

COLLEGE BUDDIES

The summer of '63 is rapidly drawing to a close and from all types of haunts return the upperclassmen to renew old acquaintances and to make new ones. The questions are the same every year. How did you spend the summer? Where are you living this year?

Renewal of campus friendships is always one of the things that upperclassmen look forward to with pleasure. Friendships at University start up in the strangest ways — for in so many cases it is to help another freshman conquer the insurmountable tasks forced upon a fellow frosh by their most formidable enemy, the almighty sophomore. Sophomores, are in fact, the upperclassmen most in evidence during Freshman Week — to the Freshman they personify "Joe College" — attired in somewhat battle-scarred red jackets, continually extorting cigarettes, and seeming completely familiar with everyone and everything on campus.

In September '62, however these noble creatures were as beanie-topped, placarded and cigarette-less as Frosh of '63 are now.

On a campus the size of that of UNB — not too big, not too small — and because of an initiation that allows them to retain their self-respect — and their sanity — Frosh Week thus serves as a basis for friendships that will endure through undergrad years and beyond. The round of activities supervised by the now baggy-eyed, nerve-shattered, completely exhausted Soph President (who really loves freshman — who would far sooner be the one measuring the distance between the two liquor stores with a frilly bit of feminine under-apparel than that lucky frosh forced into doing it) are a help, not a hindrance. Someday, knowing that there are nine hundred and twenty-three lengths between the liquor stores will come . . . no, no, we won't go into that.

College life does consist, first and foremost, of attending lectures, learning, writing exams, and striving towards that degree — but it also consists of coffee in the Student Centre, dances, socials, parties of all sizes types, descriptions and sobriety — of attending or participating in hockey, football, basketball and many other extracurricular activities — and friendships are soon, easily, and plentifully made.

In another year — September '64 — it will be this year's freshman who will be saying —

HI THERE — HOW WAS YOUR SUMMER?

What's That? Can't Hear You!

We picked the following news items out of the Montreal Star, August 14 issue.

"A British Columbia high school teacher and a drama instructor from Montreal teamed up yesterday to urge university professors to 'project'.

Miss Norma Springfield, of Sir George Williams University, told the fourth annual drama seminar that 'speech in this country and particularly in the high schools and universities is appalling'.

She is often approached by students who complain that they cannot hear their professors.

High school drama teacher Tom Herr, from Kamloops B. C., agreed and said: "One of the disasters of Canadian universities today is that too many knowledgeable men in the teaching profession cannot project their voices'."

Professors please take note.

Brunswickan



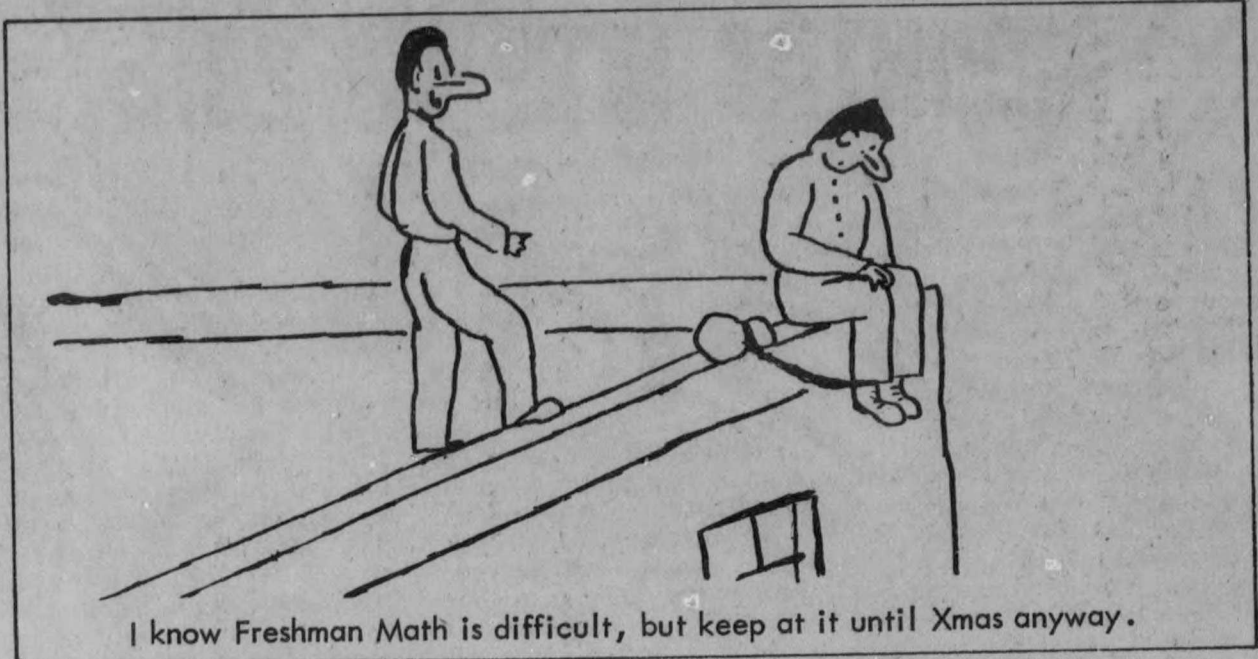
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OFFICE: Memorial Students' Centre

