

# THE DAILY MAIL

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FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1937

## CUPID GOES TO COLLEGE

**EXIT THE COLLEGE WIDOW,** and enter the young girl with a purpose—and that purpose matrimony.

The lure of the big town for the husband hunters is dimming, and the college campus is again becoming the roaming ground for Cupid. A sociological survey by the University of Chicago brings to light statistics aplenty as basis for the announced shift of Cupid's stamping ground.

The survey shows more unmarried girls than men in the college towns, and more unmarried men than single girls in the factory towns and so-called brighter cities. That, in itself, explains why the flower of romance blooms average and fresher on the campus. Competition is the life of business, and it likewise seems to be the spark needed to ignite the words of matrimony.

There yet remains, however, the opportunity for some college to take the proper cognizance of the situation and rig up a campus altar for accommodation of the marriage-minded. Some brilliant young exponent of collegiate press-agentry has overlooked a bet there.

## UP TO THE BLUENOSE

**LIKE A WHIFF OF FRESH AIR,** the old Bluenose, Nova Scotia's famous fishing schooner, again enters the sailing-race news. She has been challenged by another Banker boat, the Gertrude L. Thebaud, just back from the Arctic, to a race as a feature of the 1939 World's Fair at New York. It may be that the skipper of the challenger rather resents a comment by Captain Walters of the Bluenose that the timber of the boat that can beat his racer still grows in the forest.

It is doubtful that Captain Walters will accept the challenge; that is, if he recalls what happened at the World's Fair in Chicago a few years ago. Presence of the Bluenose in Lake Michigan was a big feature of the fair, and Chicago people made much of her. Fashionable folk arranged excursion parties on her; and here the troubles began. The Bluenose wasn't built for social purposes, and her crew knew nothing of the niceties of high life.

A prominent clubman and his party were disappointed. The viands were not what Chicago's club elite had been accustomed to; deck hands swabbed the decks at the usual early hour, and this disturbed slumbering passengers. So a writ of attachment was issued on behalf of the clubman seeking \$2,500, alleged to have been paid for chartering the Bluenose, and \$2,500 for "damages," presumably to the dignity of his guests.

The Bluenose was held up for a long time, and finally Captain Walters and his crew were happy when able finally to set sail for distant Lunenburg. So that if the captain accepts a challenge for another World's Fair race, it will mean the race only, and it isn't likely there will be any dealings with Gotham's fashionable club sets.

## TAMMANY TURNED DOWN

**RESULTS OF THE USUAL HEAVY VOTING** in the New York Mayorality primaries should be looked upon with considerable satisfaction, even by Canadians interested in the ways of politicians. In spite of the national politics injected into the contests there was only one issue. That was Tammany. And while the headquarters staffs of the three contestants will have their respective interpretations of what really happened, to the citizens at large it means only one thing: Tammany, as represented by Senator Royal S. Copeland, is royally thumped, and for the next four years—if ever again—is not a serious menace.

Trounced in 1933 by Mayor Fiorello La Guardia on a Fusion "reform" ticket, defeat came to the "machine" in double doses on Thursday. Seeking to split the Republican vote on nothing stronger than La Guardia's pro-Roosevelt tendencies, Senator Copeland intruded where he had no right to be and opposed the Mayor in the Republican primary and was squashed. Less to the machine's taste was the walloping the Senator got from Jeremiah T. Mahoney, choice of the county New Deal bosses—something more respectable as machines go—in the Democratic contest.

If the New Deal element can read Mahoney's choice as a victory for the Franklin Roosevelt Democrats, and they were fairly appreciative of that angle, their joys on this account may be short lived. The "write-in" vote for Mayor La Guardia, representing the Labor Non-Partisan League's following among the rank and file of the Tammany membership and what are now stigmatized as "reactionary" Democrats, suggests there are more New Yorkers interested in straight reform than in Roosevelt new deals. There is, to be added to the doubtful, the hangover vote from defeated Tammany, which, if likely to stay Democrat, is by no means to be guaranteed "en bloc."

