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STAY IN NEW BRUNSWICK

A news item in the Brunswickan two weeks ago concerning a speech by Colin Cameron, president of the CCF in British Columbia to a U. B. C. group has stirred up some controversy at U. N. B.

Perhaps President Cameron was too rash in his choice of words when he called certain graduates "common cheats" who left their country after they finished their education, and perhaps he was prejudiced in some of his other statements concerning the forest lands of his province, but there was truth in what he had to say about those college graduates who desert their province and their country just because they can make a bit more money. He could have made the same statement here in New Brunswick too. George MacCullagh, publisher of the Globe and Mail in Toronto, when he was here a few weeks ago said the same thing in a different way, "I came down here to see the place where so much brains is exported from." His statement was regrettably true.

There is no need for such a situation to exist, but it does and it is up to the students of U. N. B. as much as to any people to do something about it. WE have the power in our own hands to remedy the situation. WE can be college graduates who do stay in New Brunswick.

Many students say, "I would like to stay in New Brunswick if I could, but everybody else is going to leave so I might as well. I don't want to waste my life here." We say, "Everybody else is not going to leave New Brunswick."



CFNB  
WILL BROADCAST  
TWO  
FEATURE PROGRAMS  
OF THE  
ROYAL WEDDING  
7:00-9:00 A. M.  
7:30-8:30 P. M.  
THURSDAY—  
NOV. 20.

Letters To The Editor

EDITOR:

The Brunswickan:

Sir:—Is it not about time to consider the possibility of a jinx existing in rugby football as far as U. N. B. is concerned? The existence of the jinx must be recognized. Could it be the funeral black jerseys which have been presented to the public for the past three seasons? The autumns of 1945, 1946 and 1947 have displayed successive states of defeat in the autumn pastime. There was the defeat by Nova Scotia Tech in the Maritime Intercollegiate playoff two years ago. Last season was one of disaster. 1947 sees the Scarlet and Black on the bottom as far as present scores show. The term Scarlet and Black is used intentionally. Red and Black is not sufficiently descriptive as Red seems to cover any hue from Garnet up. Why not term the colors Scarlet and Black? That is what they have been from at least 1890.

Historically rugby teams from U. N. B., until the present black jerseys with scarlet shoulders were adopted, wore uniforms which emphasized the Scarlet or made an even break between the two colors. The earliest recollection of the writer as a small

boy was horizontal Scarlet and Black. Desire for something different brought the adoption of a scarlet jersey with a black sash across the right shoulder and touches of black at neck and wrists. This was in 1903. Several years later the scarlet jersey pattern, was altered slightly, the sash going, and a band completely about the upper body being adopted. This was retained many years.

Our province even if it is one of the oldest provinces in Canada has need of sacrificing pioneers. Pioneers are needed on the frontiers of civilization whether it is going forward or backward. The pioneer spirit is a rugged spirit. It is good for people and a country. Countries without the pioneer spirit in some sense become decadent and are called depressed areas. Students at the University of New Brunswick, have you got courage enough to sacrifice a few dollars, and to work to build New Brunswick up to the place it can and should hold as a province in Canada? You will not be alone.

(Continued on page seven)



"Well, I'm all set for the Prom . . . Perfection . . . Check!"  
"Yeah, Joe's shirt . . . Bill's tails . . . and my Sweet Caps!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."



FEAT

So You Want To Meet A Celebrity

By ROBERT ROGERS

No. I am not a celebrity! And what's more, I don't even want to meet one. By now, you think I am an obnoxious crank who has no respect for fame. Before I have answered the question in the title, you will clamor for my scalp. If my respect for fame is nil, yours is a negative quantity. It is precisely because I respect famous people that I do not crave attention from them. If you are a genius, your name will be in the bright lights too, some day. But if you are an average citizen, what would you say to Lily Pons, Charles Boyer or Mackenzie King? Most of us would have to admit that our knowledge of opera, movies or politics is woefully inadequate. How, then, could we offer comments that would be stimulating to experts in these fields? In their presence we would probably utter inane trifles about the weather or sit like sponges soaking in all that was said. Neither course of action would be fair to a busy and famous person. The first would be a complete waste of time. The second would be a purely selfish act. Most people of any importance can and do give their best to the general public through radio broadcasts, public lectures, concerts, films, newspaper columns and magazine stories or articles. Why should you want to absorb from a personal conversation with a famous man those things which can be obtained just as well when he shares them with a larger audience?

The answer to that one lies in the word conceit. Think it over. Isn't there a difference between paying a compliment to a movie star and paying a compliment to yourself?

A good illustration of this point may be taken from the works of the great psychologist, Sigmund Freud. A young doctor, after hearing a lecture given by the famous Dr. Virehow, met the older physician and, while introducing himself, forgot his own name. In his nervousness, he substituted the name of the great doctor himself. It was not until the man of fame inquired, "Is your name also Virehow?" that he became aware of his mistake. Why did he forget his own name? Freud comments acidly, "He could have given the charming excuse that he felt so humble in the presence of the great man that he forgot his own name." The real cause of this strange lapse of memory was the young man's personal ambition. In the depths of his unconscious mind, this thought was struggling for expression: "I may some day be as great a doctor as you are. Therefore, you ought to treat me with respect."

This is an extreme case of stupidity in the presence of fame, but that young man has many companions. In fact, most people are so overawed that they can do little more than goggle and gulp. Take the case of the man who, upon being introduced to Somerset Maugham, immediately barked that his favorite book was Main Street. It is obvious that the man was interested, not in the author, but in himself, not in paying just tribute to fame, but in gaining prestige in the eyes of others by talking to a great writer about work he knew next to nothing.

Are your secret motives any different? You think they are? Well, consider the case of the woman who wrote to Princess Elizabeth about exchanging apartments. It is obviously ridiculous to suggest that the heir presumptive to the British throne should leave Buckingham Palace and

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