

FEATURE PAGE

So You Want To Meet A Celebrity

By ROBERT ROGERS

No, I am not a celebrity! And what's more, I don't even want to meet one. By now, you think I am an obnoxious crank who has no respect for fame. Before I have answered the question in the title, you will clamor for my scalp. If my respect for fame is nil, yours is a negative quantity. It is precisely because I respect famous people that I do not crave attention from them. If you are a genius, your name will be in the bright lights too, some day. But if you are an average citizen, what would you say to Lily Pons, Charles Boyer or Mackenzie King? Most of us would have to admit that our knowledge of opera, movies or politics is woefully inadequate. How, then, could we offer comments that would be stimulating to experts in these fields? In their presence we would probably utter inane trifles about the weather or sit like sponges soaking in all that was said. Neither course of action would be fair to a busy and famous person. The first would be a complete waste of time. The second would be a purely selfish act. Most people of any importance can and do give their best to the general public through radio broadcasts, public lectures, concerts, films, newspaper columns and magazine stories or articles. Why should you want to absorb from a personal conversation with a famous man those things which can be obtained just as well when he shares them with a larger audience?

The answer to that one lies in the word conceit. Think it over. Isn't there a difference between paying a compliment to a movie star and paying a compliment to yourself?

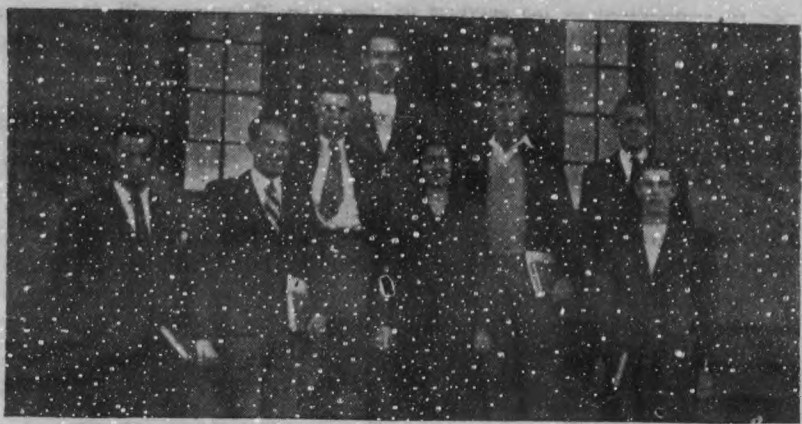
A good illustration of this point may be taken from the works of the great psychologist, Sigmund Freud. A young doctor, after hearing a lecture given by the famous Dr. Virchow, met the older physician and, while introducing himself, forgot his own name. In his nervousness, he substituted the name of the great doctor himself. It was not until the man of fame inquired, "Is your name also Virchow?" that he became aware of his mistake. Why did he forget his own name? Freud comments acidly, "He could have given the charming excuse that he felt so humble in the presence of the great man that he forgot his own name." The real cause of this strange lapse of memory was the young man's personal ambition. In the depths of his unconscious mind, this thought was struggling for expression: "I may some day be as great a doctor as you are. Therefore, you ought to treat me with respect."

This is an extreme case of stupidity in the presence of fame, but that young man has many companions. In fact, most people are so overawed that they can do little more than goggle and gulp. Take the case of the man who, upon being introduced to Somerset Maugham, immediately barked that his favorite book was *Main Street*. It is obvious that the man was interested, not in the author, but in himself, not in paying just tribute to fame, but in gaining prestige in the eyes of others by talking to a great writer about work he knew next to nothing.

Are your secret motives different? You think they are? Well, consider the case of the woman who wrote to Princess Elizabeth about exchanging apartments. It is obviously ridiculous to suggest that the heir presumptive to the British throne should leave Buckingham Palace and

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Meet The Seniors



LOU KELLAND—CANNO, N. S.—ARTS—Lou came to U. N. B. from the army as a Freshie-Junior having received his previous education at St. Francis Xavier University. He is a biologist and haunts the Arts' Building's third floor. He too, is an ardent member of the pre-med society and this year is an assistant instructor in the Vertebrate Anatomy lab. Although he is married he finds time for swimming, golf and tennis.

LEO DIONNE—ARTHURETTE, N. B.—SCIENCE—came down from Andover High in the fall of '44. Leo spends his time on the third floor of the Arts Building struggling with the secrets of Biology. He plans his future work in the field of Entomology. Away from his studies Leo is a member of the Glee Club and has an interest in radio.

