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### PHARISEES AND PUBLICANS

The S. R. C. has taken a big step in declaring an official boycott of several barber shops in Fredericton. Let us examine immediately where the fault lies. We do not blame a barber for refusing to cut the hair of any person who is lousy or dirty. One barber at least has used this excuse for not serving Negro customers, but he seems to use the excuse to cover the whole colored race. There are just as many dirty, lousy white people as there are colored. We accuse that barber of racial discrimination as much as any barber who flatly says no to a potential Negro customer.

The main reason for the discrimination seems to be that barbers are afraid of losing white customers if they see a colored person in the barber's chair. If there are any grounds to this fear the people of Fredericton are to blame. We accuse them of unchristian racial discrimination as well. The same fine citizens of Fredericton who contribute large sums to "Christianize" the poor "heathen," who are considered to be solid pillars of our churches, but who refuse to sit in a barber's chair after a Negro has had his hair cut there, are no more Christians in the true sense of the word than the "heathen" they want to convert. Such hypocrisy in a so-called Christian nation. The barbers are the scapegoats who will suffer from the students' boycott. Would that we could show up the Pharisees in our town as well who piously say, "I'm glad that I don't show racial discrimination like those poor 'publicans' down there."

The solution to the problem on the campus would be to set up a co-operative students' barber shop. At its meeting Wednesday night the S. R. C. decided to send a congratulatory letter to the students of St. Francis Xavier College in Antigonish, N. S., for their success in setting up students' barber shops on the campus after they had boycotted town barbers because of the high prices of haircuts. We could easily set up such a shop as well as they could. We could have a barber at Alexander and a barber shop up the hill.

With approximately 1,200 male students as customers each barber would get all the business he wants. We could undoubtedly get our hair cut for a reduced price, and there would be satisfaction all around because we would control the sheps. It is something to think about.

#### PROTEST LETTER (Continued from Page 1)

sulted in this way? Must we practice racial discrimination as Hitler did, or ever allow it to be practiced?

The writers of this letter certainly do not think so! We are determined to assure our friends that they are welcome here. However, we cannot achieve this end without your support. You can help by condemning by word and action those barbers who discriminate unjustly. Do not go to a shop where they ask you who you are before they sell you service. There are some good barbers in Fredericton who make no such distinctions. Remember, it is the obligation of a society to protect the interests of its members.

Endorsements to this letter are on attached sheets.  
EDITOR'S NOTE: About 500 students at U. N. B. have signed this letter of protest. There were not 1,000 or more signatures only because of a lack of time.

## Letters To The Editor

Editor, Nov. 30, 1947  
The Brunswickan

Dear Sir:—After spending two years in the Southern part of the United States, it was a revelation to come to U. N. B. and note the social and political freedom with which all races, creeds, and colors are treated. I was surprised and pleased to note that colored boys share the same billets with their white brothers, a condition which does not exist and place in the U. S. I was beginning to believe that I had reached Shanghai-La, when the roof caved in. A few days ago, a colored boy and I went to get our hair cut. The barber refused to cut his hair because he is colored. Why the owners of Hasheys Barber Shop on York Street, and Johnsons Barber Shop on Queen Street opposite Harvey Studios should refuse to cut the hair of Negroes, is a mystery to me. I can only blame this on the ignorance and stupidity of the people who run these establishments.

This case is analogous to the Southern States of the U. S. It is common knowledge that the poorest part of the country is that in which ignorance and intolerance are predominant. Before a country or province can grow and become important, these conditions must be eliminated. A boy who has spent four years in the service of his country should be granted all rights and privileges that any other person is entitled to. We have accepted him into our society because we think he has the ability to make a good citizen. Let us not have any run of the mill morons, who probably have never seen the inside of a school house and, who probably have never been outside of Fredericton ruin these potentially good men by old fashioned intolerance. It is the job of the students and universities of a country to rectify this sort of foolishness. If the universities can not control it, then all hope is lost.

Yours truly,  
IRVIN ORLOV.

Alexander College,  
Fredericton, N. B.,  
December 1, 1947.

Dear Sir:—Recently one of our coloured college associates has been deeply hurt by the racial intolerance of two barber shop proprietors in Fredericton. Similarly, another of our Negro associates was insulted. The insult was that they were refused hair cutting service because they were colored.

I personally know both of these fine gentlemen, and we, their closer associates, feel the result of their perturbation and embarrassment.

