

Applied Science Attacked

Are Canadian universities worthy of their name or has applied science robbed them of their true educational standing? Before you cry "Herecy", pause and examine them. Are they becoming glorified technical schools and business colleges? Let us examine the present day small university in the light of present day conditions and private and national needs.

From my dictionary I find that a "university" is "an educational institution for superior education." I wonder if the universities completely satisfy this definition. I find that any first rate technical institute satisfies it equally as well. Surely a university degree means more than an advanced technical education.

Let us examine the universities of the past. They were certain of learning, of advance in methods of thought, not merely assembly lines for the production of human machines, able to supply facts, figures, and formulas, and to apply them in the most conventional approved manner. They produced men who constantly advanced along new avenues of knowledge, summing up the discoveries of their forerunners, moving eagerly to work the solution of untried problems; solution that now make our present civilization possible.

In the present day we consider it a matter of pride that a greater number of students pass through our universities each year. Are we making the fatal mistake of sacrificing quality for quantity?

In the universities of the past there is no indication of anything resembling our applied science courses, the nearest equivalent was the type of instruction gained through the medium of apprenticeship. Now our technical schools do the job more quickly and efficiently, and that is as it should be. What, however, has become of the university where the student made the understanding of knowledge a study in itself?

There is a timeworn, monotonous answer to this problem, addressed to all who dare question—"You should take Arts." It should not

YOU'VE HAD IT

Have you ever noticed in the Chem two lab,
When you save your pipette with a last wild grab,
Or your wash bottle breaks at the tubing bend point,
Or your burette leaks and you pass the end point,
Or you spill some acid all over the place,
Or you drop the last of your unknown base,
Or you break your only constant crucible
And find that two weeks work aren't usable,
Or you smash your flasks when the door slams shut,
Or you're blowing glass and your lip gets cut,
Or you drop your watch glass and lose your weights,
Or someone waters your precipitates,
Or the winchester breaks with your best solution,
When you worked a week for the right dilution,
Or you spill your standard of known normality,
Or break a burette, due to some rascality,
And it sets you back a buck and a half,
Everyone else in the lab will laugh!!!

Here's what to do with the ones that laugh,
Make them work for a month and a half
Weighing out samples on scales untrue
Boil the stuff 'till his face turns blue,
And use a burette with the stop-cock stuck
And pass the end point, and just get much,
And just when the end has come in sight,
And results show signs of being right,
Spill their samples and smash their glass,
And see if they laugh with the rest of the class.

—The Sheaf.

be necessary to answer this. Imagine our present enrollment of students, freshly armed with B. A. degrees looking for jobs with decent salaries.

Perhaps the situation has been well summed up by John Bartlett Brehner, History professor at Washington's Columbia University, who has just finished a report, "Scholarship for Canada", for the Canadian Government. Speaking of Canadian universities he says that many "are under the eyes, and sometimes thumbs, of apprehensive parents and clergy, and they enable their students to live at, or near, home Most of the students who go to these colleges because they or their parents consider them cheap and convenient; get cheapness and convenience but little else

Speaking generally, Canada would benefit greatly by closing up such colleges or by putting (more) money into them."

This may ordinarily be true, but under existing conditions these small colleges are being flooded by students who have nowhere else to go. This fact, plus that of increased revenue brought by the extra students, enables the universities to prove themselves and justify their existence.

If the universities do not rise to the challenge and provide the properly trained men they will have neglected the most vital factor in Canada's post-war struggle for progress and prosperity.

With this in mind let us face the fact that technical training, glorified with a degree and a fancy

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



EDWARD WALTER

Our campus personality this week is none other than Ed Walter, one of our stately Seniors.

Ed joined the class of '46 from R. C. S. and enrolled as a science student and is now a full-fledged member of the third-floor white-colored tribe. Ed plans to go on in medicine and last year was Vice-President of the Pre-Medical Society.

