

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



ERIC TEED

Eric Teed—the man up the hill with the great number of courses to his credit, and a long record of participation in campus organizations—is being presented to you this week.

Eric came to U. N. B. from that high school of the Foggy City and immediately plunged into the activities of the campus. That first year, Eric dabbled in dramatics, was a charter member of the U-Y Club, and lead the rousing U. N. B. cheering section.

The next year, Eric continued to lead our college yells, reported for the Brunswickan, debated, actively helped on the War Effort Committee, and made sure that the Freshmen were properly initiated. And Eric won't be forgotten as the patient doctor—fur coat, mittens and all—who wandered around the stage prescribing for "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Also that year Eric was a "back-seat" member of the S. R. C.: "It's unconstitutional, Mr. President."

In his Junior Year, Eric was elected to the executive of many organizations: secretary-treasurer of the Dramatic Society and I. S. S.; president of Men's Debating Society and the Chess Club; chairman of the U. N. B. Relief Association. Added to these, he was this same year a front-row member of the S. R. C. as a representative from his class, News Editor of the Brunswickan, and still found time to lead the campus supporters in their cheers and to revise the S. R. C. constitution.

And now in his Senior year we find Eric presiding at the Dramatic Society meetings, and presiding once more over the Chess players. He is once again his class's representative on the Council, and is also Associate Editor of the Brunswickan, and a member of the Bailey Geological Society. And last Fall Eric got his baptism in mud as a playing member of the Football Team.

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A Canuck in Connecticut

On the evening of May 17, 1946, Dorothy A. Loughlin, B. A., graduate student, and myself, Marjorie L. Long, Senior, of the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B., boarded the Boston train at Saint John and Fredericton Junction, destination—Hartford, Connecticut.

We were exchange students, nominated by the women students and voted by a faculty committee to spend two weeks at New Haven State Teachers' College and two at Teachers' College of Connecticut, New Britain, Connecticut. It was a return visit on our part, each of the above colleges having sent two representatives to spend a month at the University of New Brunswick the preceding February.

We spent our first night on the train and awoke to see the rolling, green hillsides of New Hampshire State. We had passed from Canada to the United States—and no sense of transition. The spring season appeared to be two or three weeks in advance of our own and we shot past purple lilacs in full bloom. A friend pointed out the University of New Hampshire from the train window.

On arriving in Boston, Mass., we found we had four hours between trains, which lunching and baggage checking would not consume, so we took a subway to Harvard Square and saw what we could of Harvard University. The Peabody Museum, with its famous collection of glass flowers, almost unbelievable in their apparent reality, was most impressive. We also visited the spacious library and the new Memorial Church. All male students were in the uniform of the R. O. T. C. We returned to the station and caught the train for Hartford where we were met by Rita Jalbert, one of the exchange students from the New Britain College. It was like meeting an old friend from home. We spent a very pleasant week-end at Rita's summer cottage on Lake Amston and had three delicious (and what Mrs. Jalbert called "typically New England") meals, I think right then and there we struck the keynote of our thoughts regarding the American people: "Why they're just like the folks back home."

The following afternoon we said good-byes to the Jalberts and were driven to New Haven. Here, for the next two weeks, we lived at the home of Miss Myra Foster, devoted member of the Canadian-American Committee on Student Exchange, on Edgewood Avenue. To Miss Foster we owe a lifelong debt of gracious hospitality.

New Haven is a city of 120,000 inhabitants and a climate which, with its fog and salty breezes, reminded me of my home city, Saint John, N. B. We saw a great deal of New Haven itself during our two weeks visit. One could not say that New Haven is a "college town," yet for me it seemed to be dominated by Yale. I was astounded at the architectural beauty of the Yale buildings, and a little sad that they were not landscaped with lawns and terraces and tall trees instead of being scattered here and there in the heart of a busy and indifferent city. I was also astonished at the abundance of "foreign" restaurants serving the dishes of their native countries, some of which we were pleased to try.

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TOM BOYD, Mgr.

We began to attend lectures at State Teachers' College on May 20. The college itself consists of one large building and grounds comparable to our own Provincial Normal School. Its four-year course is designed to prepare teachers for work in the primary schools.

The first morning we were greeted by Dr. May Hall James and a group of faculty and students. Dr. James was our guide and advisor during our stay at the New Haven College. We were very glad to see Arline Miller and Elaine Ward, the two State Teachers' College girls who had attended our university the previous February. They presented us with a pre-prepared schedule of lectures and social events which well occupied our next two weeks.

There followed an inspection of the building during which we visited the cafeteria, the gymnasium, the library, the handicraft room—where braiding belts, weaving and sewing are done, and the Dean's office. I was considerably astonished to find that the lounge was a "mixed" one where both male and female students congregated. Though the college had formerly been dominated by women, many veterans were evening up the numbers while taking advantage of the G. I. Bill of Rights. The classrooms were of average size. Some contained school desks and chairs arranged in rectangular fashion around the lecture table, while others contained rows of lecture "armchairs" similar to our own. There were blackboards in every room and wall-maps in some.

We followed five regular courses while at State Teachers' College. "American Life," with Dr. James as lecturer, seemed to me to be a mixture of history and sociology, with the major international strings all being drawn together and "coned" in Connecticut. It was an extremely factual course and involved a large amount of memory work. "American Literature," taught by Dean Seabury, was a survey course of American novelists quite similar to one given at U. N. B. Miss Schwartz' "Human Geography" course was, in my opinion, built around Huntington's theory that people are what their natural environment makes them and the emphasis is on the natural environment. It might be called geographical sociology. It was presented on a world-wide scale and was quite different from anything I had even taken lectures in before.

