

FEATURE PAGE

Let There Meet The Seniors Be Light

There is a tendency, and a somewhat justifiable one, to descend rather heavily on any members of the student body who appear to be criticized rather freely, without showing any desire to participate in the reform of the object of their criticism. Notwithstanding, I wish to draw to the attention of the student body the well worn matter of the lights on Suicide Slope and on the campus in general.

The year before last, with the expenditure of much paper, ink and hot air, plus no small amount of labour on the part of Al (Let there be light) Cameron and crew, there were lights placed on the aforementioned hill, and at a later date floodlights were placed on the main campus.

All these were fine things, but let us look at the present. On Monday last, I and a party of reliable citizens coming up to one of the not uncommon evening lectures and activities, were forced to feel our way blindly and vocally in the darkness, much to the detriment of our shins and to the morals of any co-eds or other innocent children who happened to be in the vicinity. Surely this is not as it should be!

There is of course the possibility of meeting some shy damsel on the midnight slope, but any damsel that would respond to a line in as dark a place as that is not deserving of the attention of a member of the Lily-White League of U. N. B., besides, the S. R. C. would in all probability bring the matter under the attention of the new committee on Public Safety as an infraction of morals, detrimental to the good name of the university. (The idea is an interesting one though. . .)

In conclusion let me point out that I am not accusing or agitating for the sheer joy of it, I am perhaps not in complete possession of the facts, but I do feel that this matter should be placed before the student body and investigated fully. In due respect to the efforts of the light-bringers of the past, let us not slide back into outer darkness!

POEM

By FRED COGSWELL

Beauty finds expression
Not in abstraction
But in rose petals. . . .
Or sheen of metals. . . .

Music sings
Through tangible things,
Orchestras. . . birds. . . .
White-throated blowers of words. . . .

"Can Love alone exist,
A dismembered platonist?"
This you imply
But you yourself deny.

For louder than metaphysics
Your closed lip speaks:
"Come, taste me, Sweet,
I'm really quite concrete."

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that Charles C. Alley is forbidden for the remainder of the College year to enter the Beaverbrook Residence due to his unbecoming conduct in the Residence last Saturday night.

R. F. FINNEGAN,
House President



AUDREY MOOERS, FREDERICTON, N. B.—SCIENCE—Another of these biology students who inhabit the third floor of the Arts Bldg.—an ardent Basketball player for the past three years—was Assistant Manager of the Co-Ed team last year and at present is Manager. She is also a member of the Dramatic Society, a proof-reader on the Brunswickan and the "wit" of the Reading Room.

DON VOGEL, LACHINE, P. Q.—FORESTRY—entered U. N. B. as a Freshie-soph—Don, a Swiss, by birth—has always shown a keen interest in all sports—During his Soph. year he was on the gym team as well as the swimming team and was also very active with the Ski Club and was one of the sextet to represent U. N. B. at the C. L. A. U. Ski Meet at Ste. Sauveur.

JOHN CATHARIN, SAINT JOHN, N. B.—ARTS—came to us as a Freshie-soph from the foggy city—an active member of the Arts Society and U-Y Club and with other extra-curricular activities still has time to honour in French and History—and carried off the prize for the highest in Junior French last year.

"HAL" SKOVMAND, McLEOD, ALBERTA—ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING—along with a sparkling personality and a friendly smile Skov brought much more with him from the Prairies—Leaving to join the Navy soon after entering U. N. B. in '43 Hal returned once again but this time to join the ranks of the class of '48—He has proven himself a fine athlete having won athletic letters in Varsity Football and Hockey—Track, Boxing, Basketball as well as Cheer Leading are also on his list of activities.

ROY BRADLEY, HARTLAND, N. B.—PRE-MED—Although a Beaverbrook scholar who is majoring in Biology—Roy has still time for many extra-curricular activities—has been a veteran member of the gym-team has also supported the class of '48 in interclass basketball and hockey. He has also held the positions in the Pre-Med Society of Secretary-Treasurer while a soph, and Vice-President while a Junior.

BRUNO SEPPALA, SUDBURY, ONTARIO—FORESTRY—Leaving Ontario to chase bugs all over the University Woodlot with the other "B" Foresters, Bruno came to U. N. B. as a Freshie-soph in '45 and was a prominent member of "Beaver Lodge."—Through his efforts as President of the U. N. B. Ski Club skiing got its first real boost "Up the dent of the U. N. B. Ski Club, skiing got its first real boost "Up the Laurentians. Last year as a member of the Varsity Swimming team he helped capture the Maritime Intercollegiate Swimming Championship and he won second place in the Hammer-throw at the Intercollegiate Track Meet last Spring. During the Christmas holidays last year Bruno joined the ranks of the married students and this fall decided to show U. N. B. off to her and vice-versa—something to be proud of in both cases.

KEN MacKENZIE, ATHOLVILLE, N. B.—CIVIL ENGINEERING—a graduate of Campbellton High—although a staunch supporter of the North Shore, he claims Hamiton, Ont., as his birthplace.—He has always taken a keen interest in all campus activities and has been active in the Glee Club and Dramatic Society and is this year turning out for Boxing. Ken helped make Bar 48 famous by turning in a brilliant performance as the latter half of the horse.

HE GAVE HIS SHIRT

It has been often said that the Editor-in-Chief would give his shirt to the Brunswickan. This statement was borne out in fact last Wednesday afternoon when the Editor did just that. You don't have to take my word for it, ask the members of the staff who were present. We take our hats off to him as he did his shirt to

Armistice Day

by Fred Cogswell

Now that the tide of Fate at last has set
Uward, let not the talk of tongues suffice.
The debt we owe to those who paid the price
And why they paid it let us not forget.

Their visions saw through toil and blood and sweat
A better life to come. For this ideal
They died, and in their dying set their seal
On us, our honour's everlasting debt.

The Fear that gripped us through a nightmare night
Now stands the heart no more. The morning light
Has touched our faces—soon we will be free.
O let us make that Freedom beautiful.

What lesser garland do we dare to cull
For men who gave their lives that this should be?

Death To The Hillside

or

The true and treasonous remarks of
Weary Wisdom.

Cannan may have trod this hillside campus, and Douglas may have chosen his paths, but I for one have never ceased to wish that the founding fathers of U. N. B. had been just a little more weak-bodied and lazy-minded than they were. More like me, for instance.

There is a suspicion that lurks in the recesses of my brain that even these much-vaunted New Brunswick literary heroes often wished that the pioneers who established the struggling college had not forced its students to struggle also. Sentimentalists tell me, to no avail, that when we trudge along the stony paths we are symbolizing the battle of our minds, but my view of that sort of nonsense is rather dim. There's no reason why we shouldn't be able to put all the more effort into the mental fight if we lose our energy in the physical.

I am, furthermore, not impressed

by the other sentimental idea that looking down on the city of stately elms and the flowing St. John ought to give me lofty thoughts. It doesn't make sense. Anyone knows that the lofty thoughts come more easily when in the valley regarding the heights than when on the summit viewing the wearisome plateau.

These romantic whimsies and moralistic axioms, as I said, do not impress me in the least. Having studied a little psychology I can readily point out that the people who spout these hackneyed words are only afflicted with an acute case of Pollyannaism. Since they are compelled to climb the hill each day, they decide that the best relief is a desperate attempt to play "the glad game."

Surely the students of a century ago and of today have the common bond of dreading and disliking The Climb. I, more honest perhaps, and more outspoken than others, am merely letting my true sentiments find expression.

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