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Dr. Trueman was glad of the opportunity to return to his home province to guide the education in its university. The present state of education in New Brunswick should be a challenge to him.

It is a challenge to any educated man to stay in, or return to, the province of New Brunswick when there appear greener fields in the distance. Civilizations grow decadent when they lose the pioneer spirit and our province is no exception. We need more pioneers. Our province is old in years and is rich with United Empire Loyalist spirit of the traditional sort; the fighting spirit is gone. There are still virgin forests in New Brunswick that need to be explored, a job that will require pioneers of the hardest stock.

The forest of ignorance is absolutely primeval. New Brunswick has an illiteracy of which any civilized state should be ashamed. The province is badly undeveloped in medical and dental services. We could write pages on the unexplored forests in public services. Provincial governments have brought improvements, but far too slowly. They have to be hammered at for such things. University graduates living in New Brunswick and sitting in the local legislature can change such things.

You say, "We need a greater source of revenue before we can improve our education and medical services." We have the revenue in the form of natural resources which all too often go completely to waste for lack of the proper brains to handle them. What we need is trained engineers and foresters and administrators. University graduates say "You need industry here to attract us." . . . and such cracked gramophone records will continue to say it over for years to come. What New Brunswick needs is some more university graduates with vision. Look at our Queen City of Fredericton, the city of stately elms. There is enough money here to spend the better part of two million dollars to build a beautiful hotel, yet this same city has been exploring the possibilities of inducing American companies to build up an industry in our vicinity. If our city succeeds in this it will doubtless stick out its professional chest much the same as the province did a few years ago when it sold the St. John River. People with a vision of the future would not allow such things to happen. There could be enough work in New Brunswick to absorb every graduate of our university.

It will take a powerful injection to break the seeming "infinite regress" which defines the state of the province. Dr. Trueman will need a great deal of help. Thirteen hundred students would be enough.

ODE TO FREDERICTON, JANUARY, 1948.

by FRED COGSWELL

White are your housetops, white too the vaulted elms
That make your stately streets long aisles of prayer,
And white your thirteen spires that point to God
Who reigns afar in pure and whiter air,
And white the dome of our democracy—
The snow has pitied you and made you fair,
O snow-washed city of cold white christians,
So white you will not cut a black man's hair.

Letters To
The Editor

2 January, 1947.

Dear Sir:—There is evidence of unrest at U. N. B. Attitudes are changing towards what we expect from university life. We are no longer acting as though the status quo at U. N. B. was predetermined for all time. We have even sought changes in curricula. The student body is forcing an era of transition, an expected aftermath of the freedoms and restrictions we all enjoyed or endured through the years of war.

This year's Brunswickan dynamically portrays the sharp tugs and steady pulls of these various forces. The editorials are wielding punches, emphatic messengers of the "truths" of our campus designed to ruffle the complacent minority that still clings to the maintenance of the status quo. These punches force one to be BOTH "for" and "against" something. We are for a new student centre and against our present individualistic college life, or against the new student centre and for individualism. We are for our Negro classmates and against discriminating barbers or we are against racial tolerance and for money seeking businessmen.

The greatest key to this transition of attitudes is in the reaction of those who cherish the status quo. They tend to become hurt and indignant at change. But even they, be it noted, are forced to become for something and against. They are for the prosaic and against the "decadence in standards and ideals which is characteristic of the decline of civilizations" as all innovations apparently are to such reactionaries as cluttered page two of your December issue. It is a psychological tendency for those who are for changes to accept them in their stride, and to say no more about them than they would about a fried egg for breakfast, but those who are against changes in their resentment and frustration, become aggressive, abusive, and ridiculous.

Mr. Editor, last year this campus was dull and inactive. The Brunswickan reflected just that. Even its title-heading was dull and prosaic. This year is one of changing attitudes. It is too soon to judge whether these changes are for the better or not. But your paper does dynamically express the explosive quality of those diverging changes, even to the present title-head, which certainly contains that same punch, that power which awakens the for or against within the mind of the thinking student as does the paper as a whole. Next year U. N. B. may have passed through its present state of change. Then the Brunswickan will require a new titlehead and a new editorial policy.