With Tammany eliminated, there is something less of an issue for the November election. La Guardia stands on his record of ridding the Administration of politics and restoring financial stability. There is little the Democrats could trade on in this line that has not already been provided for in his reform ticket and well publicized in the housecleaning he has carried on. The national issues that fired primary oratory have been fairly well exhausted, and Candidate Mahoney can expect less help from his Roosevelt burgeo from now on. For these reasons it would seem to boil down to "reform" versus "machines," with the "write-in" vote of Thursday arguing favorably for reform.

## Snapshots

Life at its worst: A dignified drunk trying to remove a cellophane wrapper.

Tact is the art of making the other fellow feel more important than he thinks he is.

The happy and fruitful periods in history are the times when nobody feels an urge to parade.

If you praise at all, spread it thick. The high rating you give a person seems an insult if he rates himself higher.

The crowded nations can't lose. If their fight for territory fails, at least they will have thinned the population.

If they have been married five years and can tell you the exact color of one another's eyes, they are joyously happy.

Suggestions that automobile drivers carry their arrest records would mean that some fellows couldn't drive anything but a truck.

If you can't understand why women spend so much time and money in beauty parlors, instead of in doing good works, just ponder on what the masculine vote would be in a popularity contest between Queen Wilhelmina and Marlene Dietrich.

## POLISH

(Continued from Page One)

stand why he should be asked about all these things. And he was reluctant to reply. They had nothing to do with scouting, he said. He is here to study the Canadian system and thinks it deserved a compliment. He leaves shortly for the West and returns to Poland next month.

## FREDERICTON NIGHT LIFE

(Continued from Page One)

on in just as proper a manner as were their fathers and mothers in their young days in the Gay Nineties. So mothers of the older days why worry about your grandchildren if they do not come in at eleven o'clock at night? They know how to take care of themselves just as well as you did, and the company that they are with is just as good as those of your day. It is merely a matter of changing times and changing hours. And rather foolish of course. If a girl and a boy or a grownup are in a respectable place at one o'clock in the morning, there is no more harm to it than if it were at nine o'clock at night. Of course many of these young people should be home studying their lessons. The chief reason why they frequent these public eating places is because they imagine that it is the smart thing to do and that they are breaking some kind of a law. This gives them a kick the same as a man drinking a bottle of whiskey at some place contrary to law gets a kick out of the act. We suppose this is human nature. Take this imaginary kick out and they would go home and get to bed in a sensible way.

The Daily Mail has been thinking for some time regarding this proposition:—Suppose the parents of these children decide to get together and try this night life. We suggest that all fathers and mothers try this business of going to the cafes at night and sitting around an hour or two smoking cigarettes and eating ice cream. Suppose some of the parents try it some night. We believe that they would get a kick out of it AND THE YOUNGER PEOPLE WOULD NO DOUBT DELIGHT IN HAVING THEM SITTING AROUND ENJOYING THEMSELVES. WHAT DO YOU THINK BOYS AND GIRLS? EH!

## IRRIGATED

(Continued from Page One)  
acre field. Picture Butte is twenty miles north of here. The previous high record yield was 105 bushels. The Ivan Harris irrigated farm at Taber reports a wheat yield of 62 bushels to the acre, grading No. 1 Northern.

## FOREIGN

(Continued from Page One)  
**Chinese Stage Air Raid**  
SHANGHAI, Sept. 21.—(C. P.)—Chinese bombing planes dodged anti-aircraft shells tonight in a new raid on the Japanese military airfield in Shanghai's Yangtzepoo sector. The new attack came after a day's lull in Chinese aerial activity. Several Chinese fliers dived to low altitudes to drop their explosives but no planes, apparently, were shot down. Health officials reported cholera was spreading in the foreign areas, with 1,015 cases and 129 deaths.

## WELSH NATION

(Continued from Page One)  
along its shore mile after mile. We are at Rhyl, the most patronized of the North Wales sea resorts. Then, on again, past rocky headlands, over tide filled inlets and through villages that breathe the atmosphere of another country than the one we know. On our left are hills, not high, but steep; a test for any climber though the battle is soon won.

