

MARY'S TALE

After we had finished our lunch, I discovered that the waitresses could read French. As I wished to buy some stationery and as I didn't know how to express it in French, I wrote the words "la papier pour écrier." They must have understood it for soon I had the writing pad and envelopes safely in my hand.

About this time I became aware of the fact that the French loved to hear a person speak their language even if it was a poor attempt. We had stopped for some water and after the boy had served us I turned to him and said "Merci beaucoup." He gave me the broadest smile and said "You're Welcome" (with the accent on the come). He looked so pleased we all had a good laugh.

From this time on it was too dark to see much so I tried to get some sleep but I didn't quite succeed. It was against the rules of the company to carry any passengers but the boys were willing to take the chances. However there was danger of being checked at the toll bridges so they put me in the trunk and covered me up head and heels. In this way I missed the new Quebec bridges and also those at Trois Rivières.

We got in Montreal on Wednesday about 9 a.m. We went to a nice restaurant but first the boys got a shave and haircut while I washed my face and combed my hair.

The boys were scheduled to stay in Montreal until the next day, so they talked to the driver of a beer transport truck and arranged that I should go on to Toronto with him. The driver was nick-named Luke, so naturally that is all the name that I learned and the boys had introduced me as Mary. Luke proved to be a very nice boy, one of the nicest chaps that I have ever had the pleasure of meeting.

The country from Montreal and

Toronto was without doubt the prettiest country I have ever seen. We drove along the canal and watched the boats. They seemed to be just gliding along slowly but in reality they were travelling as fast as we, which was about sixty miles per hour.

We stopped just north of Cornwall, had a "coke" and bought some "V" pins for souvenirs. This little store was just on the boundary between the province of Quebec and Ontario.

There were a lot of towns of which I can't seem to recall much, but I'll never forget what Luke said about Cornwall "There are ten women for every man." He went on to explain that due to the fact that the large rayon mills are situated there, that there are a great many girls employed from all over Canada.

Before we reached Prescott, we caught a glimpse of the Adirondack mountains. About this time also I saw the prettiest sight of all, it was Sunset on the Long Sault rapids. It brought to my mind a poem that I had read in school but I can't recall the name. It was a poem of the old voyageurs who were to sing at St. Anne's their parting hymn before they braved the rapids.

The whole country was most interesting. Every few moments we saw a monument of some historical event. The ones which Luke couldn't remember he was kind enough to stop so that I could read the inscription. I also got a peep at Fort Kingston.

I found it very interesting to pick out the names of the towns on the map and endeavor to pronounce them. Luke usually got a kick out of my pronunciation especially one town which I pronounced Gananokey, but was really Ganana-a-quel-Gananaoqui.

(Continued Next Week)

Quo Vadis

Okechukwu Ikejiani

Man lives on earth as if he is destined to live forever, yet man realizes, sooner or later, that his life is but a sojourn on earth.

We are all born to die, and we must live today as if we are to die tomorrow. As to whence we came and whither we are bound, not one human being has succeeded in unravelling that tangled skein. But we know, in the final analysis that life has a meaning. Because of this, our life on earth is but a mission.

Thus it happened that today, we have left parents, brothers, sisters, lovers and friends to come to a university. To some of us, this is our first time of entering here, to others this is not. But on the whole, we are in a mission. Making auto-analysis and mass analysis, we find that we are lucky to be here, for there are thousands of boys and girls of our age who do not have this golden opportunity to come here.

With this in mind, we soon realize that we have a gigantic task to which we have set ourselves, and in conformity with this we must always answer the question, individually, where am I going? This is so, because we have the generous task of creating better understanding among ourselves on the campus, and those outside us. This is hardly the moment in world's history to be optimistic about things. The tides of intolerance, hatred, misunderstanding, are running swift and strong. The ideals of brotherhood and justice are hidden beneath the black clouds of prejudice and power. Thus, we find that today, the world is in greater confusion than ever in its social history. It is the scene of a great conflict between democracy and dictatorship, between pacifism and militarism, between racialism and universalism, between nationalism and internationalism, not to speak of the conflicts between communism and capitalism. As we view all these great conflicts as students we are caught in a dilemma. Our sense of values is altered in most cases our manner of life frequently changes. But on and on, we must know where we place ourselves in these equations.

But even amid all these disturbances and changes, it remains true that increase of knowledge leads to an increase of understanding. That is the duty of every university student. That is, therefore, your duty as a student—the promotion of mental attitude of inquiry and sweet reasonableness. It asks the questions, what is your knowledge of your university and the activities within it? Do you co-operate with the student council in seeing that student government is carried out? What do you know of your local as well as central government? What is your knowledge of the world around you to which you are a part? These are the questions, and in answering them, we can automatically answer the question, where am I going?

