

The Brunswickian



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FREDERICTON, N. B.

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COMMUNITY AND CULTURE

Address by
Prof. Arthur L. Phelps

If I attempted tonight to build up with finality a definition of either of the important words in my title, I should be in hard trouble. As a working expedient, by Community I am going to mean simply a group of persons whose togetherness makes it natural and easy for them to be aware of one another and aware of being mutually conditioned. Your own Fredericton or your own Maritimes may be examples. By culture I don't mean a monochrome with a drawl, I mean the sum total of elements, hereditary and environmental, from the past and in the present, which make a particular way of life an instrument of satisfaction and self-perpetuation for any group. Our Indians for instance are a disintegrating society because they have lost their culture pattern. I'd like to begin very simply and frankly.

We in the rest of Canada (which by the way, whether you like it or not, is your Canada) think of you in the Maritimes as a community set apart, peculiarly conditioned and isolated in mutuality. You yourselves I am told like to preserve Community differentiations among yourselves. A Nova Scotian I am told is insulted if called a Maritimer; he feels he is not being sufficiently dissociated from New Brunswick. I am further told that to suggest to an Islander that he is anything other than an Islander is to besmirch his reputation. I don't know whether New Brunswickers are jealously proud of New Brunswick and nothing else or not. That would be sad if true.

In other words you know the meaning of Community, you have your own definitions for yourselves. I suspect that some of you are old enough still to be able to characterize a place called Canada. I suspect you could describe Ontario rather vividly, and some of you have meanings for an entity called Quebec. I should be surprised to learn that any of you know or care very much about a drab and dubious area west of the Great Lakes known as the Prairie West or about a lost province beyond the mountains. You live here envied by the sea and are mostly conscious of yourselves and, perhaps now and then, if it's a matter of potatoes, apples and fish, of the Yankees.

I am having, as you see, a bit of fun with you and with myself. I am displaying my rashness and perhaps my ignorance and giving you a chance to laugh at me — or with me.

But honoured by this occasion as I am, I can, with real delight, point out the positive tribute underlying this foolery. You are yourselves. You possess traditions which honour you and made the rawer parts of Canada, in some moods, envy you. History has made itself rich reality here. Behind closed doors, on your streets, along your coasts, deep in your woods and beside your flashing rivers, in your ways of talking and your ways of thinking, is a life, a way of life and a culture, if you like. Your communities have bred it and your communities preserve it. This Campus with its history and its character is one of your symbols.

Even before I argue it, I think my point is clear: a community and its culture, living and expanding, or fading and withering, is a vital and interesting phenomenon.

I remember once, years ago, in England, I came to the door of a little old lady in a vine and rose covered cottage behind a low wall. She spoke of the buses which were

beginning to establish their mesh-work of scheduled runs over the face of England. "But they don't come within two miles of me yet, sir," the little old lady said. She was half afraid and half excited over the threatened invasion of her culture. As I had tea with her, breathing the breath of English roses, I knew what that culture meant to her.

On one occasion Merrill Denison, on his way to the Middle West, stopped off at a lumber camp. He wanted to hear the stories, the songs and turns of speech. He was an honest mixer and he would have absorbed without condescension. But they were all listening to Rose Marie on the radio from New York. Somebody had brought a radio into the camp and poor Merrill was heart-broken.

There is what may be called an axe-handle, a plough-handle, a rose cottage culture. There is that whole complex of skills and values which lies about and in a man when, with arm outstretched, he casts his eye along a newly smoothed axle-helve or when he feels the silky roundness of plough handles or the running line of a net in his controlling grip. At such a moment, in the process of his function and the use of his skill, man and community are one. Man, his environment and its processes, mutually fulfill themselves in a self-preserving activity on behalf of an agreeable life.

Think for a moment of one of our typical Ontario hamlet communities I know such a one. There are the seasonal processes. There are the recurring harvests—the berry, the nut, the ice, the maple sugar, the muskrat, fur harvests; and along with these the recurring harvest of the fields. The rhythm of all this and man's satisfaction in his adjustment to that rhythm makes for a way of life, self-contained and sometimes rich.

I am sure you know what I mean by this talk of group and regions as cultures. We talk of French-Canadian culture. Someone has suggested, rightly or wrongly, there is a culture in the farm tradition of Ontario. There are what we call backward cultures concerning which the statisticians tell us that the infant mortality rate is high or the percentage of illiteracy high. Our school books have told us about the Roman way and the Greek mind. We had an example — a tragic one — of what someone called the Singapore mind, and anytime nowadays you may have a rash soul suggesting that there is a Canadian mind. All these in one way or another are examples of isolated ways of behavior, ways of being,—of developed techniques, within an area for the agreeable preservation of a society within itself in terms of the means available. The Lunenburg fishermen on our East Coast have their way of life; the Gaspe fishermen theirs; the men and women who depend on the New Brunswick pulp and lumber woods theirs. There is, I suppose, what might be called a horse-racing culture in Prince Edward Island.

But today we face all over the world the invasion of communities and the break-up of cultures. Very very many years ago as a boy, again in England, I purchased a small packet in a penny slot machine. It was gum with careful instructions as to its use: it must, the little red wrapper said, be masticated continuously, but under no circumstances swallowed. That was the American invasion. That was the beginning mark for a change in English culture. There is a straight road between that episode and the lean which today has seemed to put John Bull's Britain a purchase in Uncle Sam's American pocket.

But when we talk today of the invasion and breakdown or corruption or amelioration of these cultures we need not assume we witness the death of human culture taken in this sense; we may only be going on into the new conditions and patterns of a new kind of self-preserving and self-justifying life for humans. There is the culture of the jack-knife whittler in the sun. But there is also the culture of the modern machinist at his lathe, proudly solicitous for his nice exactitudes. There may be the self-preserving culture of nuclear energy.

Whatever its significance and its effect, however, the process of change and adaptation goes on. It may disturb or frighten us but we can't stop it. New modes of travel, new modes of communication are getting in their work. Some of us fear the standardization which seems to be involved; everybody the world over may be going to buy United States radios for instance. We deplore the collapse of weak cultures or delicate vulnerable cultures under the life of the stranger and the stronger. We wonder, for instance, what the gain or loss may be as the United States gives up isolationism for a possible business imperialism. An Anglo-U. S. fusion could mean the breakdown of at least one sovereignty. It could be a step towards an ultimate world society, towards the culture of world community if used constructively with magnanimity and seriousness. Among concerned and serious minds, of course, the only safeguard for the process lies in a developed sense of brotherhood, of human community, and in co-operation more and more extended rather than in the perpetuation of the idea of mastery and exploitation.

But the fact is that whenever we are aware of it we are disturbed and frightened by this breakdown of parochial self-sufficiency. The breakdown seems to take away the only society and pattern we know through which we think we can preserve ourselves agreeably and leaves us without sure substitutes. Our trouble is, I think, that we are literally "between two worlds, one dead, the other waiting to be born." In truth the only self-preserving society now possible to us is a world society, but our technical and imaginative adjustments are not done of the latest custom, no scheme of self-preserving and self-justifying relationships for the new order of things, no way of keeping the best of the old and going on under the new inevitable conditions. It is not yet a new order. We have no established techniques for making self-preservation on the new scale agreeable and probable.

All this brings me to my point again. The phenomenon of communities and their culture, living, or threatened and disintegrating, is our peculiar and pressing business as thinking and feeling humans in today's world. Today fate has given us nuclear energy and the atomic bomb and we face unbelievable change. The illustrations can be in simple terms if you like. Once in times past we gave the natives whisky and guns and syphilis, and we changed them. Work out techniques for the universal distribution of the fannies, and you have psychiatrists and mothers huddling in drawing-rooms at troubled little private meetings and even fathers and Brook Chisholm wondering what in the world is happening to us.

My point is that in the sense that I have been using the word cultures change and now cultures emerge. I think we are on the edge of a world culture to rise to meet it. We face a wholly new environment problem

in adjustment to a self-preserving and agreeable way of life. I suppose that there are strong implications for us as Canadians.

If you glimpse at all where I am going in this talk about community that there are strong implications for us as Canadians. I teased you a bit at the beginning over your own isolationism. Canada is made up of pockets and sub-pockets of communities and cultures too weak to be self-sustaining and too unimaginative to co-operate in new syntheses. Our Dominion-Provincial relations problem, with its multiple facets is one example; our major duality of race, language and religion another.

But I did not accept your gracious invitation in order to be negative. It is the positive side of Canada's challenge in this time of shock and change which interests me most.

I think some day the historians will tell our children's children how momentous were those hours. I think it's both a great game and a great duty for those of us alive now to try to comprehend what is happening and to take up our responsibilities as we see them in our own Canadian terms. Remember our history and look at our geography. We are a great world citadel of Roman Catholicism. We are pressed upon the point of being overwhelmed by Americanism. We are caught in the processes which are inevitably changing one of the world's great imperialisms. The mighty Russian experiment is on our Northern borders. We are not only physically at the cross-roads of the world. Ideologically, we are at the very vortex of our contemporary human tension. We performed what we called our war effort. We have become a big business concern. Our young people have gone to the far places of the world and come home again. Lifted from their localities, they have also cross-crossed their own country and made discoveries. They have slipped back now to their home places and laid their uniforms aside and they wonder about themselves and the Canada they find.

We who are older wonder too. We wonder if we have a community and if there can be discovered therein a self-preserving culture. If we are bewildered I think there are a few things which, if seen clearly, will at least suggest what is happening. Canadian history and Canadian geography for instance, are more significant and operative in this accelerated world than ever before. This means for us, as I have said, close contact with the four great powers most obviously conditioning the world.

If I were to offer, not a definition, but a working description of an alert Canadian citizen just now, I could say he is one (man or woman) increasingly aware of being North American in the Continental sense without being American in the National sense. That suggests the diminution of modification of the British tradition and recognizes the fact of this continent as Canada's inevitable base.

