

## CLASS PROPHECY FOR UNIVERSITY ON NEW BRUNSWICK OF 1935

This Was Read on Monday Night by Miss Dorothy Russell At the Graduating Class Dinner

The following is the text of the Class Prophecy read at the 1935 Class of the U. N. B. graduating class Monday night by Miss Dorothy Russell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Russell, of Newcastle.

With Apologies to Joyce Kilmer and Longfellow.

### PARODIES

I think that I shall never see  
A very lovely parody  
This imitating word and style  
Is hardly even worth the while.  
Some people with peculiar spite  
Sit and trace what others write.  
It took a Master to make trees,  
But folks like me make parodies.

In the New Brunswick land, on the shores of the river St. John, distant, secluded, still, the celestial city lay in the fruitful valley. Somewhere apart from the village, and nearer the primeval forest, our Alma Mater, our happy home for four short years, dwelt on her goodly acres; and with her, directing her household, lived Dr. Jones, her master, and the pride of the campus. Stalwart and stately in form was the man of many winters, hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes.

Firmly built with rafters of oak, the old Arts building stood on the top of a hill commanding the sea;

and shady elms grew on the campus, with much green grass around them.

Rudely carved was the porch with steps that led down; and footpaths led over the terrace and down, and disappeared by the tracks.

Thus at peace with Miss Green and the world, the College stood, and many a youth of the Class of '35, as he knelt in the Memorial Hall for dismissal, fixed his eyes on her as the saint of his deepest devotion.

Ten years have passed.  
May commenced for another class, ten years older, a week of gaiety, joy and song. The twilight descending, brought back the evening star to the sky, and our class for reunion. Echoes of past years were heard, and anon they sank into stillness, and all for a season was silent.

Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly I sat in my armchair, and watched how the flames and the smoke wreaths struggled together like foes in a burning city. Idly I watched and wondered, wondered about my classmates, their destinies, their joys, their sorrows. Four short years together, ten long years apart. What were they now, those happy, carefree children that we were then. Tomorrow—reunion—would tell, but always impatient, I could not wait.

Behind me, nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic darted my own shadow, and vanished away into darkness.

Heavy grew my eyelids, and I saw before me a face, clumsily carved in oak, laughing in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine. Out of the flames a low voice came, which said: "I am the Shadow. I know."

"What is it that troubles you, my child?"

And sorry out of the silence my voice answered:

"Fragments of life—fragments that will tell me the destiny of my classmates."

Close at my side the Shadow seated himself, spinning flax for his loom, which stood in the corner behind me. Silent awhile were the treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle, while the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe, followed the Shadow's song and united the fragments together. And in each pause of the song, with measured motion, the clock ticked. Thus as we sat, there were footsteps heard and suddenly lifted, sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges. I knew by the sound of the hob-nailed shoes that it was a forester. There they were—Denny, Morris, Stew, George and Don—bent, like labouring oars, that toil in the surf of the ocean, bent but not broken, for ten long years they had not seen the light of day in a barber shop—just returned were they from cross-pilling sawdust for Risteen and Company of Fredericton.

Suddenly, breaking the silence, the sound of the treadle came again and gradually the room was filled with

the drone of distant planes. Straight through the door they came—the flying five—flitted across the floor as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight. And as I gazed through the window, I saw serenely the ships pass forth from the folds of a cloud. Prepared now were they to protect our C.O.T.C. during the next war.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon a thousand monuments stood upon mountain and meadow—the stepping stones by which Dodds, Lunam and Sadovsky had risen to fame, aided largely by patients, imbibers of Wee Benson's, concoctions of apple jack and whiskey.

The droning of the treadle continued and before me, as in a vision, arose Norman, Andy and Doug—not much had ten years done for them—still on the rocks were they, working under Tommy Nagle, who had actually discovered a coal vein in Nova Scotia that was worth working.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, the warp was changing its pattern. Group after group of people appeared before my eyes, and joined and passed through the city. Long ere noon, in the streets all sounds of labour were silenced. The Institute for Teachers, this year held at the Fredericton High School, thronged the city with teachers, and the first session was begun. Sitting in the Speaker's chair was Frances—tall, dark and commanding. In appearance was she—speaking in tones sonorous about the advantages of Ethics applied to teaching Infant Classes. At the close of her speech, Prin. Marsh made a motion that the members attend a flea circus in the laboratory of Dr. Jean Burnham and her assistant, Nurse Simms. Provided for the amusement of Prof. Walter Smith's advanced science students, was this flea circus, and Gladys, Bud, Isabel, Verna, Florence and Helen straightway rose and departed and silence reigned in the room.

Overwhelmed was I from this sight and as I turned at length to speak to my silent companion, lo, my eyes were arrested by a court room scene in one of the mighty cities of our land. Prosecuting Attorney Hughes before Judge Turner was opposing Defense Attorney Sutherland. Much concerned was I about this case and with open ears I listened. The Civil and Electrical Engineers of '35 were accused of being paralytically inebriated at an Engineering Class reunion. Very busy appeared Miss McLeod, the Court Stenographer, and Did Burke, the Clerk of the Court.

