

Brunswickan



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Poet David McCord

Works at Desk, 'At Home' in Woods

David McCord, who will give the Founders' Day address on Thursday, was born in New York City in 1897. He received his early education in private schools on Long Island and in Princeton, New Jersey. After leaving primary school he spent three years on a ranch in southern Oregon and then went to Portland, Ore., where he graduated from Lincoln High School.

He worked for Henry Ford for a while before resuming his education at Plattsburg. He then went to Harvard where he gained an A.B. and an A.M.

Mr. McCord began writing at the age of 15 and during his university career was president of the Harvard Lampoon (America's oldest comic journal) and also of the Ivy Orator.

He has since published and edited some twenty books of poetry, light verse, essays and college history.

Mr. McCord's favourite sport is fly fishing, and he has a great love of the out-doors. "For all that I have sat at a desk, I am still more at home in the woods," he says.

The following is a selection of Mr. McCord's poetry:

Who's Ooze

There's always the clam:
 He's not what I am,
 I'm not what he is,
 Gee whiz —
 Not mentally!
 But incidentally!
 Damme,
 I come from the clammy
 Cold sea
 Same as he.
 My chassis is classic,
 His is Jurassic.
 I did what he does,
 He is what I was.
 I got ahead,
 He stayed in bed.
 I made the break,
 He the mistake.
 So I don't give a damn
 For the clam!
 I'm Choosy:
 He's oozy.

★ ★ ★

The Axototl

"The axototl
 Looks a littl
 Like the ozelotl,
 Itl
 "Drink a greatl
 More than whatl
 Fill the fatl
 Whiskey bottl.

"The food it eatl
 Be no morsl:
 Only meatl
 Drive its dorsl,

"Such an awfl
 Fish to kettl!"
 "You said a mawfl,
 Pop'epetl!"

★ ★ ★

History of Education

The decent docent doesn't doze:
 He teaches standing on his toes,
 His student dassn't doze — and
 does,
 And that's what teaching is and
 was.



DAVID McCORD
 . . . speaks here Thursday

The Sportsman

Partridge and quail, of course. Occasional woodcock,
 Snipe, odd rabbits, squirrels, crows, coot — in fact,
 All superficial life in range: lock, stock
 And double barrel. Acquainted mallards quacked,
 Considerate geese veered, and the gun's impact
 Was pleasant to his shoulder. What a flock
 Of starling memories rose to re-enact
 Each death in feathers falling like a rock!
 Decembers in red flannel, cold but game,
 He pioneered through bullet-spattered wood.
 The generous heart cried kill. If poor of aim,
 He used the knife to comfort when he could.
 Then suddenly, for no conspicuous reason,
 He up and shot himself — well out of season.

★ ★ ★
Cash Me, Encash Me Again!

In July many of us, like the sunflower, turn towards the sun. As holidays approach, arrangements have to be made, and here the Midland Bank can help, not least by providing for the encashment of your cheques at a branch near to where you will be staying, and by looking after your valuables and documents while you are away.—Advertisement of the Midland Bank Limited.—The Times Literary Supplement, London, July 6, 1951.

I wrote a check, and in the bank
 I sought encashment of the same.
 The young enteller's look was blank;
 He took the cheque and read my name.
 The manager was called, bespoke
 A word or two. When I produced
 Credentials of a sort, a joke
 Was made. No laughter was enloosed.
 "Your cheque?"

"My check."
 Of no account,
 Apparently, the stranger had
 Enchanted to write the large amount
 Of fifty bucks. The news was bad.
 Correct! No fifty bucks, no dice.
 I shuffled off and made my stand
 At Mike's Emporium. Very nice.
 I left with my encash enhand.

From: Poet Always Next But One

Over the grass his wind will soon be blowing,
 Over the sea his petrel shall come flying,
 Over the range his cumulus be sailing,
 Over the field his hound shall follow running;
 Over the roof his smoke will lift, and rising
 Over the wall his snow will drift, devising
 Over the road his scroll and scrawl of snowing;
 Over the trail his eye shall show its cunning,
 Over the coast his fog will gather.
 Crying
 Over the land, his word shall be unfailling.

NO ALADDIN'S LAMP

The CBC has decreed that henceforth no more than 25 per cent of guest performers on its Canadian-produced television programs may come from the United States.

Similar decrees have been issued in the past, but this time, the CBC states that it means business.

Many agencies and sponsors have protested. These people claim that the new purification bill will eliminate many potential guests and lower the quality of some programs.

The ban on guests from the United States is a disheartening factor to contemplate. For the security of Canadian TV personalities, particularly those in drama, is threatened by overexposure. The Canadian audience is growing tired of the same faces in play after play, week after week.

Admittedly, Canadian TV should not be overwhelmed by guests from south of the border. But for the new dictum to be justified, there would have to be sufficient professional Canadian talent ready to meet the demand for performers. If such talent exists, the CBC has kept it a secret.

The CBC apparently thinks that the new directive is an Aladdin's Lamp which will materialize professional performers. But Canadian television cannot prosper through virtue of mere discriminatory measure against U.S. artists. Instead, it will only thrive by producing shows that merit viewing and satisfy the hunger of the Canadian market.

R. McB.

Letters to the Editor

GEOLOGISTS' VOTES

Sir: During the recent election it was announced in The Brunswickan and over public address systems that a polling booth had been set up in the Forestry and Geology Building to accommodate all "foresters and geologists (2nd-5th year), and all freshmen with the exception of the engineers."

This pleased the geologists for now they would not have to go out of their way to cast their ballot—and it also satisfied their pride. In past years they had been annoyed with going out of their way to the Arts building to vote and were pleased when Mr. Ron Manzer apparently corrected the situation this year.

On Wednesday morning when one of our class stepped up to the ballot boxes, his name and faculty was asked. He replied that his faculty was geology and stated his name. The political ballot was extended and he voted in the required manner.

However, the returning officer for the SRC elections assumed an aloof manner and announced that he would not allow any geology student to vote at his poll. The geologist protested, stating what he had just heard over the loudspeakers and read in The Brunswickan regarding the polling. The returning officer retorted that if any geologist wanted to vote, he could do so over in the Arts building where he belonged. He stated furthermore that The Brunswickan statement was in error as were all other similar announcements.

To use a mild term, our classmate was enraged. Here he was trying his best to show interest and support in his SRC, and was being denied the right. He was sloughed off and called names not befitting

him by a certain person assuming a pseudo-authority instead of a pleasant and helpful attitude. He was, in fact, turned away from his own doorstep.

Other incidents concerning this same poll have been heard by our class. Are the elections so uncoordinated as this? If so, it is not strange to us that apathy is abundant and the voting percentage of the student body is so low. In future elections we trust that polling officers will be more carefully chosen and should such an incident again occur, we would be the first to advocate that the faculty involved abstain completely from voting until the wrong was made right.

GEOLOGY '60 CLASS

(Editor's note: The decision to have all geologists vote in the Arts Building was taken after The Brunswickan had gone to press, and after election notices had been posted.)

(Mr. Manzer, outgoing president of the SRC, had called to the attention of Returning Officer Earl Carpenter the possible confusion resulting from any separation of the geology students from the rest of the science faculty in voting. Just prior to the election it was decided to have the geologists vote with the rest of the science faculty. However, the returning officers neglected to notify the public address operators before or during election time.)

(The polling booth officer, therefore, was correct in refusing the geologists voting privileges at the booth in the Forestry and Geology Building. The "mistake" in not telling the operators of the PA system was the polling officers', but Mr. Manzer states that "the whole thing is an insignificant matter not worthy of complaint.")