In other words, we are just now,—leaving Rome and Russia as shaping influences aside,—in the process of reviewing simultaneously and freshly our British tradition and our American environment. Somebody tells us, for instance, we are an independent nation now: Look at our armed forces and our growing trade. As that we look wryly, not East across the Atlantic, but South over the invisible line. Then somebody tells us that, whatever our material

achievement we have no centred community of feeling, no national essence, no culture; we look then at our racial and linguistic diversities and wonder if the British tradition, misused, has stupefied us.

I should like to look at these two things for a little while, the British tradition and our American environment, if you will bear with me.

Take first the fact of the British tradition among us. There are some to agree that the tradition is being rapidly corroded and disintegrated in our midst. Proof is alleged to lie in the way the United Empire Loyalist legend is being re-interpreted; in the way the Daughters of the Empire cult and the Navy League propaganda is being smiled at, in the grinning among us to save the Empire from the lesser breeds, are understood.

For me there is no cause for concern in all this life. The true operating force of the British tradition among us is not in the custody of any of the organizations of persons mentioned. The true potency lies deeper and has a much subtler emanation.

But there is a queering about the British tradition as I see it operative. It works, I think, a good deal like that something piped by a boy in Thessaly. Yeats, you know, once said that he never contemplated some great event in the world's story and a momentous accomplishment in a great legislature without thinking that perhaps it all happened because of something that a boy piped in Thessaly.

Francis Thompson suggested this intransparability of all things in his way when he said:

"I do think my tread
Touching the daisies in the
meadow grass

Flickers the unwithering stars"
The British tradition works among us because Burns wrote "A Man for a That", because Keats wrote "An Ode to the Nightingale", and Shelley "An Ode to the West Wind," because British History is well taught in our schools, because no serious student leaves the major courses in our Universities without making contact with 19th Century British thought through Carlyle, Mill, Arnold, Ruskin, Butler, Morris, Shaw. Underlying all these is of course Shakespeare and Milton and the whole range of English poetry. All that material, the hard clear deposit of the British mind, is bred into the Canadian mind. It is literally the food of the schools. It helps to make us what we are and it comes out in our politics, our courts of law, their atmosphere and processes, in our social behaviour, and religion, our economic theory. I think the teaching of British history and literature in our schools and Universities has fed us on the British tradition.

But I think there is a curious footnote to be added. I think the result of the influence on the Canadian mind is to refine and idealize that British tradition for us—indeed perhaps to make us a little romantic and unrealistic about it.

It is a fact, isn't it, that the Canadian is often considered embarrassedly idealistic and romantic about the beauty of British life and tradition. Ask a Frenchman. Indeed, one might sometimes ask a Scot, particularly when British tradition is defined too narrowly as English tradition. Ask a contemporary Scotch nationalist to comment on the average Canadian's concept of Bonnie Scotland as created by Barry and Bobby Burns, a land of simple living and high thinking unburied by manufacturing, thwarted industry, and in many

(Continued on Page Eight)

The Brunswickan

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RECOMMENDED READING

The Brunswickan this week is publishing, in full the text of the address rendered by Arthur L. Phelps, a Canadian, on Founder's Day. We do this fully aware that some have already heard or read his message, and others may not care to. But we consider it the most important document of this, or any other week. In the back pages readers will find a few items of incidental importance, and there are other campus news items racked up on the galleys, which are customarily found on the front page.

So seldom do we hear from a Canadian who speaks with the candor and the courage of Arthur Phelps. It is, as a letter writer suggests, lamentable that more of us were not on hand to hear the address, but had the audience been larger the speaker would have had less to say. The hollow echo in the gymnasium repeated his words and underlined their authenticity.

To those who would quarrel with his message, we would point out the unimportance of lack of accord. The reader is free to scan the text at leisure, and his own understanding should be enough to sustain or overrule his objections. What cannot be questioned is the unique sincerity, the blunt and simple exposition of the dilemma of which all Canadians, so constituted as to be condemned to thinking, are aware. We feel that never before has a community heard so simply and clearly the basic urgencies which will decide the question of its survival.

It has become habitual in universities that problems presented to students be accompanied by the answers, found in the back of the book, or explained away by the professor's chalk. Professor Phelps presents a clear delineation of the problems, supplemented only with a hint of direction. Students are so tutored so as to be able to answer questions with only a half understanding of the problem, content to apply some theory created by knowledge but worked in ignorance.

Here, we feel, is rebuttal for the polemic of the Prophets of Pessimism, the Ism Merchant, and the one-eyed adherent of Status Quo. We are pleased to hear a thinking Canadian at long last who would plead for innovation rather than imitation as the policy of our nation.

So, the Brunswickan this week has bypassed custom to provide for its readers the full message of the Founder's Day speaker. Our circulation prohibits its reaching more than 1650 Canadians. We rather feel it might also be of interest to all residents of New Brunswick, and all citizens of Canada. Indeed, it has been our privilege to have word of ourselves; it is a long time between sincerity and expediency.

CFNB 550 ON THE DIAL
will broadcast the
MOUNT "A" vs. U. N. B.
Basketball Game
8.00-9.30 p. m. — Friday March 14

Letters to the Editor

The Brunswickan,
Fredericton, N. B.
Dear Sir:

Many students at U.N.B. are more dead than the Founders whose deeds were commemorated last Tuesday. They had a vision of the future, and though they have passed into memory their works live after them.

Every undergraduate should blush with shame when he thinks of the small (student) attendance at the Founder's Day ceremony last night. Even the Normal School students, who are relatively new in the city and who have not had an opportunity to become acquainted with our University tradition were more interested in the Founders' Day celebration than we were.

I arrived at the Beaverbrook Gymnasium about twenty minutes past eight, expecting to find the place at least as crowded as it would have been had a game been scheduled for the evening. After all, I reasoned, Founders' Day is celebrated but once a year, and only the most outstanding men of Canada are selected as speakers. Then too, the BRUNSWICKAN had publicized it so well that all must have known about it.

What is wrong with the students on this campus? Or should I use the word "student" to describe those who missed the splendid address given by Prof. Phelps? Perhaps not. They do not deserve the name. It is nothing less than sheer hypocrisy for them to attend an institution of higher learning! If we,

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SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

who are fortunate enough to attend university, and it is still a privilege, are so lethargic, how can there be any hope for the future of our country or of the world? But students at U.N.E. do not despair. That would require too much effort.

Perhaps a large and attentive audience would have been a contradiction of what Prof. Phelps had to say. Toward the close of his address, he referred to a group of people who possess "a poise of emptiness". His words aptly describe the condition of many at UNB.

Thank you.

Yours truly,
Robert Rogers

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Flying Club Recipient of Grant from Senator

FLACH

Word has just been received that the Honorary President of the Flying Club, Senator Burchill, has given the Club a donation amounting to \$100.

On Thursday evening, February 13, the Flying Club held their second meeting of the term in the Forestry Building. The meeting was opened by President Tom Prescott, after which the Assistant Secretary, Jim Monohan, read the minutes of the previous meeting. Following this, the Treasurer and the Chairman of the Publicity Committee gave their respective reports. The Assistant Secretary then read a letter which he had dispatched to twenty Canadian Universities. This letter outlined the Clubs activities up to the present time and invited any of the universities interested in forming a flying club to contact him for information.

Prescott again took the chair and outlined the activities of the Club since the last meeting and read a letter to the Honorary President of the Club, Senator Burchill, giving an account of these activities. He further stated that the membership was nearing the hundred mark, and that to date, over fifty instructional flights have been keeping their hand in. Prescott then concluded the meeting with a few pointers on general airmanship.

The Assistant Secretary of the Club, Jim Monohan, also (continued on page ten)

FOUNDERS' DAY HIGHLIGHTED BY IMPRESSIVE PROGRAMME

ORGANIC ISOMERS OF GLUCOSE IS THEME OF TALK

"It is one of the triumphs of organic chemistry, an achievement largely due to the work of Emil Fischer, that the sixteen optical isomers of glucose are known said Murray Melzer in his talk to the Chemical Society on Thursday, February 13, as he outlined briefly the life of Dr. Emil Fischer and illustrated his talk with a rather technical survey of some of the reactions carried out by Fischer.

"Dr. Emil Fischer was born in Germany in 1852. He graduated from university in 1874 and worked for a time with von Baeyer. In 1881, Murray continued, "Dr. Fischer was poisoned with the vapors of phenyl-diazine and suffered from its effects for three months. This compound Fischer used in his work with carbohydrates, including glucose. Dr. Fischer also made great advances in the study of Biochemistry and received the Nobel Prize for Chemistry in 1902.

"In the First World War he aided the Germans to produce nitric acid (needed for explosives) synthetically, and thus replaced the loss of the source of this acid when the importation of Chile saltpeter was (Continued on Page Six)

Extend Greetings

President Milton F. Gregg
UNB Fredericton, N. B.

The Regents Senate and faculties and students of Mount Allison send Cordial greetings to U.N.B. on this anniversary of her foundation. Mount Allison congratulates her splendid service in the past and wishes for her fulfillment of all her desires for the future.
Ross Flemington

President Gregg Pays Quit Rent in Annual Ceremony

Starting with a buffet supper, the annual Founders Day ceremony got under way Tuesday night. During the supper the Glee and Choral Clubs under the direction of Professor Toole sang selections from Gilbert and Sullivan. Immediately after the supper the floor was arranged for the ceremony of the presentation of the Quit-rent money.

Lead by the Glee Club, the members of the Senior Class in robes and then the Faculty and Senate in full regalia, the academic procession presented a colorful sight as the individuals proceeded to their seats.

After "O Canada" the invocation was given by Rev. Rowcliffe, a post-graduate student. The President gave a few introductory remarks and then Linda Peebles presented a Monologue of the Granting of the Charter to the University. This took place in the Colonial Secretaries Office at the end of the 18th century.

