are accepted in their own country

The same applies to composers, ballet dancers, musicians, poets, etc. With a few exceptions Canadians do not dare to admire or even merely like something on their own judgment. They wait and see what the outside world has to say before doing justice or injustice to the creative or re-productive artist. Of the former there are ample instances that are known to everybody, the latter is less conspicuous but perhaps more dangerous. It is almost sickening to see and hear the mediocre pianist perform as much as three encores and receive a standing ovation to boot simply because it is custom and the fashionable thing to do.

Dare to think Canadian, take that chip off your shoulder and consider criticism for what it is worth. Concentrate on your own and your offspring's education not only as a means towards earning a living but also for its own value.

The constant self-assertion is unnecessary and a waste of time. Use that time to develop an objective view of what goes on in the world. Assertion of the outside world is useless unless it is backed up by products, which, if available, will peak for themselves. A drunkard will constantly try to prove he is sober, a lunatic that he is sane, a typical Yankee that he is an American. Will it be necessary to continue this progression with: "A Canadian that he is from Canada?"

IAIN
BARR

On This And That

A brand new year, a brand new term and a whole page to fill! We trust you will bear with us while we endeavour to blacken at least a part of this mass of virgin paper before us.

As yet nothing of note has taken place, though, to judge by the rash of committee meetings being held all over the campus, much is in store for the future. The Winter Carnival is looming up as is the Red 'N' Black. The latter at least is still looking for anyone who can sing, dance, act, make a fool of himself or, especially, anyone who can and will write scripts. This script-writing is a very real need at the moment. We seem to have lost all those whose talents ran along those lines: Bill Barwick, Jim King, Jim Brooks and Jim MacDonald, to mention the most prolific. Anyone who thinks that they might like to try their hand at it or anyone who has ideas that might be incorporated into a skit is asked to contact George Andrin or Bill Byrne.

By the time you read this, the cast and stage crew of the Drama Society's production of "Journey's End" will be in Sackville. In fact the show goes on tonight. This will determine how U.N.B. stands in relation to the rest of New Brunswick in the field of drama. The society's next production, "The Seven Year's Itch", to be put on in March, is one which should be well known to everyone, thanks to the efforts of Tom Ewell and Marilyn Monroe in the movie of the same name. We heartily recommend you to see it.

What else? The Model Parliament for those of you who are politically minded, a couple of dances for those who care to trip the light fantastic, and, last but by no means least, the odd exam to round things out.

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