

Is Science Sufficient? The Inquisition At The Crudd Hotel

Today as never before the attention of mankind is centered on science and scientific research. The sensational development of the harnessing of atomic energy accounts for a large part of the newly intensified general interest, but that is only part of the story. The rate of scientific progress has accelerated enormously in a wide variety of fields, and the frequency of new discoveries and developments has reached astounding proportions. We may, if science is not misdirected, soon approach an epoch in which man's power to mold his own destiny, even to change his physical environment to suit himself, will become the dominant feature of society. Our minds must become accustomed to learning of new developments which may change our most basic concepts of man's position in the universe. If ever a philosophy of eternal and ceaseless change, and a feeling of opposition to fixed and static concepts, were an essential requirement of a thinking individual, it is at the present time.

Although scientific workers appear to be directly responsible for bringing about this new epoch in the role of scientific research, it would be absurd to think that they have done it in isolation. Scientific progress always comes about under the pressure of social necessity, whether or not the scientist himself realizes it; when now discoveries lead to the development of new industrial and social conditions, these latter conditions then provide the basis and the drive for still further discoveries. The interaction between science and its social effects is a spiral ever increasing in intensity and scope.

It is a trite and familiar saying that technical advance often outstrips the social and political conditions which gave it birth; it is nevertheless true. At the present time, neither the level of general understanding nor the state of our social institutions are equipped to handle the era which science and technology have made possible. The sensible outlook to adopt is not the gloomy one assumed by some of our "molders of public opinion" who do not try to understand, but rather fear, the necessity of change. Let us see what we can do about it.

First, in regard to ourselves: Those of us who have adopted science or engineering as a career must get away from the all-too-prevalent notion that the broader aspects of technical progress, and its impact on society, are none of our business. As the most conscious creators of material progress, we are more concerned than anyone else; for if the fruits of technical advancement are misdirected, or stifled, it is our work which is being so stifled. The scientific worker who is content to live within the narrow confines of his own specialty is laying himself open to becoming a prize sucker—not so much

POEMS

SHE FELT HER SOUL HAD STRUGGLED LONG

She felt her soul had struggled long
On wide, forgotten seas,
But now, supine, with hands down-dropped
She rested at her ease,
Smiling a thin, indifferent smile
At her old agonies;

And looking up she laughed to think
That still with painful breath
Others than she would fight against
The pleasant waves of death.

Betty Brewster

BUSINESS AS USUAL

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Across the craggy indigo
Came rumors of the flashing spears,
And in the clank of rancid noon
There is a tone, and such a tone.

How tender! How insidious!
The air grows gentle with protect-
ing bosks,
And furry leaves take branch and
root.

Here we are safe, we say, and slyly
smile.

In this delightful forest fluted so
We burghers of the sunny central
plain

Fable a still refuge from the spears
That clank—but gently clank—but
clank again!

A. J. M. Smith

in the chance of having his personal efforts exploited from the financial point of view (although that may happen), as in the possibility that the results of his work will not be applied as they should for the general benefit of humanity.

Let us, then, recognize that science goes far beyond the laboratory or the factory in which we may work. The interest in the social relations of science, and the desire to learn more about them, should be started before graduation; for there is no better place in which to develop an interest in such matters than in the free atmosphere of a University.

The second great job to be done in this connection is the education of the general public as to the nature of modern science and the possibilities it opens up. UNESCO, the newly formed United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization has come out in support of popular scientific education in the broader sense; it is to be hoped that this body will develop sufficient strength in Canada to support those organizations which are already attempting to perform that function.

The essence of the matter is that whether or not we are studying biology, physics or forestry, it is not

(Every Room With Bath)

The evil portent which begins this document of travail was a telegram from my spouse, Isolda, a wire couched with Bismarckian diminutives, warning me of her arrival on the 31st. "To cable you," as she put it, "out of a few thousand smackers, so that I may eke out the balance of the winter with some semblance of security. Stop."

Immediately I produced my logarithm tables, in order to calculate my bank balance, noting that since I had weaned myself away from bubble-gum a fairly substantial amount had accrued. Isolda was pining away for me I concluded, wise to a woman's ways.