The highlight of the evening came when Dr. Gregg presented according to the terms of the University charter, the Annual Quit-Rent of ONE PENNY to the Lieutenant-Governor. The penny lying resplendent upon a satin cushion was received by His Honour who then acknowledged the payment.

The Glee Club rendered "Let us now praise famous men". The main speaker of the evening, Professor A. L. Phelps was introduced by Dr. Pacey, who had been a former colleague of his during his term at the University of Manitoba.

A crowd of over seven hundred and fifty Alumni and friends of the University were in attendance.

S.C.M. HEARS REV. ROWCLIFFE

"The S.C.M. is an organization which believes that there is no break between scientific knowledge and religion," said Rev. R. G. Rowcliffe in his address given in George Street Baptist Church on the World Student Day of Prayer. Robert Rogers, president of the movement, conducted the service, assisted by Elsie Peterson, vice-president of the S.C.M. Rev. A. D. MacPherson, pastor of the Church, led in prayer.

Rowcliffe stressed that world peace would remain not through peace treaties, political agreements and trade regulations, but through trust and understanding between countries. The speaker added that just as men in a neighborhood do not act alike, so we cannot expect all nations to have the same outlook. The nations of the world, he continued, have been brought into such a close relationship with one another that only through sympathy and understanding is there hope of world peace.

NAEGLE SPEAKS

"I am very pessimistic about the future of the world," said Mr. Kasper Naegle to members of the S.C.M. at their meeting in the Y, following the church service. The speaker felt that it would take at least several centuries to bring much betterment in the world affairs and that only if men do not destroy themselves in the meantime. Mr. Naegle reminded his hearers that the motto of the World Student Christian Federation is "Ut omnes unum sint." This, he felt, does not mean that all must think and act alike. He pointed out that men were prone to label nations without inquiring into the reasons for their peculiar national characteristics. Men consider Germans sulky, he said, or call Americans loud, or brand Frenchmen as quick tempered.

The speaker pointed out the two main streams of thought in the World Student Christian Federation. On the one hand, he said, there is what in Protestant circles is called (Continued on Page Six)

Sunday Concerts Drawing Larger Audiences

Miss Lucy Jarvis of the U. N. B. Art Centre, reports that the Sunday evening concerts of recorded music at the Art Centre are steadily increasing in popularity. On Sunday, February 9, an audience of about 75 music-lovers gathered to hear a programme which included Hayden's "Clock" Symphony and Stravinski's "Sacre du Printemps."

The recorded concerts, held last term in the Alexander College lounge, were moved in January to the Art Centre, when through the generosity of Mrs. Philip Fisher of Westmount, P. Q., the university acquired its own Stromberg-Carlson radio-phonograph, together with a collection of 40 albums of records. Previous to that time Mr. Herbert Webber had been kind enough to supply the concert committee with records and an amplifier.

The special opening concert of the term was held on Sunday Jan. 26, with President and Mrs. Gregg in attendance. The president, in a brief speech, acknowledged the kindness of Mrs. Fisher in donating the phonograph to the university. Following the concert, refreshments were served and the audience had an opportunity to inspect the art exhibition arranged by Miss Jarvis for the occasion.

The concerts will continue every Sunday evening for the remainder of the term. They are under the direction of a student committee which is responsible for the choice of programme and for any commentary which accompanies the music.

DOUGLAS GOLD MEDAL ESSAY

The subject for the essay this year is "A New Curriculum for U. N. B. Essays should be submitted to Dr. Desmond Pacey on or before April 25. Competitors desiring further information are advised to consult Dr Pacey.

EXCHANGE OF STUDENT LETTERS SCHEME SET UP

The U. N. B. ISS committee has set up an International Correspondence Scheme, whereby students can write to a student at practically any University in the world.

By this scheme, a form is filled out and returned to the U. N. B. ISS committee which in turn sends it to National Office in Toronto, where a list of students desiring to write to Canadian University students is available.

The forms, which are available at the Bookstore, are to be filled in duplicate. On these forms, you are asked what age student you would like to write to, what your cultural and hobby interests are, in what country you would like to extend your correspondence and what languages you can read or write if any. The student that will be selected for you to write to will be of similar of different course, age, sex, cultural interests and anything else that you desire. In this way it will be possible for you to have an exchange of ideas on your course with a Foreign student. By this token, you can help to show the students of European and other countries what Canadian University life is like, what Canadian students are thinking about the world situation and also find out for yourself, what the other students in the world think of Canada and their views on practically anything.

Thus in our small way, each of us can make an educational contribution to the Intellectually Starved Student... they are crying for Student Correspondence from the countries where the war did not disrupt or stop all University activity. It is up to us to help them out, even (Continued on Page Six)

Peebles and Fanjoy Defeat University of Maine Debaters

Linden Peebles and Ed Fanjoy representing U. N. B. Debating Society defeated a University of Maine team before the Kiwanis Club at Orono on February 13 by an audience vote of over 3 to 1. The debate was won for the affirmative on the Resolution "Resolved that a college education be made available to all qualified students at public expense."

Peebles led off, preparing a scheme whereby students of ability would have the same opportunity to obtain a college education as our youth of today have a chance to obtain an elementary education. He showed how New Zealand and South Africa were insulating the plan and that Canada was considering it.

Fanjoy declared that a caste system exists in America as regards their college education. "This is not democracy he stated. Lack of funds should not stand between a boy with ability and an education. He stressed the necessity of an educated populace to resist the demagogic and the need to maintain technological leadership. The present educational restrictions, he stated flatly, are in essence, "a birth control of ideas". "The test of our progress, he concluded, "is not whether we add to the abundance of those who have much but whether we provide enough for those who have little."

The Maine team denied that they opposed education but attempted to show the impracticability of the plan and the need for public expenditure on elementary education first. "In fifty years, the plan will be sound, Cormier stated. Waring insisted that the cost as outlined by Peebles was too small, "First we want quality in our graduates, not mass-produced, degree-bearing men who have been educated in crowded rooms,—not men who have lost initiative as a result of having de-

gress handed to them on a silver platter.

In this type of debate, each man gave a rebuttal. Fanjoy showed that the arguments of the negative side were the same as those advanced against a high school education fifty years ago.

Peebles, the last speaker of the evening vigorously broke down the undemocratic plans of his opponents. "They are the same people, he added, who prefer the kerosene lamp to electric lights or the horse and buggy to the modern automobile."

The decision was based on the American "change of opinion" plan, balloting being taken before and after the debate to get the change of opinion.

Before the debate, only 8 per cent were in favor of the U. N. B. side whereas after the debate, over 50 per cent were in their favor.

The debate was held after a banquet at which the two teams were the guests of the Orono and Oldtown Kiwanis Clubs.

After the debate, the visitors were guests of the University of Maine at a basketball game between U. of M. and the Univ. of New Hampshire.

The following day, the delegates inspected the campus and attended some lectures at the university. The Department of Speech proved to be of great interest to the U. N. B. men. This department consists of ten professors and instructors. Here debating and public speaking are among the subjects taught. A well equipped radio station is part of the equipment of this department.

It is interesting to note that every freshman at the University of Maine is required to take a course in debating.

This debate is the first of a home and home series, the return match being held here in Fredericton in April.

Logan Promises Quick Action On Idle Political Club

"I couldn't resign as Vice-President of the Political Club, we never held a meeting after I was elected," wailed Logan, as he spoke to the S.R.C. in the absence of Pat Burns, president of the club. The political club is under fire from the S.R.C. on charges of electing officers, being represented in the year book, telephone directory, etc., and yet failing to hold a single meeting this year. Logan was instructed to call a meeting of the executive of the political club and to have them decide if they are going to hold meetings and if they are not, the S.R.C. will be forced to disband them.

"If you don't vote the boxing team \$54.95 the S.R.C. will lose \$500," announced Doug Cooke. He went on to say that the trip to Saint John had been cancelled by the boys from

the foggy city due to the lack of facilities for a meet. To get Saint John to come up here Wednesday a guarantee of \$109 must be made to Saint John. The added expense amounts to \$54.95. Failure to hold the meet would mean an estimated loss of \$500 in gate receipts. The budget was granted.

"Carried," thundered Jerry Atyoo as a motion to hold the election of S.R.C. members on March 13th came to a vote. It was pointed out that the Brunswickan would appear on March 10th carrying pictures and write-ups on the contestants. This would give them three days in which to carry on their election campaigns before the students went to the polls.

"Campus Police should be intelligent, strong, courteous and of good (Continued on Page Ten.)

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THE PICK OF PIPE TOBACCOS

SPORTS NEWS VIEWS

HOT SENIORS SET INTERCLASS PACE

By BEN GOLDBERG

With wild whoops of rage and their faces covered with hideous grimaces, the Seniors continued their winning streak, this being their second win, leaving a wide path of blood and gore over their most recent victims, the game but disheartened Sophies.

Though the second year men got the tip-off the ball was immediately snatched away from under their noses by crafty (Jake) Jacobson who led the first scoring rush. Jolt-in' Joe Atyeo was off to a slow start but soon began rattling the hoops in his customary manner. Again, on this Monday eve, the S.R.C. Prexy was high point man with 12 points. It seemed that the trouble with the Sophomore team was its overabundance of men. (They might perhaps try alternating weeks) Thus the almighty '47 men squashed the hopes of the Sophies to the tune of 29-23.

The second game of the eve was a (continued on page ten)

Ski Team Still In Suspense

By BRUNO SEPPALA

A rainy Sunday put the "dampers" on the Ski Club activities for the week end. The bus was cancelled for the first time since the Sunday runs were started at the beginning of the term. Only a handful of skiers staying in the shack overnight were out at the Royal Road's hill.

In the meantime, the six man U.N.B. Ski Team, formed on the basis of the results of the Interclass Ski Meet and consisting of: Grinnell, Murray, Van Wagner, Vogel, Prince, and Seppala, eagerly await an invitation to the intercollegiate meet at St. Sauveur.

