

Brunswickan



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Letters to the Editor

Sir:
I would like to thank you for the article in The Brunswickan, Tues., Jan. 12 about my crowning as Arts Queen. However, I would like to point out one mistake. I am not, as much as I would like to be, the Canadian Junior Women's Gymnastic champion but the Montreal District Inter-School champion. I know this error was not intentional but I am sure the actual champion would appreciate a correction.

Sincerely,
Penny Watters.

Dave Fairbairn

THE HOTBED



Some unsung heroes:—Randy Marsters of Aitken House who took up the better part of a week in laying out the design for the cover of the Winter Carnival's new programme . . . Alvin Shaw who has recently completed a 15 page report for set designs for Rose Marie which Producer Scarfe has termed as "invaluable". As well designs done in minute detail and scaled down models of all the sets to be used . . . Johnny Coolen who works behind the scenes for many university events and does amazing things with sound reproduction . . . Moosehead Breweries who are always willing and ready to give assistance to all college projects, but who can receive no public acknowledgement because of N.B.'s idiotic laws on liquor advertising . . . Arthur Trythall who will come 8 miles into Fredericton during a very bad snow storm because he "didn't want to let the cast of Rose Marie down". And hundreds more.

Some unsung bums: . . . the conceited chowderheads at the Maggie Jean who call themselves women, and who refused to wait more than 5 minutes for yearbook photographers assigned to take their picture for the yearbook, but who were unavoidably delayed 5 minutes due to traffic conditions (suggested remedy—leave them out of the book: they don't do much to improve the thing anyway) . . . members of the Winter Carnival Committee who refuse to release who their entertainers will be although they have known for almost two weeks . . . drivers who are very willing to ask the assistance of passersby when they are stuck, and who drive away without offering a lift . . . people who insist on butting cigarettes in cups and glasses in the cafeteria. Possibly the people that complain the loudest about dirty glasses are the ones butting the most smokes. Apparently it is nearly impossible to clean the ashes off large quantities of glasses . . . people who walk in the centre of the road and who look annoyed when a car horn toots (remedy—one short blast, then plaster smart guy all over the grill). And millions more.

An unpublicized sick joke . . . seems like a poor fellow was walking down the main street of Fredericton, the city of stately icicles, when—BOOM—one of the stately icicles nailed him. Makes great material for sick comics like Lennie Bruce, but funnier things have happened. Perhaps the "stately elm" committee that authorized the chopping of Fredericton trees, could reform and do some icicle cutting. Perhaps the next guy that gets iced won't have a hard head.

Canada's Longest

Giant Sculpture Carnival Feature

A 200 foot-long sculpture in ings. Mr. Ainsworth says he ice will decorate the terrace in hopes that the other residences will follow the lead of the Lady front of the Arts building and will be one of the high-lights of the campus decorations for Beaverbrook in blacking out some windows to make up various patterns on the fronts of the buildings.

The Chairman of the committee has already allotted an estimated 750 work hours for the total decorating operation and expects his committee will be working day and night for the six days prior to the Carnival opening on Thursday, February 4th.

Part of the decorating scheme will consist of the erecting of (Continued on page 3)

campus calendar

by MARYANNE MOFFATT

For listings in the Brunswickan of coming events contact the Campus Co-ordinator at GR 5-9091. Deadline for Tuesday issue is 6 pm previous Thursday and for Friday issue, 6 pm Tuesday.

Friday:

ART CLASS: Art Centre, 7.30-9.30 pm.

BASKETBALL: Varsity, UNB at SDU.

Saturday:

ENGINEERS' WASSAIL: Kent Inn, 6.30 pm.

ARCHERY CLUB: General Meeting, Trophy Room, Gym, 2 pm. Inter-faculty competition begins; All faculties welcome.

HOCKEY: UNB at SDU.

BASKETBALL: Varsity, UNB at Mount A.

DANCE: Student Centre, 9 pm.

Sunday:

CURLING: Fredericton Curling Club, 4.30 pm.

CANTERBURY CLUB: Cathedral Hall, 8.15 pm.

FILM SOCIETY: "Louisiana Story", Chemistry Building, 8.30 pm.

Monday:

CHESS CLUB: Oak Room, Student Centre, 7.30 pm.

ENGINEERING MEETING: Guest speaker, Dr. Bull, Rocket and Missile Expert, Chemistry Building, 8 pm; Everyone welcome.

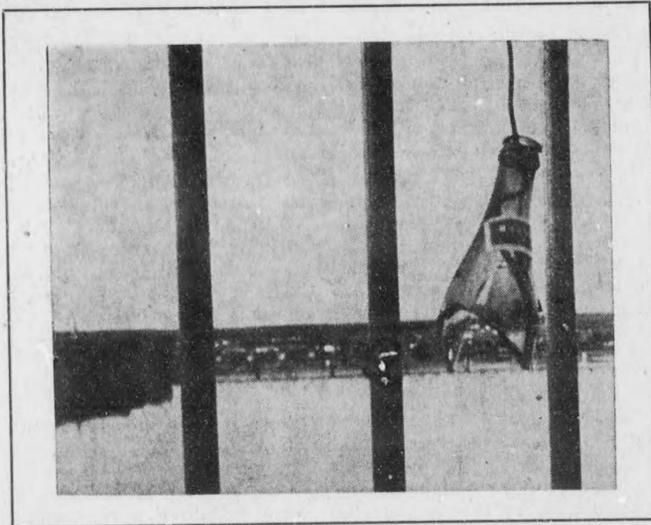
INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS CLUB: Tartan Room, Student Centre, 7 pm.

CLUE: Girl #1 Phone 5-9002.

Woodlot Legend

Nestled as it is in the quiet St. John River valley, the University of New Brunswick lies in an area steeped in many legends and traditions. We uncovered this one while prowling through the library stacks recently.

The legend concerns an elderly Indian lady whose name was Chikachedowa and who lived alone in the general area of what is today the Corbett Dam in the woodlot on the edge of the university campus. Chikachedowa was seldom seen on the village streets, preferring to remain in her log cabin, seated in front of the open fireplace, spending hours on end practising on her home-made flute. Several books dealing with the early history of Fredericton recount that "no true music ever came from the flute of Chikachedowa, the only sound emitted being long mournful calls, perhaps to her long-dead chief".



On the afternoon of February 29, 1760, there came to the village a young trapper named Rube Corwell, who is described in J. Fraser Colworth's book, *New Brunswick and its Indians*, as being "Nordic, vigorous, and the possessor of the eyes of all the village maidens when he made his way through it". He enquired of Chikachedowa and then set out to find her dwelling, reaching her log cabin abode, so the accounts go, "just as the leap year sun was casting its last shadows on the iced St. John".

A few days later the body of Chikachedowa was found lying in the snow near her cabin, her hand clutched about the reed flute. Rube Corwell had disappeared never to be seen or heard tell of again.

Here the accounts grow rather varied and hazy but Dr. Holworth's book, which seems the most reliable, has it that on the two successive leap years following the first crime, inmates of the village jail were driven to suicide by slashing their throats with a broken bottle on the night of February 29, apparently unable to stand the shallow calls of "a crazed instrument" which sounded throughout the village of that night—apparently the flute of Chikachedowa seeking revenge for its owner's murder.

This February 29 marks 200 years since the crime in the woodlot. To this day the mystery of Chikachedowa remains unsolved, as does the true identity of Rube Corwell.

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