

What I Did This Summer

My summer job was not what one would call exciting, but it was interesting. I worked on a farm—just another hayseed. Perhaps a farm might be defined as a large number of square feet of earth covered here and there with such things as trees, grass, buildings, crops, etc. The farm house is always the centre of importance around which may be found several barns of various sizes, many strange-looking pieces of machinery, and an infinite variety of animals such as horses, cows, sheep, pigs, cats, dogs, rats and mice, not to forget that famous bird—the hen.

Perhaps I'd better make you understand that on a farm we work, and I don't mean half-work either. And who ever heard tell of a farmer perspiring?—he sweats. His yearly routine consists of a great deal of planting in the spring, seeing that the growing crops are protected from bugs and weeds, digging potatoes and stuff in the fall, and paying his income tax (usually in the vicinity of ten cents). By the way I only know of one farmer who ever struck it rich. When he died he left 50,000 dollars, the result of a lifetime of hard work, penny-pinching, hope, faith, honesty and an uncle who left him 49,950 dollars.

I arrived on the farm about the middle of May, just in time for planting. Having considerably arrived at such a time, I was im-

mediately assigned the task of putting oats, potatoes, turnips, mangals and strawberries into the ground. I also helped plant a garden that included everything from beans to sweet peas. After having all the crops planted, I had to see that they were hoed and nicely weeded at all times. About this time, I helped remove the winter overcoats from some fifteen sheep—this was great fun. Having become a true expert at that, I began to think about opening up a barber shop, but work intervened. For two months I hoed, the only interesting thing about it being the two pretty girls from the city who came out to watch me. During the summer these two girls learned to hoe, rake, load and unload hay, and to drive horses just as well as an experienced farm-hand—I learned a lot, too. Sometimes we devoted entire days to the pulling of yellow mustard from the oat-fields, and to the de-bugging of the potato plants.

Then came the haying season. I mowed the hay, raked it, helped haul it into the barn and there put it into the mow. Twice a day I had to milk the cows, which by the way do not give milk, you sort of have to take it away from them. On rainy days, of which there were a large number, we sharpened cutters and scythes, did odd jobs, went fishing and slept. The last thing I did before coming back to U.N.B. was to assist in harvesting the

Let's Get Acquainted



RALPH CROWTHER

Let's get acquainted this week with the one person who more than any other makes this paper possible, your editor-in-chief, Ralph Crowther.

Ralph, a north shore boy, came from Bathurst to U.N.B. in the fall of '40 as a Beaverbrook scholar, and has ever maintained a high standard in all his studies. But every thing Ralph does, he does well as is evidenced by his expert management of The Brunswickan this year.

In his first and second year "up the hill" it was to the Brunswickan that he turned his attentions, acting as an efficient proof reader; his junior year saw him elected to the position of Managing Editor of The Brunswickan and acting in the capacity of secretary-treasurer of the House; in this his final year, he is editor-in-chief of your college paper and also the president of Sigma Lambda Beta Rho (president of "The Bunnies", to you). He has always displayed a keen interest in the C.O.T.C. and this year has been promoted to the rank of R.Q.M.S.

Always an energetic, resourceful worker, both he and his front pages shall be missed when he has gone out in cap and gown as another graduate of U.N.B.

FROM ME TO YOU

Somewhere,
Sometime.

Dear Moron,

I sat myself down pen in hand to typewrite you a letter. Please excuse the pencil. I don't live where I lived before because I moved here where I am now. When you come to see me ask anybody where I live—nobody knows.

I'm sorry we are so far together. I wish we were closer apart. We are having more weather this year. My Aunt Nell died and is doing fine. Hope you are doing the same. My cousin has the mumps and is having a swell time.

I started to Philadelphia to see you. I saw a sign that read, "This takes you to Philadelphia". So I climbed upon the sign and sat there for three hours, but the damned thing didn't move.

I'm sending you a coat by express. I cut the buttons off to make the package light. You'll find them in the back pocket.

I would send you \$10 that I owe you but I didn't think of it until I sealed the envelope. If you did not

grain. Later the potatoes, turnips and mangals had to be dug, but I couldn't stay to help there.