Legal machinery moves too slowly for U.N.B. to become a member of the C.I.A.U. in time for the meet scheduled for Feb. 28 and Mar 1, if such a union were desirable both on the part of U.N.B. and the C.I.A.U. Thus, the teams' only hope of competing in the meet is to be entered as an invited team and at the time of this writing no such invitation has been received.

N. B. High Schools, Take Over Gym. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday

Swimmers prepare for Big Meet set for March 18th.

The Varsity swimming teams both men's and ladies', have been turning out regularly this term in preparation for the Maritime Intercollegiate meet to be held in the Residence pool on March 18.

Coaches Enid Blakeney and Howie Ryan have a good supply of excellent material to pick the teams from. These include free stylists, back and breast stroke as well as divers Curtis, Gale and Worthen.



Courtesy Ed. Bastedo, 1947 Year Book.

Back Row (L-r) H. R. Ryan, Ed Curtis, Peter Van Wagner, Dick Gale, Corrigan, Cottingham, Mrs. Enid Blakeney, Ann Gibson, Nini Gibson, Audrey Gillies, Eleanor Barber.

Front Row (L-r): Noble, MacMillan, Pelton, D. Vogel (C.), D. Worthen. Absent: Jeanne Edwards, Sally Black, Bruno Sepalia, John Bewick.

INTERSCHOLASTIC TOURNAMENT

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week the High Schools of New Brunswick will invade Fredericton for the big Interscholastic Basketball Tournament that takes place in the Beaverbrook Gym. This year finds 15 teams in the fight for the coveted trophy.

The tournament is running into its seventh year. Previous winners were: Fredericton, Woodstock, Harkins of Newcastle, Rothesay, Harkins and Fredericton.

The games are arranged so that the winners of the first round continue to play one another until the champion team emerges; losers of the first round play for the consolation championship.

At the time we go to press the draw is as follows:— (changes may have been made in the meantime) Thursday:—

- 5 p. m. St. John Voc. v. Harkins
- 6 p. m. Rothesay v. St. Thomas
- 7 p. m. F.H.S. v. St. Stephen
- 8 p. m. Mt. A. Academy v. McAdam
- 9 p. m. Woodstock v. St. John H. S.
- 10 p. m. Carleton County Voc. v. Campbellton

Friday:—
5 a. m. Centreville v. St. Vincents.
8 a. m. Sussex gets a bye.

This constitutes the first round. The Consolation Championship will be played at 2.30 p. m. on Saturday afternoon while the championship game will take place at 3.30 p. m. St. John Voc. were consolation champs last year and will be favored to take Harkins. St. Thomas Academy are making their debut into the Interscholastic Tournament but Rothesay should prove too strong for them.

F.H.S., last year's winners, will be one of the teams to watch. They have Jack Grant, Pat Grant, McDougall and Glass of last year's team plus several promising newcomers. They have beaten W.H.S. in Fredericton and Woodstock McAdam and U.N.B. Jr. Varsity have fallen under this well-coached aggregation. Yet this corner predicts that the game between F.H.S. and St. Stephen will be a ding-dong go from the first to the last whistle but we'll see — : : :
Mt. A. Academy is a dark-horse — (Continued on Page Ten)

The Hillman's Sportscope



DAVE

By

and

TOM



As far back as 1941 we have heard the following from the men of Fredericton — U.N.B. will never have a hockey team while there is no rink. Last week we were shown once again how true this is, as St. Thomas shunted the Red and Black out of the intercollegiate hockey picture. There is no doubt that the prospects for a brilliant hockey team were here, but that is all there was — prospects. Having spent the huge sum of about 6 hours each on ice this year the Hillmen looked pathetic, to say the least, in bowing before the Tommies. We are not trying to make excuses because St. Thomas deserved to win — and did. Chief comment from those in the Headquarters of the S.R.C. was:— "Well, we saved \$1000 on that one." You are to be congratulated on fine finance and spirit.

The hockey line-up will not appear again or sport pages, although an exhibition series with Mt. A. might be a good idea if there was ice. It is too bad ice is needed for hockey — Acadia, not satisfied with natural ice in their own rink, built an artificial plant, but once again — U.N.B. does not even own a rink. To the seniors on the team came that dull — "last time" feeling. To Captain Bud Stuart it is too bad that such fine fighting hockey spirit and ability was partially wasted at U.N.B.

In the St. Thomas, dressing room after the game we heard "Well we licked the 1400" — you sure did. The U.N.B. co-eds basketball team may soon be able to express the same, and in a larger ratio, too. They laced the ladies from the marshes by 16 points last week, and should be able to protect the lead in Sackville. It would be quite a blow to Mt. A. to have the pick of 86 coeds knock off the mighty 600. Food for thought, Ay! Keep running girls and you might get farther than you think.

Alexander topped Mt. A Junior Varsity 43-34. Good news for our Jayvees.....Loss of Doug Wylie — bad news.....Tough luck to a fine competitor.

High School teams from all over New Brunswick will battle it out in the spacious Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium at the end of this month. At stake will be the much prized cup which will be given to the winning team of the tournament. This is one of the highlights of the athletic year. Scouts from Universities far and wide will find ring side seats and watch the potential Varsity stars. Athletic scholarships will be tantalizingly dangled before a number of the more fortunate individuals. Elm-treed Fredericton will play host to thousands who will come from corners of the province. We, your columnists, have looked forward to this tournament ever since the last few fans had filed out of the door and all was silent in the old gymnasium last year. Perhaps you ask: Who do we think will take the tournament? We won't go too far cut on the limb, except to say that we're almost positive it will be either Fredericton High or Carleton County Vocational school. If an upset is to be scored we can't see any better teams to perform such a feat than Mount A. Academy or Saint John Vocational. However, there is a chance for every team who enters this meet. All they require is lots of fight, a desire to win, confidence and the courage equal to the strength of the rock of Gibraltar.

..... This year your Columnists have arranged a special All Star Selection Five players are to be chosen, each of whom will be our choice of the outstanding players in his position during the series.....These players (continued on page 10)

HOCKEY TEAM BOWS OUT TO CHATHAM

By Gus McLeod and Charlie Alley

ST. THOMAS 7 U.N.B. 4

U.N.B.'s hopes of a championship hockey squad for 1947 vanished into cold air last Thursday when the Varsity boys went down to a crushing defeat at the hands of the Saint Thomas Collegians. The Tommies, showing superior conditioning defeated U.N.B. 7-4 and won the two game total goal series by a score of 14-12.

The Red and Black puckmen in the previous three weeks were on the ice only four times owing to the condition of College rink.

The visitors had complete control of the game throughout. At the end of the first period they led by a score of 4-2. In the 2nd period they garnered two goals to the Hillmen's 1. In the final period the U.N.B. squad made a desperate attack but they could not pierce the St. Thomas defence. Each team scored one goal in the final stanza.

As during the past several years U.N.B.'s hopes of a Maritime Intercollegiate Hockey crown, have been miserably squelched by the lack of a hockey arena. This year, with some of the best hockey material plus the results were the same as in ever: available on the hillside camp years.

Although defeat came so early in the season a great deal of credit should be given to Coach Berle Ralston, Manager Charlie Mallory, and especially to the Varsity boys themselves who put up such a fine showing despite adverse conditions on all sides.

Summary

- First Period —
(1) U.N.B. — Petrocco (Bedard)
(2) St. T. — Toner (McAloon)
(3) St. T. — Hay (Collins)
(4) St. T. — Collins
(5) U.N.B. — Stuart (Hicks, Ryan)
(6) St. T. — McAloon.
- 2nd Period —
(7) St. T. — MacWilliam (Toner)
(8) St. T. — Hay
(9) U.N.B. — Petrocco (Matheson)
- 3rd Period —
(10) St. T. — McAloon (Toner)
(11) U.N.B. — Petrocco
- Referee — "Shorty" Clarke

INTERCLASS "BIG TEN"

Ateyo (Srs.)	23
MacIntyre (Fresh)	22
Murchison (Fresh)	17
Jacobson (Seniors)	12
Cooke (Soph)	10
Baxter (Seniors)	9
Goldberg (Soph)	9
Church (Frosh)	8
Haines (Seniors)	7
Skovmand (Jrs.)	7
Barnett (Jrs.)	7

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Word came through on Friday that an invitation had been extended to the U.N.B. ski team to participate in the big meet at St. Sauveur on Feb. 28 and March 1.

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Notice!

Nominations are hereby called for the following executive positions for the College year 1947-1948

- President of the S.R.C. . . . Senior.
- Vice-President of the S.R.C. . . . Senior.
- 2nd Vice-president of the S.R.C. . . . Junior Co-ed
- Treasurer of the S.R.C. . . . Junior.
- Secretary of the S.R.C. . . . Sophomore
- President of the A.A.A. (Amateur Athletic Association) . . . Senior.
- Vice-President of the AAA . . . Junior
- Secretary of the AAA . . . Sophomore

All nominations shall be in writing, signed by a nominator and second, and shall have the names of eight other students subscribed thereto. The nomination shall be handed to the President or the Secretary of the SRC Nominations shall be closed on Thursday, February 27, 1947.

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Co-eds Triumph in Final Round

CO-EDS START CHAMPIONSHIP MARCH

The Red and Black Co-Ed Cage Team took the first step towards a Maritime Championship by defeating Mt. A. at Fredericton by a score of 23-12. Its been eleven years since a Ladies' Basketball championship has been at U.N.B.; this year's team may do the trick.

Lineups:—
U.N.B. Harquail f. 13, McLaggan f. 14, Kinnie f. 1, Golding f., Qulun f., Long f., Baeristo g., Fickard g., Wylie g., Ritchie g., Wade g.

Mt. A. Wry f., MacPhall, Mosher, Godfrey f., Coates, Joyce, Wilson, Estabrooks, Tubb, Hatherly, Murray.

As we went to press the results of the final U.N.B.—Mt. A. Co-Ed game came in. Although Mt. A. won the final game by a 21-17 margin, U.N.B. took the round and the N. B. Intercollegiate Ladies' Basketball Title by a 45-33 score.