The Shadow like a magician extended his hand like a golden wand o'er the loom and the scene seemed all on fire at the touch and melted and mingled together. Hanging between two skies, I saw Vienna, floating like a boat. My heart was filled with unexpressable sweetness for always I had longed for this sight. What was Bob doing here—U. N. B.'s sole contribution to dentistry in 1935. He was waiting to welcome Pud MacElman, long distance plunger, who was trying to do the Blue Danube in one breath.

He faded from my sight and my sadness at this hasty parting was but a prelude to soft sweet music. From my radio it came—plaintive at first were the tones and sad, then soaring to madness seemed they to follow on and on—and the whole room seemed silent to listen. Breathlessly I listened until the song was done and announcer Norman Wood told us that the Pringle Motor Company's guest artist, George Johnston, would be again with us at the same hour next week. Further went he on to explain that Morris Ryan would now try to explain the meaning of Murray Cogle's latest book on Poetry.

All was silent again and nothing heard but the tinkling of glass. Before me I saw four of my classmates. Foremost among them was Alice Kean but Perry, Guimond and Callaghan aided and abetted her in their strange experiment—that of trying to find a use for old razor blades.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered, bringing in hurry and heat terrible news for the Shadow, and straightway, he vanished.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and so I rose and departed.

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## WATCHING THEM MAKE PICTURES

Fred Astaire starts work in his new flicker, "Top Hat". The first scene is being filmed, and Astaire is attired in a new tuxedo, just imported from London, and wearing a top hat. He is playing this scene with Eric Blore, who was the waiter in "Gay Divorcee". Now Blore is the servant-butler to Edward Everett Horton, but he is angry with Horton and doesn't speak to him. Blore has the same mannerisms, and speaks the same off the screen as he does on. He is really an amusing fellow to watch. He has the grips and electricians laughing as he recites his lines; and this is something, for many of the favorite comic of the screen are nothing but bores to the grips and electricians. Irving Berlin comes on the set to watch his first genuine screen effort take off. Berlin looks on in the same manner that he did when he attended the rehearsals of his Broadway musicals. Berlin watches Director Mark Sandrich, the Cameraman and the sound man.

He is interested in this motion picture business and wants to learn something about it, for he is in it to click and stay. When Astaire starts dancing to one of the Berlin tunes, Irving, without realizing it, is jiggling away somewhat in the fashion of Astaire. I said somewhat . . . another visitor on the set this day is Howard Benedict, the Broadway press agent, who has just assumed charge of the RKO publicity department. The other workers in this department were fearful of their jobs when Benedict first arrived. They believed there would be a shakeup. When the publicity department went to lunch in the studio commissary, a member of the staff Eddie Rubin, Benny's brother suggested that they all make a good impression by ordering eggs Benedict.

"The Big Broadcast" has been in production occasionally, for the past with a thin yarn running through it several months. It is a huge revue and trying to hold it together. Whenever Director Norman Taurog has a sketch or a musical number ready he goes to it. This particular afternoon he is recording a musical sequence with Bing Crosby. The song, one you will be hearing, is called "I Wished on the Moon", and the tune is by Ralph Rainger and the new lyric is by Dorothy Parker. It was originally written for "Sailor Beware". Director Taurog's right thumb is heavily bandaged, and he is not talking as much as he generally does on a set. Investigation discloses the fact that Taurog had a thumb broken two nights before at Carole Lombard's party. Miss Lombard gave a party in which her house was redecorated as a barn; there were haylofts and double-meaning signs with the type of gags that a sailor would appreciate. Miss Lombard insisted that every one come to her barn attired in evening clothes.

Arriving there, the guests discovered the living and dining rooms to be completely devoid of furniture. The signal for dinner. The guests, in evening clothes, were told to squat on the floor. Dinner would be served to them there. Anything to make a party different. Norman Taurog was sitting, he had just finished his soup, and a waiter walked by to start serving the next course. The waiter didn't see Taurog's outstretched hand, stepped on it, and broke Taurog's thumb.

## EELGRASS

The importance of eelgrass in the conservation of wild fowl, as well as its value commercially in fabricating insulating material, etc., has led to investigations into the cause of its marked disappearance from the Atlantic of North America. A protozoan parasite has been found in Canadian eelgrass which it is considered is responsible for the disease which has attacked the eel-grass in southern waters, although the fungus found on the Canadian material to state which, if either, of these parasites is the primary cause of the dearth of the eel-grass. It has been found that the best growth is close to the entrance of fresh water streams. These investigations are of great importance to the Maritime Provinces which have been noted for their wild fowl shooting, and where much of the eelgrass is gathered commercially.

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## Of Interest to Women OUTFITTING THE PORCH OR TERRACE

(By Carl Greenleaf Beede)

NEW YORK:—These are the weeks when out of doors calls insistently to everyone. Only a very few are free to respond according to their inclinations, and they may not be those most sensitive to the delights of all that the earth nurtures in its limitless variety of beauty's forms and colors. In the multitude who have less leisure hours, there are no end of degrees of desire, the greater part perhaps content that nearly all the year's are spent in about the home. For there they bring within for the cool seasons the greens and blooms from without, and in the more genial months extend their living quarters to the porch or terrace, where turf and flowers and foliage are nearby or surround them.