All in all, it was a swell summer, but a lot of hard work. Try it some time.

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BEHIND THE SCENES

The Reading Room finds it necessary to voice its opinion this week on a matter that has been receiving no small attention of late—formals.

Strictly from our sidelines we love formals. But that, in itself, is insufficient as a reason for our having them, and so we must present a logical case on behalf of their continued existence. For exact cash arguments we refer you to Jim Fettes, while we shall endeavour to point out what should be obvious to everyone.

Aside from the small price that has to be extricated from our pockets for formals, think of the much larger amount that rolls into us from the down-town crowd who invariably turn out en masse to these dances. Do they come to our formal-less dances?—We haven't seen them, but perhaps our eye sight is failing. Surely no one of you would want to be poor business man enough to lop off so excellent an arm of income. We hope no one has dared say that this income doesn't come back to the students, because (correct us if we're wrong) the budget passed without a murmur much higher than originally presented—you weren't kicking then, you can't now.

Regarding other colleges who have so patriotically (that is the word applied, isn't it?) canned their formals in favor of informal dances, do not forget that for the large part they are colleges whose enrolments considerably stagger that of U.N.B. We are a small college, we have only four formals per year; they are large colleges, they used to have many formals per year.

While we still have that word "patriotism" blaring in our ears don't any of you forget that the S.R.C. passed a unanimous vote for the purchase of a 200 dollar Victory Bond. Are we supposed to give over to the cause of "do for your country" every little pleasure we once knew? We think not. The students, boys and girls alike, are doing their parts in this so-called "war effort" of Canada by giving themselves and their lives to the services, working in the Blood Bank (the boys donating blood), supporting the War Effort Committee and in buying War Stamps and Victory Bonds.

These informal dances that a certain "Who" has been advocating have been going on from the Brunswickan to the Forestry Dance since the commencement of the fall term. Do they draw a college crowd? Yes, but more high school. Is there any profit in them? Yes, but nothing worth mentioning. Last year the War Effort Committee, had weekly dances to the tune of recorded jive; at first good crowds attended, then the novelty wore off and no crowds came except those few persons ever faithful to the dance. It is the novelty, the excitement of something different that draws the crowd. Four formals so widely spaced throughout the year have not that quality of frequency and similarity so necessary to make them "just another dance".

get this letter let me know and I will mail it to you.
P.S. Enclosed you will find a picture. For fear it would get lost I took it out.

Less sincerely,
Little Moron

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IN THE STACKS

By BETTY BREWSTER

The librarian has asked me to call attention this week to a set of books which have not, unfortunately, been noticed as much as they should, perhaps merely because they don't happen to be large enough to catch the eye. This set is the series of prints by Canadian artists, edited by Albert H. Robson. There are six of these little books in the library, containing works by Paul Kane, Cornelius Krieghoff, J. E. H. MacDonald, Tom Thompson, Clarence Gagnon and A. Y. Jackson. Each book gives an account of the artist's life, together with brief appreciations of the prints contained in the selection. The prints themselves are, of course, the most important part of the books, in spite of the disadvantages always associated with reproductions, especially with reproductions on so small a scale. The unfortunate lack of any art appreciation course in the University curriculum obliges us, if we wish to know anything about the work done by our Canadian painters, to take whatever advantage we can of such works as these, whatever their drawbacks.

I don't want, however, to frighten you into thinking that the editor of these books is trying in any way to educate you. I know that the average college student has strong objections to being educated—objections which are perhaps well founded. I do think, however, that you will enjoy the books, as I did, simply because of the survival of the childish love of looking at pictures. Perhaps it would be better not to confuse you, knowing as little as I do about the relative merits of these paintings, by any comment upon them, but I cannot resist mentioning a few of my favourites. Gagnon's brilliant Quebec snow scenes and his charming illustrations of Maria Chapdelaine; the clever, sharp lines of Tom Thompson's "Bateout" and "Blueberry Bushes"; and above all, MacDonald's dreamy "Mist Fantasy", with its almost Chinese restraint, its beautifully rounded curves, and the soft richness of its colouring. You may not like these particular paintings, but, since the artists differ widely in style, you will probably find something suiting your own individual taste.

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