

UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

I wonder if you have ever felt as I have about our Alma Mater? If so, you have absorbed so much of the spirit, tradition and location that you are unable to express your thoughts adequately, only to feel them. And yet, no one thinks the same way. So, if one Mr. Austin Cross of Ottawa can write about the University of New Brunswick "as he sees it", I feel that I, too, am entitled to the same right.

The fact that I am a student of U.N.B. does not necessarily mean that I am prejudiced. A college education, specifically an education from the university under discussion, has taught me to be broad-minded. I admit the existence of many defects and failings Up the Hill; I have grumbled at and resented as many things as anyone. But I cannot tolerate anyone condemning our university because he thinks it is a "poverty-stricken looking outfit". After all, beauty is only skin deep. And I have found it is a bad policy to take things on face value.

I may be sentimental and old-fashioned, but to me it is a point of pride that the dignified and enduring structure which still crowns College Hill is the oldest in Canada. Many famous people have trod these halls both as students and lecturers. No, I am not living "in the glories of the past", I am paying tribute to the work of my predecessors which has stood the test of time. And yet, within this old Arts Building are modern laboratories, the provincial centre of the Blood-Processing Method.

Beauty is certainly a virtue, but immaterial as I see it. Is the function of the university to provide an imposing campus? Surely not! And there is no lack of equipment or

instruction here. All our departments turn out students on par with any other university as is evidenced by the post-graduate scholarships awarded and the jobs secured by our graduates. We have as much reason to be proud of recent graduates as of such men as Bliss Carman, Sir George Parkin, W. F. Ganong, Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, and Dr. W. C. Murray. Our buildings are modern and well-equipped; our gymnasium surpasses those of other Canadian Universities. We have opened our doors to the Royal Canadian Air Force. We are fortunate to have such a fine body of men for a faculty, each ranks high in his own field.

Our campus is small but not unlovely. Look at it now. The vividity and variety of colour present an undreamable picture. But our campus is not bound by acres. From our hill we have a superb view of the famous elms of Fredericton and the winding "Rhine of America".

Spirit is good at U.N.B. We have zest for competition. We have rivals. But as U.B.C. pointed out to us, we were the first to help our greatest rival when disaster overtook Mount A. last winter. Ninety-nine per cent of our men donated blood to the Red Cross. The percentage of enlistment in the Armed Forces of our students is extremely high. Already our Roll of Honour is long.

It is true that I have deviated from the point Mr. Cross made; but which picture is more logical? I do not see the University of New Brunswick as an architectural sensation or landscaping accomplishment. I find complete justification for its existence in the service it renders the Maritimes, in the leaders it has trained and the experts

May We Present



FRANCES M. KITCHEN

This week we have the pleasure of presenting Frances M. Kitchen, the business manager of this year's YEAR BOOK. Fran is the executive type and is never happier than when she is running around, filling out forms, receipting bills and with a pocketfull o'dough.

For two years Fran was co-business manager of the Dramatic Society and last year was the Vice-President of the society.

In her sophomore year she was on the S.R.C. and most capably upheld her class.

Frannie has always been interested in the Brunswickan and we might add, in more ways than one.

She has always been a staunch supporter of the "Bid two hearts—what do you think of the fall styles?" club and holds the distinction of being one of the best bridge players in the reading room.

As a stately senior she is upholding her good scholastic standing which she insists is more good luck than good management—we wonder!

We predict a brilliant future for Fran and wish her the best of everything in the coming years.

SIESTA IN THE LAB

Clump, clump, clump up the stairs. Oh boy, just one more flight and we'll be there. Where? Why in the land where bugs and pansies reign supreme, and humans go around poking their noses into their private affairs. Not that we want to especially, but it's compulsory we hear, so we can't argue. So on with the specks kids and into the lecture room we troop.

When the dust settles, we catch a glimmer of what looks like a work from the surrealism school of art—but we hear by underground methods that it is the heart of a celery stock, so get out the crayons kids, and start reproducing. (No cracks please!)

