

Feature Page

Notes and Comment

CRITICISM

"I can see you madly chasing a newspaper around the room throwing bottles at it. The newspaper flaps its pages from the centrefold and gradually gains altitude... The window is open. Why didn't you notice the window... the window...? No too late... The newspaper has flown away. You look through the window at it. You can hear its echoing laughter. It's laughing at you, as its does slow rolls at the moon. You drop into a chair, your head drops into your hands". The paper has outwitted you, it has escaped. Well, we said "O. K.", so what brought all this on? We had been sitting quietly in our room, when the gentle knock came to the door and the "thing" pushed itself through and began this fantastic act. The "thing" dropped its arms to its side. It made a pun. It said "there was a bi-logical article in your column which quoted the local daily."

It snatched a limp last week's Brunswickan from the table and read, quote "... while 'pursuing' the local daily..."

We were beaten, but we did not take the potassium cyanide... Then suddenly the "thing" jumped to the door and said "its alright I know you wrote 'perusing'."

We sat for a long moment and then silently we said to ourselves "Life is Hell".

SUBLIMATION

This week we swing from laughing at the other fellow to laughing with him.

A friend of ours brought this magnificent piece of "the ridiculous" which he clipped from the Campbellton Graphic.

We quote:

Practically every wedding account carries paragraph after paragraph about the bride. She looked beautiful to start with as she walked down the aisle on the arm of her father, she wore this and wore that, each article being beautiful and her bouquet was of some kind or other of colorful and beautiful flowers. And, boy-o-boy, how she was entertained before the wedding, and what wonderful presents she got, and what a prominent college she was a graduate of. But what about the poor groom? All the society reporters say about him is that he was "supported" by one of his pals. Some day some reporter is going to come right out with it and go after the bridal couple along this line: "The groom looked a bit woozy as he staggered down the aisle on the arm of

one of his penny-ante-playing chums. He was attired in the denim's he wore unloading sulphur when the last boat was in and was colorful in that his nose had a distinctly ruddy glow from the home brew he had consumed the previous evening, when he had been entertained by some of his gang at a rather wild stag at the dive of one of the prominent bootleggers. He is a graduate of one of the better class pool-rooms of Campbellton and on his return from the wedding trip, which they returned the same day, he will continue to exist on the generosity of his father, who gave him away with a good heart and expressed hope that he would get a job or leave the community. The groom's gift to the bride, who was also present by the way, was a washboard, a scrubbing brush and a lump of soap, a most valuable gift in view of the fact that soap is so scarce. The only ornament he wore was a shiner, presented him the previous evening by the father of the bride. A doubtful future is assured for the young couple."

The following advertisement recently appeared in the DAILY GLEANER surrounded by a wide black margin, and we quote verbatim.

WANTED

Unfurnished Flat, Apartment, or Home in City
Phone J. O. Manchip
(School House Supervisor)
38-21

Having followed Mr. Manchip's career with interest, we were delighted to hear of his new appointment, and proceeded to interview him. He stated that his duties are not arduous—consisting merely of travelling about the country (inspecting rural schoolhouses) seeing that roofs don't leak, etc. He finds the work very interesting and the school teachers particularly so. He has not found a place to live in the city yet, but in the line of duty he found an ancient school house he was forced to condemn, so is having it moved to the city and plans to renovate it. In concluding the interview Mr. Manchip remarked that he takes an interest in music and occasionally gives lessons when not busy inspecting school houses, he also thinks that it pays to advertise.

Fellow Druts will be pleased to learn of the return of the sick one to the fold.

SORRY!

The Brunswickan took Thanksgiving off too. That's why we are one day late this week.

Fame is the thirst of youth.
(Byron).

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PURLOINERS

Inspector Henri Ferriotti of the Paris Police leaned far back into his desk chair. His secretary advanced on him carrying in one hand an official looking Police Report...

"And what have you for me this time Bidault," asked the Inspector. "The first report on the theft of the Manvals jewels Sir," replied the secretary.

Quickly, the Inspector took the report and as quickly surmised its content.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Inspector. "Bidault my good man" said he. "Do you know what you have brought me?" "Why, yes sir," remarked the secretary quickly. "A report on the theft..." But he never finished for he was interrupted by the now excited Inspector.

