

Intellectual Influences At U.N.B. In The Nineties

(By Mrs. W. Garland Foster (Nan Ross '96).)

Fifty years! It might be yesterday we decorated the old Reading Room with flaming maples for the Freshmen's reception. The scent of hay fern touched with frost was sweet in our nostrils. The evenings exhaled the more pungent perfume of burning leaves, which we always associated with the call to fall classes.

Like the Elizabethans, "Joy was it in that age to be alive. But to be young..." Science had just begun her strides. Electricity was in its infancy. Radio had not been born. Telephones were new toys. Stenographers yet typed with two fingers.

There were still murmurings of the conflicts that had raged between the various schools of thought over the findings of science, psychology, theology. The ancient fathers of dead issues still stood stubbornly by their brain children, challenging all comers. But with us who were in the spring of our years, knowledge was the goal. If wisdom lingered, who could blame us?

The stirrings of our springtime were as mysterious as the rush of spring sap. Psychology was not so knowing in those days as today. Students now, no doubt, diagnose each wandering symptom, gathering it into the right file... this to barometric pressure, that to heredity or environment. But to us lounging over the violet besprinkled terrace in exam week, life was still a mystery in which we abandoned thought for feeling.

This is not to say that there was no direction for our wandering thoughts. Two principal intellectual influences were paramount in that age of the old U. N. B., Dr. Loring Bailey and the young Dublin professors.

Dr. Loring Bailey had come to the chair of science fired with tremendous enthusiasm for the new in science. In his student days he had actual contact with the men who had made the discoveries of that age. He was full of it and knew how

to impart to his students much of the marvel of the new age. It was an advantage that the economics of those days decreed that the science professor should compass the whole range of scientific thought in his teaching. This worked to the advantage of the student, for it became necessary to give him not a smattering as might have been the case in later years, but a bird's eye view of all science. This Dr. Bailey was well equipped to do. He knew his stuff, he knew his students. They learned without actually being aware of the fact in their desire to probe the mystery of the new discoveries.

Small wonder that with all he had to do, Dr. Bailey was said by some to weigh exam papers, by others to skim them. It was from this latter idea that he got his popular nickname, Skim — a name over which he must have had many a quiet chuckle when late at night a acolyte band of students passed his door singing their favorite song:

"Oh, we'll hang Skim Bailey to a sour apple tree!"

Second, although of not such long duration, was the influence of the young Dublin professors who from time to time came to direct the young ideas in English, French and German. Dr. Harrison having been a Dublin student knew the value of their training and periodically a new professor was imported. Among these Professor W. F. Stockley, later a member of the Dail Eirann, was the greatest single influence.

Professor Stockley's striking resemblance to the Shakespeare bust in Stratford Church — in fact he might have sat for the Hemings & Cordell monument while at U. N. B. — greatly enhanced the charm of English drama.

Often as he discoursed of this and that Elizabethan custom, he might have been the great dramatist, himself come back to enjoy the mystification of some of his long gone references. There was something mystic about Dr. Stockley's class room as (Continued on Page Nine.)

FROM THE WINDOW-SEAT

We feel that it is about time we brought to light the policy of our weekly effort. In four short precise, meaningful words — "WE HAVE NO PURPOSE" — (but to amuse?)

This week we are feeling quite maternal, so we shall attempt to give some motherly advice in answer to the pleading letters received from our many readers, who wish to duplicate our rise to the dizzy pinnacle of success.

One reader, who signs himself "Distressed" asks, "Should I do all the talking or should I let my girl get a word in once in a while? The answer to this is an emphatic "NO". Never stop talking about yourself as a lull in the conversation may force your girl to make a comment. This may prove to be very embarrassing as silence is one of the basic female instincts.

Here is a particularly heart-rendering appeal from one of our co-eds who signs herself "Worried". She writes—"I have worn light blue throughout my Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years. Lately, a hideous doubt has crept into my mind, perhaps men don't like light blue after all. Can you help me with my problem? Now, as to whether or not men like light blue we are not in a position to say—after all who knows what men like? Sir, ever, after three years a change would be plausible. We suggest orange as it is all the rage this season at U. N. B.

