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A SYMBOLIC APPROACH TO CARMAN.

This article on Bliss Carman published in the "Canadian Bookman" of December 1932, prompted the late R. H. Hatheway, eminent authority on the New Brunswick poet, to ask the editor, "Who is Malcolm MacKenzie Ross?" Malcolm McK. Ross graduated with honors in Philosophy and English from the University of New Brunswick in 1933. He served on the Students' Council for two years and was the News Editor of the Brunswickan during its first year as a weekly but was forced to refuse the position of Editor-in-Chief in his senior year due to the pressure of work in the English department, where he was vested with tutorial responsibilities.

The article on Carman was written by Ross in his sophomore year at the university, as an essay in competition for the Douglas Gold Medal, which, however, he was not awarded. The article was later published by the "Canadian Bookman" and excited enthusiastic comment from three whose names are famous in Canadian literature: R. H. Hatheway, Constance Davies Woodrow, poet; and Charles G. D. Roberts, dean of Canadian letters and a cousin of Bliss Carman.

Mr. Hatheway continued his comment on the article, as follows: "His (Ross') article is as good as any I have ever read on Carman, if not, indeed, the very best."

Constance Davies Woodrow, on the other hand, dealt with the article as the article had dealt with Carman: ".....Ross' article on Carman is so lovely and so true! It brings the old Carman, the loving and the loved, back to the flesh for a few brief minutes. Ross has certainly stumbled over the threshold of his very soul. It is sad indeed that Syrinx should elude the grasp of Pan, but were it not so, his reed pipe would remain forever 'a reed with the reeds by the river', and there would be no divine melodies to divert our ears from the clamor of everyday life."

Charles G. D. Roberts said that he had found it to be the most penetrating, authentic and delightful appreciation of Carman's poetry that he had yet read.

Through the kindness of the editor and publishers of "The Canadian Bookman" we are pleased to present this delightful article by Mr. Ross for the appreciation of Brunswickan readers.

MOCK, MUCK, MURK

We had a Mock Trial last week which was a Mock Trial, but to all appearances the "Mock" Parliament of 1934 is just going to be another Muck Parliament—perhaps, not even that.

The success of the trial we can attribute to two things: first, organization and secondly, a little effort on the part of the participants. One man was appointed to take charge of the affair; he appointed his assistants; the assistant-assistants were enlisted; a goodly amount of advance work was entered upon and the thing was done.

But what about the Mock Parliament?—Who is in charge?—Where is the government party? The elections are set for Friday, March 9 and as yet there is nobody to vote for. A group of Freshmen got together and commenced drafting an opposition to a non-existent government party, received little or no encouragement, found they could not even obtain the support of their own class and gave the proposition up as a bad job. The upper classes didn't even bother to think about the matter. However, the elections are on March 9 and the Parliament—Mock or Muck, is scheduled for March 10.

FROM OUR SCRAP-BOOK

Wonder is involuntary praise.
—Young

Happiness grows at our own fire-sides and is not to be picked in stranger's gardens.—Jerrold.

To one who has been long in city pent,

'Tis very sweet to look into the fair And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer

Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

Who is more happy, when, with sweet content,

Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair

Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair

And gentle tale of love and languishment?

Returning home at evening, with an ear

Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye

Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,

He mourns that day so soon has glided by,

E'en like the passage of an angel's tear

That falls through the clear ether silently.

—Keats.

A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman of the next generation.

—Clarke.

Originality is simply a pair of fresh eyes.

—Higginson.

CLOUDBURST

by Robyn Bayley.

The sky must be in sorrow.
For yesterday its brow
Was dark with heavy gloom;
Its eyes were wet with tears,
Which oft did trickle down
Long-drawn and haggard cheeks.
And when the darkness fell,
(A cloak within whose shade
Its grief-struck face was hid
From questioning looks of day),
It flung itself as one
Despaired and worn,
Upon the bed of night,
And cried and cried and cried
As if its heart would break!

HITHERTO UNREPORTED

Paris. — The ashes of Napoleon Bonaparte passed a more comfortable night as a result of the confirmation of the report that Warner Brothers will not give Edward G. Robinson the part of the great Corsican in a forthcoming production.

Radio City.—The Society for the Prevention of the Overworking of Old and Decrepit Wheezes last night stormed the N. B. C. studios with cries of "We want Cantor".

New York. — Mae West's latest film earned \$3,000,000 gross. Even the producers admit it was gross.

Rome. — The recent statement by His Holiness, the Pope, that the world is literally being dragged back to paganism by certain influences, is considered to be the first indication to date that it is not going willingly.

Des Moines.—Despite slight improvement in the economic situation, mid-western hospitals are making preparations to take care of next season's cases of hitchhikers' thumb.

