

## Norman M. MacLeod's Valedictory

The valedictory of the 1935 graduating class of the University of New Brunswick was delivered this afternoon by Norman M. MacLeod, son of Mrs. H. F. MacLeod, Charlotte street, Fredericton. Mr. MacLeod's valedictory at the encaenia exercises today was as follows:

The class of 1935 must say farewell. For today our direct connection with the University is ended. Today we leave.

We leave with regret. And I do not say that we leave with regret merely because one hundred and seven valedictorians before me have said it. I say it because never, perhaps, has it been more true. For never have the halls of learning and student life appeared more rosy than now, contrasted with the howling gale of a cold, bleak world. All former classes have regretted the pleasant associations and friendships which they left, while we regret, in addition the sheltered life we leave. For it would be a mighty soothsayer who could say what lies before this class.

But even the howling gale into which we go, teaches its lesson. And perhaps this class, less than any class preceding it, goes forth suffering from the delusions of the almighty degree blaster, for its owner, a hallowed place in the sun. And for the same reason the class of 1935 has, perhaps, a better appreciation than most of the true meaning of education—that it is not a phase and does not occupy a certain period, but that it is the art of living and it extends from the cradle to the grave.

### Encourage Those Who Stay

But we of this class, who are today graduates, do not wish to strike a pessimistic note. Those of you who remain we wish to encourage. For it is quite apparent that the more difficult the heights to be scaled, the better the preparation needed. And to you we would say, "We are happy that we have spent this time here, more happy than we, dignified graduates of an hour, can say."

It is difficult for us, on this, our day of academic triumph, to restrain from giving freely of our wisdom to the undergraduates. In fact, it is so difficult that we do not attempt to restrain ourselves. Between your academic and social life there should be a proper balance. In our years here we have worked some and played some. Some of us have worked too much at



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the expense of play and some of us have played too much. Both groups were wrong. Balance and a true perspective of values are essential if one is to obtain the maximum benefit from attending a university. It should have been easy to see that before. Perhaps you who are still students will learn more easily than we did.

There are athletics and debating, dramatics and journalism, and a dozen clubs and societies. And the existence of every one of them is justified. They all play their part in university life and they all have their use and undoubted value. But one must not get lost in a maze of activities and neglect each one for the others and the academic work for them all. It is wise to enter into one or two activities with vigor, support them well, gain from them the benefit which exists in them, and so have a balanced program of work and hobbies.

### The U. N. B. Periodical

One student activity in particular I will mention. That is your medium of expression, the Brunswickian. In the past the Brunswickian has been, more or less, expressive of student opinion. It is to be hoped that in the future the paper will always be more expressive of that opinion. Of late years the Brunswickian has been unfortunate in its editors. They have been men who, with the editorship, have accepted almost the entire burden of the production of the paper. They have worked far too hard and the Brunswickian has suffered. If those editors had concentrated on staff organization as ably

and as faithfully as they did on the actual publication of the paper, the Brunswickian today would not be passing through such trying times. The trying times to which I refer have been characterized by the long succession of editors who have been forced to resign due to that editorship demanding so much time. For this same reason the Brunswickian has been subjected to certain criticism. It has been said that a student cannot be editor of the paper and at the same time pay proper attention to his academic work. I venture to disagree with that opinion. An editor with ability as an organizer would not find that position more demanding than most of the more important student positions. But it is essential that the editor be an organizer. That is more important than his being a good journalist.

The reason that I speak of the Brunswickian is that I should consider it most unfortunate if the Brunswickian should collapse. And this year the Brunswickian nearly collapsed. The Brunswickian, providing as it does a medium of expression for the undergraduates and a bond with the alumni, is an important part of university life and should exist. Proper and careful organization will ensure that existence.

To the faculty, too, we must say farewell and with regret. During our association with you, you have helped us as much as we would permit ourselves to be helped, you have given us as much as we would permit ourselves to be given. Our association with you has been successful, for during our years here that amount of help which we were willing to suffer has increased. At the university we have evolved from those boys and girls to whom college meant a contest, faculty versus students, to, perhaps, men and women, receiving today degrees. We do not say that you, the faculty of the university, are beyond criticism. We do not believe in your perfection. But we have found you good men and worthy leaders. We are proud to have worked under you.

