



CO-ED'S FEATURE



LATIN TAKES FLIGHT

The other day my respected editor requested me to get a story about the only female member of the University of New Brunswick Flying Club. I in my innocence asked, "Oh is there one?" (not Flying Club, everyone knows that exists). "Why yes," Editor replied with a glance of amused condescension (as much as to say that co-eds certainly didn't know much about campus events). Carol Hopkins, the Assistant Classics professor has been taking lessons.

Live and learn, I always say. So off I marched, pencil and notebook in hand, mentally lining up a list of questions which I would shoot at Miss Hopkins in true cub-reporter style. Cornering her in the Classics lecture room I boldly asked "What do you think of flying etc., etc?" My note taking was forgotten from then on as she enthusiastically described her status as a member of the Flying Club.

On her first visit to the Club at its Barker's Point base, she had seen the offices where students pass the time while waiting to take their lessons. (Although the building is not yet heated, Miss Hopkins explained that it soon would be, she hoped). Anyway, Tom Prescott took her up for her first half hour lesson on this day, after showing her the various controls, how to turn, bank etc., he let her take over the plane for the last fifteen minutes.

Miss Hopkins's second lesson came ten days later, although there was a comparatively strong wind blowing and Tom warned that it would probably be "bumpy" that did not phase her in the least. This

time she took off herself (with Tom sitting by to give instructions and the wind helping), but she discovered that it certainly was "bumpy" and by the end of the lesson, what with the plane seeming to want to do everything she didn't want it to and threatening to crash into the Cathedral steeple at any moment she was beginning to feel slightly worried and also slightly sick. As she stepped out of the plane, Miss Hopkins said she told herself she'd never try to fly a plane again.

However, after a day's consideration back she went. This time everything was fine, it wasn't bumpy and Carol was even able to carry on a slight conversation with Tom while she endeavored to "keep the plane at an angle with the horizon." But as they arrived back at the field, Tom suggested that she was going to land the aircraft! Miss Hopkins said this didn't bother her particularly as she guessed he was only joking and would let her take it down so far and then land it himself. She followed Tom's instructions but she couldn't actually see the ground over the nose of the plane; suddenly there was a slight scraping sound (no thuds, bumps or jars) and Tom said "Well, you've just landed your first plane!" In an hour and a half at that.

So after only three lessons, she is already looking forward to the time when she can get her licence. A student must have 8 hours flying before she can solo and 20 some hours after that which she hopes to accomplish this term.

As Miss Hopkins said, "It gives you a certain feeling of achievement to know that in this age of ma-

A CANUCK IN CONNECTICUT

(By Mardie Long)
(Continued.)

As a fitting ending for this report, I should like to state what I believe to be the values of this exchange system, both personally and with a view to furnishing friendly Canadian-American relations.

I can offer no better evidence for the personal value of such a system than the report I have just written. If I had not made the trip I could not have written it. Now I am that much richer in experience. It is said that travel is broadening to the mind; then travel, with broadening the mind as a definite end in view must be doubly so. I left Canada determined to get something more than material for a report out of such a splendid opportunity. I feel that I did so. I know what I have seen makes good talking now. I want it to make better understanding later — better understanding not only of Americans but of my fellow-men regardless of creed or country.

I saw the American educational system at work, shaping the future citizens of the United States. I have experienced the educational efforts of our own country. I feel that there is much to be gained by a cross-fertilization of the best elements in both systems. We exchange students are the pioneers in an unconscious, or perhaps more conscious than we think, movement in this direction. We are a reserve force because of our scarcity of numbers, but there may come a time when we shall be called upon to lead the way. Our past experience should make us ready, and, meanwhile, develop within us a tolerance of thoughts and actions which are no more "wrong" than "right", simply because they differ from our own.

Canada and the United States are

chines, you can at least master a plane without it mastering you". And I began to wonder why there aren't more female members of the U. N. B. Flying Club.

neighbours. In these troubled times it is vitally important that they be good neighbours. People can live side by side for a long time and yet not be friends. Before they become friends it is necessary that the one know all about the other, right down to what he had for breakfast. If such knowledge is mutual trust and confidence are developed. The neighbours are now good friends.

This was the idea behind my approach to the problem of bettering Canadian-American relations. I thought we should know each other better as private citizens. I learned a lot about the American people by living among them, and I told them a lot about Canadians they didn't know. I discovered that all Americans aren't callous millionaires and I straightened out a few people who believed "all Canadians are French". I found our natural ignorance about each other, both as people and as nations, shocking. We are not good neighbours yet, but we are trying to be.