Have I finished the little masterpiece? No. Well, I guess it doesn't matter—remember the Prof. has been doing it for the last ten years, and this is only my third year for repeating, so I don't worry.

Hey, what's happenin' anyway—every one's gone! What? Say don't tell me we have to do another drawing of this darned vegetable—and through a microscope! I don't think I'm gonna like this little idea, but if I'm paying for the lab, I may as well eat my stocks and leave quietly. Well, maybe I ought to take just one little look. Hmmm.....ah ha! Very interesting. Say, what are we looking for? Oh, you have to slice the celery first eh and only one millimetre thick. And just how am I goin' to do that little activity my friend? You use a razor blade? Well let's see the Prof. do it—I've got a tape measure right here and this time I'm going to check up on him.

At last, we have a slice—so thin its useless for all eating purposes—in fact I can't even see it, but the Prof. looks proud and says to me—"Cast your glimmies on these little chappies"—but I don't see nothin'. But wait, something's coming into

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it has developed. I see beauty in its tradition. I am proud of it as an academic and social unit. I am young, and I am a Maritimer.

I am also a Canadian, and as good a one as any person from Ontario or Quebec. (And I challenge anyone to question it!) I am also a product of the University of New Brunswick—and proud of it!

WHAT of TO-MORROW?

(September 1942)

With lusty greed the Nazi horde
Set forth to conquer by the sword
And with unimagined tyranny
To form a greater Germany

Manoeuvrable armies soon ensnared
Vulnerable nations unprepared
Then round the Maginot Line they swirled
To shock a decade-sleeping world;
Guided by judgment highly faulted
While the Allied Armies so near to defeat
The Channel crossed in glorious retreat.

To Britain's skies their war-birds came
Dumping a hell of thunder and flame
That crumbled stone and twisted steel
But a people's spirit refused to reel.

The road to Moscow next they tried
But that campaign with winter died;
In the streets of Stalingrad today
The hated Huns are held at bay
Yea, held at bay and driven back
By counter-attack on counter-attack.

The story of tomorrow we cannot relate
But what of tomorrow, what of our fate?
Our fate tomorrow it surely seems
Depends on action not on dreams.

Planes we must make, ships we must build
Tanks must be rolled out and granaries filled,
Then our armies will advance with hearts stout and fearless
Armed to the teeth with weapons quite peerless
And, in terrible, furious fight
Will break the back of German might
And the streets of Berlin shall run red as wine
With the Arch-Guttersnipe's blood and his Nazi swine.

Then Peace will return to freedom-loving sod
And men will give praise and thanks unto God;
Aye, that's still a dream, but we can bring it to light
Through blood, sweat and tears, by God and by fight!

R. ST. J. FREEZE



WHAT OF THE Future?

Whatever your plans for the years ahead, you will find that success is surprisingly dependent upon thrift. Thrift means more than saving money ... it is tied to, and, in fact, enforces many of the other virtues essential to success.

The Bank of Montreal — Canada's oldest bank — numbers many students among its customers, and if you have not already a connection with the Bank, your account will be very welcome at any of our branches.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

"a bank where small accounts
are welcome"

FREDERICTON BRANCH M. A. JOHNS, Manager

Queen and Carleton Streets

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MODERN, EXPERIENCED BANKING SERVICE

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STUDENTS STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! ANNOUNCING

A

SHORT STORY CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE - - - \$5.00

SECOND PRIZE - - - \$3.00

THIRD PRIZE - - - \$2.00

This contest is open to all students of the University other than those whose names appear on the masthead of this week's Brunswickan.

The story should not be any longer than 1500 words, may be of any title the writer chooses, and must be handed in to the Editor of the Brunswickan before 12.30 p.m., Friday, Oct. 23.

The three prize winners will be announced as soon as possible after the deadline.

The three prize winning stories will be published in the Brunswickan at the first opportunity.

Judges will be Professor McCourt, Dr. Bailey and the Editor.