PHONE GRanite 5-5191

Russell Irvine
Editor-in-Chief
Bob Cooper
Managing Editor
Charles English
Business Manager

This paper was put together with the cooperation of a few stray freshman and some old friends. Ticking the keys were Nancy Tanton, Jennifer Black, Muriel Ann Walker, Mike Hutchins, and ME. Margaret Hagerman sat on a desk and wrote things on the back of pictures. Ann Colwell learned how to lay out a paper. Chas ran around looking worried. Tony Dew, Jeff Goldman and Dave Clark did some sports (heh heh). Jeff Andrews leaned on the layout table, picking up gobs of atmosphere. Ian Stoddard was here. Russ fought with Sandy, again, and again, about who was smaller and/or taller. And all sorts of people meandered in looking, in vain, for their yearbooks.



I know Freshman Math is difficult, but keep at it until Xmas anyway.

Schools Should Stop Experimenting

— from Telegraph-Journal, May 14, 1963.

Dear Sir:

I noticed an article in your paper recently, stating that educators would hold sessions at UNB for various purposes. In my opinion, if we would do away with a number of these educators and hold fewer sessions, not only would our pocketbooks be lined a little better but our children would be much better off.

Since World War II there have been a number of changes in our schools. One change was, instead of teaching the sounds of the letters of the alphabet, sight-reading was introduced. Now our high school students cannot spell or read.

Then the method of teaching arithmetic was revised and in order to add and subtract, balls and sticks entered the classroom. It is most annoying when I ask a high school student to add 14 and eight, and they stand and count on their

fingers.

Now these methods have not confused the children and parents enough, so in September, a new experiment is being introduced in Grade 7 arithmetic. If this fails who is going to suffer? Not the educators, but your children and mine. I realize the world is moving ahead very fast, but don't two and two still make four?

Another thing that amuses but yet irritates me is when one of my children comes to

me with a textbook and says: "Will you help me with this? We have six pages to read over and study". When I sit down to explain what is on the pages, I find a story of Jane and Bob or John and Judy, and about six lines of studying. In my opinion, if you give a child something to study he will do it, and it doesn't have to be candy-coated or served on a silver platter.

An Interested But Confused Mother.

WANTED!

Trained film projectionist to do projection for Film Society on Sunday evenings.

See Professor Lane, office 322 Carleton Hall, or Professor Rowan, office 319 Carleton Hall, to arrange for interviews.

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ATTENTION CAMPUS POLICE

There will be an organizational meeting for all those interested in joining the Campus Police force in Room 206, Forestry and Geology Building, on Wednesday, September 25 at 8:00 p.m.

All interested - BE THERE!
John Marshall
Chief of Campus Police