

# The Brunswickan

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## EDITORIAL

Linfield College is a typically small institution in Linfield, Oregon. It has a normal enrollment of four-hundred students. During the opening weeks of the fall term, Linfield celebrates what it calls "Linfield Hello Week". The student-body devotes the week to the simple task of saying hello. This is done by each man on the campus. Instead of bypassing strangers encountered during the round of classes, the students pause to greet one another with an informal "Hello".

We have on our campus a large freshman and sophomore class. We are all very nearly total strangers. We pass one another in the halls, on the hill, and between classes with furtive glances, or with heads turned away. There is always a mutual reluctance, for some reason, to begin the process of getting acquainted. All that is needed to break the ice is a mutual attempt to say hello. Linfield College has the right idea. We may not need a "U. N. B. Hello Week", but let's not speed the rest of the year waiting for a formal introduction.

### ARE WE GETTING TOO BIG?

We have become a big university. There is, we think, a danger in bigness. Our 20th century seems to have a peculiar preoccupation with size. Our neighbors to the south frequently build the biggest buildings, the biggest dams, and have the biggest depressions. Just recently, we heard that Canada had the world's biggest cement mixer; they don't know what to do with it.

Big business, big factions of labor and capital, big bombs— all point to the danger of being too big.

The thing we found most attractive about U. N. B. last year was its size. It was of a size that permitted it to be malleable and graceful community. There was an easy, informal relationship between teacher and student, permitting a free exchange of ideas. We liked it that way. A friend of ours is fond of saying that education is a personal thing; we agree that it certainly should be. Dr. Bailey has often spoke of the necessity for "a two-way traffic of ideas" during class lectures.

We have only been here a week. We have shouldered our way through crowded halls, squeezed our way into rear seats in the crowded classes. Dutifully, we have taken notes on that which we considered significant. In one class, sitting in the last seat back, we are unable to see the professor up front. We are able to report that he has a pleasant, well modulated voice.

We have also attended a few meetings, held by a few desperate individuals who supposedly must direct certain phases of our campus society. We do not envy Jerry Ateyo his job. We voted against "Rep-by-Pop" and thereby lost our vote, but now we have a Representative Council nearly half the size of the senior class. It is an unwieldy representative body. It is odd that the United Nations could represent their countries in the UN organization with a single member apiece while in our little world, it requires something like thirteen freshman to represent their class.

There was a plan put before the Council to send the track team to the meet in Halifax by chartered plane. There is talk

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## MAIL CALL.

(The Brunswickan receives a tremendous volume of "exchange mail", although in many cases, it is not reciprocated. Realizing the impossibility of circulating such mail throughout the campus, the Brunswickan will feature a weekly column in this corner which will attempt a condensation of the material received in hopes that it may be of interest to its readers.)

Univ. of British Columbia (Vancouver). The joint is jumping at UBC, according to airmail letter received from the west. Dated Sept. 23rd. (CUP), the letter says "9,000 students, more than half of them veterans, and a staff of over 700 started work . . . today. It is the largest enrollment in the history of UBC. Nearly five times normal pre-war enrollment." The letter goes on to say that, at U. N. B., surplus army huts (300 of them) are being used as classrooms, restaurants, offices, health units, washrooms for trailer camps (an idea, by gosh!), and "above all, for living accommodation." Not only that, says the UBC writer, sticking his chest out slightly, "there is a five million dollar building program in full sway." . . . Including a new poultry center. And in case the hens don't lay, UBC's "autonomous government (will net) in excess of \$100,000 to play with." UBC also plans to play American football this fall, with teams across the border.

National Tax Equality Association (Chicago). These people have just announced the winners of a national contest with the theme: "The tax privilege of public corporations and its impact on private enterprise." A co-ed named Miss Lila Fundaburk from Northwestern cleaned up \$750 for her prize-winning essay. Miss Fundaburk then gave her winning check to Alabama College for Women as a gift. Miss Fundaburk had quite a bit to say about the tax privilege afforded co-operatives, but we were too dazed of it. Anyway, she's against such by her generosity to get much out forms of charity as not taxing co-operatives.