VERNON COPP—SAINT JOHN, N. B.—ARTS—came "Up the Hill" from Saint John High and joined the Sophomore Class—a pre-law student he has shown a wide variety of interests—President and Vice-President of the A.A.A.—President of U-Y—and a member of the famed U. N. B. rugers. Vern spends his summers with His Majesty's forces with the C. O. T. C.

ED. DONAHOE—FREDERICTON, N. B.—CIVIL ENGINEERING—an F. H. S. product Ed came "Up the Hill" in the fall of '43 and joined the army the following spring, returning again to U. N. B. to enter the proud ranks of the Class of '48. The Newman Club has claimed much of Ed's attention as he was President of our society and organizer of the National Society in his Junior year. This fall he was one of the delegates to the Newman Club Convention at McGill.

"BUD" KINSMAN—SAINT JOHN, N. B.—ARTS—After taking grade 12 at Edgehill—She saw fit to join the class of '48 at U. N. B.—She has been a member of the choral club every year since her arrival "Up the Hill." Other organizations which have been proud of her participation in such are the Dramatics Society, S. C. M. and Film Society. Her assistance on Dance Committees also deserves honorable mention.

JIM AYER, FREDERICTON, N. B., CIVIL ENGINEERING—Jim graduated from Sackville High—is now a resident of this fair city. He came to U. N. B. in '40, leaving us in '42 to join the Air Force. He returned again to U. N. B. in '45. He played football in '40-'41. He has always had a keen interest in hockey playing interclass during his four years.

ROY WILLS—WEST SAINT JOHN, N. B.—SCIENCE—Another Senior from the "foggy" city, who came to us in '45 as freshie-soph. He played basketball one year for Junior Varsity, and has been a faithful member of the pre-med society. He spent the past summer months in Camp Valcartier as a cadet in the C. O. T. C. He is Science student majoring in Biology and plans to take medicine after leaving his Alma Mater.

KEN GREENIDGE—SYDNEY, N. S.—FORESTER—coming to U. N. B. as a married freshie-soph from the Navy he takes a great deal of interest in the University Naval Training Division. Ken is one of the many veterans who seems to like to carry over his service habits into civilian life especially in his conversation and his black ties and hard collars.

FENTON SCOTT—FREDERICTON, N. B.—SCIENCE—Although majoring in geology "Sopbie" also takes biology courses and this year may even be seen with the surveying crews around the campus. He is one of the first U. N. B. students to spend the summer at "Frontier College" where he worked with the laborers by day and led them in educational discussion groups at night. He was a member of the Dramatic Society in his Freshman year, of the Bailey Geological Society for the past three years and is interested in boxing.

OCTOBER

by FRED COGSWELL

To set the world on fire,
Comes the gypsy maid October
And a cloak of gay attire
With a hood of purple berries

She's a kiss of scarlet colour
On a mouth the samac dyes,
And her frosty touch is magic
To the blue of Autumn skies;

For it tempts with tang of clear-days
An earth grown drab and old
To have one fling at living
Ere winter comes and cold.

So the green turns gold in burning
Or flaunts in orange fire
Where the dying leaves determine
To have a splendid pyre.

And though you fly no banners
Nor blazon bright in view,
The gypsy maid, October,
Will work her will on you.

With a breath of vine-sweet fragrance
And a wish of early frost
She will tease your tired senses
Till their jadedness is lost.

She will charm your heart from boredom
With her vivid reckless mood
Till the old mud zest of being
Goes coursing through your blood. . . .

In days of listless languor
When the cyder apples fall
Comes the gypsy maid October
To break the Summer's thrall.

SENIORS PLAN RED 'N BLACK REVUE

For years ambitious types "up with Bar '48, the smash hit of last the hill" have cherished thoughts of a stage show that would rock Fredericton's foundation. At last it is in sight.

At a recent class meeting, even with Candy in the chair, progress was made. After routine business, Geo. Robinson who works on the S. R. C., described the many factors involved in such a large undertaking. He ended up by offering to assemble the script. This in itself was mentioned as a great heap of effort but was promised in complete form by Jan. 4th.

The class that delighted U. N. B.

Help 'n Talent Needed.

A successful college revue needs the backing of all U. N. B., the Seniors are the promoters but will be culling script material and talent from all classes.

Production will start with a bang Jan. 7th but those interested are asked to contact John Candy, Cam MacMillan, Geo. Robinson, Betty Monteith, Fred Collier or any Senior.

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