

Misplaced Values

What do students work for—marks or an education, the good of organizations or money and S. R. C. points, fun and co-operation in sports or broad shoulders that will never be placed beneath the wheel that's stuck? The answer, I suppose, is that we work for a bit of each. But it is not, too often, a matter of leaning too far in wrong direction?

The first point—the question of marks—We come to college for an education that will broaden our outlook, help us appreciate the best in life, or get us a job. What we study all year—that is our formal education. Then we cram for exams. Is it sensible? Of course—for the unfortunate part of the system is that it is often by our marks alone that we are judged. It could be compared very well to the difference between character and reputation—character, that which we really are—reputation, that which others think we are. I am afraid that too many students get through college with marks, and little education. Think . . . Are you taking a course simply to get a credit off? Are you working for nothing but a mark on your next exam?

I listened to the following conversation in an English class last term:

"Do you want your essay marks marked?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

And so on.

"How much do you think they should count?"

And so on.

Here—all the value was being placed on a mark—as if that could decide whether we would know any more or any less English as a result of the decision.

I am not arguing against giving credit for work done. The case I cited has nothing to do with that.

Too often—far too often, we see examples about of point grabbers. They do have some interest in what they are attempting to run; but a stronger interest is that in a salary, or a non-athletic award.

Why must we always be looking for a reward? "It's necessary as an incentive to work," I hear the psychologists say. Yes, we have been taught to expect a reward—and the reward in this case is a pin, or a ring, and much momentary glory. Could we not be taught to accept satisfaction of a job done well as our reward? Could we not be taught to believe that the goal is what we ourselves have gained, and what we have done for our organizations and college? Then there would be no harm in the presentation of the pin or ring.

What of this business of sports? I think it sets the best example for

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"This is radio station BNFC, the voice of the provincial capital, which gives you the best in entertainment eighteen and a quarter hours a day. Here we are today with our mike set up on the busy front street of our beautiful city of Notcirederf just waiting for someone to come along so we can get our 'Man-on-the-Street' quiz under way. I have here with me prizes for all those lucky contestants—and the prizes this week are luxurious, warm, Sitfeel's flea-proof underwear—just the thing for this—Ah! Here's our first contestant—a BNFC'er I see. And what is your name? Step right up to the mike. It hasn't bitten a college student yet. Ha, ha, ha-a-a."

"Spud Burns."

"Good. And where are you from?"

"Clover Dale."

"Clover Dale. The man said Clover Dale. How about a big hand for Clover Dale?" Clap, clap, clap.

"That's fine. Now, can you tell me how to spell sensational?"

"C-e-n-s-a-t-i-a-n-o-l."

"Very good. Very good! And here for you I have a pair of luxurious, warm, Sitfeel's flea proof underwear. Is there anything you'd like to say?"

"Hello, Mum."

"Next contestant. Ah—a co-ed. And what is your name?"

"Hubba Rosebud."

"A beautiful name. How about a big hand for that folks?" Clap, clap, clap.

"With such a pretty name, I'm sure you must have a very nice middle name.—Oh, come now, don't be bashful. Tell the audience what it is."

"It's—it's—it's Mary."

Clap, clap, clap.

"And I just know you're too smart to answer any of these questions I have here, so I'll just give you your prize of a pair of luxurious, warm, Sitfeel's flea proof underwear."

"Ah—Here I have a little boy. I don't think he's big enough to know his name yet.—That's too bad, sonny. I've picked a pretty hard question for you. Now can you tell me what the third word in the fourth verse of the second chapter of the ninth book in the Bible is?"

"Of."

"Why—that's right. I guess you deserve two pairs of these luxurious warm, Sitfeel's flea-proof underwear."

"Now folks, that's all for today. But remember, when you stop to shop, ask for those luxurious, warm, Sitfeel's flea-proof underwear. You don't scratch when you buy Sitfeel's—at any drug, book, or department store—This is BNFC, the voice of the provincial capital, high in frequency, low in entertainment, on the air eighteen and a quarter hours every day."

us. There it seems, participation is because of interest—and working to make the team helps along the sport, and both team and college, and the individual profit. But this is not the only movement afoot. There are those few—I have heard them talk—who are interested solely in the development of the body beautiful, for the sake of looks and not of use. So they spend their time developing the monkey in man. It would be a better game if they would try to develop a bit of man in the monkey.

The Ad Made Man

Back in 1939, I subscribed to Esquire (the magazine for men), McCall's, and the Family Herald and Weekly Star, a triumvirate which gave me, I believed a full life.

These bitter winter evenings, huddled in my bleak garret over the Uhlalume Funeral Parlors, swathed in my old raccoon coat, and warming myself over a can of Sterno, life seems to hold little of its old charm. Perhaps it's because my subscriptions have lapsed, or perhaps the student's life is inevitably one of travail. I could not but long for the good old days.

