

Disarmament: Myth Or Reality?

by Tim Arnold

At the Second Annual University Model United Nations, held last week at Montreal, most of the time was spent in sessions of the General Assembly dealing with resolutions on the admittance of Communist China and the peaceful use and control of Outer Space. For three days the future lawyers and diplomats ran wild with amendments to amendments, and points-of-order on points-of-order on points-of-order chasing each other in ever widening circles until the original resolution was completely lost from sight. Like the real body, a model UN needs a Krishna Menon or a Groucho Marx to maintain an element of sanity amidst the legal and diplomatic jargon, or it will expire from sheer boredom.

One of the more interesting events was a Panel discussion on the topic "Disarmament: Myth or Reality?" All four Panelists agreed in their opening remarks that it was a reality, but agreement ended there. Professor Otto Nathan, an Einstein-like character in appearance (he was, in fact, a close friend of Einstein) believed that the only way to avoid the annihilation of the human race, towards which we are now heading, is for all nations to renounce war and hand over to an International Agency all their weapons of war. Nothing less than this supreme effort would be sufficient to prevent catastrophe. But Professor Michael Brecher of McGill stated that there were far too many disagreements and too much suspicion for this approach to have any chance of success, and advocated a gradual, step-by-step disarmament, seeking individual areas where agreement may be reached rather than an all-or-nothing approach. It was, he believed, futile to try to assess which should come first, disarmament or security—this was merely a "chicken and egg controversy". Professor Nathan, however, believed that it was pointless to pursue a policy of disarmament and re-armament simultaneously, which occurred inevitably if step-by-step disarmament was attempted. The idealistic and practical approaches appeared to be quite irreconcilable.

The other two members of the Panel were a member of the USSR Embassy and a gentleman from the State Department. They put forward the Party Line and the State Department Line respectively, going through their acts like two well-trained but slightly bored performing seals, that is like good civil servants. They produced an interesting contrast to the two Professors who put their cases with considerable feeling.

At the end of this two hour Panel one had the impression that, contrary to the Panelists' first assertions, disarmament is very much of a myth.

Australian Doll Taking Shape

Some of the accents heard on campus this term have started rumors that UNB now has some Australian students. In fact those responsible are the actors and actresses taking part in the Drama Society's presentation of **Summer of the Seventeenth Doll**.

The first Australian play to hit London and then New York two years ago, the action revolves around the lives of a couple of wandering cane-cutters during their summer lay-off. But after sixteen years of a happy existence, this proves to be a summer of change and tension. In one of the most compelling plays of the last decade we see how the characters involved must face the changes. **The Doll** has much in common with last spring's presentation of **A View From The Bridge**, seen in both Fredericton and Saint John and it should have a similar dramatic effect.

Professor Alvin Shaw, the director, has announced the cast. Michael Gordon and Walter Learning will be using their acting experience from a number of Festivals to play the two roughnecks, Barney and Roo. Pearl and Olive, the two women they visit will be portrayed by Sandra Kilburn, a Fredericton resident, and Anneke Deichmann, who last year won an award in the provincial festival. Wendy Tidmarsh, who delighted audiences with her portrayal of the snappy Mrs. Boyle in **The Mousetrap**, will play Bubba, the girl next door, while the part of Emma, Olive's mother, will be taken by Joyce Campion, an actress with considerable experience in Dublin. An old favorite with his native Fredericton audiences, Art Van Wart, will round out

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out of class

A series of interviews with profs conducted by Brunswickan reporter, Barry Yoell

Anyone who has taken Physics 100 cannot help but remember the first few lectures given by Professor Boone. Errors, with their many difficulties, take most freshmen Engineers, Foresters and Scientists by storm; and yet the energetic, always smiling Prof Boone says that these shock tactics with "no holds barred" only start things off with a bang, and help to make people work from the very beginning. He seems to despise the "kid glove" treatment of some other faculties, and says this carry over from high school should be abandoned. He attacks the New Brunswick High School system generally, saying that "although the students have enough work to do there is a lack of organization and there is a great deal of room for improvement in the curriculum and choice of textbooks". This deficiency is particularly apparent in the sciences and mathematics and this fact is holding the Maritime Universities behind their Upper Canadian rivals. He hopes that the Department of Education committees at present experimenting with Fredericton High School classes will modernize the system and eradicate some of the "defeatist attitudes toward freshman Math and Physics".