It is regrettable that such ideas exist in Fredericton. What do you think that we can do to correct or compensate for this racial intolerance.

Respectfully yours,  
ROY J. WILEY.

U. N. B., Tuesday,  
2nd November, 1947.

To Mr. Verne Mullen,  
The Brunswickan.

Concerning your reply to the Dalhousie Gazette (Cawdl), such concern over the relative venerability of the two papers is a bit ridiculous on the part of institutions which characteristically hold all things ancient in contempt. Your indignation would be more justified if it had been aroused as a result of a slight to an earnest endeavour to preserve unaltered the principles and calibre of a great institution as originally represented by an old name.

But, in these instances, about the

only suggestion of the 1860's which appears in the spelling of the names. (Since exactly in one of these instances even the composition of the title head has been remarkably altered.

A man must be a dupe indeed if he can be made to follow in the belief that such rude collections of unlicensed scrawls—or that any other example of "sophisticated" abstractionist art—could be an improvement on the graceful and dignified Gothic letters of the old title head.

This "progressive" art, like everything in our age which it symbolizes, represents the beginning of that type of decadence in standards and ideals which is characteristic of the decline of civilizations.

Under the guise of Democracy, ridiculously crude efforts, or, the products of the most routine endeavours are elevated to the status of art; or, what is perhaps more tragic, everything which carries about it an aura of 'science' is raised to a level of transcendent superiority over all authority even that of mankind's greatest leaders, because they are now entirely "outdated."

Thus can mediocrity pretend to be the equal of genius, and the small class of the truly intelligent is credited with hardly more right to leadership than simple pretenders and common schemers.

Hence the undisciplined pretenses of leftist "Art" or the gaudy comedy which is modern American "music." And hence the humblest scientist who discovers that what the Bible calls 7 days is really 7 billion years, presumes himself to be the possessor of a superior enlightenment and proceeds to scoff at all morality, nationalism and imperialism as old fashioned and to condemn the entire structure of church and state upon which, by the very facts of human nature, these fundamentals of every great civilization with a high standard of living depend.

Far from venerating any standards of the 1860's, it has been the constant occupation of all bodies with the "Student Lower House Rights" complex, such as yours (Let the child tell the Father) to agitate for change; Even change simply for changes sake (on the standard "progressive" hypothesis that unless things are kept constantly in turmoil by continual change they have become "stagnant," "antiquated").

Once the university was operated as a proper adjunct of the church by a clergyman (of all quaint things—they even had a chapel) as principal—the latter title could inspire more dread too, in these barbaric days before the S. R. C., which can "defend" the oppressed students against the ferocious intent of a man-eating staff. But this type of set up was hardly likely to give recognition to a type of outcast futurist "genius" which not being of our own people, hated our institutions and the supremacy of our own people in the world and who had "different" (though of course never inferior or sinister) ideas. And this is exactly not the way that the string pullers of the lower house psychology wanted things.

So now we are much more liberal. No longer (apparently) are our own people likely to remain on top in the world where they have been for a thousand years. And now, we have a campus: we have lowered (broadened) the standards for Entrance Qualification. So that anyone, not only regardless of race, colour or creed, but also alas, regardless of mentality, may get in.

And, after he gets in, no longer need the new type of student suffer intellectual humiliation because he is asked to do things beyond his mental capacity; nor need his greater natural "talent" for excitement and for "life" (carousal and carnival) be suppressed; the student's Council will protest against the kind of exam-

## Bouquets to St. Dunstons

There comes a time in everyone's life when the opportunity to toss compliments to a deserving subject comes along, and it is a very pleasant feeling indeed. Such is now the case—for the UNB Debating team which visited St. Dunstons last week wishes to take this opportunity to stress the fact that never has any group been defeated in such a pleasant manner. Arriving only an hour before the debate deadline we were rushed by taxi to the best restaurant in town, feasted royally, given time to prepare for the battle, beaten in a manner that gives rise to the advisability of winning, and then wined (don't tell a soul—the place is "dry"), and escorted to an extremely enjoyable dance. Not content with having shown standard hospitality, the SDU crowd kept a full entertainment schedule before us at all times, we were escorted to and from meals, provided with taxis for the necessary trips to town for odd meals that were necessitated by our gloriously late arising, and generally treated like kings.

