

The Brunswickan

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UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

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Confessions of a Newspaper Editor:—

We are cleaning out our desk, throwing our countless circulars and dated press releases, reams of first proofs, a dozen blunted pencils, one anonymous letter we never got around to reading, candy bar wrappers, empty cigarette boxes, and one or two old clippings we had been carefully saving and cannot now remember what on earth for.

This is the last of our efforts from under this masthead, and we were never very good at this kind of thing. We have all sorts of material for editorials — you know, the verdict, the S. R. C., the Blakeney proposal for one university, etc. — but it's spring, as you probably know, and if we wrote on any of the above topics, we would choose to write about 'etc.'

The trouble with being in charge of running a newspaper, you have more responsibility than you have fun. You can have much more fun by simply sitting back and being a reporter, or writing feature articles as the spirit moves you.

You try very hard to be fair; you are strictly forbidden to have opinions of your own, unless you are in the majority, but sometimes it doesn't even pay to be in the majority and admit it. Sometimes it doesn't pay to be contrary to the minority — some minorities more so than others. People will accuse you of the most diabolical conduct, and you really haven't been that at all — but maybe you were just trying to be fair.

Somebody ran for S. R. C. president and he nailed one of the planks to his platform and he called it — For A Better Brunswickan. Being unbiased in an election, you couldn't tell him he was talking nonsense. He was though, because about all the S. R. C. President can do about the Brunswickan is read it. Somebody else accused you or entertaining religious prejudice, because you did not report an event badly in need of reporting — and that particular idiocy was the only time you were really angered. So angered you went home and kicked hell out of the cat. That made two people mad at you, only the cat had a reason.

Oh yes, some other people who should have known better said you were a reactionary and goodness knows what else because you published an April Fool issue called True Bureaucracy. Only this time you weren't angry. You went home and fed the cat a can of sardines — Black's Harbour sardines. The cat and you decided to make up and you shook on it.

Being a hybrid newspaperman, you couldn't help but stumble over some wonderful front page stories — which would scoop the daily papers too. But you couldn't do that either, because it might embarrass someone or other, and it would never do to embarrass anyone, much less someone.

You had the supreme crust to print the Founder's Day address all over the front page — no jokes or anything — and you knew a lot of people who were pleased about that, but the pogo-

"One World-One Campus"

This summer, at least one student from U. N. B. will be able to participate in a study tour of the three Scandinavian Countries it was announced by the I. S. S. Committee at the meeting of the S. R. C. last Wednesday. The idea of the tour is to promote international understanding among students and for Canadian students to see for themselves the condition that the European Universities are in today.

It was stressed by the I. S. S. that it cannot assume any financial responsibility for this tour. Therefore it will be the responsibility of the student or students chosen to provide his or her transportation costs.

The time on the Continent will be divided between Norway, Sweden and Denmark. The total cost from the time of arrival at the Danish border until the departure for Canada will be \$140.00 which will include all costs except pocket money.

The application forms are available now at the I. S. S. office, at the Bookstore in the Library Building. Also available at the Bookstore will be more detailed information on this study tour. It is important that students interested should fill out their application forms as soon as possible and return them to the I. S. S. office so that the S. R. C. will be able to select the student they desire to represent the University on this tour. The need for haste is emphasized because it will be the responsibility of the chosen student to make reservations for ocean passage, as the I. S. S. has not been able to make group reservations.

The I. S. S. is merely the medium through which arrangements have been made for this tour. At the present time it is not known whether some financial arrangements can be made to help the student chosen to finance his tour.

THANKS!

The Editor-in-Chief and the Business Manager wish to thank all the members of the Brunswickan staff for their co-operation and support during the past year.

And to our readers, a word of appreciation for your keen interest in your college paper and your valued and constructive criticism.

We feel sure our successors, Vern Mullen and Doug Rice, will receive your continued cooperation, and the Brunswickan will continue to serve the interests of the University and the student body. We look for a better Brunswickan next year, under their capable supervision.

D. K. CAMP,
G. L. WHEELER.

THE LAND OF RHEOSTATUS

A prism looks a sober thing,
A simple piece of apparatus;
Yet behind its glassy stare
Lies the world of Rheostatus.
Here the lenses lie in wait,
For tardy wave-lengths out too late,
Here little germs of light refraction

Spread by polarizing action.
The wary Friction tries to trap
With centripetal forces,
A lazy old Astigmatism
At "illuminating fources".
In a vacuum, by a node,
Lies the magnet, "Permanent Lode".

Above in the branches of a dyne
The alpha radiations climb.
When an ampere fishing goes,
His lines are isogonic,
And means only will be catch,
Or atoms electronic.

Phosphorescent solids wrangle:
"Who's around the critical angle?"
Chromatic aberration smiles;
"Is it meters or is it miles?"

In the jail a thermostat
Accused of dilatonie,
Pleads in vain for lenience—
His Jailor's superescnic.

Cohesion whitens at the mention,
Of that fiend, surface tension,
And peers through his diffraction grate.

To see an armatur erotate
So wary students, keep away
From matters physical,
You may become, like Pendulum,

A creative quizzical—
This le loses dey and night,
To brothers, aunts and cousins;
"Do uhms and ergs, when multi-

plied,
Give oranges or dozens?"
—STIRLING EDWARDE,
Freshman Science.



"Oh you darling... How simply perfect!"
"Perfection... Check ✓... As they say
about Sweet Caps."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

(Continued from Column Two)

stick team had that very week won an astounding victory over Wretched Normal School, (the papers cannot yet agree on the score), and one of the very outstanding pogo-players was hurt and alarmed because he had never known any newspaper to do such a thing, and besides that was the first week in six years he hadn't had his name in the paper. You were for it after that.

You had a large staff — reporters by the dozen, editors by the score — but somehow every week there were gaunt gaping holes in the paper, and you racked your aching brain for 500 or so words to fill. Oh well — "you get paid for it, doncha?"

But it was experience, and experience, according to several reliable sources, is everything. You were, then, experienced. Certainly you knew a lot more about human nature, about small minds, and about yourself.

You had the proud joy of seeing the first proof role off the press, ink-wet, and somehow it always looked good to you, so much better than the lead reversed slugs, dull and limp on the galleys.

Some people were very kind — they said they liked your editorials. You appreciated that, because you, having edited the Brunswickan, knew how valuable is the white lie in society; but since you had to be fair, couldn't tell a soul whatever it was you were, and sometimes thought the grocery man, the paper boy, and the cat were the wisest people you know — you wondered why anybody read your editorials.

After all, you had never said anything.
"Thirty."

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The DOORWAY TO NEW BRUNSWICK

We of CFNB wish each
U. N. B. student every
success with those
finals, and a pleasant
summer. See you next
year.