

Estab The Brunswickan 1880

THE WEEKLY NEWS AND LITERARY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

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Subscription rate per year — \$1.50. Advertising Rates furnished on request.

All Business correspondence should be addressed — "The Business Manager."

IN 1974

FORTY years from now a goodly number of present day students will have children of their own struggling 'up the Hill' in search of an education and, what's more to the point, an even larger number will find that grandchildren are singularly difficult to impress with the fact that grandpa himself, once ran the hundred in ten flat and, again, drop-kicked a few footballs 'over the bar' to secure winning points against an institution, which was then known as 'Mount A.'

Grandpa's voice will be a bit shriller in those days than back in the 1930's when he used to stand up there on the platform and parry words and phrases with the best of them; and he may have lost that little gold medal which was given to him for writing a prize-winning essay, which was later published with glowing tribute, in the pages of the old college weekly. All of which goes to show that the trim, black and white, but ever so useless Brunswickan of the present day may become ever so important with the passing of years and the slackening of memory, until nothing remains of grandpa's scholastic attainments and grandma's dramatic career, than a few faded columns in a tattered, yellow sheet.

Dr. Watson has illustrated that it is a good thing to keep the old college publications, in order that, in later years, you may help troubled editors keep drab pages alive with stories of days that are dead; and Dr. Watson has a far keener memory than most of us, along with his College Monthly's.

The news of to-day is dead news to-morrow, according to newspaper ethics; but the news of to-morrow will be vibrant with life in the days of '74. Save the Brunswickans and help the Brunswickan to save the news. There is a limited number of positions on the newspaper staff, but every student in the university is a potential contributor. There is always the "Black Box" and then again, there is always room on the staff for any who wish to be more active in the work, to learn the fundamentals of journalism and to help grandpa discourage the egotistical tendencies of those flippant youngsters of 1974.

REPRESENTATION

IT now appears that Representative Government 'has come to our house to stay', for the time being at any rate, subject, of course, to the approval of the university officialdom. "Give it a trial", stated President Macleod before the Union, Friday, and since it apparently is going to be given a trial, let's give it a fair one.

True representation is what the new form of government is based on. It is up to the students therefore, to carefully consider this question of representation before voting any student into office. It is highly improbable that any canvassing for votes will be carried on; but if it is, disregard it and vote for the man whom you consider will best fulfill his obligations, no matter who he is.

GRADUATE HELP

OUR publication has attempted to make and keep connections with its graduate readers through its Alumni Column and, due to the perseverance of our columnist who has undertaken the task, has been successful in presenting the desired form of information up to the past two weeks. The success of this column depends upon the information available and is therefore, more in the hands of the graduate students than in those of our columnist, who has been forced to report that she is unable to continue due to the lack of material. We would greatly appreciate any information concerning graduates or Ex-graduates which could be forwarded to the Brunswickan and so assist in continuing the column.

TO THE EDITOR

Fredericton, N. B.
February 12, 1934.

The Editor,
The Brunswickan.
Dear Sir,

Recently I received a letter from Mr. T. W. L. MacDermot, National Secretary of the League of Nations Society in Canada, requesting me to learn if there was any desire among the students to form a group to study certain problems of peace. If there is such a desire the Society is willing to supply copies of their syllabus of studies dealing with the problems of peace, and will furnish these upon request.

The League of Nations Society is sponsoring these study groups to meet during the winter in conjunction with the talks broadcast each Sunday by the Canadian Radio Commission.

I should be very much obliged if you would bring this to the attention of the student body through the columns of your paper, so that those students who are interested could take steps to do something in the way of forming a study group.

Yours sincerely,
H. Campbell Creighton.

News About Papers

(Christian Science Monitor)

Few reporters write shorthand. Those who do generally do not use it often because of the time required to transcribe shorthand notes.

Special kinds of reporting (society, political, sporting, dramatic, musical and financial) require special training and experience.

Qualifications for successful reporting are: Tact, rapidity, accuracy, a sense of news values, and perseverance.

In no other employment does a young man gain so extensive a knowledge of contemporary life as in newspaper reporting in a big city.

The reporter meets the active men—the men who are doing the constructive work of the world.

In the race for higher journalistic honors, college-trained men generally outstrip those who have not had equal educational opportunities.

Every newspaper of importance receives daily from two to four times as much news matter as can be included in its columns.

On small dailies the editor has little time for leisurely work. He rarely studies a single subject long enough to become an authority. Large newspapers have experts on many subjects who meet daily in staff meetings and receive assignments for editorials.