Montreal. — Music lovers will hear with alarm that popular music is now being recorded upon records which will last forever.

New York Zoological Park.—Dr. W. Reid Blair, director, has stated that, in his opinion, all animals can think, and has proved it by a series of remarkable experiments. A strict silence, however, has been maintained as to the results of the experiments carried on with sophomores.

Hollywood.—"Ay bane tank ay go Stockholm," said Greta Garbo, emitting a low moan, as she went to work on her latest picture, "Queen Christina of Sweden".

Reported by H. G.

Glooscap the Mythical Superman of Micmacs

What has been termed the most Aryan-like of any mythological character ever created by a savage mind was Glooscap of the Micmac and other tribes of Indians, who inhabited the Maritime Provinces, a mythical supreme superman who lived among them but invisible. He never grew old and was immortal. He was unmarried and lived in a large wigwam with an old lady termed grandmother who kept his house and was a servant. He controlled the forces of nature and was obeyed by the animals, was high-minded, hospitable and generous. His favorite residence was Cape Blomidon, in Minas Basin, which received the Indian name Glooscapweek (Glooscap's home).

One of the quaint stories of Glooscap, states the Tourist Bureau of the Canadian National Railways, has to do with the Reversing Falls, Saint John, N. B., where occurs twice in every twenty-four hours "the battle of the tides". At low tide the water of the Saint John River flows into the harbour of Saint John and at high tide the action is reversed, the water of the harbour flowing into the river. Big Beaver was annoying other animals and was warned by Glooscap to behave himself. Not heeding the warning, Glooscap decided to go after him but Big Beaver fled to the mouth of the Saint John and built a dam across it so high that the whole country was flooded for many miles, forming a huge lake. Glooscap continued to search for Big Beaver and when he arrived at Saint John, seeing the dam Big Beaver had constructed, he smote it with his mighty club, breaking through it, and so great was the rush of water that it carried a piece outside the harbor where it became deposited, forming an island (Partridge Island). After further search Glooscap captured Beaver and killed him.

Where the falls are situated the Saint John River narrows to a width of 350 feet, the limestone banks being walls nearly 100 feet high, and the bed of the river consists of sharp rocky ledges.

At flood tide a whirlpool forms in which floating objects are sometimes imprisoned for a long time. Back in 1635 a huge log was held



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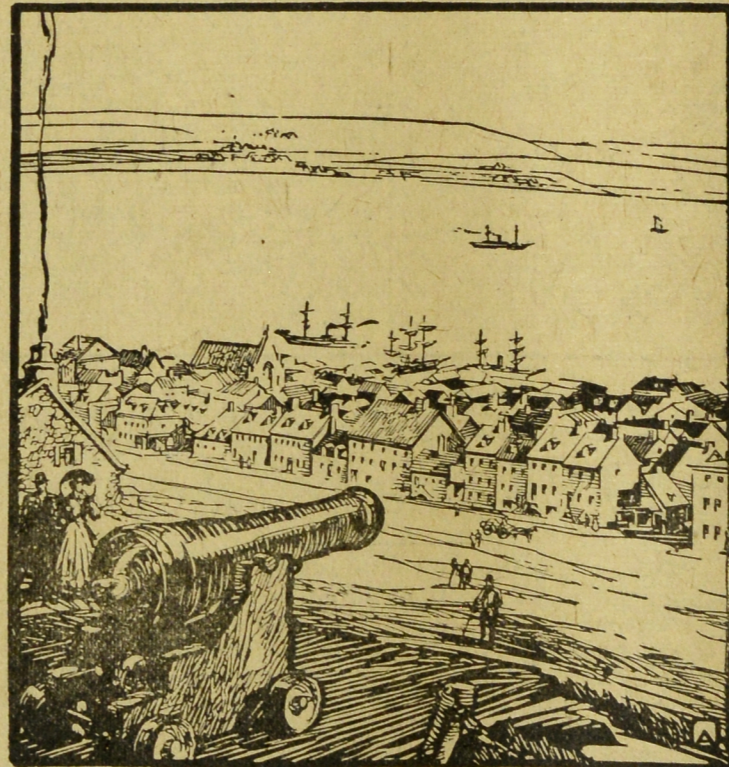
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in the whirlpool for a lengthy period. The Indians believed it was a devil and when not visible the devil was angry. When the log came into sight they offered tribute in the shape of beaver skins attached to an arrow and shot into the log. LaTour, a famous character of the period, tried at one time to remove the log by towing it with boats but could not do so.

Partridge Island, in Minas Basin, off Parrsboro on the northern shore of the basin, figures largely in the many old legends centering around the name of Glooscap and affords an excellent location for the study of interesting native myths. Beautiful agates and other attractive trap minerals may be gathered along the neighboring shores.



THROUGH MANY YEARS

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