



New Control Room Radio UNB staff member, Paul Foudy spins disks.

New Control Room For Radio UNB

Radio UNB started broadcasting Monday morning from its new control room. The work on this new control room was done during the summer recess under the direction of Art Mosher a former director of radio UNB and recent graduate of this university, together with Armand Paul. Paul told the Brunswickan that the need for the new control room arose because of facilities which were crammed and could no longer be used in the production of programs of the quality this year's executive hopes to achieve.

Equipment which had been purchased in recent years such as a tape cartridge recorder was incorporated into a new panel. The cost of this project consisted of only the plywood and a few switches and relays.

The advantages of the new system were outlined:

—The staff of Radio UNB will be able to tape a program while another one is on air live; under the old arrangement this was impossible to do.

—The new system will permit more programming involving an announcer-operator where previously it was advisable to have two people to air a program.

—The new arrangement will make it easier to pinpoint any difficulties that occur in the residence complex.



"SALLY FRESHETTE"

Since Freshman week is just over, this column will be devoted to a plea to the Freshettes. Please don't get the Freshette Complex! This term is one coined by a disgruntled LBR man last year to describe what had happened to some of the UNB girls. Describing this condition is not a pleasant assignment... nor is it likely to win many friends. But the Freshettes should at least know something about the Freshette Complex... it's undisputedly the general opinion of the males up the hill.

Here is the picture: Little Sally Freshette leaves home to come to UNB. This is her first trip away from home and momma for any length of time; she breathes a sign of relief as she finally gets the independence she has been craving for. Then Sally gets to Fredericton and Freshman week. All of a sudden she finds herself the centre of a great deal of attention, most of it from males. Now Sally is a normal girl... she likes male attention. But never before had she received so much... and never before had she enough freedom from parental restraint to do much about it.

At any rate, as this situation continued, a little gremlin began to creep into Sally's mind. She is being asked out on dates four or five times a week... and going. The Gremlin begins to work and Sally commences to think that she must be a little more attractive than most girls. Here she is going to the Outpost for Pizzas three nights a week. Why, she must be really attractive and desirable! This is the beginning of the Freshette Complex.

Around Christmas time comes the peak of Sally's popularity. She has been to the LBR Formal, the Bushman Ball, the Fall Formal and every other major event of the fall term. Her ego is so expanded that a trivial little thing like low marks on her Christmas exams is dismissed with a shrug and a few curses directed towards her professors. So, after a comparatively dull holiday telling lies to momma, Sally steams gayly back into town for the next round.

But a curious thing has taken place. Sally, the girl who was telephoned every night, who had come to ask what kind of a car a fellow drove before she refused to go to a party at his apartment... Sally finds herself receiving fewer phone calls. The fellows who had been telephoning her were now phoning places like the Nurses Residence and the boarding houses filled with Teachers College girls. Poor little Sally; she is no longer the centre of attention. All she has to do is sit around the Maggie (now LDH) and study... and who wants to do that! But that ever-present Gremlin does not want Sally to fade from the picture quite that easily.

"Why not change my hair colour? If I do that and wear striking clothes, I can again be the centre of attraction."

So, as Spring comes around the corner... so does Sally, bleached blond and wearing orange knee socks, a green leotard and bermuda skirt. Sally is no longer the simple, unaffected girl she was when she first left momma. She is now forceful (brash), more attractive physically (peroxide), and is free to go out with anyone who asks (if you can call steaks and all the other trappings of a Sally-type date "free").

The final item of the decline and fall of Sally Freshette into the Freshette Complex is barely passing marks in May. It's not a very happy ending... but then it's not a very happy story either. To put it briefly, Sally didn't stop to think that what she and the gremlin attributed to her own personal charm was mostly due to the male-female ratio at U.N.B. In fact, Sally didn't stop at all...

That, Freshettes, is a brief and extreme description of the Freshette Complex. It happens to only a few of the girls... there are many wonderful exceptions to Sally's tale. But there are so few girls here that it's a pity to see any more Freshette Complexes develop in this year's crop of sweet young things "you would like to know." And therein lies the moral of the story of Sally Freshette... a friendly warning.

This column was first printed in the Brunswickan more years ago than its author cares to remember, and is reprinted annually as a service to whomever it may concern... which fortunately does not include the aforesaid, aged author.

Letters Continued

(From page 4)

that success comes in it more rarely than we are apt to find steeplejacks on the moon.

The meaning of 'Intervalles', that is, the Title itself, doesn't mean much of anything in particular, except that an intervalle is a low-lying grassland along a watercourse — a phenomenon indigenous to New Brunswick topography — which might, after a fashion serve as an ambiguous metaphor for a student publication of creative writing. Speaking for myself, I prefer to take it as a convenient, if not exactly meaningless label that just happens to have belonged to the UNB creative writing digest for the past few years, and I can't really see any good reason for changing it. Incidentally, there is a story of some slight complication behind 'Intervalles', but I won't go into that at the moment.

The point is, 'Intervalles' shall reappear this year, if, letting it speak for itself,

having been a beginning lover of treasuring poetry and will work a beginning lover and as there are enough of you we shall publish.

At present there is no such thing as 'Intervalles'. It tends to die each year, and this year is no exception. This coming Monday evening (the third), as editor of last year's 'Intervalles', I shall be chairing a first meeting for an 'Intervalles' publishing committee and to speak quite frankly about this, can use a good twenty or more people. We need a few editors, a secretary or two, a publicity committee, a business manager, a

sales committee, and there are a few additional small posts needing occupation. Putting out a publication like this is not very difficult with a fairly efficiently running body of people, especially if the publication gets off to an early start. Even if you don't have the least inclination for creative writing, we can give you the experience of working purely and simply on a business affair or an artistic endeavor. And, though not officially, I'm always game for a party or two.

Frank Loomer
4th Arts
P. S. the first meeting: at RM 256 Carleton Hall Monday night at 7:45 October 3.

FROSH WEEK

Editor:

Once again another Freshman Week has passed into history. Orientation '66 is officially over.

I wish to extend my thanks to this year's Sophomore Class. To the fifty-five Frosh Squad members and five others; John Oliver (Vice-President) of the Sophomore Class, John Dawes (Secretary Treasurer of the Sophomore Class), Al Pressman, (Program co-ordinator) Hart North, (Program co-ordinator) and Jim Belding (Public Relations), may I offer my appreciation for the long hours of hard work that they willingly contributed to the success of the program.

Any attempt to perform a post-mortem on the Orientation Program, would reveal the time, work and effort put into it by the Sophomore Class to make it the success it was. ANDY DEVEREAUX President, Sophomore Class '66

Chancellor To Be Installed

Sir Max Aitken, Bart., DSO, DFC, LLD, will be installed as Chancellor of the University of New Brunswick at the Fall Convocation ceremonies. Sir Max, son of the late Lord Beaverbrook, was educated at Westminster, Penbrook Collegiate, and Cambridge University. He served with the Royal Air Force in World War II and was awarded the Distinguished Service Order, the Distinguished Flying Cross, and the Czechoslovakian War Cross. In 1965 he was President of the Newspapers Press Fund. At present Sir Max is Director and Chairman of the Board of the Beaverbrook Newspapers Ltd., and a Director of Prince Brothers Ltd.; Associated Television Ltd.; and Reuters Ltd.

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