"Advanced Drama," directed by Dr. Davis, comprised our fourth course. It was an excellent survey of the world's best dramatists and played and it emphasized the mechanical side of production.

I found this course the most interesting of any I have ever studied, for I could see the practical application of techniques suggested in the text and could, only then, properly understand production difficulties not even anticipated by the book explanation. We also followed Dr. Davis' Freshman English course.

The social side of our visit to New Haven State Teachers' College was not neglected. On several occasions we lunched in such interesting places as the Chinese "Far East" or the Italian "Tivoli" with Elaine, Arline and friends, on a theatre party. We were guests at a "mixed" party given by the Sophomores at one of the girls' homes. I found the American younger set gay, amusing and extremely friendly.

On May 25, we attended the State Teachers' College Alumni Luncheon

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at Wilcox's Pier Restaurant, Savin Rock. We were honoured with seats at the head table and here we first met Dr. Ireland, President of the college, and many other noted guests. After the luncheon June Sprague, former New Haven exchange student to Edmonton University, drove us to her country cottage for the week-end. It was a pleasant and restful change and we even managed a swim. In the evening, Pleasure Beach, a miniature Coney Island, offered us our first roller-coaster ride.

We had now spent two weekends in the centre of American family life. I was, at first, astonished at the flippancy with which the younger people dealt with and seemed to regard their parents. Stories concerning the parents, by no means shameful but to us at least private affairs, were teasing table-talk on the part of the children. This apparent disrespect I later attributed as a natural outgrowth of the way in which parents treated their children—as "pals" on a basis of equality with themselves. I sensed that "mother knows best" and "children should be seen and not heard" had definitely gone by the board.

An integral and memorable part of our two weeks in New Haven were the drives through the Connecticut countryside to which Miss M. Rowe, and two southern friends of Miss Foster treated us. During these excursions we saw more of Connecticut than most of the native population does in a lifetime. I was delighted with the picturesque country inns and their charming names: "Old Hundred", "The Weather Vane", "The Spinning Wheel", "The Pewter Mug", "Westleigh".

The most memorable occasion was our trip to Wethersfield to visit historic Webb House, where Washington, Lafayette and Rochambeau met to plan the defeat of Cornwallis. Of special interest were the slave quarters in the attic, the canopy beds, the shell cabinets, the colorful garden and the hats worn by Lincoln and Henry Clay. The shed museum held many fascinating relics of the eighteenth century. Webb House is now the headquarters for the Connecticut Society of the Colonial Dames of America. It is dated 1752 and is a perfect example of eighteenth-century, colonial architecture.

Wethersfield itself is the oldest town in Connecticut. We found one building dated 1690. All the very old homes in Connecticut have their dates prominently displayed near the front door. It seems to give the families a sense of pride and importance.

From Webb House we drove to Warehouse Point and saw the old warehouse (dated 1637) which was the seat of a promising rum and molasses trade only seventeen years after the first settlers had arrived. Here we were not reading history; we were seeing it!

I think we felt most at home when driving through the Connecticut countryside; the woods, the green fields, the beautiful river valleys were so much like our own New Brunswick landscapes. The forests, I noted, were of a lighter green, explained perhaps by the scarcity of evergreens which so thickly populate our N. B. forests.

(To Be Continued.)

CO-ED DANCE

Co-eds—take note.
Men—keep your fingers crossed.
Coming "the" dance of the year.
Saturday, February eighth, the big day.
Eight-fifteen the deadline.
Music by the Merry Makors.
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Hasty-Notes

"Penelope was not a person who was concerned with effects or subterfuge of action. A problem was either to be ignored entirely or solved in the simplest, most direct manner possible. Since she didn't know what her homework was all about (and her father did) she saw no reason for wasting her time on it. What is more she was opposed to the pretense involved in my father's insistence that she listen to his explanations. She evidently felt that since this necessitated going over the same ground that he had covered it amounted to sheer inefficiency.

As soon as my father had got in the habit of helping her, she began to accustom him to doing the work entirely by himself. At the start, however, she used to stay around until he had become sufficiently interested in the assignment not to miss her. But later on she just handed him the books and walked off.

He had thus been duped by Penelope since she first began school but he still thought he was helping her to learn something. Actually, of course, her mind was rapidly turning to concrete, while father was getting a complete review of mathematics, history, English literature (including the Faerie Queen), and a variety of other subjects which he had last seen some thirty-odd years before. To the best of our knowledge Penelope had never absorbed a fact of any kind whatsoever at any time since she had been going to school—or, for that matter, prior to that date. She was thought repellent, much as a raincoat is waterproof. On the rare occasions when she had declared herself at all, she stated, in the order given, that Shakespeare was born in 1916 and that she understood that babies were simonized shortly after birth.

There was only one way to get her home work done and that was for my father to do it. He sat down every night and began to explain arithmetic problems or who George Washington was, and he listened very attentively for the first few minutes, although she apparently didn't know what he was talking about. But gradually as he became interested in the work she would wander off and could usually be found down at the movies while my father still struggled with the plot of the "Faerie Queen". Unquote!

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