The girls now advance to meet the N. S. winners for the Maritime crown.

Good luck — let's win!

OUTLAWS CHALLENGE U.N.B. JUNIOR VARSITY

The Outlaws, notorious basketball quintet picked from the has-beens and never-weres that inhabit the Beaverbrook Gym, challenge the University of New Brunswick's own Junior Varsity to a game to be played in the above-mentioned Gym on a date suitable to both teams and with officials that will satisfy each side.

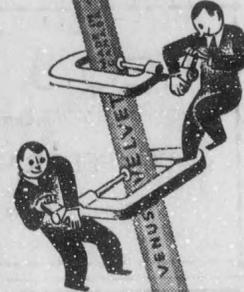
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SENIORS WHIP "Y" TEAM

Overcoming a 10 point deficit gathered during their Christmas tour, the Red and Black Seniors rolled on over the "Y" boys and easily won by 18 points. Freshman Bob Smith of Woodstock and "Wild Bill" MacDonald of Saint John played fighting ball on the guard line while the forward lines, getting smoother with every game, racked up the points at the end of smart passing plays.

This week-end will see Nashua, New Hampshire, at U.N.B. We predict one of the better games of the year.

Lineups:—
U.N.B.:— Demers 9, Jardine 4, Garland 4, Stothart 18, Hanson 2, Smith 2, Dohoney, Garner 8, MacDonald 2.

JAYVEES LOSE TO RICKER

The towering Ricker's team from Houlton, Me. had little trouble taking U.N.B.'s Jr. Varsity to the cleaners. The last time a U.N.B. team played Ricker was in 1944 when the Freshman class bowed to them on their tiny floor at Houlton.

Lineups:—
U.N.B.:—John Gibson 2, Church 12, King, Blackmer 2, Davidson 3, Atkinson, Cummings, Jim Gibson 7, John King 4.

Houlton:—MacFarlane 6, Twombly 10, Sonia 9, York 2, Hickson 10, Dos, Boynton 1, Geraldson 6, Foyle Cullow 2, Burke 3.

Referee for all games — Tony Tammero, Woodland, Me.

SAINT JOHN MEN TO BOX HERE WED.

Last Thursday night the final eliminations were held to pick U.N.B.'s boxing team. Pat Clair beat Reid Scott in the middle weight class while Bob Lynch beat Boucher to win a spot in this meet.

This Wednesday night the boys will gain more experience when they meet a team from Saint John in our Gym. This time we'll see big Frank Dohoney and our sensational 112 pounder Boyd Hudson from Bathurst, N. B. in action.

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(Continued From Page Three)

stopped. Toward the end of the war," Meltzer continued, "Fischer was engaged in research along many lines designed to aid the German people who were suffering from starvation. He died in 1913.

"The scientific papers of Dr. Emil Fischer are excellent literary writings and are an example for all students of science."

"Before the talk given by Murray Meltzer, discussion centred around the arrival here of Dr. Benson from Shawinigan, an outstanding industrial chemist, who will address all those interested on the subject "Industrial Acetylene Chemistry" on February 21. Mary Lawson, Dick Kierstead and Donald Dyer were chosen to greet Dr. Benson and look after him during his stay in Fredericton.

After the talk tea and biscuits were served in the usual manner.

S.C.M. Hears

(continued from page three)

ed neo-orthodoxy. This approach, he explained, involves a return to the Bible with an effort to avoid some of the pitfalls of fundamentalism. The speaker added that this stream of thought involved a very pessimistic view of human nature based on the experiences of Europeans in the past ten years when the beastly aspect of human conduct became evident as it had not been for some time. "On the other hand," said Mr. Naegle, "there is the optimistic, liberal outlook which prevails in this continent where men have not seen the fury of their fellow-men."

At the meeting two films were shown on the world food situation and the need for food conservation was explained by David Benoit.

It was decided to hold a social on February 25. The meeting closed with lunch and a question period.

Exchange of

(continued from page three)

by just writing to them, to relieve the intellectual vacuum they have lived in for so long.

The Correspondence forms are now available at the Bookstore. Also, for those interested, there are also available there, copies of "Out of the Ruins" . . . a booklet which is a Report on Student Relief Activities . . . and which will give you an insight into just what has been done already since the war ended.

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To Kiss The Cross

(continued from page nine)

He had accused her before of spoiling Timmy. Not another chance would he get to do that! Timmy would be brought up as she wanted—and he would not be a sissy, either. Jim simply did not understand sensitive children. Suddenly, she had an idea. It was mentally dishonest, but it might work.

"Timmy," she began, "one of the finest things in the world is to make people happy. People laugh when they're happy. Take Jack Benny, for instance or Charlie McCarthy, the more times people laugh at them during those shows the better they like it. Now you made the whole school laugh at you this morning. Why don't you just pretend you're Jack Benny and that school is a radio show?"

Timmy, much to her relief, seemed to grasp the idea without asking for further explanation. He grinned broadly. "Then I'm a funny man, am I, Mummy?" he queried.

"Yes, dear. One more thing. The first sign that you are beginning to grow up is the first time that you have a real laugh at yourself. Remember that, son, whatever happens whatever you do."

Well, that problem was solved. No need to hide it from Jim with Timmy taking it in such fine spirit.

When the story was told across the dinner table, Jim laughed heartily. Sure, Timmy, you're a true son of mine. Couldn't have done better myself. In fact I might have done a lot worse and come home with black eyes and torn clothes for mother to fix up."

Timmy laughed gleefully. Parental approval was sweet. The meal over, he marched proudly off to school, whistling tunelessly but happily.

At last he arrived. A scattering of boys and girls drifted across the yard. At first, Timmy was almost unnoticed. Before long, however, a tall, gangling individual with a mass of spiky black hair approached with a leering grin. "So this is Mister James Timothy O'Shea Junior," the bully snarled. Raising his voice, he shouted "This is Mr. O'Shea." A roar of jeering laughter followed.

Timmy grinned broadly. Then his smile thinned and his mouth became set in a grim, straight line. Waving in front of him was a jackknife blade, gleaming in the sun. "et's put him through the third degree!" a voice croaked. "Cut off his ears and slit his nose down the middle."

"Maybe we ought to take out one

eye, too," another voice chimed in. "Yes, yes," a chorus of voices answered.

"I'll bet he's just a mama's pet," the bully scoffed meracingly. As an afterthought he added, "We'll fix him so she'll never know him, won't we boys?"

They were going to cut him up with their jackknives! They couldn't be fooling, for there were the knives flashing in the air. So that was what they learned in school. But the teacher had seemed so nice in the morning . . . Still, she hadn't stopped them—if this was school, he didn't like it. Tears began to trickle down his cheeks. He could feel them even though he tried hard not to cry. A new joke caused a burst of laughter among his tormentors. Their grip relaxed for a moment.

He wrenched himself free and fled from the school grounds. Cries of "sissy" and "teacher's pet" assailed him. He ran blindly on, not caring what they thought or said, hoping he would never see them again. Surely Mother would not make him go back. "No-ooo, N-Never" he sobbed, as he stopped to get his breath, at a safe distance from the school.

Mary was feeding the hens when Timmy came mournfully along the road. Mercy! What could have happened? There, she had almost spilled the laying mash. Timmy would not reach the house until after she had finished feeding the hens and gathering the eggs. Something was wrong. But what?

"Timmy duck, whatever happened? You've been crying, she burst out.

(To Be Continued.)

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NATIONAL PARK FOR PROVINCE IS DISCUSSED

The Bailey Geological Society went on record last Tuesday night, February 11, as being heartily in favour of a National Park for New Brunswick, and stressed that action be taken to bring this desire to the notice of the Provincial authorities. The club pointed out that it was time N. B. had a National Park, considering that every province in the Dominion had at least one—but N. B. possession was nil. The members in discussing this matter asked why this situation existed.

The Geology Lecture Room was the scene of heated and lengthy discussions after Fent Scott and Russ Bishop had addressed the club on "National Parks". Introducing the topic, Scott, pointed out that Alberta possesses 21,000 square miles of Parks. If N. B. possessed a Park in the same proportion to its size it would cover an area of 2,100 square miles. There is considerable difference between zero square miles and 2,100 square miles.

The site for a National Park should be preferably on Crown Land, and in an area of historical interest, Scott continued. N. B. is lacking in neither of the two—especially in the aspect of historical interest. Here is the home of the Empire Loyalist, and pock-marking the entire province is historical evidence of colonial days. New Brunswick has the qualifications but no National Park.

Bishop mentioned several locations, one of which could possibly be utilized as a National Park. Two, in particular, took the interest of the club. One was the Mt. Carleton section, in the north, central of the province; the other, the Mt. Champlain section, extending from the Welsford area eastward to the Saint John River. The members felt there was much to be said in favour of both districts.

A National Park should be a place to where tourists would be attracted, and where New Brunswickers could spend their holidays. This the club stressed, and continued to emphasize the importance of having living accommodations, so one could enjoy the year-round sports, according to the season. One feature of note was the suggestion of a practice which is carried out in other Parks: Visitors could be supplied with a booklet guide which would point out the geological features and explain them in a layman's language.

That this "unspoiled province by the sea" would prosper tremendously by possessing a National Park was the feeling of the club. The increased tourist influx, resulting from this Park, would mean money in the pocket of the individual and the government. All concerned would gain.

New Brunswick is a land of beauty, rivaling the grandeur of other countries of the world. The members of the society felt that this beauty should be exploited and presented to others. This, a National Park would do.

Concluding the meeting Eric Teed moved that the Bailey Geological Society send a letter to the Provincial authorities recommending that the government take steps to provide a National Park in New Brunswick.