Tourists are some help, but usually one a "surface" one. Neither is student exchange the whole answer; but at least it may be a feeble attempt to improve the situation. We, at least, are not indifferent. As students, our minds are trained to weight, sort and balance with a degree of impartiality which brings tolerance of faults and appreciation of good points, regardless as to who possesses the faulty or approved system. This tolerance will, I feel, eventually bring understanding; and understanding means good friends. This, as I see it, is the worth of the exchange student as a force for furthering international relations.

Dr. James once said to me: "Americans and Canadians are very much alike. Don't you think, then, that our dual purpose would be better served by an exchange system with Mexico or some other less familiar country?" I said, "Indeed not!" This was my argument: we are not that much alike. There is still a lot of misunderstanding and ignorance on both sides. I suppose,

Radio For Women

With the increasing desire of women to carve themselves a career in the world, the question arises of what fields of business are most suitable and provide the best opportunities. The modern college woman is faced today by a variety of choice which her grandmother never dared hope for. "The emancipation of women" is a term which has been handled back and forth, its pros and cons have been argued for many years, but it is a fact about which we are not going to argue.

The woman graduate of today must pick her career. If she wants a day filled with excitement, hard work, erratic hours, we suggest radio. Canadian radio is increasing steadily in prestige and it offers a career which will suit the temperament of many girls. We do not mean necessarily the glamour of singing or acting or announcing rather the behind-the-scenes business of staging a show. There's the feeling that you are doing something significant; you are a part of the voice which reaches the small fog-bound camp on Cape Sable or the prairie homes of Saskatchewan, bringing them timely and accurate information.

There are various phases of radio in which you may choose your career. If you have literary tendencies, you may be employed to write scripts, and some experience in journalism is requisite. You may be required to write speeches for announcers, opening and closing words for any kind of program, or you could be employed perhaps as a news writer to assemble newsflashes and periodic bulletins and hence she is on the world's events almost as soon as they occur.

Again if you are interested in music, radio has a place for you for practically every radio has its musical moments. There is probably a record librarian who may supply suitable records for transitional or background use on programs.

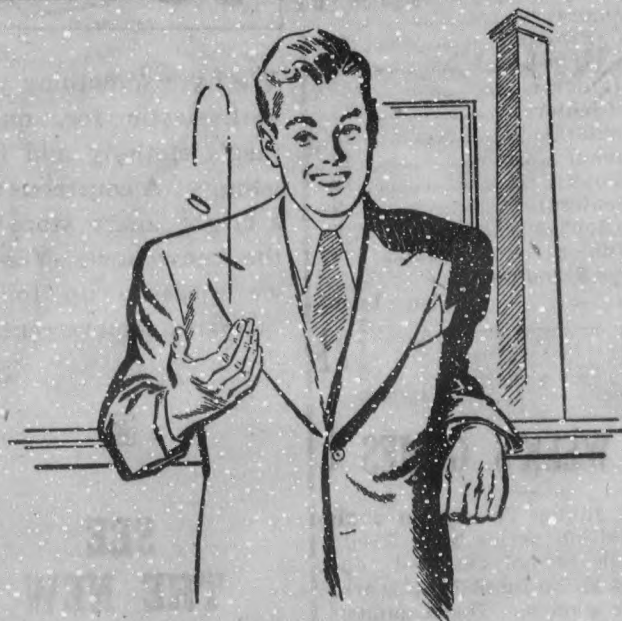
There are many more phases of radio in which the intelligent college graduate can find herself a successful, well-paid career. Radio is worth thinking about!

very soon in this swiftly shrinking world, we will all be neighbours. But, in any event, I feel that it is better to get to know the man next door really well than to have a nodding acquaintance with half a dozen fellows up the street.

Here too, in the light of my own experience, I would like to disrupt one great fallacy regarding the life of an exchange student, especially one on a short-term exchange. It is not all a bed of roses.

The exchange student on a short-term visit has little or no time of her own. Those in charge of her busy schedule cannot afford to allow her much "private" time if she is to get the most out of her short stay. She is continually "on call" to people who are important in the dual-purpose scheme and whom it is necessary for her to impress. She must keep her good humor with her at all times despite rushed days, late hours and "staggered meals." I believe that the first qualification for an exchange student should be, not high marks or an "even" personality but sound physical health. I do feel, however, that any discomfort suffered was indeed worth the wealth of experience and pleasure gained from such an opportunity. I hope I do not appear unappreciative in this pointing out of the "other" side of the wonderful student-exchange system.

The colleges and universities entering into these exchanges are willingly and graciously bearing the financial burdens they entail. I do not believe that this money is being, in any way, wasted. I feel that they (the colleges) are investing in something which will pay high dividends in the future.



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