



THE
FAN

SELF PRAISE IS NO PRAISE...

Here We are, all going to UNB, the "Greatest University" ... but IS it the greatest university? The very confident McGill student asks: "And what university do YOU attend?" and you reply with equal confidence, "UNB" ... "Oh yes", he says, "In Halifax" ... or "What are you taking, FORESTRY???" ... and, quite often, "Oh, yes, UNB ... that's UN Booze, isn't it???" ... Why this apathy, this ignorance of the reputation of the World renowned (at least in England) University of New Brunswick? Could it be that since "Iron Bars do Not a Prison Make" perhaps "Red Brick Buildings Do Not a University Make" ... it is the Students that make the reputation of a bow college ... because that is really what we are and it is our fault. The fact that our academic refugees keep "bragging up" our university without academic justification for it does not impress the better equipped, better educated, better oriented students of Canada's BETTER universities ...

MUD FOR THE BEAVER DAM...

Every so often in the contemporary scene people, through their own hard work, integrity, and application to their work achieve the right to be called "Great" ... doctors, diplomats, writers, and even movie stars gain it ... Liz Taylor ... Then there are others; the Will Rogers Juniors, the Ted Kennedys, etc., who live in the reflected glory of their famous kins ...

UNB played host to one of these last week ... a man rich in mis-information, facetiousness, and lack of cooperation ... an insult to the intelligence of even the most uninformed university student ... In spite of the publicity testifying to the immense store of experience, success, and personality of "X", the questions put to him by the UNB student body, were, in many cases poorly answered or not answered at all ...

True, in a university the calibre of ours, the quality of questions may not be as high as they would be from the British colleges, still, whether he was impressed or not, he was here as a guest of the school, and should have given honest, if not satisfactory, answers to the students questions. Some of our scholars even took time out from their coffee breaks to attend the lectures ... but many students are complaining about the visit generally agreeing that they were disappointed, slighted, and even insulted by our guest's apparent lack of interest in us and our opinions ...

Next week: "The Non-resident Members of the Campus"

ERROR

The Brunswickan apologizes for the error on page 3 of the last issue. The column under **COLUMN III** should have been printed under **THE FAN**, and vice versa. Ed.

ART-I-FACTS

Let's get with it, Artistsmen! We would like to see a really big crowd at the next meeting of the Arts Society on Thursday, October 10, at 7:30 p.m. in the Tartan Room of the Students Centre.

Now, many people may be somewhat confused as to the purposes and activities of the Arts Society. The name itself tends to conjure up images of a group of austere, eccentric pseudo-intellectuals who gather periodically for dull discussions and a steady diet of classical music. Nothing could be further from the truth. Our purpose is to bring the members of a large and diversified faculty together for group participation in campus activities, friendly exchange of ideas, and a really good time. In the Society, you can find a worthwhile investment of your time, talents, interests and ideas.

The Arts Society has planned several new and interesting activities for the coming year. The most immediate of these is, of course, Arts Week, which falls at the end of this month, and which will be climaxed by the presentation of this year's Arts Queen. Nominations for Arts Queen should be given to either Janet Stuart or Flossie Stickle at or before Thursday's meeting.

During Arts Week we will publish a special issue of the Brunswickan. To make this a real success we need your active cooperation. Poems, short stories, and general articles are all needed. These may be given to either Warren Mizener at Jones House or to Flossie Stickle.

Consolidation of our plans for Arts Week will be the main item on Thursday's agenda. Come along and give us your opinions and suggestions. Remember, you can only expect of your Society what you are willing to put into it.

Column III
ed bell

'A MORAL STORY'

It was two weeks before the class from the military academy graduated ... and then off to the Great War. The studies had been hard, the discipline harder ... and before them was war. The chief interest of each of the cadets was one last fling at the joys of civilization before descending into the inferno. And that of course meant women in the big city ...

Now in the big city was a lady named Monique, whose fame for her charms had spread far and wide. But alas! An evening with Monique cost \$2000, and this was far beyond the means of any of the cadets. However, a few of the more enterprising cadets hit upon a plan. Why should the honour of the corps be wasted on anything but the best? A lottery could be arranged at \$5 a ticket; the winner would take the whole \$2000 and have the ecstasy of a night in the arms of Monique!

The contest was duly held, and the whole amount was thrust into the hands of a handsome cadet named Jean. His rejoicing was cut short by an order to appear immediately in the office of the commandant, where the following conversation ensued:

"My boy, the secrecy concerning your lottery is to no avail. I know that you won, and that your assignment is tonight. Son, I envy you! Ah! To sample the charms of Monique. That too has been my own greatest dream. But you must not keep the lady waiting. You will be making a great contribution to the morale of the corps, the fulfilment of a cherished dream ... But you must go in the style which befits the honour of the task. You shall have my car and driver. Godspeed!"

It was thus that Jean arrived at the secluded estate where so many men had fancied to go. He was received by the lady in a most gracious manner ... She took his coat and money ... and wine was served ... and music was played ... and the joys of the evening exceeded even his wildest expectations ...

As the sun crept over the horizon the next morning, Monique awoke. As she looked at the strong, young face on the pillow beside her ... so fresh and innocent in sleep ... she wept at the agony which she knew must come to this face and so many like it. She must do something for these men of the corps, so eager and so brave. She smiled and went to get her purse ...

After Jean had breakfasted and was ready at the door to take his leave, Monique reached up and kissed him wistfully on the cheek, slipping a crumpled banknote into his hand:

"Good luck, mon petit ... return to your regiment and give them my love. You may tell them that my heart is with them and that for the honour of the corps, you are the only man to ever sleep in this house without it costing him a cent. Au revoir."

Jean entered the waiting auto and sank back into the soft seat with a sigh of gratitude. Oh! To have been so lucky! To have spent a night with Monique, and to have gotten his money back ... He opened his hand ... and stared in amazement at the sight of a crumpled five dollar bill.

Laff

'Who's that girl?'
'Didn't I tell you? That's the girl I slept with.'
'Oh? Where?'
'In Economics class.'

That girl says she wouldn't stay out so late if the boys didn't make her.

GOOD ADVICE:
"Don't Smoke in bed."
J. Crocker

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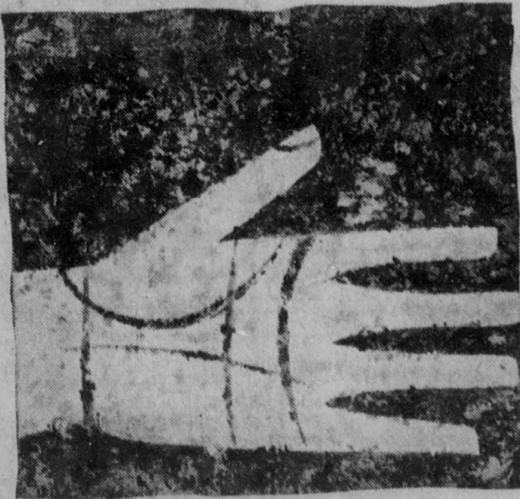
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