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The Quiet Ones . . .

Last Wednesday Evening marked the first SCR meeting of the current year. In most respects it was the same as last year. The council seemed to carry out its business with a minimum of discussion and in some matters, with a minimum of purpose. One cardinal characteristic remained dominant. There are certain of the members of the SRC who feel it their duty (or so it appears) to say nothing. As can be well imagined, their consequent contribution to the workings of the Student's Council could not have been to startling.

Is this a hasty conclusion? In actual fact, do these "silent representatives" perform a usual task? It should be remembered at this point that there are some people who keep quiet for a number of relatively sound reasons; because their remarks would only be repetitious; because they feel that it would not be opportune to discuss a certain subject at a particular time; and so on. Then, — and this is the significant point, — there are without a doubt some students on the council who remain quiet because they have nothing to say. (In lieu of conversation about nothing, this may be a good thing.) What use are people of this sort? One can hardly suspect that they communicate with their fellow representatives through mental telepathy. It is equally unlikely that they feel that their opinions are such that to air them would cast some sort of permanent stain on their reputation. Because if this be the case, they would not have been elected. In any case these "keepers of golden silence" were elected and they now occupy positions on the SRC. SRC members should be urged to fulfill that job which they were elected to carry out; namely, to represent the students at the SRC Meetings and to express the opinion of the student body, wherever and whenever, the least bit possible, on questions that affect the university enrolment as a whole and to offer their personal feelings in an effort to increase the level of student government through enriched discussion, and in such a way, justify to the student, their position of "Student Representative".

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Haves and Have-Nots

Why do you think that most young men and women come to college?

The reason is simple — it is their duty. Perhaps this idea did not occur to them in so many words, but it is the guiding force responsible for most young people attending university. The idea, or philosophy of university, if you prefer, is a direct departure from accepted though some thirty or more years ago. At that time, a young man, (for co-eds were rare then) only considered university if he thought himself able and prepared; and once there, considered it a privilege. Now-a-days, a youth comes to college and would be insulted if you even intimated that he was not college material. "Everyone can go to college" he would answer. Note that — "Everyone can go." But should everyone go to university? Are there not some people who would be far happier and better suited if they attended a vocational school, for example? Or did office work? Or drove a truck? There! You see — you throw up your hands in horror. Maybe young Jimmy doesn't want to become an English Prof?

It has become increasingly difficult in past years to shift the have from the have-nots — the poets from the post-hole diggers. Mind you, I am not discrediting the post-hole diggers or the truck drivers. I merely state that some of us are suited for one thing and others for another. It surely is no guarded secret that some students, and we all know some of them are obviously having a hard time at college; and yet, they persist. They stick it out because of the curious 'faire necessaire' that surrounds university like cloying fog.

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SAINT JOHN — AND — FREDERICTON

Letters to the Editor —

October 9, 1946

The Editor
The Brunswickan
University of New Brunswick
Fredericton, New Brunswick

Dear Sir:

During registration a sheet giving the U.N.B. yells was distributed to new students. The writer was surprised to note that the real U.N.B. yell was not listed. The so-called Varsity yell is, as you probably know, a modification of the yell of the University of Toronto. The old U.N.B. yell used by this University until the early 30's is given below for information. If given properly it is much more impressive than any of the yells listed. It is simple and effective and was known as the "locomotive" yell.

U N B Rah! Rah! Rah!
U N B Rah! Rah! Rah!

UNB Rah! Rah! Rah!

The yell begins very slowly but the tempo increases with each syllable. There should be a pause of approximately three seconds after each syllable for the first line and about one-half seconds for the second line; the last line should be done quite quickly. The timing is very important. Any graduate of the 20's can demonstrate this for you.

Yours very truly,
Campus Observer

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THE CENTIPEDE

The centipede was happy quite
Until a toad in fun,
Said, "Pray which leg goes after which?"
That worked her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in a ditch
Considering how to run.

WHEN SHE'S BAD

Oh! The gladness of a woman when she's glad!
Oh! The sadness of a woman when she's sad!
But the gladness of her gladness
And the sadness of her sadness
Are nothing to her badness,
When she's bad!

GOING TOO FAR

When first I attempted your pity to move,
You seemed deaf to my sighs and my prayers,
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs.

Tails or Not . . .

A friend of mine remarked the other day on how fortunate is the human race that it was born without tails. He hastened to add that this value judgment did not in any way reflect on the so-called lower species. I expressed considerable astonishment; natural, though in the face of such an unorthodox statement. "That," my acquaintance exclaimed, "is exactly my point. In this age of mechanical and scientific advancement, a man is afraid to extend his inhabited train of thought, fearing that in the process he would appear gauche to those around him." "Perhaps," he went on, "it does seem strange to me that homo sapiens were created without tails. Surely speculation of this sort ought not to attach the scourge of 'Strangeness' to my person." At this point, his face became very red as if enraged at the very thought of man sans tails and I, in alarm, trying to conjoin him: "My good man", boomed heartily, the very idea of your being strange is foreign to me". "Why," I said recklessly, "you're the most ordinary person I know!" As this last offering echoed around the room, my friend's face underwent a series of peculiar gesticulations, finally settling in a grimace of pained horror. "I ordinary!" he fairly shouted. "You ungrateful scum", he grated, "you offspring of a stewed book-worm! — I, who have contributed more in the way of philosophical thought in this world than any man in the last 100 years . . . Bah." He whirled and dove out of my sight; his shoddy coat-tails with their odor of old mothballs as the only reminder that he had once been there.

Rogues' Gallery



We continue now our series entitled "Rogues' Gallery". By this time all new students should be familiar with the gentleman depicted above. If they are not, there is but one remedy. Look around.

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