There are a number of odd items that are also to the credit of the locality: the "New Look" does not seem to have penetrated to the Island, and one could see numerous reasons for preserving the status quo, for though the co-eds at SDU number very few there did not seem to be any lack of what makes the wheels go 'round at the dances.

All in all we can only say that we had a "wunnerful" time and we hope that there will be an opportunity to return the compliment in the near future.

ination which "nobody but a genius" could be expected to do, in favour of one which submerges the premium set upon genius so that anyone who will work hard enough and put in enough hours of memorizing has an equal (perhaps even better) chance for success. And the students council will retain a whole building for him on the campus dedicated to perpetual life, light, and excitement. ("wake up U. N. B."—one would almost think that your purpose in coming here was to learn something from your teachers—your books are a millstone about your neck").

You protest "wake up" by which you mean wake up all you teenage green horns and you dupes that are willing to be deluded by us, "Come Let's 'Do Something' around here." But no one would be more surprised than would you if any large number actually did wake up.

You magnanimously proclaim "we believe in complete freedom of the press," which you feel quite secure in doing, so long as respectable persons will not associate themselves with all your rallying points for alien philosophy and flourishing internationalist agitation. (Or is there one true Tory in the lot?). So long as you relieve an ample supply of mediocre babble, with which to fill in the spaces between your "progressive" political directives, you rest in comfort. But should there actually come to you an article which was above the level of the mediocre babble and actually reflected true enlightenment, you would go in desperate search for a pretext to suppress that article or if possible to ignore it into oblivion.

Perhaps an error in dates is not so bad as a deliberately sinister intent.  
Sincerely,  
D. B. McLEAN.

EDITOR'S NOTE:  
We didn't refuse to print this letter. Draw your own conclusions if this last part of the letter is correct.

## LITTLE

By ANDY FL

To L. S. and others who were not fortunate enough to be at the Memorial Hall last Friday night we report that it has happened! What? A successful dance has been held on the campus; the formula for which is:—

Good music.  
An energetic committee.  
Delicious refreshments.  
To these add a few decorations, place a pleasure-seeking crowd in the hall and you have one successful dance.

That is what the Foresters had on Friday night when approximately 200 people gathered in Memorial Hall and danced until the small hours of Saturday morning.

The energetic committee consisting of George Cross, Fergus MacLaren and Ian Sewell had done a first class job in organizing so that all went off without a hitch—the good music was furnished by seven of the Merry-Makers who kept everybody constantly on their feet. Refreshments were free as well as excellent and demonstrated the combined efforts of the Foresters wives, ably organized by Pat MacLaren (Mrs. Fergus MacLaren).

The decorations were such that the Foresters could not help but feel in their element for on arrival one's nostrils were assailed by a sweet aroma of coniferous needles. Gone were the familiar fumes of the Chemistry Lab reminiscent of our ever troublesome struggle with Organic Chemistry. As the couples entered the hall the ladies were seen casting quizzical looks at their partners who upon seeing a TREE immediately plucked from it a sample and proceeded to dissect the needles, sniff them, inspect them closely, ponder a moment and then turn with a sagacious look and hand down a decision—"abies balsamea," to which the reply usually was "Abie who, dear?"—for the hall was artistically decorated with numerous saplings freshly cut by Andy Fraser and his fellow choppers that afternoon. One Senior and two Juniors were seen arguing heatedly in a corner but finally the Class of '49 bowed to the superior knowledge of the class of '48 and agreed that there was the odd 'piece alauca' amongst the firs. Some regarded the decorations from an objective point of view and many a family man could be seen trying to figure out which one would fit into the living-room for Christmas. Gib Cunningham is reported to have attempted to salvage a nine footer for the dining room in the Residence, or was it for somebody else?

Phil Lyster (less two pints of blood—he is a regular donor to the V. P. H.)—was at the door and did an excellent job of greeting everybody while the refreshment booth was ably operated by The Flying Sewells, Pete and Ian), Pete Roland and Bruce (100%) Hunt. Ed Bastedo was flashing the bulb throughout the evening and we understand the affair will rate a full page in The Year Book.

Dean and Mrs. Gibson as well as Profs Fleiger, Headley, Estey and Brown and their wives were on hand, while Stanley Pringle was much in evidence. At one time he thought he might be able to hold field work in the Memorial Hall on Saturday A. M.

At 1:30 all was over and everybody went home after a wonderful party. Now we want a repeat.

"It Makes You Think."  
Could it be that our source of esprit de corps or college spirit or