### Get More Students!

To the Senate, we of this class would say that you have done much for the University. And for that we extend our thanks. But there is yet more that should be done and more that you should do. This last year has witnessed a falling off of the number of students at the University. This is most unfortunate, not because of any ridiculous worship of numbers, but because of the financial strain, which it places upon the fewer students. As you are aware, all student activities

are financed by voluntary levy, which you, the Senate, refuse to make compulsory. With fewer students this levy becomes proportionately greater and it is proportionately more difficult for the students to carry on. Therefore the size of the student body must be maintained. A field secretary should be engaged to interview prospective students and to publicize, adequately but ethically, the courses that the university offers. The shackles of tradition must be broken. The University of New Brunswick must meet her competition or suffer.

To the citizens of Fredericton our thanks are due. And it is fitting on this occasion to express those thanks. During our university life we have been made welcome to Fredericton. The business men have supported us in our ventures, and the people have opened their homes to us. There has been no discord between town and gown. May it be ever so—a cordial friendship existing between town and university.

To the university as a whole we express our sincere gratitude. In all its phases, and there are many, it has helped us grow. And is not that the purpose of a university—to cherish the growth of students?

Today our country and the world are crying for leadership—and that leadership must be supplied by the universities. That is their function. This university has attempted to make us into potential leaders. If it has been successful in some of us then it has served society well. And so we pay tribute to the spirit of the University of New Brunswick. It is that spirit, in which we have dwelt, that gives to the university its undoubted and unchallenged value. May that spirit ever grow greater!

And I trust that some of us, who have today graduated, take with our degree something of that spirit. For that is the part of the university to which we shall never say farewell.

And now to the rest, that which we must leave—farewell.

QUEBEC, May 15—The Quebec Court of Appeals yesterday dismissed the appeal of Rasure Bilodeau from the conviction of murdering Octave Fiset, superintendent of letter carriers here, June 14, was set as the date for the hearing.

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## LITERATURE IN ITS RELATION TO LIFE

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As an escape from life and yet, if one may state it in the form of a paradox, in this lies part of the value of its relation to life. As A. C. Bradley writes: "There is plenty of connection between life and poetry, but it is, so to say, a connection underground." Through its rebuilding of life in the realm of the imagination, art is an echo of experience rather than its actuality.

As Peter described it "All life in art is conceived of a kind of listening." But the weakness of our ordinary human experience is, precisely, that we do not listen. We are distracted by practical considerations, by our own particular desires and conveniences. Our minds are concentrated on the profits we hope to reap from our actions and we lose sight of the quality or character of these actions. In seeking for the rewards of life we somehow miss the significance of life itself, and we find no time for pleasure trips into the land of thought. Art by representing life in the form of a picture frees us from the tyranny of practical aims and ends, and enables us to realize the intrinsic values of living. To quote Stevenson: "To sit still and contemplate—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness?"

Wordsworth defined poetry as "emotion recollected in tranquillity," and in Tintern Abbey he has given us an unforgettable description of the spirit of the artistic experience.

... that blessed mood,  
In which the burden of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on—

While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.  
We are, perhaps, apt to think of the contemplative mood of which Stevenson and Wordsworth speak as a special type of experience confined to the sphere of art. Yet a little reflection ought to show us that it is an experience shared by ordinary men and women.

We all on occasion adopt the artistic attitude towards life, and find wisdom, sanity, and honour in it. When a man seems unable to free his mind from worries that are bound up with a practical situation, we frequently urge him—as a commonsense piece of advice—to laugh at himself. Do not take yourself, we say, so seriously, try to look at life with a certain detachment, be interested in the quality of your experience, and have the courage and insight to believe that all human experience, whether of pleasure or pain, met in the right way leads to enrichment and enlargement of life. And is not this akin to the artistic consciousness that is primarily interested in life itself and the fruitage of life in character rather than in its gains and losses from the point of view of mere worldly and utilitarian calculation?

### Looking At Life

In other connections we can all recall times and occasions when we have looked on life from an artistic rather than a practical standpoint. If it may venture on a personal illustration, I remember, particularly, in sailing from Galveston, Texas, to New York, my first impressions of the Gulf of Mexico. On the evening I have in mind, day had passed into night with that suddenness characteristic of tropical or semi-tropical regions.

"The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;  
At one stride comes the dark".  
The waters of the Gulf are of a vivid blue, and that night were flecked with a broad band of moonlight undulating with the gentle rising and falling of the waves:

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,  
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll".

