

The Brunswickan

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UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK
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Although there will be one more Brunswickan before our publishing season closes, this is the last issue from the regular staff. On April 11 the paper will be published by Henry Durost and the staff that will be with him next year.

In this, our last issue, we would like to thank all those who have worked with us in achieving whatever success we have. Unfortunately it is impossible to name all those many people who have helped us during the year, but those Editors and their assistants whose names appear above in the Masthead do deserve special mention, as well as their reporters, feature writers and proofers. The Business Manager and the News Editor have been invaluable as advisors and guides.

With a last issue, one is apt to reminisce and mention those various bright spots which have highlighted the year's activities. However, we would rather discuss a highlight of another organization on the campus. The Poetry Club, although it was often ridiculed and rarely praised, has this year been very active and has issued its first publication, "The Fiddlehead." The distinctive title is very fittingly applied to a truly distinctive work.

"Fiddlehead" had a small circulation and a large ovation. Letters have poured in from far away points praising the efforts of the nine members of the Poetry Club, whose director, Dr. A. G. Bailey, is well known in Canadian poetry circles. The second number of this series is expected to appear during early April.

Don Gammon, the "Fiddlehead" Editor, has great plans for his publication, which, if given an element of student support, will place U.N.B. on the literary map. Gammon proposes to offer his staff to support the Arts Society and, with their help, publish a full-sized periodical which will carry not only poetical items, but also essays, short stories and technical data collected from all the Faculties.

This University is in great need of such a publication. It would spread our name in the literary field, just as basketball has made our name known throughout the Dominion in sporting circles. The Brunswickan started its long career as a monthly but was eventually transformed to meet the need of a student newspaper. For many years we have gone without. Now, with the initiative and the talent available, it is our hope that "Fiddlehead" will grow and mature and will spread its fronds through out the country carrying the name of the University of New Brunswick.



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STUFF 'N' THINGS

The time for adieus is fast approaching and with this, the last Brunswickan to be published by the 1944-45 staff, we add our "goodbyes" to those of the other members of the business and editorial departments. Naturally we nurture a fond hope that you enjoyed this column, as we have enjoyed writing it, and fair exchange is no robbery. It really made us feel wonderful when some friend, would inquire as to what was meant by a particular remark in "Stuff 'n' Things," because in this way we knew at least somebody laboriously "Pacey-ed" his way thru the newsprint, so it was not all in vain. And if perchance the title was misleading you could ascertain from the contents that it was self-explanatory... it was just stuff and things that happened in the environs of the hilltop campus. Enough of that tho' before we begin getting sentimental...

An item of interest and concern to all occurred last Friday in the local police court, as no doubt the most of you are aware—after having first perused "Snoop." We can take a number of lessons from that episode, ranking them in whatever order you prefer: It might be a good idea to heed warnings in the future; there is a difference between college students and other forms of genus man inhabiting this fair city; professors are distinct from students in the eyes of the law; perhaps there are some who will disagree with these remarks, and if that be the case we will be only too glad to debate the issue. On the other hand if said remarks cause a slight constriction of the throat, a little uneasiness, a moderate crimsoning of the physiognomy, a somewhat troubled conscience and other attendant guilty symptoms, then don't bother squirming because those concerned are well aware of your guilt. And to clarify the point these statements do NOT apply to any of the unfortunates who appeared before the local justice-dispenser last week.

Signs of spring: The intelligent calendar-watchers informing one and all, "This is the eighth day of spring, and all we have to show for it so far is wet feet, muddy rubbers, splashed stockings and cursed-at cars and buses." This one should strike the well-known respondent chord... that look in the profs' eyes as they prepare for spring class-cleaning. Then we have S. R. C. elections, in fact by the time we go to press the results will be contained herein; so you know we are not putting a plug in for any candidate. We do hope that every student used his vote and used his head when doing so, and continuing with this digression for a moment may we extend heartiest congrats to all the successful candidates and wish them the best of everything in their conduct of student affairs next year. Of course another sign of spring is the calling of applications for the '45-46 Brunswickan staff, and here again we bring to mind the grand job Editor-in-chief John Lawrence has done with this year's volume 64, modest, unassuming "Jock" is always knee-deep in newspaper problems but he always manages to



solve them and come forth with some of the best Brunswickans seen here in a number of years. And we have as a final touch Spring Term exams, that mental duel conducted annually by the faculty and students of the University of New Brunswick proceeds in aid of distraught and distressed parents and their unhappy offspring. What a discordant closing note!

"To the class of 1945..." so ends the toast at the Senior Dinner, and we in common with the rest of the campus toast our graduating class. Perhaps we had a greater attachment to this class than some others and it is for this reason we hate to see them leave. It's rather early to be saying farewell, '45-ers, but this is the last opportunity for us to do it in print.

so, B C'ing U, '45-er !!!

Life is but an empty dream.

Love is a thief.

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GARY COOPER and TERE WRIGHT in "CASANOVA BROWN"

THURS.-FRI.-SAT.
APRIL 5-6-7

GARY GRANT in "ARSENIC AND OLD LA" — with — Raymond Massey Peter