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To Date

Once again the student body of the University of New Brunswick cast anxious eyes towards the calendar this week. However, the usual cause for consternation was absent. Christmas exams had been abolished. Now the order of the day is tests, tests, and more tests. Despite the situation which keeps the potential slacker ever-alert, U.N.B. profs suspect the average student of shirking. In fact, so leary are the profs of some students that they call up boarding mistresses fairly late different evenings to find out how many are in, how many out. Much to the profs' delight, many fellows and coeds at U.N.B. were actually attempting to fill the roles of students.

HIT A NEW HIGH

Student apathy at U.N.B. hit a new high. Many upperclassmen hoped the Freshmen would add the spark of spirit to keep this campus from sleeping. Wearing placards, turned-up trousers, and lively with enthusiasm the frosh attempted to throw a Senior into the Residence pool, created general confusion in the city, and adorned Bobbie with a substance called paint. Thus the hopes of upperclassmen were fulfilled . . . the first week. Since then college spirits sunk to new depths . . . four turned out to a well-advertised Junior Class meeting, only the directors showed up to a Red 'N' Black Revue audition, and an anti-Mount A. pep rally flopped dismally. A linseaman and trekkers to the swamps were the only concrete evidence of that elusive intangible called college spirit.

JOE BLOWS

Rod MacLeod's SRC Administration ran smoothly. There were no real issues to prod the dormant brains of class reps.—except the question of postponing the Fall Formal. It was clearly evident that the day of Mr. Rabble Rouser was over. Only Joe College was left but some of the Joe Colleges were nicknamed Joe Blows.

HOT POTATOES

Potential hot potatoes never reached the Student Council. Political Clubs, scheduled for re-introduction, got cold feet. Subject of controversy in all other Canadian Universities they were purely "subversive cells" at U.N.B. shrouding themselves under the cloak of a Model Parliament which has not materialized. In effect the Tories were slumbering lacking enthusiasm; the grits, bumbling around in the dark, had a membership but no meeting place; and the socialists had a meeting place but no membership. Of the three, it could be truthfully said that the Socialists were more active on the campus—they mailed out letters to the Freshmen stating "At U.N.B. political clubs are outlawed by the action of the S.R.C."

ONE DEPARTMENT

In one department U.N.B. excelled. Three Maritime Championships . . . tennis, track, and soccer. Despite the shellacking the Red Bombers received at the hands of the Navy a hard-fighting team showed the campus that Canadian Football was here to stay! The Hillmen, trimmed by the Mounties in close, well-fought games, were indicative of a tide which will drown the swamps next year in English Rugger. All in all, U.N.B.'s Sports Menu proved highly successful.

The future looks brighter still. The first display of U.N.B. puckster material proved that whether the Red and Black tops the league or not we can count on skilled performance from each and every player. At the time of writing we cannot predict what will be the result in other sports but if the managers of the other teams—basketball, boxing, etc.—are correct (they usually are) then we may expect high-calibre sportsmanship from all teams.

A FUROR

The Brunswickan, as per usual, blew hot and cold. The Third Storey Window Observer created a furor — someone hinted at lynching the Brunswickan Editors. A militant minority (?) has registered its thoughts and the Observer pulled down the window-blind intent on oblivion forever, lest someone acquire some drastic notions.

U-Y: A Service Club

In this issue of The Brunswickan a special effort is being made to increase the membership of U-Y through familiarization with the service club's program. Elsewhere you will read the facts concerning this campus organization. It is unfortunate that a larger number of the student body are not attracted to this group. Surely a group which through its hard work is able to reduce the Mount A. taintare from \$6.05 to \$1.62 deserves the wholehearted support of all students.

"JOHNNY"

With all memorial services going on across Canada on November 11th, the day Canadians pause to honor their war-dead—naturally, I suppose we thought of Johnny.

You know, living in the country may have its disadvantages, but there is the pleasanter side of it, too. As was mentioned before, the country is beautiful in all its seasons—the village skating rink and the ball-field; the hunting in the fall, and the fishing in the many little brooks that are scattered across the countryside come spring. It's nice to spend a fine summer day picking berries or loafing under a shady tree.

It was in surroundings such as these that our boy Johnny grew up, and being in a country village, everybody knew him and his parents and grandparents before him; likewise Johnny knew everyone else.

Johnny's father was a veteran of World War I, returning home, not too sound of body, to a small farm in a country district. It was on this small farm that Johnny was born—he was the only child. Here in simple, kindly surroundings he spent his childhood, and later toddled off to the district school, carrying his books and his lunch, for the school was almost three miles away. Johnny was a happy little boy, slim with fair hair, shy yet friendly. He grew up—as we all are wont to do, and his usual boyish pranks endeared him to the hearts of his Mother and Father. Life in this little district wasn't very exciting and Johnny was their pride and delight. They listened to his stories about school, the new school teacher and of his longing for a pup, a tumbly one—all his own.

In the summer he used to help his mother with the garden, and then he got a bicycle. This was fine, for now Johnny could go in to the post-office for the mail, and stop at the village store for the Toronto Star, for that was his weekly treat. Every hockey and ball game he and his father listened to, for Johnny's father came from a family that is still well known for its sports activities.