With the week-end but a scant forty days distant, it behooved me to arrange hotel accommodations. I realized that the wardrobe trunk, which I am currently sharing with a correspondence school student (Our landlady, an altruistic wench, charges us a mere \$22 per week, including a Florida seedless orange for breakfast.) was hardly adequate to shelter my spouse, my room mate, and myself. Thus I planned to present myself forthwith to the desk clerk at the Crudd Hotel, in downtown Fredericton, to sound him out for a propolis weekend.

The Crudd Hotel (oftentime referred to as the Royal Crudd, since James II. was purported to have slept there), is acknowledged quite far and reasonably wide to be the better hotel in the Queen City, abounding in all the lush trappings of the 18th century, including Micmac scatter rugs, burnished cuspidors, and straw tick mattresses. The rates are exorbitant, of course, but purely in the interests of the clientele, since the high cost of leasing discourages roundeliers and scalawags from lending disparagement to its reputation.

In preparation for my interview, I donned a fresh shirt, pressed my trousers to a razor's edge, applied a bit of neat's-foot oil to my patent leather shoes, and atomized my person with a few squibs of Eau de Cologne. I then sallied forth into the teaming city.

Adopting my most genteel manner, I trundled through the portals of the Royal Crudd, returning the doorman's salute, and made my way across the spacious lobby to the desk. With a benign nod to one of thousand thralls of the Crudd entourage, I rapped upon the desk for service.

Four and one-half hours later, espying the desk clerk passing, I neatly seized him by the fetlock and brought him to heel.

"What can I do for you, Bub?" he asked, in a well modulated tone.

"I would like to make a reservation for the week-end of the 31st instant," I began hopefully. "Double merely for the advancement of those specialties that we will work, but for the benefit of all people. And especially, now that science has become more potent than ever, we must take our share in ensuring that advances in any field result in improvement of the lot of mankind with the minimum of loes and delay."

D. L. Garmalse.

Old Boy: "Say, son, did you take a shower bath?"
New Boy: "No, is there one missing?"

room and bath."

"All our rooms got baths," he countered with a snigger. "A double room, then," I persisted, standing corrected.

"Got your papers on ya?" he asked, frisking me with deft hands.

"Ah . . . papers?" I repeated, a tremulous quality infiltrating my larynx.

"National registration?" I produced it.

"Unemployment and Social Security card?" I acquiesced.

"Discharge papers?" I showed them to him.

"Only three years overseas, eh?" he remarked acridly.

"Where's your Party card?" "Party card?" I mused, a sinewy hand of fear slowly tightening about my throat.

"Yeah, your party card, Bub. Ain't every guy can get a room here. You gotta at least have a Party card."

"Oh sure," I said, feigning nonchalance. "I'm a loyal supporter of Senator Angus Drewpsnitch, if that's what you mean. Why I voted for him solid for the last eight terms."

"How about the term before that?" he inquired, suspiciously.

"I wasn't old enough to vote," I retorted crisply.

My inquisitor seemed somewhat solaced, but continued to eye me with malignant suspicion. A house dick slunk behind a potted geranium, and I heard him release the safety catch on his revolver.

"How about references?" the clerk asked signalling the house dick to keep me covered.

I grew panicky. "I know Ed Sclapp travels for Fatima Corsets,

and Boss Joe Trunch, superintendent of public works in Nanweegiwauk. They always stay here when in town."

He nodded dourly, but I thought he was warming to me.

"Who is the room for?" "Myself and my wife," I replied briskly. (At last!)

He fixed me with a cynical stare. "How do I know she's your wife, Bub?"

"I can produce the license," I rejoined primly.

He shook his head. "We got no rooms, Bub," he said. "We're full up till Mother's Day."

Gad! The man was a positive sadist! Possibly, if one were to grovel at his feet . . . Quickly I went into my best grovel, one which I reserve for my Metaphysics professor at examination time.

But it was to no avail. Dejectedly, I retreated from his snarling gaze, banished from the Crudd Hotel, and lugged despondently homeward.

There, crouched in my wardrobe trunk in Greater Fredericton, loaded to the gills with benzedrine tablets, I fell into a fitful slumber.

Those, who attended the Junior Tea of 1916, spent the evening in displaying their poetic talents by composing "A Leap Year Poem."

Famous Last Words
"How did youse guys know us galls wasn't co-eds?"

The subject, "Resolved that we are better than our grandmothers" was debated by the Delta Rho in 1915. The affirmative carried off the honours.

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