This is one of many letters signed "Frustrated" which we have received. It came Alrmail, Special Delivery and Registered. He asks, "For years I have been frustrated in matters pertaining to the heart. I would like to know if reading helps." Sir, yours is, indeed a most difficult problem. If we knew more of the particulars we feel certain that we could help you more. Our advice is, however, keep right on reading. The beauty of the printed word does not fade with the passing of the years, but love may fly out the window tomorrow. (Movies help, too.)

And in closing we have a tip for you girls—wrinkled stockings can

Draw up a chair, son. Let's sit back by the fire for a few moments and have a talk. This is no story... it's a simple picture of you and your life at U. N. B. Do you know that he very things you study in psychology are often illustrated day in and day out on the campus. For example take the Library... you may find there anything from Joe College himself to the more serious introvert type (and even Kilroy).

The Library is a fascinating place... stick your head in around five o'clock some afternoon; that's when all the steadies gather! And have you noticed the number of people who keep things clicking... a classic saying is "more people than books". Last year a "This room is for quiet study" campaign was waged. Now there is one going on for the protection of text books.

But if this doesn't interest you, explore the upper regions of the Library. Have you heard about the History 100 course? Wander into Dr. Bailey's lecture room and see the assortment of art pictures. Another hideout is the Historical Documents room... a real Indian head-dress rests in one of the glassed cases there. Beware though of Spuddy Loughlin and Don Gammon while you poke around. They are working on their M. A.'s... hours 9-5... but try Saturday. If you are interested, the Hathaway Room is furnished with the works of Blais Carmen and Charles D. G. Roberts (U. N. B.'s themselves). Next door to the Hathaway room, the archives stores all sorts of mysteries. Some of your fellow students know the secrets of the Archives, do you? Scrapbooks are kept of campus life; there is a collection of New Brunswick school textbooks; the Gleaner is filed away every day. Past records, trivial, you say? It's

do wonders for your sex appeal! They set the elusive male to wondering just how much is you and how much is stocking.

For those who seek personal interviews we can be found squatting in the Window Seat and we assure you that your problem will be given the utmost consideration. Naturally, all these personal problems will be strictly confidential. (We never divulge information except under pressure.) At the same time you can file your application for the Lonely Hearts Club — guaranteed to find you a mate for the small consideration of ten cents yearly. —Just a Couple of Panes...

Lets Get Cracking!

your college... past and present

It bears looking into. So you still don't care. Well then, what about the heart of the U. N. B. campus, the Arts Building. (Go in the back way, everybody does; time was when the Freshmen had to use this entrance.) Excitement springs from the first floor... the bulletin boards are the veins of college life... through them flows the energy for the week's activities. A sign of Hine prepares you for a coming dance. Some even miss reading of the posted events for fear that attending too many activities will spoil them all. Poor unfortunates... your capacity for having fun is certainly limited. More people like you around and we might just as well all fold up and go home to mother.

Winter's coming and the ski club knows it. Health's vital... and a good earnest attempt at this sport would be worth while. So get out your accident insurance and come January, let's have more than Sophomores "sliding down the college hill".

Bunk you say? Listen here... stop griping. Sure we fell sorry for Alex. Residents, but we're doing our best... life's not all that bad. Appreciate what you've got and go after what you want. Action speaks louder than words. Why there are Profs in the Arts Building who take time out to hear your petty grievances... what do you want with your tuition fee, anyway?

Move halfway down the hill to "the blot" (originally "the mar") and you'll see that it now has shingles, and the new Engineering building is moving right up. During the summer, reactionaries opposed some of these minor changes. But "you gotta get used to it." Wonder what it will be like in lectures with aeroplane engines overhead?

No life on the campus... Fred-erickton dull?... whose fault is that? Have you tried milkshakes in the Ross drug... there are two theatres in town (cowboy shows at the Capitol). The windmill club begs your support; one yet last year recommended long walks (worked some how into a comparison of English and Canadian girls). If all else fails try organizing a Snowshoe Club... it's a new idea and the S. R. C. like new ideas.

Think about it for a while. What if the term was a dead loss (in more ways than football). Exams, Christmas holidays over, and we'll be back again. What then? It's up to you

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