On still further, we have Conway, lying in the sun, tired, because she is so old. Yet her castle, with its 29 towers, great and small, is ever eager to tell the story of its centuries. It was by a grave in a Conway churchyard that Wordsworth talked with the little girl whose only reply, an oft repeated declaration of Faith, was—"We are seven!"

At Bangor we cross the Menai Strait to the Island of Anglesey. Here in Bangor, is another Cathedral and a university; and here, too, is the sound of the sea and the call of roads that wind away into the hills.

We cross to Anglesey—a small place yet full of interest. Here the Druids performed their rites of human sacrifice; and here the Christian Church was rooted and growing all during the European centuries which we call the Dark Ages.

The Anglesey homes are newly whitewashed, the tiny lakes are stocked with fish, the marshes give an uncertain home to the wild fowl.

On the way across the island we had a distant view of the last windmill. It is large, built centuries ago, and looks much the same as the windmills of Holland.

The railway terminus is Holyhead. From here, twice daily, the Royal Mail steamer crosses to Ireland. The boat is a fast one, but it is almost a three hour crossing.

On the recommendation of friends we stayed in Holyhead overnight, and we should recommend the same to others. If you are making this journey you will arrive just in time for the six o'clock meal. That is, if you are still eating as in Canada. After your meal, go up into the village; and let it be a Saturday night, when every one of the inhabitants is on the street, and when people from the surrounding country have come in. The streets are narrow and the cobblestones lumpy. The stores are overflowing to the sidewalk with their wares, but hand manufactured articles are there in abundance, and keep you looking and looking. Go through the town to the shore. Old world boats are lying on their sides, half way up the beach. They will float again when the tide has come in. Rusted anchors are half buried by sand; in a careless row along the shore the driftwood marks the height of the fullmoon tides; and the strong smell of fish is in your nostrils.

The road paralleling the shore is bordered by shoulderhigh stone walls. There are such stone walls everywhere in Wales and in Ireland, and every foot of them is worth studying. They climb with the hills, dip with the valleys, and wind on and on. From the earth packed crevices brave flowers thrust their heads, and along the sides and top the ivy creeps and grows.

We walk along, slowly enough to be aware of this place and of the evening. Presently we turn and climb down onto the mile long breakwater. It is a work of art. The huge blocks of stone have been laid, now this way and now that, with a worthy pattern ever in mind; and the grain of the stones has been fitted to the grain of the rock that was there. For part of the breakwater is natural, has always been there.

There was a red ball sunset that night, straight into the sea. On the left, nestling into the tip of a headland was the flat home of a foghorn. It sat like a resting dove, sinking dully in the afterglow. Behind it was Holyhead, its houses here and there along the cliffs; and out in front the blue green Irish Sea.

We must have stayed an hour. Or was it two? At any rate, the evening boat from Ireland, when it plowed in and rounded the nose of the break water, was in dim outline, and along its sides were two rows of lights.

In the morning the sun shone with an intensity that reminded us that Holyhead holds the sunshine record for Great Britain.

We had, besides the inevitable shopping, and a quick look at this building and down that street, two things to do. First, to visit St. Cybil's—St. Cybil, a Celtic saint came, in 555, to this spot in Anglesey and founded a church. A portion of the Roman Wall from this time is still there; and near it, on the spot where St. Cybil's rude church stood, the 13th century Christians laid the foundations of a new building. It is this place, altered and added to by succeeding generations, that yet serves as the parish church at Holyhead.

To enter a church as old as this is to discover the place full of men and women—though the building may seem to be empty; and to sit in the rays of morning sunlight that filter through the colored glass and to meditate upon the centuries that are gone and the centuries yet to be, is to feel one's self in the stream of History and to discover a deeper meaning in the phrase "the Communion of Saints."