Students Assembling in Front of Chateau at Combleaux, France I.S.S. Photo

Financial Statement

The Canadian Committee of the International Student Service has issued a statement of its financial position, for the year ending Dec. 31, 1946. The statement is as follows:

SUBSCRIPTION RECEIPTS	
Contributions from students, student bodies and other sources in and around the following university centres—	
University of Alberta	\$ 319.72
Stanstead College	100.00
Ontario Ladies' College	14.00
Macdonald College	720.00
St. Francis Xavier University	560.00
Queen's University	2,200.00
Victoria College, Univ. of British Columbia	45.00
Pine Hill Theological Society	10.00
University of Manitoba	1,701.70
Brandon College	56.00
University of Western Ontario	1,701.70
University of Toronto	6,149.00
McMaster University	840.00
University of New Brunswick	1,025.41
McGill University	1,513.34
Regina College	193.19
Dalhousie University	527.29
Bishop's University	180.00
University of Saskatchewan	643.67
Carleton College	377.78
Alma College	203.00
Vancouver High School	117.00
Acadia University	895.00
University of British Columbia	3,708.41
Mount Allison University	1,014.33
	\$24,135.91

DISBURSEMENTS	
Rev. Dale Brown, to be used for I. S. S. prisoner of war relief	\$ 3,000.00
World Student Relief	13,356.00
General Expenses—	
Express postage	124.93
Stationery and Printing	250.46
Travelling expenses	1,419.27
Campaign and Publicity	490.54
Sundry—exchange on cheques, telephones, etc.	288.52
Advertising	55.80
Administrative salaries	2,621.37
	5,950.44
	22,100.44

EXCESS OF RECEIPTS OVER DISBURSEMENTS (general fund) \$ 2,085.47

AUDITORS' REPORT

We have examined the above statement of receipt and disbursements of the International Student Service, Canadian Committee, for the year ended 31st December, 1946. The receipts for the year are shown as recorded in the books and so far as possible have been test-checked by us. The balance on deposit at 31st December, 1946 has been reconciled with the amount on deposit, confirmed to us by the committee's bankers and the cash on hand was verified by count.

(Signed) CLARKSON, GORDON & CO.,

Toronto, Canada, Chartered Accountants.
18th January, 1947.

"One World... One Campus" Scientific Society Hears Lecture By Dr. A. J. Skolko

(By John Weyman)

On this campus we are starting out on an ISS week. The students at this University are being asked to contribute what they think they can afford and perhaps a little more to help out their unfortunate brothers-under-the-skin in less fortunate areas of the world. The need is urgent and immediate... If we can provide help for these destitute students now, when their resources are at their lowest ebb, they will not forget us in years to come. Who can turn his back to the starving, tubercular (or otherwise sick) fellow students?

When the ISS Taggers come to you to buy a tag (which shows you are adding your bit to help those "Over There") won't you make an effort to give to them all that you can afford? This tag day is not a 10 or 25 cent contribution day... rather... we hope that you will contribute a dollar or more. However, if all that you can afford to give is 10 cents or 25 cents give it... it all adds up. This is the only direct appeal that will be made for ISS funds this year.

It seems rather wonderful that the students in Belgium, although in dire straits themselves are making a contribution to world student relief. Here is a report from Brussels. "Over 7,000 Belgian francs are being transferred to Geneva for World student relief. We are also anxious to take part in the ISS program of establishing student centres. Belgian students are planning to use former German blockhouses on the Atlantic wall for this purpose, modelling their centres on the ISS Students Rehabilitation Centre (continued on page ten)

A meeting of the Scientific Society was held on Friday, February 7 in the Geology Lecture Room, Forestry Building.

The speaker for the afternoon was Dr. Skolko, who is a Forest pathologist for the Dominion government. Dr. Skolko gives lectures in Forest Pathology and is affiliated with the Biology Department.

Dr. Skolko gave an interesting talk concerning Forest fires in the Dominion of Canada and the use of salvaged wood. Contrary to public opinion, the actual loss of merchantable wood through forest fires is not great. Although the tree may be bared of most branches and the bark quite badly charred, the interior of the main trunk is quite usable. Salvaged wood is also light and therefore easier to handle. The main difficulty in handling salvaged wood is that it is well blackened and it is difficult to find labour.

Many enlightening points were brought forward by Dr. Skolko and an interesting discussion followed his talk.

TAG DAY

The I.S.S. will conduct a Tag Day on the Campus on Tuesday, February 25.

All contributions no matter how large will be gratefully received. The objective is one dollar per student. At the present about one quarter per student has been raised.

Last year U.N.B. lead all Canadian Universities with the highest per capita donations. The Committee hopes to achieve this record again and to do so every bit counts.



Crating Books For Distribution to Students at Geneva ISS Photo



Student Recuperating at Sanitarium in France ISS Photo

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COMMUNITY AND CULTURE

(Continued From Page One.) areas, debilitated moral fibre. The contemporary Scot would want us to quit being romantic and see things as they are.

Whether soundly or misguidedly based, the British tradition among Canadians is a great theoretic inheritance, and it has operated for

good. It has impartially operated as an ideal and has fed the quality of Canadian achievement in wartime activity, kept management and labour agitation free from the typical stridencies and excesses of this continent and steadied the objectives and methods in maintaining price controls and the structure of national financing.

Something that Canadians have decided is the British tradition still operates with power in Canadian Life.

But don't let us be misled. The British tradition now, in 1947, if not disappearing among us, is suffering a sea-change. A cultivated woman of judgement said to a group of us the other day, "I watched my boys grow up. I heard them talk. They are not British. I don't know what they are." When someone said, "Are they American?", she answered, "I hope not."

There you have it. But those boys who can never inherit the British tradition inevitably and unmodified anymore, may nevertheless as Canadians grow up to understand the total trans-Atlantic heritage as has never before been the case. We are perhaps ready for a new responsible realization of ourselves. It is no defence anymore against Americanism or any other "ism" to hold merely a blind and automatic loyalty to whoever may be reigning PM at Westminster. What if he should turn out really to be a Socialist, or one day, a British (or a Russian) Communist?

We are in trouble today, too, over our American environment and the influence of that expansive entity to our South. There is just now the continuous operation of the total American continental pressure. That fact of the continent is notably of course the one pervasive invasive fact of the United States of America, never more felt than now, as U. S. money is organizing the world and U. S. military strategy tends to assume the total North American continent, including Canada's north, as its functional base.

I think it is unfortunate just now that the U. S. influence tends to operate among us in just the opposite way from the manner of the British tradition. Whereas we Canadians tend to assume as ours the best of the British tradition, we tend, in the case of the United States, to recognize and accept the worst. The Universities have failed us here in not channelling to our Canadian students the really rich materials in U. S. literature and history. The inheritance from Jefferson, Paine, from Lincoln, from Emerson and Whitman, from the New England thinkers, has never really touched us. It is the best of the stuff bred on our Continent and we Canadians are ignorant of it. The result is we know the American union by her big money barons, her Henry Fords, her jazz moods, her advertising energy and her Hollywood and radio techniques. Not knowing the elements in the American tradition which may even today steady and still shape her, we miss much of her truer internal life and are influenced by and tend to imitate what is less than her best.

I know it is not easy to analyze the effects of American on Canadian life. But I believe I am suggesting to you something of how it works. I believe we are in danger of being a sort of colonial extension of the worst in American life without the checks and balances of its best. We are mightily environed, we Canadians, by that great nation to the South and from that great nation come stridently and powerfully many of the influences which shape us towards what we are becoming. Contemporary American politics, contemporary American big business, contemporary American social trends, contemporary American economic theory, all for ill or good, play upon us constantly. I have talked at some length of

these two things—the British tradition and the American environment—because the processes of adjustment as we seek our own community selfhood and our own culture, are immediate and obvious. But for me it is inevitable that as we forward the task of adjustment in relation to these traditional forces now being newly defined in a changing world, we shall also be led to face and try to understand the stimulus and the challenge from Rome and from Russia. We shall be led inevitably to consider our place on the world's stage in relation to the total human scene. The collective human task of searching for a world community and a culture pattern suited to preserve and enrich and not degrade and destroy that community will be also ours.

That leads me back to my title and my beginning. The job of humans in all times and in all places the world over has been the job of organizing a community and of realizing and maintaining its self-preserving culture. Under this is the vitality of a great assumption, the assumption that human life on the earth, taken individually and collectively, is a precious thing. In the Canadian Medical Journal Dr. Martin, Professor of Anatomy at McGill University, says simply, "Medicine's job is to save human life and relieve suffering, and we believe that the job is worthwhile." That's tremendous, and to some of us, greatly heartening in these days when we have slipped into an opposite negative fatalism where human death, individual or multiple, tends to be as incidental as the falling leaf.

If we are to be reassured, if our world is not to spend itself away in mad spasms of self-destroying action, the price is clear thinking and disciplined emotion in a time of change. We must make an intellectual and passionate attack on obsolescence for the attainment of world community and its self-preserving culture. We must discover what it is to be human, and how to preserve that humanity on our contracted earth. You may know the story of the French woman on a farm in Alberta. A Ukrainian book-seller called upon her. She said, "Go out to the barn and see my husband." After a while the book-seller came back baffled. He said, "I can't find your husband, there was only that Chinaman out there." She said, "That's my husband." The Ukrainian was aghast. She said, "Why what's the matter with that, my sister married an Englishman." That woman was our intellectual pioneer in human integration.

We are faced on every hand with the necessity for new thinking and new emotional attitudes. The enemy is obsolescence everywhere,—in our ideas of race and color, in our theology, in our ideas of economic process, in our ideas of education and National Sovereignty and military defence. Some of you may have seen the Marshall Report, a careful compilation, a beautiful product of the modern printer's art. I am convinced that the historians of the future will call that document a beautiful example of the obsolescence of the orthodox military mind in the mid-twentieth century. Universal conscription and standing armies and great navies and skeleton military and naval potential are all as obsolete in the Atomic Age as the British methods for mining coal, or as unequal pay for equal work for women.

We shall destroy what civilization we have unless we can readjust. Shelly made his protagonist in PROMETHEUS UNBOUND say, "I see a mighty darkness filling the seat of power." That mighty darkness today is obsolescence in the Atomic Age. Unless we can face it and destroy it, we are lost.