Down in the gym, Ed is manager of the muscle-men, a position he held last year as well as this. And, as we all know from the Gym Display, Ed is an able member of the Gym Team. The A. A. A. numbers Big Ed among its members.

In the C. O. T. C. contingent Ed holds the rank of Lieutenant.

name, will not supply the necessary type of men. They must have a wider scope, an ability to deal with the social, economic and political problems that they must inevitably meet. This ability can only be attained by emphasis on those studies bearing directly on the problem. Majoring in Forest Management will not enable a man to understand his responsibilities in Canada's political organization.

Let I be accused of harbouring a "back to the good old days" complex, let me hasten to add that a compromise would not only provide a more suitable education but would perhaps prove the best long-term solution to the problem facing us. It would be of benefit to both Arts and Applied Science students.

We must all realize that liberal education is the key to the world, and eventually must be the secret of real world peace. Without any question a man is far better equipped, whatever his life work if he has passed through a real university, not merely an institution known by that name.

—H. R. H. Forestry, '49



EAGER BEAVER

Again and again it came to pass that from the land of Ledge didst scribe carve out the dirty deeds of the Beaverites on the walls of the Lodge and always did deeds take the likeness of feminine form. Verily, did not these likenesses resemble Banshees of the Hill in the dim light to the blood-shot eyes of the eager ones, and the likenesses were accordingly labelled.

Loud were the laments and many were the tears shed into the bier of the sage, Man of Wey, perpetrator of Doins, for was it not said that the wretched one had been badly burned after accepting the torch from the Beaverites. Yea, not being strong enough for the traditional Beaver cure, he passed into the grave his column had already fashioned for him.

Into our midst has crept the newest lover, Vern, son-of-Clark, who gaily enjoys shake of milk from the land of Stapie. Verily, has the Rodent-Eaze lost one of its previous disciples into the hands of local made and he was lead into land of Partee like unto a lamb to the slaughter. Yea, some maintain that the lamb skin was mere disguise to hide furry coat.

Didst not the Beaverites show heels to rest of Cam Pusa in act of Social aid pay homage unto Navie and later to chosen Hill Banshees in form of one-house-open. Verily, it was agreed upon by the chosen few that highlight of Navie social was the many miles of "sure-line" that was swallowed by Pretty Officer labelled out in shovelsfull by Devonite adopted into tribe of Beaver. On nite of slayride did not the Beavers carve deculy into the numbers of the Hill Banshees and even the Sudbury Bruin was seen with gleam of eye and tear of lips to follow Don-the-one cavingt across floor, wall, and ceiling with Kinnie. Verily it was agreed that on the Bruin's blonde the pants of scribe looked good for a change, and it came that new style shouldst be set in lounge.

From sounds of construction on "Roof Gardens of Beaver Lodge" the Soph danz is assured of success. Scribe heartily endorses more plaid shirt danzes —Yea, congrats and a verily are deserving for "Golly", and a warning "Watch your style—they'll steal it."

Do not the Beaverites set new style in form of rivalry over certain wee Banshee. Forming partnership does not gruesome twosome call Kay "Our Girl" and each agree to support the cause. Why because? Verily do Beaverites warn Banshees of danger looming over the Lodge in form of little Mac known affectionately as Bugs "Bunny" for it has come to pass that he now shaves without blade in hope of beard to come.

Without further ado, Beaverites do pay welcome to those from Land of Al, newest addition to Cam Pusa and regret that Lounge is too small to invite these worthy ones to social but with a verily scribe on behalf of Beaverites dost quote number of talking wire, tended by Ethyl, as 1281 to call if Beavers can be of any help in any way and can get past old wolf who hast returned from the land of ill to tend office in front of Lodge.

AS scribe is tired of raving on and densians hath received call to war to protect their honour and home against shi-shirt invaders by stemming the flow of characters who invade Ledge each danz nite, with a verily scribe must off.

WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO BE



A Dietitian?

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