

LIVING and THINKING

by N. M. MacLeod and A. H. Walker

"Ah make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer and—sans End."

LONG BEFORE Omar Khayyam produced his immortal poem, the problem of living life to its fullest and best had intrigued and fascinated humanity. Its fascination lies in its closeness and importance to all individuals, and to its quality, which it holds in common with all the truly great interests of man, of being incapable of perfect or definite solution. One might almost call it the "equation of life"—an equation in which the unknowns and variables appear to be of infinite number.

The problem of "living" is an individual problem. It cannot be solved by one person for another. But are we trying to solve it for ourselves? Do we not owe it to ourselves "to make the most of what we yet may spend"? Yet we seem to drift from one thing to the next. Always doing something, but what a "something".

"shows", dancing, "holding hands" or studying for exams—what more can we say we do besides eat and sleep? But surely this isn't "living"? Rather is it the drowning of everything vital in a sea of superficiality. Even this extinction of the vital things of life would be perfectly justified if it produced some happiness. Unfortunately these things do not seem to be successful in doing that. How could they? First, perhaps, they serve as a mild distraction; rapidly they become a vicious and unbreakable habit and finally a bore. In the meantime this wild chasing after excitement, happiness and distraction has so distorted our perspective that any potential quality of serene living is destroyed and we are doomed to a life of madly pursuing the will o' the wisp—happiness, which is now out of our grasp but which might have been ours if we had not deliberately and thoughtlessly pursued it. Why can't we treat these superficial pleasures with controlled moderation? In the final analysis all we are doing is killing time, and can there be any greater folly than that? for God knows we haven't much of it.

If all our actions and ideas were submitted to the verdict of intelligence, practically all of them would be modified. Mrs. Smith would not go to Palm Beach because Mrs. Brown had gone there. Paris, London and New York fashions would be merely suggestions not commands. There would be more "Good Companions" and less "Sitting Pretty". Certain people would modify their views on Socialism. Certain Churches would modify their views on birth control. And public opinion would not have perpetrated the "Treaty of Versailles". Yet we are guided too frequently by our emotions and very seldom by our intellects.

There are countless of these ideas that are so deeply embedded in our nature that we accept them, without reason, as inevitable. For example we have been taught to believe that the "prophets of old" were wiser than we can ever hope to be, and that anything they may have said should be accepted without question. When you think about it, it doesn't seem logical does it? Would it not be better if we interpreted their sayings in the light of the mainly fallacious ideas prevailing at that time? Yet we are told that this is a very wrong thing to do. Why is it? Religion would not suffer—"Our emotions are not suppressed by a new reading of facts they merely flow in another direction". Again why do some of us smoke or drink? Why?.....really it seems that if we analysed our lives intelligently many of our actions and the majority of our basic thoughts would have but little justification for existence. We appear to be establishing everything on ideas formed during our childhood—Ideas which we accept as inevitably

Wilbur Evans To Sing Here Tuesd'y Night

"The men of Philadelphia", wrote novelist Joseph Hergesheimer recently, "have always been distinguished by a reassuring, a complete, and engaging masculinity." This sentence admirably describes Wilbur Evans, the twenty-eight year old baritone who was catapulted into musical fame via the votes of 30,000,000 people in the Atwater Kent First National Radio Contest a few years ago, and who will appear here on the Fredericton Community Concert Artist Series at the Normal School next Tuesday evening.

Tall, dark, good-looking, athletic (at college he majored in physical education), of American background, birth, and training, Wilbur Evans does not conform to the conventional singer-pattern in type or tradition, stature, or story. Yet he belongs to that small but significant group of young artists who are springing up all over the country a generation after Walt Whitman prophesied: "I hear America singing."

Wilbur Evans is very grateful to Marconi, DeForest, or whoever else made the radio of today possible. For it was radio that made him famous overnight!

To begin before the beginning, Wilbur Evans is American by ancestry as well as birth. He traces his family tree to that John Evans

correct, but which are fundamentally unsound. And we think that we are "living" and "thinking". Why everything we do appears to be open to criticism even by the most stupid of us. When dealing with fundamental principles, the more simple the question, the more seldom it is asked. And we don't seem to know the answers to the simple questions yet. How then can we make progress in our search for happiness?

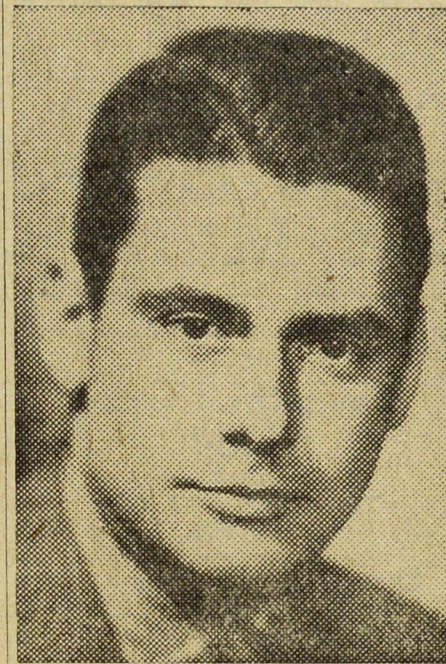
In a general way let us look at this problem as it applies to the individual. We are seeking happiness and contentment, that is all we live and struggle for. How best to get it for ourselves? Nobody can tell you, for you are the only one that can know. This is a heterogeneous world made up of numberless types, each one important to it as a complete entity, and what amuses you may be quite boring to somebody else. Then how best to do it? Certainly not by accepting, without question, the quaint emotions that are now guiding us (Already these emotions have wrought havoc with the policies of our governments, and this quite apart from their retrogressive influence on ourselves, as individuals seeking personal happiness). Would it not be better if we thought of matters with a critically open mind? Would it not be better if we stopped this perpetual closing of our eyes and feeling sure that we are right?