It was through Esquire that I came to join the Aqua Velva After Shave Club, along with Lauritz Melchior, Dashiell Hammet, David Niven, John Gunther, and other splendid fellows. Many was the winter evening Larry Melchior, "Spud" Gunther, and I sat around the fire at the After Shave Club, swapping yarns, and indulging in the occasional game of Fish. What a bunch of gay blades they were! All of us smelled to high heaven of Aqua Velva, but it was a paltry fee to charge for admission to the Club.

Those were the days! I recall my hazardous portages along the Upper Keswick, whilst imbibing copious quantities of good old Canadian Club. After a thrilling day, portaging on the Keswick, it takes a good snort of Canadian Club to put you on your feet again. That eel grass can be theacherous stuff, and you can never tell about the natives, lurking in the fiddlehead bushes, armed with their deadly blow-tubes and choke-cherry pits. Phew! Wasit ever good to be back on the piazza of the historic old Barker House again, and taste that smooth, mellow, blended, bonded, aged in wood, winner of 23 medals at the Zurich Eposition scotch!

Those were the days, I told myself, bitterly.

But I have kept faith and the Brunswickan, hands held high, has caught the falling torch. I suppose you missed that advertisement on the editorial page week before last, eh? Of course, with my experience, I'd be more apt to spot it.

That's why I'm smoking Sweet Caps, and I've written Mr. Caporal a personal letter, thanking him for letting me in on the secret. Mr. Caporal says, "Light up and work. It's amazing how the smoking of a Sweet Cap gives pleasure to the task and makes those study hours fly."

Frankly, I was a little critical, and my first reaction was a sly smile, and a knowing, ejaculatory,

That Which I Should Have Done

"We now bring you a summary of the latest news....." Warren was thinking of something else and the reporter's words held no meaning for him. One word from the radio snapped him back to the present. The story beat itself into his ears, but he did not want to hear it—did not want to believe it.

It was the first day of college. Warren stood puffing his pipe and watched the antics of the new students who were suffering initiation. As they stood in nervous silence before their superiors, some loudmouthed fellow was yelling, "Now, you weak scum of humanity, form a line! No! Not that way you dimwits! One behind the other....facing east. Come on! Hurry it up!" In a few minutes the new students were on their knees between the rows of executioners. The paddles fell. A ripple of laughter followed the moans of the victims. A blond haired boy who had not yet been thrashed caught Warren's attention. The chap was a picture

"Pshaw!" But I decided to give it a try.

Yesterday, I went to the library, armed with a carton of Mr. Caporal's tailored cheroots, and began to work. I started at 1430, Greenwich Mean Time. Lighting up, I commenced with three tragedies by Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, reading simultaneously; settled into Carlyle's translations from Musaeus, Tieck, and Richter, and, while finishing "Schmelzle's Journey to Flaetz," I launched into "Paradise Lost" and "Prometheus Unbound." Now at top speed, I zipped through the complete works of Balzac, from "At the Sign of the Cat and the Racket" to "Seraphita," and tapered off with Henry Miller's "The Omniscient Eye," with the other eye on "Finnegan's Wake," by Jim Joyce.

I looked at my watch and stood aghast! Only 1830, G.M.T.! And I still had three Sweet Caps left!

Well, the way things look now, I'll be skipping my sophomore year. I haven't decided yet, though. I'd rather keep with the fellows my own age.

Poetry Corner

MORNING SCENE
Soaped in night-old mist,
Whitewashed with moon-dust,
Like a curly-headed puppy
Splashing in a foam of suds.
The playful pine branches
Sway under the sucking wind.
Wagging tail-tops, creaking barks,
They shake blue drops like fleas
From itchy branches.
A sun-towel dries away the lather
From needle-covered limbs.
Student, '48.

A NEW FAITH
At the end of the day I lie
On the matted grass of a bank
And wait for a cloud to part
And the gilded moon to wink,
For I see in the sky and the clouds
A promise truer than earth.
And I wait for a shooting star
To give my thoughts re-birth;
For the ways of men are mad,
And my mind is stuffed with
straw,
With musty thoughts and tired
ones,
And thoughts that are chill, and
raw.

So I look to the sky for a faith,
And I find it in a cloud,
And the moon and the star-prick-
ed sky,
And the breezes that whisper
aloud,
And I hear my faith in the brook
That bubbles through my hand,
I hear it in the swaying elms,
And I feel it in the sand.
My smallness folds me inward
And my worldly passions cry,
But nature holds and nurses me—
And I am cloud and sky.
Student, '46.

of complete dejection. His face was red with humiliation and wet with tears. Warren pitied him. He thought of asking the fellows to go easy on the boy, but he changed his mind. "This might do some good," Warren thought.
The others caught sight of the lad. There was an uproar of laughter from both the new students and the old.
"We think mama's little baby better go along home," somebody was yelling. "We don't want to (Continued on Page Eight.)"

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