There is a dreadful creeping paralysis of human malaise abroad in the world. Perhaps I talk to the wrong sort of people, but I talk to many of them, most of them, back from the Hell of the picnic overseas. In either case I seem to find within them a kind of quiet emptiness. They seem to have developed some awful private poison which is not alive enough for cynicism or troubled enough for despair. They are just withdrawn and lost. They look on at what we call the housing problem, but what is really the non-housing crime, at parental affection, at human mating and domestic ways; they simply look on. They seem to have the kind of aloofness that should be only in Dante's Vision. But it is not only our young

people back from the wars. A man said to me after he had watched closely the goings-on at the United Nations Organization in New York, "I suppose it's all useless." He saw the irony of all the verbal pretension combined with the lack of actual achievement. Brock Chisholm, seeing things in his field, says, "There is so little time." Matthew Halton, our CBC correspondent talking from London says, "You can have one world or no world." A labour leader, honestly the spokesman for human equity, said, "I think the men are basically right in their strike, but I guess they'll be licked."

In these days something has happened to put us all on our skids. The thing that has happened has cut into all our theologes, all our theories of value, all our definitions of reality. Man has no longer any comfort on his earth amid his natural forces. The forces of nature, as now unlocked, have Hiroshima'd man into nonentity. In one of his poems Thomas Hardy makes God say, "I do repent me that I made the earth and man." The cynic might say, "Well, God's experiment is over."

I think we must face it. We are able to make a new community of life on the earth and call it our own, or, we are about to throw away the possibility of Community life anywhere.

Yet the very misgiving can be our reassurance. There is a tremendous momentum from the accumulated idealism of man's art and science and religion of the past. If it can in time throw up leaders sensitive enough and imaginative enough (I believe Sir John Boyd Orr is one; I don't believe now that Mr. Churchill is another) we may move on and not backwards. Our hope is that the world has in it great and frightened men of whom our scientists are among the chief. The scientist has become today the ter-

ribly concerned citizen. He has become our seer and our prophet. He has pled with Governments with principalities and powers, to find a higher loyalty to humanity itself as a motivation for the control of our new techniques. He has put it up to us that the world is no longer safe in the hands of the unenlightened business men and the unawakened politicians. Indeed it seems that the world is waiting not for the concerned scientists and the men and women with creative artistic imagination to take over. There may be more hope in Unesco than in the Security Council.

In all this I have not forgotten Canada, my country, and you and me. We are the Canadians who find our immediate and first responsibilities within the framework of a particular geographical area and a particular parliamentary and judicial system which we call our own.

This is no time for petty provincialism or a strident pathetic Canadianism. It is rather a time in which, as Canadians, we see ourselves missing Nationalism in the old sense of sacred soil and inviolable sovereignty and chauvinistic armed forces. Missing that Nationalism, we may move, without turning our backs on our proper localism (there is no necessary antithesis between the sense for locality and the sense for world community) we may move into the sense of world community and play our part in finding the cultural pattern for self-preservation in that community. We were good in making and using the axe-helve. We might be good in our contribution to the making and use of muscular energy. In so doing we should not only newly discover ourselves. We should help in the realization and self-preservation of a community cultural pattern for our modern human world. If that is worthwhile.



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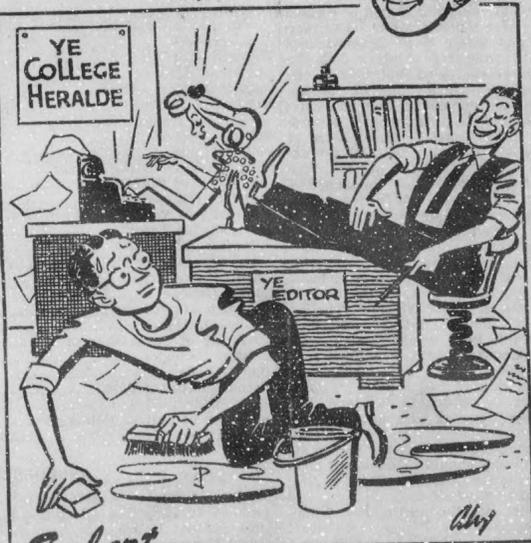
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"Listen to that calls me a sissy," he continued, "d your own battl Don't back dow home with two b bled. You've you know how t "Gee whiz, D fight anybody," his blue eyes cl ed tears.

"This has go O'Shea," Mary to know bette poor little boy what it's all ab "I won't have of mine is a cov Mary was ab remark but she you think we' foolishly?" she ably nothing w added, "and by laughing at our "Sure, you'r replied grinni feel foolish an his temper van had come.

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TO KISS THE CROSS

(Continued from last week)

Mary watched Timmy squirm uneasily and wondered if this blunt, man-to-man approach wasn't going to backfire in Jim's face. She wanted to cry out that the matter had gone far enough. Instead she banttered gaily. "You old braggart! bet you were scared stiff the first time the teacher made you stay in after school."

"Listen to that!" Jim teased. "She calls me a sissy. Whatever you do," he continued, "don't be a sissy. Fight your own battles from the start. Don't back down even if you come home with two black eyes and a nose bleed. You've got two fists, and you know how to use them."

"Gee whiz, Daddy, I don't want to fight anybody," whimpered Timmy, his blue eyes clouding with repressed tears.

"This has gone far enough, Jim O'Shea," Mary snapped, "you ought to know better than to frighten a poor little boy who doesn't know what it's all about!"

"I won't have it said that any son of mine is a coward!" Jim roared.

Mary was about to make a caustic remark but she checked it. "Don't you think we're both acting very foolishly?" she said mildly. "Probably nothing will happen at all," she added, "and by tonight we'll both be laughing at ourselves."

"Sure, you're right, Mary," Jim replied grinning. "I'm beginning to feel foolish already," he confessed, his temper vanishing as quickly as it had come.

Even Timmy managed a shadow of a smile. The meal was finished in peace.

As she stacked the dishes and

washed them, Mary hummed a song which she had not sung for years. Strangely how a tune could pop up from nowhere and run through one's head almost endlessly. Half forgotten words began to fit into the tune, as it flooded and surged through her mind:

"Oh memories that bless and burn Of anguish, pain, and bitter loss. I count them o'er and try at last to learn To kiss the cross, sweetheart, to kiss the cross."

What sort of memories would Timmy have from this first day of school? Of course, they would be mixed. Her own school days streamed in kaleidoscopic fragments before her, but she could recall nothing about that day, twenty-three years before when she had entered the village school for the first time. Was that the day she learned to spell CAT? She could not remember. Well, the dishes were done and there was no more time for day-dreaming. "Timmy lamb, are you all ready for school!" she called.

"Yes, Mummy," replied her small son, emerging with two scribbled, a ruler and a pencil.

"Where is your eraser, dear?"

"Oh, I forgot."

So many things for a little fellow to remember. Mary thought as she walked over to the truck and stepped on the starter. The roar of the motor brought Timmy from the house. This time, he had all his school equipment. On the way down the road, Timmy sat white-faced and silent, as if he were going to a dentist or to the electric chair. Surely the crowd of talkative boys and girls who were spilling excitement all over the yard would cheer him up and make him feel at home.

Mary brought the truck to a stop on the road in front of the school. She started to get out, but something prompted her to stay in the seat. In a flash she realized that no matter how she might feel about it, these children must not think that Timmy was tied to her apron strings. "All right, dear. Leave your books in the school, and play with those boys and girls until the bell rings. 'Bye, now and good luck!' With a cheery wave of the hand, she drove away.

A passing cloud hid the sun for a moment. A cloud seemed to hang over Mary's mind, too. Timmy's

white face and startled eyes seemed to stare at her through the window-shield as she drove back to the farm.

Home once more, she began to scald the separator and the milk pails with more energy than usual as if determined not to worry. She found herself fairly racing upstairs to make the beds and mop the floors. Work seemed to be done in record time. "I'll have to find more things to do," she said, half aloud, half to herself. Jobs were not lacking. There was mending to do until it was time to put the vegetables on for dinner. She turned on the radio for distraction. A mournful voice was listing all the ills to which the flesh is heir. When this diabolical catalogue was completed, another voice screamed in exultance to illustrate the results obtained by using Sloop's Kidney Pills. Then Sister Sally came on. This woebegone individual was moaning and sobbing over the fact that her current lover had been seen with another woman. She had finally resolved to use desperate strategy in order to reclaim his roving attention. What would she do? The next dramatic episode of Sister Sally would unfold the plot. Meanwhile, were the listeners bored with life, frustrated, weighed down by onerous and unexplained fear? Mary snapped off the radio abruptly and looked at the clock. Twenty minutes past eleven. Timmy should be home any minute, unless he stayed to play with some of the other children at recess.

The door opened furtively and Timmy crept in. "Mummy, they laughed at me, and I don't like school at all," he said sadly.

"Why, Timmy lamb, who laughed? You've been crying. Tell me what happened."

"The bell rang and then—we all went inside, then—I don't like it, Mummy, why do they have to get that way?"

"But Timmy, you haven't told me what happened."

"We sat down and the teacher asked us for our names. I got up, like you told me, and said, 'James Timothy O'Shea, Junior' and sat down, and while the teacher was writing it in her book, they all laughed."

"They laughed at me . . . They laughed at me . . . The words heat a rough tune upon her consciousness, a sort of eerie, repetitive dance of sensation. Could anything be more cruel than the mockery of laughter? Not to a shy, awkward six-year-old boy on his first day at school. But then, that did not help much. She must get Timmy cheered up before dinner time, and somehow she must keep this from Jim.

(Continued on Page Six)

CROSSED NIBS

Essay by D. GREENBANK

(Continued From Last Week.)