"Do not say theft or stolen Bidault, this bit of professional work deserves the name of Purloiner," Sir, said the somewhat startled secretary. "Purloined," repeated the Inspector but, this time a great deal louder and with a great deal more emotion. "Why man these jewels were purloined... and such a fine job!" "But I do not quite understand you," said the startled secretary.

"Well Bidault I see that I must explain myself... to be it... but pay close attention to what I have to say. Now, as you are well aware there are generally speaking two types of theft. The one ranging from such incidents as the taking of fruit from a street vendor to the taking of money or some other article from a household. Concerning these thefts, Bidault, have you ever studied the environment of these offenders, their mentality? If you had you would find that those who commit most of the crime in this city and yes, even on the entire Continent; these people are lacking in many things. First, they are lacking in ability to protect themselves from detection. Secondly, their motive for stealing is a product of want and greediness. It is a reflection on the type of company they keep, their simple ignorant lives.

There is no thrill in working against these people. Any Sub-Division, Bidault, could successfully deal with this sort of thing, but 'Ah my good man', there is a second division of those who break the law and it is these people who afford a great deal of entertainment for us, in trapping them.

Take this Mauvais Case, for example. The removal of the precious cut jewels was the work of an artist. The work of an individual or again individuals who, had first an appreciation of the beauty and the true wealth of these gems. Secondly they must have spent a considerable amount of time in planning. You no doubt read, how they gained admission to the dinner, being held at the time, by posing as guests, how they isolated the portion of the house where the jewels were locked away. Finally Bidault, are you not impressed by the manner in which that safe was opened, without leaving a mark of it? The final touch, of placing a card in the empty jewel case stating that the jewels have finally passed into the hands of one who was more appreciative of their beauty and their wealth. You see

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FAITH

It has been said that the average student at U. N. B. is materialistic and selfish. I do not believe it. He may swagger a bit and seem very sure of himself. He may state quite boldly that Canada needs men who will go out and do things with our material resources. He may deny that our growing nation has a place for "dreamers", but under it all I think there is an uncertainty about a career and about a purpose. In trying to hide this uncertainty he may be putting on an act of over-confidence.

Uncertainty is not a crime. Thinking is not to be condemned. The new freedom from tradition which a university education provides is at first, bewildering, but not for long. Skepticism soon replaces bewilderment, and perhaps this is a good thing. One of its first victims is religion. In many cases the student did not possess one of his own any way. Hence the loss is not great.

But skepticism leads to a denial not merely of more or less abstract theories about God and the soul but also of the concrete, material things of daily life. To carry this process to its logical conclusion might be the first step in building a real religion. When certainty is gone and doubt has made every act an act of faith, one cannot scoff at things he

my good man, does this not point to a group who are not of the ordinary? What cunningness Bidault... What resourcefulness they must have had, and finally what initiative.

They have thrown a challenge to us. Are we going to treat it as an ordinary theft? No... We will cede them the first round... We will agree that it was not a theft but rather a cleverly executed Purloinment.

Ed. Note:
The author of the above letter has recently submitted a letter which we think will be of interest to his readers...

"Chairman,
Application Committee,
Students Council.
Sir: (Continued on Page Eight)

POEM

CRISIS

I became civilized,
Consigning my jungle heritage
To subconscious night.
But jungle thrives on darkness.
So Claw and Custom
In the mind's tower
Warred for mastery.

Now I am afraid
Of a deadlier thing than conflict.
Lithe and cruel,
Starved, stark and lonely,
The victor dominates the tower,
Rocking the walls of reason.

I dare not let it out...
I cannot hold it in...
FRED COGSWELL.

does not experience through the senses. He must respect those things he does not understand.

Having torn down religious systems through healthy doubt, what is the student to do with them? Leave them lying in ruins? A purely negative view of life is not satisfactory. Each must rebuild for himself. Universities have been criticized for being agnostic, but they cannot be otherwise. Our professors must deal impartially with facts, leaving the individual to evaluate them himself.

This is where religion enters. Many students, in trying to reason out where they are going and why, do some religious thinking without admitting it even to themselves. Of course most people believe that religion is more than value judgments. A belief in God is usually considered basic. Much has been said about leaping from facts to faith.

Accepting facts is really an act of faith. To believe in God is simply to move from one act of faith to another. Is it a change from something fairly certain to something more doubtful? Our solid world of desks, buildings, trees, cars and so forth breaks down into drops of energy under the study of physicists. Does religious faith ask much more than that? Think it over sometime.

R. R.

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