With this seasonal change, comes the expanding of the utilized dwelling area into the open air, and with this, the engaging subject of suitable and comfortable outfitting of the porch or terrace. To be easily moveable, so meeting the needs of leisurely informality, is a primary requirement for this furniture, after that of comfort. Then, colors are sought which either follow the theme of the surroundings or contrast sharply with them.

As for frames of the chairs, settees and tables, the long familiar materials from the Orient—rattan, cane and bamboo—have not been equalled in desirability by any synthetic fabrication of this resourceful age. So they continue to dominate and to be shaped with such modifications of form as may please the ever growing call for added ease and comeliness.

As seen at W. and J. Sloane's, this season finds them simpler than ever in structural lines, with no attempt at all to add ornament.

It seems that the armchair which derives its lines from tubular metal prototypes has rather the better of the competition, for simplicity, utility and rhythm of lines. And all this comes with a natural employment of the qualities of the material itself.

Comparison of this chair with others indicate that rattan, cane and bamboo, lend themselves more easily and acceptably to tubular metal curves, than they do to the angles inherited from cabinet makers who joined chair

frames by means of mortises and tenons. Besides, those sweeps of arm curve, and inclined back lines partake of the relaxation that the chair is meant to invite.

With all these respects paid to one design, it may be that the one at the left is just as pleasant to occupy; to many it is no doubt pleasanter to look at, is more familiar in shape. But I chose the other.

Apparently the seats and tables in the lower group are intended for all-weather positions under the open sky, for the weight of solid metal frames and plate glass tops does not invite moving about, often or far. Shower proof materials for cushions that are easily taken under cover if desired, meet practical requirements. Here the iron is all white and the upholstery is in green and white cotton, except the chaise longue which is in yellow chenille.

Nowadays there seems to be a freedom approaching boldness, in associating hues that a few years ago would have been thought violently conflicting. So far as standards of practice go, it may be said there are either none or very many, according to the way one chooses to think of the matter. If smartness in colors is the aim, that often means mildly shocking, and is not difficult to accomplish. That is, unless one seeks to be as shocking as possible, which itself requires a sort of talent and technique.

But a middle ground has been taken in the selection of the coverings for the rattan shown with choices that are lively enough yet not too obtrusive. In both the seat cushions are plain, in one group being of green twill, while the back cushions are of chintz—black and green with lilies in white. In another group the seats are of blue canvas and the backs of white, with blue stripes.

So here are some hints of this season's furniture for out-of-door hours whether spent adjoining a simple and far-away farmhouse; in connection with an extensive estate among mountains or by the seat or beside a penthouse mounted dizzy heights above a city's rush and noise and smoke. In all these places, sky and clouds verdant and blooms make their eternal and heartening appeal, and few they are who are not moved to respond.

## TRADE OF FRANCE WITH CANADA

The total trade of France with Canada in 1934 amounted to \$22,659,000 compared to \$25,814,063 in 1933, a decrease of roughly 28 per cent, writes Mr. Hercule Barre, Commercial Attache in Paris, in the forthcoming issue of the Commercial Intelligence Journal. This decrease affects both imports and exports, but is particularly important as regards the former, since the fall amounted to a percentage decrease of 30.14, while that of exports decreased by only 18.29 per cent. The balance of trade between the two countries remains favourable to Canada to the extent of \$10,991,370 compared to a favourable balance of \$14,021,902 in 1933. Total French imports from Canada in 1934 amounted to \$16,815,185 compared with \$19,917,980 in 1933. Imports of wheat totalled 26,023,334 bushels, of which the Canadian share was 9,606,530 bushels. This compares with total importations, during 1933 of 30,789,012 (Canada 13,746,563 bushels) and 77,408,830 bushels in 1932 (Canada 24,628,895 bushels). Imports of wheat have fallen, continuously since the peak of 131 when \$6,922,152 bushels were required to supplement French production. This is a natural outcome of the over-production which for the last three years has helped to accumulate a large excess stock in commodities other than grain. France's imports from Canada were \$3,102,810 in 1932, \$7,646,000 in 1933, and \$6,679,660 in 1934. The decrease in 1934 was mainly in metals, copper and zinc. Of the eighteen other commodities specially listed among imports from Canada, twelve showed decreases of which the most noteworthy were wood-pulp and hides and skins. There were six increases, of which the most important were dressed pelts, miscellaneous goods, common wood and tinned fish. Lumber imports from

Canada almost doubled in value during 1934 and more than tripled in volume. Imports of apples during 1934 still further decreased due to further effectiveness of the new and lower quotas put into force during 1933.

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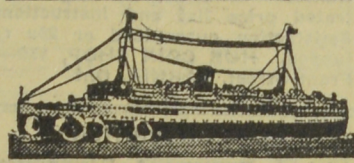
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