Public Relations (Army-NDHQ) (Ottawa). Our old friend the PRO has followed us to college, with a "weekey news letter" that he hopes will contain items of interest for the vets on the campus. The PRO tells us that the strength of the interim force nowadays is almost 15,000. 2,763 officers and 11,295 O. E.'s. By a little not-too-hasty arithmetic, that makes one officer available for every 4.08 men. Offhand, that would seem to be enough. . . . A Sackville C. S. M., Frank Dixon, is the only man in the Canadian Army to win the Military Medal with two bars during the "recent war." CSM Dixon was decorated for bravery at Dieppe, Caen-Falaise Road, and on the Calcar Road. . . . The news letter goes on to say that NDHQ is still issuing orders about "gaiters" with or without battledress. This is where we came in, fellows.

McGill Daily (Montreal). A somewhat stern letter from CUP Editor Glenna Lymburner of the McGill Daily urges us to get on the ball and notify her of the identity of our own CUP man. "Each year," Glenna

complains, "CUP staffs are faced with the same problem: for the first couple of months wires drift in from "Joe" of "Puddle-by-U" and we are never sure whether he is the Editor-in-Chief, the CUP Editor . . . or the Janitor."

Well, Glenna, our Ed-in-Chief is D. K. Camp, our CUP Editor is Don Baird and our Janitor is Art Dunham, a swell guy.

The Maritime Advocate & Busy East (Sackville). The Busy East has a picture of our President on the cover and we looked hopefully inside for an article about UNE but found none. The difficulty, by the way, that all of the journalists have in striving for accuracy is reflected in the by-line beneath the President's picture, which runs: Milton, F. Gregg, V. C., M. C. and Bar, M. A., D. C. L., LL.D. . . . Dr. Gregg is also a Commander of the British Empire (CBE).

Anyway, things are uneasy in the editorial offices of the Maritime Advocate. In this month's editorial, the writer feels very pessimistic

about the conflict between labor and capital. . . . It would appear," he writes, "that Labor Unions believe that the shorter the working hours, the better for the workers and the better for everybody, but such a view is wide of the mark." The writer then leaps at this conclusion with teeth and claws. "You can't make me believe," he goes on angrily, "that a man can do as much in 40 hours as he can in 44 or 48 hours. He might make a spurt for one week and accomplish a great deal but he couldn't or wouldn't keep up the pace." The trouble is, thinks the man on the Busy East who likes lots of work, "an idle man or woman is a person who has time on his hands—time to go to excesses. . . . time to go to the devil." Of course, the writer concedes that SOME of us might know what to do with a few spare hours. . . . "but how many people use their spare time to do useful things." It's all in a week's mail. Confusing, isn't it?

of giving McGill University a \$500 guarantee for a game here next January. Such plans are a direct result of our increased stature. We are in favor of our basketball team entertaining McGill, whether they fly down or hitch-hike. But in fairness to ourselves, we should make the game pay for itself.

As far as the proposal to make the track team airborne, we would qualify our opinion with one tender question. Was such a plan advocated merely because we feel we have become big time operators, or was it based on the realization of time and money saved? If the latter was true, then why not permit our handball, chess, and debating teams to make their trips by air? Would there not be similar economy in time and money?

U. N. B. is the biggest college in the Maritimes; Jerry Ateyo is titular head of the biggest undergraduate body in our history; Johnny Gandy has the biggest budget any SRC treasurer has ever handled. The classes are crowded, time tables need to be worked out with a slide rule.

But this is not the cry of a reactionary, but a plea for normalcy and perspective. Let's not get too big.

## MUTUAL LIFE

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## Sun

I laid aside Brunswick on 1946-1947. M I would atten university fa campus and male student ratio to be te After shovel from my igio team and h Arctic waste I had trav when I reach polis of ville through the loud cry dre SOME of my exper north I imme familiar wa What was n when four yo a clump of t speak, I star partives; th lined parkas, and ski pant teeth sounde Surrounding citedly: "A man an —what a cat the kids be su "This is th this week!" I was led from the con I gathered w house." You when I learn the term app cal lab. I v discover that had taken m from the ve summer sch visit. When introduced th son, Shirley and Pauline also spent th the northern ered the co they so deri This summer eds from U. they expecte bring a large they reunio tales of the m for big game The remaini sented to me their names Frances Be strong, Kay Tracey, Mary Passing th noticed a you lornly about

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