Mr. Editor, it is very seldom that a "for" writes to your paper. This is not because we are unappreciative, but because we accept all such changes that we hope are progressive as we would our fried eggs. We accept the works of such reactionaries as D. B. M. in your December issue as we do our fried eggs—with a certain relish and a so what? Mr. Editor, the majority of this campus is for the Brunswickan and the changing attitudes of this expanding University.

Sincerely,

FOR!

W. F. H.—Staff A.
Editor's Note: This letter was received before our 200 word ultimatum.

A New Pattern -- Can
Veterans Provide Necessary
Leadership For A Sick
Civilization?

This is year three of the rehabilitated veteran's private war, and ill fares the battle.

In 1945, the ruthless hand of Demobilization destroyed the world in which he had dwelt for five long years. The discipline of authority; the self-satisfaction of security, prestige and social value; the emotional intoxication of fear and courage; the genuineness of comradeship were abruptly ended. The soldier became a veteran in a civilian world he did not know, a world which welcomed, yet envied him.

Many turned to the known paths of pre-war days, and strove to forget amid the manifold problems of the daily chore. Others turned to realm of higher education, crowding the universities and smashing traditional barriers. These, too, strove to forget, seeking to re-establish themselves into the accepted patterns of civilian behaviour.

They turned to their task with tenacious intensity. They listened; they read; they discussed and gradually from confused welter of learned babble came the realization that they could no longer fit the accepted patterns. Greed and envy rather than comradeship. Indifference and callousness rather than courage. Hysterical insecurity rather than social harmony. Hell rather than their idealized civilian Heaven.

Here was tragedy, yet, urged on by the omnipotent clash of powermad Communism and lustful capitalism, by the vivid ghastliness of atomic war, by the sickening of sub-human poverty, by the agonizing sight of a starving child's puffed belly, they desperately sought a new pattern.

In the confines of the university, the repository of knowledge, they found no guidance. They weighed the conflicting claims of the religious fanatic, the economic determinist, the worshipper of the "ologies" and found all wanting. The outside world offered only a choice between the soul-destroying Scylla of capitalism turned Fascist, and the Charybdis of Communism turned totalitarian; the choice between the mysticism of orthodox religion and the unsatisfying doctrine of materialism.

If faith was to be restored, if leadership was to be given, it had to come from the veterans themselves, and gradually they began to despair of their ability. Had they the courage to go on searching for some via media, and if found, had they the courage to fight perhaps a losing battle of leadership? Was it not easier to sink into the accepted swirl, striving to forget the known evils in the hope that the twelfth hour would not strike?

Some chose to accept the challenge—called "Fascist" by the left, and "Communist" by the right; called "Atheist" by the religious and "Mystic" by the materialist. Others succumbed to the siren call of convention. Most remained puzzled and bewildered, moving hesitantly they knew not where.

And so today. Bewilderment, internal conflict, is the mark of the "rehabilitated" veteran. Year three of rehabilitation into a sick civilization. Time is running short. Dead comrades and the frightened living deserve better from us. Can we not give better?—TORONTO VARSITY.

CO-ED

by JIM RUDDLE

Heaven forbid
That I should be entranced by that gold mane
Or by that sweet dark eye's mascara'd lid
In vain. I do not wish to lose
My senses over sombre perfect clothes
Pregnant with perfect woman-form.
Out, girl! I take alarm.
Why do you crowd this campus with excess of charm?
Go pedestal your beauty in some other place—
I cannot bear the glitter of your face.

from McMaster Muse.

JOIN THE U-Y CLUB

All UNB students are welcome. U-Y meets at 8:30 P. M. every Sunday night in the Community "Y," King Street. A second chapter is now being organized. Join now. Inquire of any member for details.

A service club with a social environment.

NEWS IN BRIEF
(Continued from Page One)

Inter-Faith Council
Officers of the Council are: honorary president, Dr. A. Baird; the president, Robert Rog of the SCM, and the secretary-treasurer, Mary Doherty, of the N man Club.

Representatives of the two organizations are Alden Aube and Geo Whalen of the Newman Club, Edward McKinney and Norma Lean of the SCM. Faculty members at the meeting on Wednesday were Dr. Howitt, Dr. Thompson and Neagle. The constitution of each religious group taking part or one senior advisor from each religious group.

Dr. Stewart At SCM
Dr. Stewart divided the message and life of Christ into six divisions.

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