Prof Boone's fantastic ability to mentally evaluate four figure multiplication is not going to help him in his latest scheme—(latest in the sense that it is still being improved after four years of experiment)—which is a method of determining the refractive index of liquids to within 7 or 8 decimal places, that is within one millionth of a centimeter. Asked why he was doing this he replied, "mere intellectual curiosity".

This typifies this always smiling and joking scientist—mere intellectual curiosity drives him to beat Physics into Freshman heads' and to experiment on a purely scientific level for little more than personal satisfaction.

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THE HOTBED



Roses are red, violets are yellow
And as the co-ed lets out her bellow—
"—Man—give me a kiss, give me a pat—"
Man replies—
"—Never baby—with a mug like that—"

And in case everybody didn't know, this Sunday is Valentines Day. The day when man is supposed to honor women, shout the praises of women, give gifts to woman, get down on his knees and kiss the feet of woman, thank women for blessing the world with their presence.— Ha—

Hotbed asks why? What useful function does woman serve in our society? What does woman do to justify her existence? Is there a place for woman in our fast moving world of to-day, when man is obviously much superior to the so-called "fairer sex"?

Hotbed takes the typical UNB female. When we take away the veneer purchased at **Zellers** we find hollowness—a hollowness that does not contain the ability to converse intelligently, and that is without any ideas that are even reasonably original. When we take away the lipstick what do we find?—Chapped lips. When we take away the nylons what do we find?—Legs that are too heavy from walking through the New Brunswick snow. When we take away the face powder what do we find?—A face with a poor complexion. When we take away the expensive, tight-fitting, man-trapping clothes, what do we find? A structure that—well anyway, not much.

UNB co-eds are especially noted for their unimaginative, slow-thinking, catty way of living. Why do they come to college? No other reason than they want to trap the superior species of the race: to wit—the male. Why? Because they know that they are incapable of living without man.

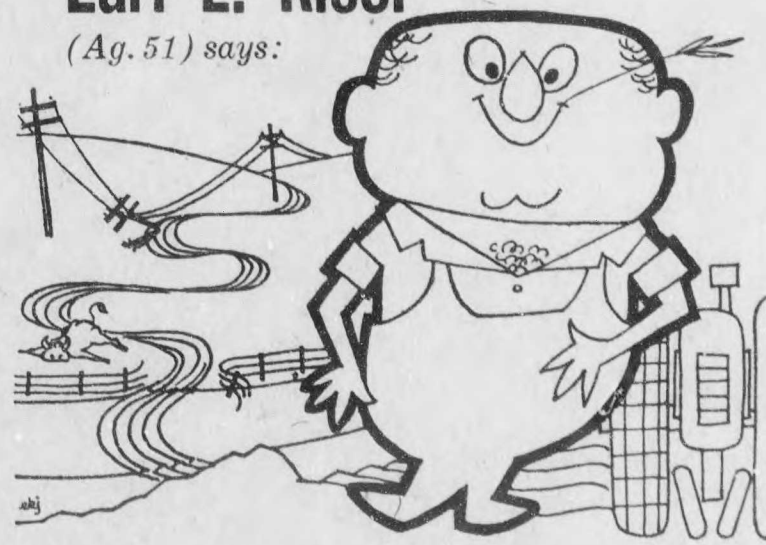
Valentines Day indeed. Woman should be content with the fact that they are lucky enough to have man pay any attention to them. A special day in which man can give chocolates, flowers, hearts and kisses. Nonsense. Consider yourselves fortunate "girls from UNB", man puts up with you all year . . .

A few days ago Mr. Editor wrote one of his so-called editorials re. Mr. Hotbed. It sounded much like the bad wolf who said "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down". Does Mr. Fluster—Fol Crumb or whatever his name might be, really think he can destroy Mr. Hotbed. "He'll huff and he'll puff but he's only a clown". Mr. Fluster wrote that he "never stated whether we (notice how he hides behind the plural) concurred or disagreed". Mostly because nobody on the paper, especially Fluster, has the intelligence to form an opinion. Let Fluster amuse himself by writing editorials like "Potentially it was a good dance—cha-cha-cha" Stimulating. Potentially it was a good paper if we had a smart editor—ha-ha-ha. **Hotbed** warns you in return. Fluster—don't bother a man who is doing a job of saving your paper—"issue after issue" . . .

UNB has once again proved that they have the most apathetic students on the continent. At press time officials had only received 11 nominations for the 39 positions to be filled on next year's SRC. The ironical part of it is that the students will gripe and wail when the administration takes over student affairs, because no students want to. Slit your throats and choke in your own blood.

Earl E. Riser

(Ag. 51) says:



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