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The big question of the moment is: "What is the college going to do when the Seniors leave?" Oh unhappy day! Ahead of us we see looming darkly the dreary vista of tedious formals and dull class parties. Leaving curricular considerations aside we are witnessing the gradual departure, as the college year unrolls, of the only class of students possessing any imagination, initiative and determination in the field of entertainment. They may be equally accomplished in other ways—that we don't know, but when we look at the record for the last two years we are amazed.

Who put on the best class party last year?—The Class of '48!

Who provided the entertainment at one or two of the formals?—The Class of '48!

Who is contemplating a stage Revue?—The Class of '48!

It will be remembered by those that were here last year that a cartoon appeared showing a forked road and a signpost at the fork. A crowd stared at the intersection—one way led to the new, brighter, more interesting and entertaining parties and the other way led to the old dull style. WHICH WAY HAVE WE TAKEN?

Don't you know? I do. Were you at this year's Junior Party? The Class of '49 did a wonderful job. The music—"canned"—was putrid and echoed and re-echoed in the poor acoustics of the Memorial Hall. People wondered aimlessly 'round the dance floor with that vacant, bored look on their faces. A few danced desultorily over a sticky, un-

Friday, Nov. 28

a good nite to remember

Bid often and high

on the 1947 Rotary Radio Auction.

"Now there's a pretty picture"

"Mum . . . a perfect Sweet Cap silhouette."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

Letters To The Editor

EDITOR:
The Brunswickan:
Bouquets: To the Campus Police for their superb handling of traffic at the Basketball Game Saturday night.
To the Brunswickan staff for getting the paper out on time.
To the radio club for their efforts in publicizing the University so ably.
To the Social Committee for their success in staging the Fall Formal. Four Friends.

The Editor,
The Brunswickan,
Dear Sir:—I have noticed with varying degrees of interest some of the ideas and opinions that have been expressed by a number of the students on the campus concerning affairs around them.
A short while ago some noble person wrote an article for the feature page of your publication, entitled, I believe, "Let There Be Light." The article in itself was very good but I still find myself, as others do, stumbling up the hillside path in total darkness. To my mind there is no need of this, and some action should be taken. I can write letters until

polished floor, to whining or roaring music. I believe I heard three—or was it four—popular current tunes during the whole evening. Driven by boredom to play bridge, it was found that there were no facilities—neither room nor cards. For lack of space foursomes had been patiently trying to play at tables set up at the side of the dance floor—a position so helpful to concentration.

Was there any effort, either on the dance floor or off it, to bring people together and make a merry, friendly atmosphere? No! The cold, dull, spiritless atmosphere was only equalled by the cold wet November drizzle that fell outside.

Who is to blame—the committee that arranged it? NO, CERTAINLY NOT! How can a three or four person committee be expected to take over the duties and responsibilities of a successful party? Curricular demands are too pressing. What is the answer then? The answer is in a college spirit—a class spirit—a willing and co-operative spirit: a spirit that will persuade five, ten—even 15 people to willingly give up an hour or two apiece—perhaps less—so that THEIR party, THEIR dance, can be made a success.

Where is this spirit among the classes today? Is the light given by the Senior Class, to the entertainment world of the college the last glimmering flicker of a dying ember? WAKE UP, U. N. B. WAKE UP!

Your textbooks are a millstone around your neck. Give YOURSELF to the college activities—widen your horizons while you have still the chance!

L. S.

I'm blue in the face while others are of no avail. So I say "Let There Be Light."
submit articles until they faint from pushing a pen, but until the S. R. C. makes some definite move our efforts

Yours truly,
LOST IN THE DARK.

FEAT

Flying With Aerial Force

by W. E. JARRATT.

This summer saw the innovation in New Brunswick of the full time use of aircraft to aid in the detection and control of forest fires. The idea of the use of aircraft in combating the menace of forest fires is, of course, not new. Other provinces have maintained provincial air services in previous years and the New Brunswick Government has employed aircraft on a part time basis in the past but this was the first year that regular patrols were carried out. The writer was fortunate in being employed as a pilot on the aerial patrols and spent a most interesting and profitable summer in this capacity.

Since this was a new venture, everything had to be organized almost from the ground up. No pun intended! A great deal had to be learned by the pilots and radio operators all of whom were suffering from hangovers of habits learned in the Air Force. The rules and regulations of Civil Aviation and Radio are very strict and are enforced by Government Inspectors. But, after a few fumbles, we got ourselves organized and settled down to the serious business of patrolling the forests.

Three aircraft were used for the patrols; two light landplanes and one amphibian. The aircraft were equipped with two-way radio and three radio stations were maintained at widely separated places in the province. Thus, no matter where an aircraft might happen to be, it was always able to contact at least one of the ground stations. Besides giving satisfactory service, this was most comforting from the pilot's point of view for, despite the gloomy forecasts that our forests are rapidly disappearing, there are still large areas of the province where a forced landing could be extremely hazardous.

The primary purpose of the aircraft was, of course, to spot fires before they attained major proportions. The whole province is generously sprinkled with fire towers and under normal conditions, the alert tower men are able to detect outbreaks that may occur. But the towers are, of course, static and depend on the weather for their visibility range. There are many days during the summer when the visibility becomes extremely hampered by haze, mist, etc. It is under such conditions that the aircraft prove to be very effective, being able to cover large areas that are blind to the fire towers. Therefore, after any serious electrical storms, special patrols were made by the aircraft over the paths travelled by the storms. This was not difficult because the storms generally travel from west to east and follow the valleys of our larger rivers. A study of the map of New Brunswick, will show that our larger rivers flow from west to east. A case in point may prove to be interesting.

A few days after a series of severe electrical storms, a patrol was carried out north of the Renous River. Two fires were located in dense woods which were so small, a close watch had to be kept on them or else they were lost from sight as the aircraft circled. The fire towers, of course, were not able to see these fires and, had not been detected,