The air and the waters were almost incredibly soft and mild to one whose boyhood was spent by the shores of the Bay of Fundy.

On the deck of the ship young people were dancing, absorbed in the immediate pleasure of living, while I, as perhaps befitted my years, was on the sidelines, a spectator rather than a participant. But through that detachment the imagination was set free

to grasp the significance of the scene. Over these waters Cortez had sailed with his handful of adventures on his voyage from Cuba to Mexico—the prelude to his amazing conquest of the empire of Montezuma. Here Hardy Elizabethan sea-captains of the breed of Drake and Hawkins had signed the Spanish king's beard when they preyed on the commerce of Spain. Here buccaneers, such as Sir Henry Morgan, sailing forth from their piratical haunts in the neighborhood of the Spanish Main had pillaged stately galleons sailing from Mexico with their golden treasure. Here were clustering memories of

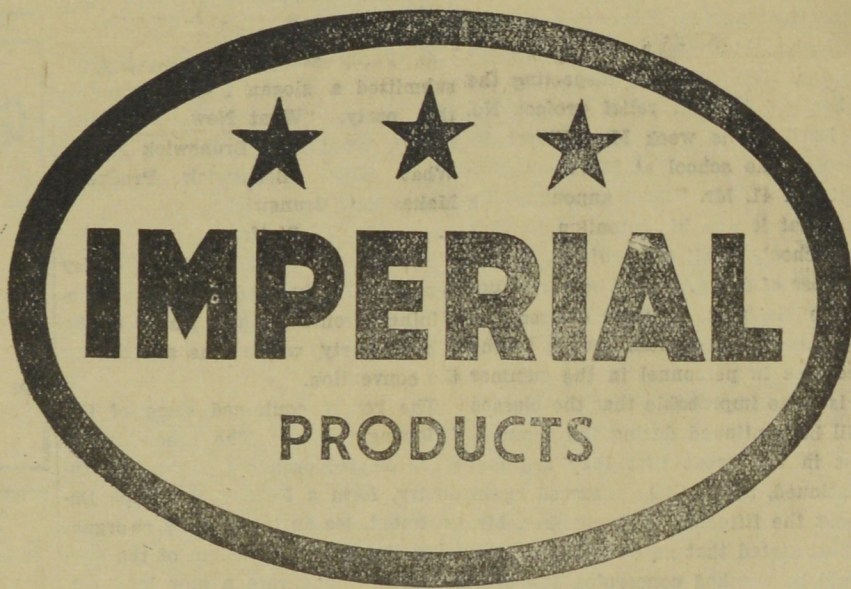
... the sea-tides tossing  
free;  
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea".

Nor was a thread of association lacking to link the traditions of these southern waters with those of Canadian history. Quebec Fort Frontenac, the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico, are bound together by the adventurous career of the French Canadian explorer La Salle. After his discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi, you will recall, La Salle sailed from France with the intention of establishing a colony on the present site of New Orleans. But voyaging through the Gulf of Mexico he missed the delta of the Mississippi and landed finally in Western Texas. Then he plunged gallantly into the wilderness hunting vainly for the lost river, till his crew mutinied and assassinated him. Is there any anecdote of more moving pathos in the history of western exploration than La Salle's martyrdom in a futile search for the mouth of that great river which he himself had discovered?

Such were the imaginative associations of that scene. The dancing on the deck was the thrill of a moment to the young people engaged in it, but to me, because the experience was reflective and artistic, it left a memory of that quality which Keats describes in Endymion: "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever".

But if art is a captured loveliness, if through intuition and imagination the beauty of a fleeting moment of time is garnered up as a joy for ever, this must not be confounded with the fallacy that art is static and merely traditional. Literature is the communication of experience through the medium of language. But in order to communicate experience it is necessary that the receiver as well as the transmitter be a sensitized one. The life that is bottled up in books must be released as the genie in the old tale of the Arabian Nights was set free when the fisherman withdrew the cork from the bottle. The error of the pedant and the book worm is that they keep on shaking the bottle but never withdraw the cork. In other words the reading of literature ought to be an experience, a voyage of discovery, not a mere acquisition of knowledge. There is a formal element in language that is subject to the conditions of its age, and, if we lack imagination and insight, the archaic garb of a book may hide the spirit of life beneath it. This is one of the reasons why I think it perilous

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