

Feature Page

Notes and Comment

We were reminiscing the other day. Thinking about things that happened to us one, maybe two years ago at the end of October. Today these things seem to have happened in another century, to some far removed persons whom we have only a passing acquaintance with now.

We move from one sphere to another, from synthesis to antithesis and the things that happened to us back there lose their importance and easily slip over the horizons of our "little worlds".

Our perspective is the name we give to our abilities to see over the horizons ahead but what of the shadowy horizons behind us, the past.

It has been said that reminiscence is for the old, but perhaps, rather than simply day dreaming over the pleasant happenings of the past, if we were to catch up the changing theme of our lives and look at its different hues, then we might find them helpful in deciding whether our new patterns for living would be dark or light, drab or brilliant. Having done this we are certain that some would roll up the thread and proceed in a different direction.

We had a letter from (Big) Bill Smith last week, who as most people know, is studying at Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship. Bill was part of us last year, now his colour is hidden from view. However you may see some of Bill of Oxford and of England through this thread of excerpts from his letter:

Things at Oxford seem to start in that leisurely manner that is so characteristic of the English. My course is not completely settled as yet, but I have been extremely fortunate in getting in the best college in the university for Economics and Politics. The tutors are all men of

distinction and I really plan to work like the devil and try to really put something in between those large ears of mine.

The university regulations are most strict re pubs and late hours. One must not go into pubs during term time and midnight is the deadline as to getting in at night. However, as one only attends the university for three, eight week terms a year there is no time for playing around anyway. I hope that I made that sound convincing.

Practically the whole student body is composed of vets of World War II, and they all seem deadly serious about getting a good education which is a good omen for the future. There is a far larger proportion of the students over here taking Arts than we have in the Canadian universities. People seem to realize that the big problems of our generation do not lie in the fields of science but in the adjustment of man to the tremendous advances science has made in the past fifty years. If the advance guard gets too far ahead of the main body it is no use, right.

Conditions in England are not really as bad as the press tends to make out. The housing shortage is as bad as it is in Canada and the food is monotonous but adequate. The English people on the street look as well dressed as the people one sees on King St. and Front St. My college, Univ. is, situated right on the High St. of the town so that everything is extremely convenient and happy.

I know you are curious to know something about the English girls. . . . Luckily I met an old girl friend from the war days who is now working in Oxford. She is a real swell kid and I'm taking her boating on the Thames Sunday—

BILL SMITH.

HUCKSTERS

"The ignorant man always adores what he cannot understand."

Is our college education safe? What is it turning us into? Insane animals concerned with ourselves—self-styled individuals with egos of unhealthy size. Someone said, "Men in general, but more particularly the insane, love to speak of themselves, and on this theme they even become eloquent." These statements all but kill themselves with the force of their own truth. But they live. Look about.

U. N. B. at present seems to be a school of pretensions. "I am of the literati"—"I know"—"I am educated". The attitude of the "educated"—it is a funny thing. And the attitude of those "persuading" an education—it is a funny thing too. What is the reason for all the pretension?

First—let's consider the freshman. Why all the conceit?

—fresh from High School, and often stuffed with foggy ideals. He goes into Arts or Applied Science. Suppose he goes into Applied Science. Besides the thin sprinkling of the liberal arts he is subjected to in his freshman year he studies technical, technical, and technical subjects until he graduates—a full-fledged machine ready to make his dollar in the world. He is conceited. He has a compact parcel of knowledge in his possession. He can tell you that you should shoot Polaris while it is in a position of elongation, and he knows that in that position Polaris will be approximately one degree off true north. It is nice to know. And he thinks that that is all he should know. He wouldn't be interested in studying English or history or philosophy. It won't earn him a dollar. And what about the freshman who goes into arts. He studies psychology and finds that his friends are introverts or extroverts, and they resort to escape motives—rationalization and what not—to explain (Continued on Page Seven)

..Mummery..

(Ed. Note: This column is reprinted from the Ubysses, campus newspaper at the University of British Columbia.)

In line with recent changes in addition to the Calendar, I should like to suggest the following courses, to be included in the next Calendar. (Not given 1947-48).

Mathematics 173—A first year course explaining the system of numbering for courses in all faculties and departments. Also to include some effective methods of remembering the numbers of the courses one is taking, other than having them tattooed on one's chest. Open to all undergraduates, and slightly ajar for older members of the Faculty.

English 166—A first-year course explaining, as far as is humanly possible, what the hell the Calendar is talking about. This course will be given in English when you least expect it and will clash with everything.

Differential Calculus 5477—An advanced course dealing with such problems as fitting 150 students into a hut thirty feet by twenty feet, if half the students insist on breathing. This course will be open to absolutely nobody. Please don't ask about it.

Economics 184444—The methods of preparing a budget enabling a married veteran to live on \$80 a month. This will be a highly theoretical treatment, quite funny in parts. Don't miss it.

Psychology .006—An analysis of the mentality of students who drive to the University in empty cars passing fellow students trudging or wait-

ing on street-corners. Included will be discussions of various methods of treating such cases, such as strangling, knifing or boiling alive in Caf coffee.

Physical Education—634—Astride jumping for fat girls. Girls taking this course will be required to jump astride 1:30-2:30 mon. Wed., Fri., and 3:30-4:30 Thursday. Prerequisites: two, legs (a left and a right). No others need apply.

Animal Husbandry 500—A short course on how to raise rabbits for pleasure or profit. Starting with the simple problem of two rabbits, the course will become more difficult as it goes on, usually ending in confusion and panic among students and instructors alike.

Prerequisite: Animal Husbandry 499—How to stop rabbits from raising.

I should also like to suggest, Mr. Editor, that the Calendar be enlivened with photographs of the instructors, perhaps each with the number of his course across his chest. The students deserve some indication of what they can expect to see right on top of breakfast.

Let's all pull together to make UBC's Calendars the perfect wedding gift or Christmas present. As it is, they're like old razor blades; you never know what to do with them. The sooner we can pep them up with the prerequisites for a degree in Premartial Training, the sooner we'll put our Calendars on a paying basis. And now (having laid the groundwork, sir, I shall step back and wait for somebody to put his foot in it.

Very truly,
JABEZ.

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