Then came 1935 and war broke out — Johnny was not yet eighteen, but a few months later, he enlisted to serve in the army as had his father before him. His mother and father were both sad and proud; and soon after enlistment Johnny was moved away to

training camp. Things were not looking very bright for England and the Allies then—Canada was rushing into the speed of wartime production; children were being urged at school to buy war saving stamps, and more and more of our friends and neighbours, as well as our own dear ones, went away in the uniforms of our country's armed forces.

I remember seeing Johnny when he first came home on leave, then he was so proud in his uniform—tall and fair haired with a cheery smile for every one. He was going away again—well—he didn't know exactly where—but. Anxiously his folks waited for that letter, then it came and Johnny was in Camp Petawawa; only as far as Ontario. One night in late March, coming home from the last skate of the season, I found my Mom and Dad almost in tears, they were getting ready to take a message out to Johnny's parents. Word had come that he was seriously ill in Petawawa; and the following day his father started by train to see his son—for the last time—alive. The whole neighbourhood kept awaiting word from the boy's father, but the news was not too encouraging; the next week Johnny's father came back, but before he reached home, word came that Johnny was dead.

Johnny's friends collected enough money to buy a floral blanket to cover the sealed grey casket that came by train, accompanied by a sole military guard. As the funeral procession passed along the quiet road, the flag was lowered to half-mast at the little country school. At the sounding of 'the last post', tears fell upon the cheeks of the friends and neighbours, then they watched Johnny's parents follow the casket to the little private cemetery over the hill. There, today you can see the grave covered with beautiful flowers that his father faithfully tends.

All this came back today—as I saw Johnny's father at the village store; he had just returned from the march and ceremony at the cenotaph — the medals of World War I were upon his chest. I saw him go over and pick up the Toronto Star, and as he turned his eyes were full of tears. 'I have to buy this every week, you know — it's Johnny's paper'. I knew that, and I knew also that he never reads it. But they have one comment Johnny was moved away to

(Continued on page 5)



A Timely Protest

Dear Sir:

In the issue of the Brunswickan that reached me today I observed a timely protest from a group of Alumni against a recent announcement inviting "Canadian Wives" to form a club.

Here in Alexander College, where an excellent community spirit makes the immigrant Canadian and the native-born Canadian feel equally at home, a number of student's wives called the telephone number given in that announcement with the view to finding out who was responsible and expressing their disapproval. They tell me that they discovered that the lady trying to form this exclusive "Canadian" group proved to be one who is herself not a native of Canada but an American import!

Yours truly, D. KERMODE PARR. (Dean of Alexander College)

Debaters Selected for Maritime Teams

Three debating teams were formed to practice on their respective subjects immediately for the approaching MIDL debates, as elected at the fourth meeting of the Debating Society on Tuesday, Julian Guntensperger, president, presided as chairman. Mr. Guntensperger along with Jacqueline Webster will be at home to Mt. Allison on December 16th. Notice of this will be posted in the Arts Building for those interested.

The second team will represent U.N.B. at St. Francis Xavier in Antigonish on the same date. Ron Stevenson and Bob Allen have this task. The third team of John Hildebrand and Ralph Hay will be at Delhouise in late January. Tom Drummie and Fred Allen will comprise a fourth team to debate Saint John Law School sometime in the near future. The topic "resolved that U.N.B. Law School should be moved from Saint John to Fredericton" might be used but details, when confirmed, will be posted also.

For the next meeting on Tuesday, 29 November, a practice debate has been scheduled the topic of which will be used in the debate with Mt. Allison. Julian Guntensperger and Jacqueline Webster will hold the affirmative of "resolved, the CBC operates the best interests of the people of Canada" against Derek Wiggs and Buzz Kerr.

CRESTS

FORESTERS PRE-MEDICAL SCIENCE ENGINEERS RESIDENCE ARTS

FLEMING'S of course

Est. 1889

NOTICE APARTMENT VACANCY

There is at Alexander College one apartment to let. This consists of two rooms, unfurnished but with heat and electricity, communicating by indoor passage with community washrooms shared by 12 families. Any married student interested please apply to the Dean of Alexander College (Phone 5041).

D. KERMODE PARR.

Compliments of

Ann's Dress Shop

596 Queen St. Dial 8683

WANT TO JOIN U-Y?

Have you been wounding the letters U-Y mean? Are you have asked the of a fellow student and one of the two answers "I haven't the foggiest" "U-Y means University neither answer being explicit.

Being a persistent son, you ask another "Well, what does the Your 'fountain of information you that: "Oh, the a canteen at the basket and formals and also a at the formals". Having elicited this give reply, you attempt the conversation by say, must make some profits efforts. What happens money?"

Your talkative friend your conversational end his familiar remark, "I foggiest idea." All of es you exactly where y From the foregoing co it is apparent that the has not been advertising ly. I would, therefore, licize our activities in so that the students m better acquainted wit program.

Just Arrive

U. N. B. Jacket Black Satin Red Trim

Priced Right \$12.95 — at — "SCOVILLE" Queen and Carleton

NEVER PUT A S



Pick the P



Picobac is Burley