It was on the long junior table last winter. The week's essay was "My Hobby". My faith in T. D. was sinking lower and lower, my opinion of yet another English Master was going down with it, both far from gloriously. You see I had no hobby and the Gothic T. D. no ideas. The blowing of bird's eggs had never intrigued me, the nationality of stamps never interested me, and all the other lasting interests had somehow not interested me. Oh yes! There were crazes. I came of a musical family, so it was only natural for the piano to be set before me. Then there were model aeroplanes, railways, mechano sets, their roots never took hold. Uncles, for reasons best known to themselves, however, showed a great concern in this side of my life. But whenever they visited I was always without. I had just sold my chemistry set, or the day before exchanged all my bus-tickets for a water pistol, a far more useful thing to help clutter up my play-room. "I haven't a hobby" and nothing more was said until Mother returned with tea. And when he left, whether it be Uncle Tom or Uncle Bill, I again learnt, through my Father, that I was shy. And so I discovered the key to praise was hobbies. Had mine been even deskulling, I am sure I would have been encouraged to spout forth on such an interesting one. My Uncles were shy, but I never checked this theory with Father. By this time I was really becoming worried, for all my thoughts, or rather those of T. D. would not make an essay. However he did not let me down. He brought my attention to the tie I was wearing. And there it was, my hobby. I can not say ties intrigued me, yet the more colour they bore the more they pleased me. And I did have rather a motley collection. So I wrote. But C. J. R. are you to let me down?

A shoe, C. J. R.-R. J. C. An essay on a shoe. That quaint artist — if I had only listened to him. But how could I? Wasn't the school playing St. Oive's that very afternoon? In your day that would have been the big match. C. J. R. And rumours weren't they flashing from boy to boy, row to row until it seemed as if he was the only one not in the know? And yet I did glean a few remarks; but that was only when he looked suspiciously at the rear. Paintings were pinned to the black-board. Some gay, some morbid, and one just dull, just a pair of shoes on a gray background. I think he painted it. He certainly saw amazing things in it. Poverty, hunger, contempt, he saw a tramp slouching in the grimy gutter, every few shuffles stopping to retrieve a cigarette, already enjoyed, badly weathered, looking back hopefully, believing some nite by passed; then pulling his cap even further over his eyes, turning up his collar, pressing hands even firmer down in baggy, empty pockets, and so in the drizzle continuing on his way. He saw — but then what's this? "Belford failed to score!" When reports so drastic came through, how could I pay attention C. J. R.?

Do you remember your most successful term? The crowding and straining, outside the common room, to see the final list, the relief when you heard your name read out by that fellow student, lucky enough to be pinned beside it? You were almost halfway up your class. You had made the improvement your father insisted on. But were you responsible, or was it some former genius? Was it during some exam, your eyes fascinated by the clock, and all the while fear mounting within as its hands put aside time, was it then that your pen strayed over the desk until — click — your nib had crossed as it sunk into some groove, some initial of a form genious? Or was driving preparation that sultry summer evening, you, silently cursing the shuffles, the little distractions, was it then you allowed your pen to meander along the bench beside you, until it stuck in a Gothic M, or a Roman S? Whenever it was you realized you had found a friend. You rushed, with a very armoury of nibs, to that desk for all your exams. You sat beside the Gothic M or Roman S for all your preparations that year. They were inspiring.

And here am I. I know every twing, every cut, every stroke, every slip of his knife. I know his initials C. J. R. J. C. This way then that, my pen up and around. I now know they are not the initials of a genius.

Should you, reader, have suffered under the blows of some new Master, should all the keenness, towards that subject of his, be gone from you, should you put your faith in former students, beware. They can not all be a genious. Above all reader, for I am bound by tradition to some piece of furniture, beware of D — Ah! There's the bell — The end of "prep."

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Hot Seniors Set

(Continued From Page Four.)
thriller with the score seesawing back and forth and the Juniors finally getting the climactic tilt and the long end of a 31-28 score.

Smart passing plays were very much in evidence throughout this flurrie. The picture field-goal of the game was the set shot from way, way out by "you should see my muscle" Scovmand. For the Frosh "Murchie" was really on with his pivot from the left side of the basket. Holmes of the Juniors played a fine aggressive "knife through hot butter" game. The fastest man on the floor was "Barney" Barnett who could certainly make those legs move. In all, the game was a fine, if not the finest, exhibition of inter-class basketball yet.

Scoring:

Seniors: Jacobson 8, Atyeo 12, Bewick, Morgan 1, Lipshetz 2, Baxter 5, Crofoot, Haines 6, Rideout 2, Dohanev 3, (39).

Sophomores: Cooke 9, Kempster 2, Alley, McCullum, Goldberg 3, Barbour 4, Wade, Butland 3, Smith, Hastings, Spiney, Wetmore, Heine, Leach, Johnson, Graham, Buchanan (23).

Juniors: Holmes 6, Mersereau 2, Martin 2, McKinley 4, Baird, Fulton 3, Barnett 6, Meltzer 2, Skeymand 6.

Freshman: Pedbere, McIntyre 8, Church 8, Murchison 10, Keleher 2, Duval, Ballance, Hildebrand.

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IZZATSO . . .

A prominent advertisement in the Feb. 15th "Brunswickan," which came out Feb. 17th told of a most interestin' picture show to be held on Feb 12th . . . I guess we should see that . . . didn't we?

OUR PHILOSOPHY TOO

Marriage is a great institution. It teaches thrift and many other splendid virtues which people wouldn't need if they stayed single.—Galt Reporter.

HEARD THIS ONE?

He determined to pass by his favourite tavern on his way home. As he approached it, he became somewhat shaky, but, after picking up courage, he passed on. Then, after going about fifty yards, he turned and said to himself: "Well done, Pat, me boy. Come back and I'll treat ye."

(Ed. Note: The remainder of this week's S. and B. Column has been censored by the Editor to maintain the dignity of the campus journal. Those wishing to read that which has been deleted may do so; the original copy has been donated to the Hatheway collection in the Library.)

NEXT WEEK

Next week we expect to bring you the first of a series of write-ups on people we think you might like to know more about.

THE HILLMAN'S SPORTSCOPE

(continued from page four)

will be named and presented with prizes immediately after the last game. The judges will be Howie Ryan, Bernie Ralston, Tony Tammero and your columnists. We are looking forward to the best tournament up to date and know we won't be disappointed.

Welcome High School Students of New Brunswick and remember that as long as you are in Fredericton you are our guests.

Notes—here and there.

St. Marys down Acadia in hockey.

Mt. A swamps Acadia in basketball.

St. F. X. riding high in Nova Scotia sport circles.

St. Dunstons—Mt. A., hockey game 7-7

Dal. trims Acadia, loses to St. F. X. in basketball.

Senior Varsity starting to look like old time self. Smart series win over Lawrence Y. Don't be too surprised if our hoopsters lose at Bates, we only hope they are not out of their class. In four years the Hillmen have never been outclassed, winning every two-game series and always being within one dozen points of winners. This shows they belong on same court with any team in this country. This week Nashua, which should be a thriller. Then comes Mt. A. away and home.

Logan Promises

(Continued From Page Three.)

personality," stated Eric Teed as he presented the "Rules for Campus Police" to the S.R.C. Along with this, Teed presented the constitution of the newly formed N.F.C.U.S.

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Committee. Both papers were accepted by the S.R.C. When Teed presented his views as to the virtues of police, Vern Mullen was heard to comment, "A copy of this should be forwarded to the City Police."

"The freshmen should be given a banquet and a good introduction to college life each fall," suggested Don Ponger as he rose with several suggestions for the improvement of college spirit among the freshman. Several members of the council rose to add further suggestions to those of Ponger's. These were: A pamphlet containing notes of outstanding events, talks by various members of the student body and faculty and the establishment of a "Freshman Week." This item was held over till next week.

"It will be your baby in two years," warned Jerry Atyeo as many members rose to tell of the widespread approval in their respective classes of "Rep by Pop." Atyeo brought up the subject of "Rep by Pop" and opened the meeting to discussion. He stopped the discussion when not one person present rose to speak against it.

"Not one cent collected by the I.S.S. will be used for any other thing than relief work," stated John Weyman as he approached the S.R.C. for \$126 to finance the costs of two delegates to the International conference to be held in Toronto. Jerry Atyeo stepped down from the chair to point out that the I.S.S. should be supported to the full by the students of U.N.B. The budget was granted by the council.

One World

(Continued From Page Seven)
at Combloux, France," announced Jacques Lepaffe, secretary of the Belgian Committee of International Student Service, asking that Belgium be considered henceforth as

a contributing country to world student relief.

Won't you contribute to this great humanitarian service, and won't you try to establish Internationalism in your Philosophy? Now is THE time for aid . . . and THE time to think on an International level to abolish suspicion among the countries of the world.

"Don't pass the Buck . . . Give it to ISS."

Interscholastic

(Continued From Page Four.)
they don't come to the Tournament unless they have a strong team—

Among the remaining teams we think Carleton County Voc. should bear watching. They'll be without Slipp and Tommy but they still remain a power house.

Watch for Carleton County Vocational School from Woodstock and F.H.S. in the final game on Saturday afternoon at 3.30.

Last year, classes at U.N.B. were cancelled during the Tournament but crowded schedules will not permit this procedure this year.

The Physical Department wishes to stress the fact that students must have their passes to enter the gym during these three days; if you haven't a pass you won't get in.

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Johany Vey of the Fredericton "Y", Howie Ryan and Bernie Ralston of U.N.B.'s Physical Department and Tony Tammero of Woodland, Maine are the referees picked by the Interscholastic Committee for the big 1947 Tournament.

Flying Club

(Continued From Page Three.)
holds the important position of the club's Air Engineer. This position entails many and varied duties and since the embryonic stages Jim has done much to further the development and organization of the Club.

Of special interest to pilots intending to write the examinations for Private Pilot's or Limited Commercial Certificates will be the visit of Mr. Night, Inspector of the Department of Transport, during the first week of March. These examinations will be held at the University and for those students interested the time and place will be posted at a later date.

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