"Of all human ambitions an open mind eagerly expectant of new discoveries and ready to remould convictions in the light of added knowledge and dispelled ignorances and misapprehensions, is the noblest, the rarest and the most difficult to achieve."

The Contribution of the Aeroplane To Canadian Industrial Development

Community Artist

Mr. W. B. Burchall Addressed Students At University



WILBUR EVANS

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who came from Radnorshire in Wales and settled in Delaware in 1696. William Evans, a brother of John, went to New Jersey and there died in 1728. It is this William and John whose ancestry reaches back to Mervyn Vyrrh, King of the Isle of Man, who was killed A. D. 843.

Wilbur Evans, born in Philadelphia, was musical even as a little child. His brother, Walter P. Evans, Jr., eleven years his senior, principal of the Hunter Public School and formerly head of the Music Department of the Shaw Junior High School, began training Wilbur at two and was responsible for all his early vocal instruction. As a young boy Wilbur was a popular entertainer. He was prominent in the various extra-curricular activities of the West Philadelphia High School. He was outstanding in athletics, particularly in soccer, basketball and swimming. He is still remembered for his parts in the school operettas and dramatics, such as Jervis Pendleton in "Daddy Long Legs" and Ko-Ko in "The Mikado". He danced well and while still in High School and after he was graduated he had many tempting offers to go into vaudeville in a song-and-dance act. He consistently refused. Dancing was his hobby such as other hobbies—chess, for example. As for music, it was to be taken seriously or not at all!

He studied singing. And he made money to take these precious lessons in every way he could. He taught swimming to children, he acted as chauffeur. He clerked in stores. During the summer he was athletic instructor and coach in boys' camps, an avocation at which he was so successful that for a time he considered making it his profession if a singing career failed.

When he was nineteen he sang for Marcella Sembrich and Emilio de Gogorza and was awarded one of the three scholarships given at that time to the Curtis Institute, studying with de Gogorza. Coaching with Richard Hageman, the former Metropolitan conductor, and Mme. Dagmar Rybner Barclay, composer-pianist, increased his natural interpretative abilities. His most recent teacher has been Edward Lippe of New York.

In 1927 the door of opportunity opened wide to this fortunate young American. The Atwater Kent Foundation launched its first Na-

It was just twenty-five years ago that mechanical flight was made possible and to-day the field of utility of the aeroplane is practically limitless, it was pointed out by W. B. Burchall, Advertising Publicity Manager of Canadian Airways Limited, in a speech "The Contribution of the Aeroplane to Canadian Industrial Development", delivered before a large group of students in the Forestry and Geology Building, Monday.

Mr. Burchall was brought to the university through the co-operation of the Engineering Institute of Canada with the University Engineering Society, it was stated by Craig Hyslop, president of the Engineering Society, in remarks.

In commencing his talk, Mr. Burchall emphasized the use to which the aeroplane was put at the present time, although the period of general activity with aircraft was less than ten years. He stated that he would deal with his topic only in relation to operations conducted on a commercial scale and that in doing this he would pay particular attention to the aeroplane and its contribution to mining, forestry, fishing, fur trade and engineering.

It is to the mining industry that aerial transport had made its greatest contribution. Less than ten years ago the first air route was established for the regular conveyance of passengers, mails and freight. This was to serve the gold fields at Rouyn. Later, in 1926, services were instituted at Red Lake, Ont. and these services are still in operation. In the intervening years, over 393,000 pounds of mail, 13,153 passengers and 3.5 6.182 pounds of freight have been carried by Canadian Airways alone in the Red Lake area.

Operating chiefly in the mining areas of the north the planes of Canadian Airways have travelled each week for the last three years, an average distance equal to a journey round the world at the equator, and the weight of freight and express carried has trebled in that period, rising from 764,449 (Continued on Page Seven)

tional Radio Audition Concert. From a field of 50,000 contestants, the prize winner was to be chosen. The judges in this modern tournament of song were radio audiences estimated at more than 30,000,000 listeners. The prize was \$5,000 in gold, a gold decoration, and two years tuition in a conservatory of music! For six months before the finals the whole nation watched the progress of the most ambitious country-wide elimination singing contest ever attempted in the United States. Among those who tried out was Wilbur Evans, an unknown student at the Curtis Institute. Little did he dream as he was teaching in boys' camps that within an unbelievably short time his name would be blazoned on the front pages of newspapers from Maine to California, from Canada to Cuba.

Singing Flegier's "Le Cor" before the final judges, who included Louise Homer and Reinald Werrenrath, as well as George Fergusson and Yeatman Griffith, eminent vocal instructors, Wilbur Evans was awarded first prize! This verdict has since been fully sustained by those who have heard this rising young man in concert, radio, operetta, and oratorio. Critics agree a great future lies ahead of Wilbur Evans.

This concert of Wilbur Evans will conclude the present winter series of concerts which has included the famous flute-harp-violoncello trio of Georges Barrere, Carlos Salzedo and Horace Britt and the internationally known concert violinist, Toscha Seidel.

The Big Store of the Maritimes

M.R.A.

Saint John, N. B.