True, we came here to learn the "stuff." But it is equally true that we are to increase our knowledge in every direction. Our knowledge here will make us what we may become tomorrow. As the youth of our country today, we shall become the men and women of tomorrow. Then with the chisel we have we can shapen the destiny of our country whether politically, socially, economically, religiously, or otherwise. It is now or never. These, remain the main tasks of college students in time of peace. That task will still remain in time of war. But existing conditions make it harder. But now is no time to stand as a benevolent spectator on the curb, there is room in the ranks of reason for all.

As college students preparing for the future when we march out into the world, are we sure that we shall be fully equipped to meet the romance of life? That is why it is necessary now to answer this question while on the march—Quo Vadis? These words of Shakespeare must always occur to students in the troubled and uncertain days through which the world is now passing:

"The time is out of joint. Oh, cursed spite, That ever I was born to put it right."

May We Present



M. JOSEPHINE ROWAN

The first co-ed we would like to present is the President of the Ladies Society, Jo Rowan. Jo came to U. N. B. as a freshe-soph, having been to Normal School before. She has been very active in debating, and has twice represented the college in this field. In her Sophomore year she debated at Dalhousie University and last year at King's. She was Secretary Treasurer of the Society in her sophomore year and vice-president in her junior year. This year the Delta Rho has named her chief coffee maker, as she is unsurpassed at this art. Last year she was Secretary of the International Affairs Club, and is keenly interested in History. She is also very good at dramatics and gave a really grand performance in one of last fall's plays "Still Stands the House" where she took the part of the sister, who was slightly odd. Aside from co-ed hockey Jo has stuck quite closely to non athletic societies but nevertheless she has made quite a niche for herself among other students up the hill.

SPACE

I've got to fill this Brunswickan space
If not I'm sure I'll be in disgrace
To leave a space in the center of the page
Would add ten years to Colin's age
I tried to write but nothing would come
Usually I don't feel quite that dumb
I've thought for over an hour or more
But my head aches now and my brain is sore.
So I'll leave this space a perfect blank
And what I say is quite quite frank
If you don't want to see just a space
Someone has to write to take my place.
So, darn you, write me even something small
Or I won't have any page at all.
I've filled this space at last for now
But next week how about making your bow?

TIME

Perhaps one of the things we learn at college is a little better appreciation of time. An old proverb reads, "Master time and the world is yours." This is slightly overstating the case, but it is nearly impossible to overemploy the value of time.

Many great men have recognized how little time we actually have. One said, "So much to do, so little time to do it in." They all have found what a slippery element time is. One of man's greatest problems is to control time. It is so easy to waste an hour, an evening or even a much longer period. Older people frequently say, "How time flies!" They think of the years which have gone by so rapidly. All of these things should make us acutely aware that yesterday can never return.

None of us, of course, can slow up the clock, but we can make the very most of the time we have. It would be very interesting to take a check of our sixteen waking hours and just see what we do. See how much time we waste or spend in worry or anger. We all have been, at one time or another in the depths of discouragement and yet usually a few hours later it all straightens out. People would be so much happier if they would try and squeeze the most enjoyment out of each day and suppress the things that make them unhappy.

You must have noticed how some people with so little are so happy. Others with so much so miserable. Its a queer thing and yet the solution is very simple. Its all in the attitude of a person, the way they look at something. To truly appreciate what you have, without continually grumbling at what the other fellow has, is a priceless gift.

Many poets have written that every man regardless of position finds a common end. Its startling when you think of it. It makes everything seem so temporary "And this too shall come to pass" pretty well describes everything. The upshot of all this is to enjoy life to the fullest extent. If we knew we were to die tomorrow we would see more beauty in the world today than we ever saw before.

Often while we are waiting for something to take place we will attempt to "kill time" with the usual result that the time seems much longer. All our professors will tell us to make a lecture hour pass more quickly we should pay attention. If we start concentrating on the minutes before we get out the time drags horribly and we get little out of it.

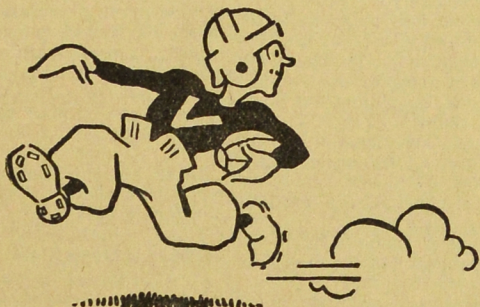
Time is a very slippery thing and it should be used, not killed.
A. M. '44

Bigamy—A man trying to serve two masters.

Dictionary—A place to find how to spell words you must already know how to spell in order to find them.

Flancé—Usually referred to as "the plucky man."

WHEN YOU MAKE THAT TOUCH



IT IS SELF-EVIDENT that you have overstepped your budget. Sit down with yourself and see if you can't work out some plan of finance that will carry you through the term without an S.O.S. to father. He will appreciate it—and you will be acquiring a habit that will prove valuable to you when you are eventually on your own.

P.S.—If you must make a touch, why not suggest a Royal Bank Money Order . . . Safe to mail, easy to negotiate

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