Nicolas Denys Published Volume On Acadian Life

A great source of information respecting the life of Acadia, as the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island were known in the early days, is derived from a book published by Nicholas Denys in Paris in 1672. He was born at Tours, France, in 1598 and established a fishing station at Port Rossignol, near Liverpool, N. S., in 1633. He next spent some time in fishing and trading in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and established trading posts at St. Peters, Cape Breton, N. S., afterwards seized by Charnisey who was a rival in the Acadian trade of both Denys and LaTour, the latter in New Brunswick around Saint John. In 1654 Denys was appointed Governor of the coast from Canso to Gaspe with a monopoly of certain fisheries. Seventeen years later he returned to France and left his son to act in his stead. Trouble, however, arose in connection with his lands in the New World and Denys returned to Canada about 1685, settling at Nepisiquit, in New Brunswick, where the greater part of his two volumes was penned. There he died and was buried in 1688, being nearly ninety years of age, and an ancient willow tree, which still survives, states that Tourist Bureau of the Canadian National Railways, marks the site of the grave. The location is on the north side of Bathurst harbor.

ONE ESSENTIAL TO PERFECTION

It is doubtful if smokers realize the extreme care exercised in the manufacture of Winchester Cigarettes—the various stages through which the tobacco must pass before it reaches them in the form of a fragrant, mellow, enjoyable smoke.

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The Soldier Poet

By A. Margaret McLaren
(From the U. of W. Ont. Gazette)

WHEN Rupert Brooke was at Cambridge, he said "There are only three things in the world: One is to read poetry, another is to write poetry, and the best of all, is to live poetry." One of his friends said of him: "To look at, he is part of the youth of the world—a golden young Apollo." The image of life which his poems present also has the essential vitality and vividness of youth.

Not even in Donne, whom it is suggested Brooke resembles, is such intensity of feeling, coupled with such clarity of sight. In his earlier poems, 1905-08, these powers enter as distinct components and with a shade of excess in both qualities, a touch of self-consciousness and crudity. Between 1908 and 1911, however, his work shows a great advance. In the poem, *In Examination* miracle is wrought and the two qualities are combined. *The Fish and Dining-Room Tea*, are two of the finest pieces in this period. In *The Fish* the imagination is busy with a strange new material world. *Dining-Room Tea* is the curiously concrete rendering of an instant when, in ecstasy, time and world stood still and things unutterable were revealed. Through the simple concreteness of life's common things Reality gleamed eternal:

"I saw the immortal moment lie
One instant I, an instant knew
As God knows all."

These two poems have the qualities of adventurousness, keen curiosity, and life-giving youthfulness, of sharpness of vision and self-examination, which led Walter de la Mare to class Rupert Brooke as the poet of the "Intellectual imagination." The theme of his poetry is the life of the mind, the senses, the feelings, life here and now. He is always testing and analyzing with his emotion and intellect close together. Yet he has that poetic magic which can in a line or two present a portrait, a philosophy, and fill the instant with a changeless grace and truth.

Brooke has also the peculiar power of combining a humour which can laugh even at itself with poetic loveliness and tenderness of feeling. *The Old Vicarage, Grantchester*, 1912, is a perfect example of his mingling of humor and beauty. Here the poet is longing for his English home as he sits outside the cafe in Berlin. A sunny dream of the old English house and garden is followed by an amazing interlude on the differences between the English and the German mind.

With a few exceptions, when Brooke yielded to mere cleverness as in *He Wonders Whether to Praise or Blame Her*, or to the allegorical brilliance of *The Funeral of Youth*, his poems are charged with the magic of personality. They share his secrets with the

world as if a boy had turned out the contents of his astonishing pockets. Nothing could be clearer in his poems than his zest and happiness. In *The Great Lover* he names over in thirty lines of exquisite verse the myriad things, curious, but above all, common, which he loves. Yet because nothing in this world could satisfy such a hunger and aspiration for life, he longed for the time when,

"Lost unto God, as lights in light, we fly,
Grown one with will."

During this time also, Brooke showed increasing technical ability and was especially successful in dramatic sonnets. What he would have done if he had lived longer is a fascinating, but unanswerable question—this only can be said: he would have gone on being his wonderful self. In the isle of Scyros on the twenty-third of April, 1915, he died and was buried in an olive-grove—one of the loveliest places of the earth.

The publication of his sonnet-sequence of 1914, almost coincided with his death. In these he seemed to speak for the silent millions of English men and women who sprang splendidly to duty. He had weighed in full the value of the life he was casting away. It was to him a "red, sweet wine." Yet he was glad to turn away from a world, "grown old and cold and weary", and he saw a reward for all that was lost:

Blow out, you Bugles, over the rich Dead,
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold."

Winston Churchill said of him: "Rupert Brooke is dead. His life closed at the moment when it seemed to have reached its spring-time. A voice had become audible, a note had been struck, more true, more thrilling, more able to do justice to the nobility of our youth in arms than any other, more able to express their thoughts of self-surrender, and carry comfort to those who watched them so intently from afar. The voice has been swiftly stilled, only the echoes and the memory remain; but they will linger."

SKIS

I think that I shall never see
A snowshoe lovely as a ski,
A ski whose tip so oft is pressed
Against my prone, defenceless chest
A ski that's in the other's way,
And crossing makes me kneel to pray,
A ski that causes me to wear
A nest of partridge in my hair.
Within my bosom snow has lain,
And I've a sharp posterior pain....
Snowshoes were made for dubs like me;
Possibly ** might learn to ski.

—Varsity