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DEEDS, NOT WORDS

The student body of U. N. B. is extremely fortunate in having a Chancellor who takes such a keen interest in its welfare. New Brunswick's "King Midas", the Right Honourable Lord Beaverbrook, is an individual who should be cherished by every U. N. B. alumnus.

Unhappily for U. N. B. students His Lordship is noted more for his deeds than his words. To the U. N. B. student the Chancellor has become a legend—a legend who is seen at the occasional football game in the fall or Encaenia in the spring. The student body has never been able to meet this individual on more intimate terms. We had the pleasure of sitting across the table once from His Lordship a year ago. The Chancellor left a definite impression on the twenty students who had the opportunity of discussing a student problem with him. His initiative, his ambition, and his stature was different.

The publisher of London's Daily Express which has the largest circulation of any newspaper in the world (circulation approximately four million) is too fittle known to the students. Therefore we suggest that either the University authorities or the Student Council should arrange a proper social function for its chancellor—a social function in which the students will have an opportunity to really meet and appreciate Lord Beaverbrook's personality—a student function at which the only guest will be the chancellor and the only hosts the student body.

A FURTHER CHANGE

Printing difficulties have necessitated a further change. A change of printers from Wilson's to McMurray's was necessary. Mr. Wilson could not continue printing The Brunswickan because of an increase in work which had been already contracted for. Lack of an adequate amount of help was also another reason. We want to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Wilson and his staff for their efforts on our behalf. For a few days we didn't know where the next paper was coming from. A hurried visit to Saint John assured the student body that a paper would be published come what may. However at the last minute final arrangements were made with McMurray's to print the remaining issues of the paper for this year.

So we go back to the large size page again. A test has proved to us that better make-up is possible with the larger size page. Carry-over stories can almost be eliminated. We have received many good comments on the style of the last two issues. However the paper will still be as attractive. The only change will be the larger size page with improved technical advantages in printing. The better quality of paper will remain as long as finances permit.

AU CONTRAIRE

"Waddya go to college for?
The farmer's voice was burning
With strong contempt
... The young co-ed
Slightly smiled
And coolly said,

"Why I'm pursuing learning."
"Wa! are ye now!" the farmer said,
"Then I've been misconstruin'.
Because it always
Seemed to me
Gals go
To University
Just to learn pursuin'."

—Sheaf.



Letters To The Editor must have the signatures attached thereto. Otherwise they will not be printed. The Editor reserves the right to refuse any letter for either length or content. Letters over 300 words will not be accepted unless under special circumstances. Your contributions to this column are appreciated.

BOUQUETS

Dear Editor:
I would like to take this opportunity to thank you and all those of your staff who gave so generously of their time to assist in the publishing of the Engineering Brunswickian; also all others who contributed material or their services. Without the above mentioned assistance it would have been very difficult to overcome the great number of difficulties which arose. To all those who had their material altered in any way, or did not find their contributions in the Brunswickian, we offer our apologies. It was necessary to alter or omit material in order to make up the small pages after we had made our plans for the large ones. Also because the middle four pages were printed by another printing firm, making it impossible to continue articles to or from these pages. However we thank you all for your assistance.

Yours truly,
REG ELLIOTT,
Editor Engineering Brunswickian

THE SECRET OF POPULARITY FOR FORESTERS AND ENGINEERS

Do you know the secret of popularity. Even your best friends won't tell you so beware. Obviously you don't know the secret so darned if we are gonna tell. You must live in suspense for the rest of your life. You are condemned to wander the earth in ignorance as payment for the sin of being an Engineer. However, you have one more chance. If you repent now and change to Arts immediately you may still be saved.

Oops, we weren't going to tell you the secret of popularity but that's it! Be an Artsman. The girls all ask them out. They don't have to sit at home nights plotting curves. They are out in the goodly fresh night air having a dangerous game of knitting bee or sewing circle. So, if you want to become refined and intelligent, forget your life of hardship and start taking Arts. Soon you too will be popular. Where but in the Arts Building can you find that stimulating atmosphere. Why attend a Wassail when you can go to a Symposium? (Name withheld—too many engineers on the campus!)

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Hatred Towards None

(The following editorial appeared in the pages of "Varsity", the official paper of the University of Toronto)

National Brotherhood Week begins next Monday but obviously the people of Edmundston, New Brunswick, haven't heard about it yet.

According to newspaper reports the worthy citizens of Edmundston last Friday stormed into a private home, removed four inhabitants, and forcibly hustled them out of town. While the four victims were leaving with dire threats still ringing in their ears, a mob of more than 300 people threw carton after carton of their literature into a huge bonfire.

The four persons were not criminals. They had done nothing illegal. They had committed no evil. They had done nothing to harm the people who rose against them.

But they were members of Jehovah's Witnesses.

Because they dared to believe in and preach for a different religious creed, they were forcibly ejected from the community. Because they professed to teach a belief that was contrary to the belief of others, they were set upon by a howling mob.

It is difficult to understand how people who claim to be decent, law-abiding citizens can be capable of the hatred shown by the people of Edmundston.

Of all the scabrous pestilences which afflict mankind from time to time, none is more mischievous or vicious than hate. And hate based on religious persecution of this sort is the most vicious of all, not only in the grim effect it has on its victims but also in the degrading effect it has on its perpetrators. Cruel suffering is the fate of the victim. But the consuming inner rottenness and warped mentality of the perpetrator is even worse.

Its chief danger lies in its initial deceptiveness. It persuades the person whom it possesses that it is a species of justice—that the one he begins to disparage and condemn deserves his contempt and discrimination. And starting in small things it grows from disparagement to contempt to hate until soon he rationalizes lynchings and mob violence. It is easy to do. It seemed easy for the people of Edmundston.

Burning the books of Jehovah's Witnesses might not be a major conflagration. But it scatters sparks. The books burned in Germany during the early thirties left sparks too, sparks which later lit fires all around the world. The comparison may be disproportionate but if the flame is allowed to burn in the first instance, who knows where to draw the line?

In our self-righteous condemnation of abuses in other lands, we might do well to look around and correct such abuses in our own back-yard.

The Inquiring Reporter

What do you think would improve college spirit?
Ross Howard—a girl's residence.
Laurie Hunter—longer swimming pools.
Mim Spicer—I'm happy.
Sally Black—you could write an essay on that.
Desperate Dave Higgs—bring in more Co-eds.
Virginia Bliss—do away with Beginners' Latin.
Walter Fleet—let the Freshmen take over.
Fred Butland—let Prof. de Merten have a free hand.
Ed Curtis—a recreation centre.
Dave York, Ross Reid—Canadian Football.
Joe Fletcher—free beer on campus.
Alice McElveny—stop talking about it!
Murray Young—(giggle).

DESIRE

Oh I desire to watch the snow
To watch the snow flakes drifting slow
To feel my inner warmth grow cold,
To watch my youthfulness grow old
Waiting.
Oh I desire a life complete
To die while waiting on a street.
To wait, to wait. Oh I desire
This happiness when I expire.
And well I know the S. M. T.
Could nothing be but kind to me.
With my desire they will comply
And keep me standing 'till I die,
Waiting.

—CARLETON

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