The other place we had to visit

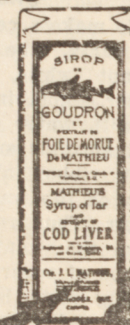
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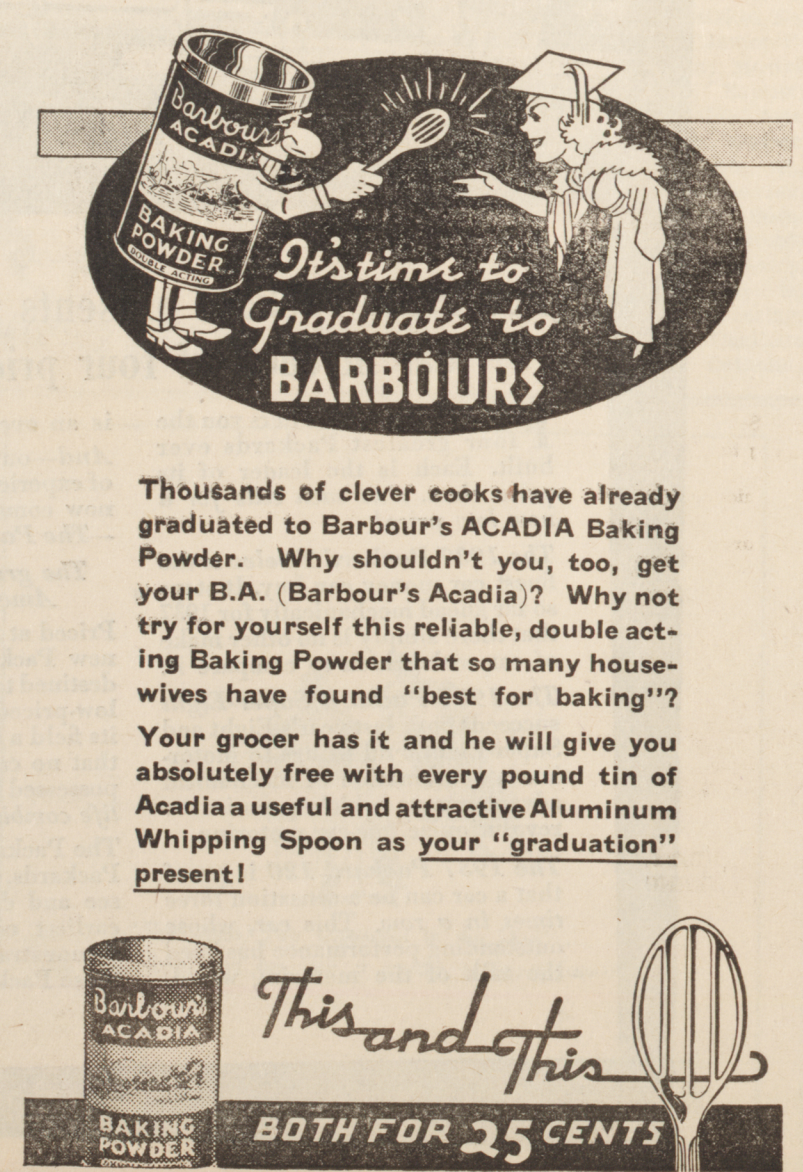


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was Trearddur Bay, ten minutes by bus down the coast. It is a beautiful little known spot. The water is a sparkling Mediterranean blue, the sand, almost white and very fine; and on either side of the many little beaches are the jutting shoulders of rugged headlands.

For an hour we sat in the sunshine. The tiny waves were swishing over the pebbles of a low tide shore and clicking into the rock crevices. The few people who had discovered the place were lying on the sand, looking out over the sea or at the far away cloudless sky. Even the children in their play were quiet, as if aware of this moment of utter peacefulness.

But this, we knew, was only one of Nature's moods; only a part of the whole. We remembered this as we looked at a small boat anchored in front of us. For in this boat two nights before, there had been a battle for their lives. In a storm, a Norwegian freighter had run on the rocks, spun off them and gone down.

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