

POETRY CORNER

UNIVERSITY ANTHEM

O Hill with proud tradition blest,
Rich with the heritage of years,
The scholar in thy halls still hears
The challenge of a timely quest.
Poet and statesman, learned men,
Who gained for thee immortal praise,
Who trod thy paths in former days,
In spirit live with us as then.
Forgotten—yet remembered still,
Thy sons and daughters scattered far
Feel memory like a distant star
Shine forth above thee, sacred Hill.
Each bears forever in his soul
The loyal honor of thy name;
We share thy joy, extol thy fame,
Till death shall seal each little scroll.

—Linden Peebles

WAR-MIND

I saw him only once.
His uniform seemed
to grow on him.
He spoke to me with his eyes.
You don't know, he said,
You don't know,—but I do.
Freedom in the mind
is a great thing. I know.
—He was right, I don't know
what it's like.
Later he was killed,
A shell burst beside him.
I saw him only once.

R. P. '43

Surprise!

This life we live is not all plain sailing
as a glance at our illustration will show.
At every turn lurk bumps and unexpected
problems—some of them financial.

This is to remind you that in such
circumstances a talk with our local bank
manager is often a wise course to pursue.

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Positive Criticism

Criticism of any act should be both positive and negative.

Today we hear nothing but negative criticism of the English, American and Canadian contribution to this war. This is bad and very unfair. Many seem to believe that we have done nothing right in this war this far. The mistakes we have made are very numerous and very grave, but our enemies have been dealt some telling blows.

Since the beginning of the war I have warned against a real "fifth columnist". This is complacency. Dormancy in a nation at war is always suicidal. The blows we have sustained have led many people to adopt an attitude of skepticism toward our own ability. My next statement may sound absurd to many of you, but I believe it to be true. "We are in a better position today than at any time since the fall of France". Few people realized how bad our position really has been.

The events of the last few months are black indeed. We have lost Hong Kong, Malaya, mighty Singapore, Java, much of Burma, many islands and now India and Australia face invasion. Our losses on the sea have been so immense that we have only a slight edge left in sea power. Thousands of tons of merchandise have been sunk. All of these things piling one onto another has cast a shadow of gloom over many. With all these things you ask me how I can possibly believe that we are in a better position now than anytime since the fall of France.

Here are my reasons: Germany has been definitely staggered by the magnificent Russian army. Staggered and driven back for the first time England, now and only now, is regarded as quite safe from a successful invasion. The R. A. F. is now on nearly equal terms with the German Air Force. The mightiest industrial nation in the world has joined the battle with all her heart. An army of five to seven million men is planned by them. Her industrial power although it will take time to get on a war footing will swing into production beyond comprehension when it does get started. China is fighting with renewed vigor. India soon may join with her unlimited manpower and riches. The Russians are still mortal enemies of Japan, and soon war from the air may hit Japan itself.

Now as to what we are doing in Canada. Nearly half a million men are on active service. This does not include reserve units or "trainees". At the end of this year over seven workers out of ten will be in war work. Three times as much money is being spent on this war as on the last one. Out of every dollar spent 40c goes for war purposes. The Air Force by the end of this year is to be increased from its present 100,000 men to nearly 200,000 or about fifteen times that of the last war. Before indulging in the common practice of handing out hard criticism of our war effort it is best to know the facts.

We're like a boxer. We've taken some heavy body punches, but we've protected our chin and we've got in some pretty good blows ourselves. We're getting stronger, smarter and there are more rounds coming up.

POEM OF THE WEEK

Ships of State for even keel
Need tons and tons of corset steel.
The die is cast, the fate is written
Women must bulge for Britain

A clever girl is one who makes
you think she is taking dinner with
you and not from you.

Fellow (hopefully) — I dreamed
of you last nite.

Gal (coldly): Really!

Fellow (cynically): Yeah, then I
woke up, pulled down the window
and put an extra couple of blankets
on the bed.

—The Sheaf

She was only a Scottish chief-
tain's daughter, but you should
have seen her go through the rye.

George—Ah! First love.

Mary—Yeah, and then what?

—The Sheaf

A girl's face may be her fortune,
but it's her legs that draw the interest.

THE FIRST CORNERSTONE

The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Howard Douglas, was instrumental in arousing interest in, and obtaining grants for, a new building for the College of New Brunswick. This building, which we know as the Arts Building, was designed by J. E. Woolford. The Commissioners for the erection of the 42-room combination residence and college, were William F. Odell and George Street. They were forced to omit "much of the ornamental part" called for in the plans due to the smaller than expected grants.

The cornerstone was laid by Sir Howard Douglas on Sept. 15, 1826. In the cavity of the stone were placed a bottle of coins, a newspaper, and an almanack. On the metal cover was a suitable inscription in Latin, said to have been composed by the Rev. B. G. Grey, Rector of St. John. A translation is as follows:

"This cornerstone of a work begun in the
Third Year of the Administration of His Excellency
Sir Howard Douglas, Baronet,
of the Province of New Brunswick
was laid under his immediate inspection
on the 15th. day of September, 1826
Warmly patronized by him, as a grateful friend
to Literature, a Faithful Servant to the Crown
and a zealous supporter of the true
interests of this rising colony.

This attempt

To found upon solid and liberal principles
A nursery for Learning,
deserves the respect and assistance of the Christian
and the Patriot,

In their imperfect rudiments, those walls excited
but dirision, which in aftertimes encircled the
Proud Mistress of the world:

Britain, for her poverty and ignorance, once the
jest and contempt of a polished people,
rose in her turn to be the
Arbitress of Nations:

In like manner.

May this favoured place, lately the hunting ground of
the Savage, now the Capital of a British
Province, the asylum of a persecuted people,
Who for their unshaken Fidelity
And attachment to their Sovereign
And Constitution in Church and
State, were driven from their
Homes, witness the rapid increase,
Throughout her connections and dependencies,
of Commercial enterprise and Industry
The Arts, the refinements and the plenty of
civilized life,

And may this Seminary

Under the influence of true Religion, and the
Fostering care of the Father of his People,

By the wisdom of its institutes, and the integrity
and ability of its conductors become
and long continue the happy seat of
Liberty and Letters."



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