

Phys Ed queen candidates chosen



Judy Pyres

A second year co-ed from Montreal, Judy's favorite sport is gymnastics. She is a member of the Varsity gymnastics team and would like to coach after having seen some of the world.



Ginny Russel

A tall blond, Ginny is also second year. She especially enjoys skiing and tennis. During the summer, Ginny works as a section director at a camp. She hopes to take post graduate work at U. of A. after U.N.B.



Lynn Swift

Lynn is native of Fredericton. She is a diver on the UNB swim team. Other interests are skating and skiing. After graduating she hopes to coach at the university level.



Chris Easterbrook

Chris hails from Fredericton and is in her third year. Aside from interests in sailing and tennis, she is a member of the mermaids. After touring Europe for a year, Chris would like to settle in Alberta.



Jean McMullin

Jean came to UNB from Moncton. Jean likes most sports and her hobby is sewing. She is interested in pursuing social work after getting her degree.



Karen Fraser

A second year student in P.E., Karen likes most sports particularly sailing and field hockey. She likes working with children and would like to travel before settling down.

Free at last?

The Everdale people

by douglas perry
brunswickan staff

Mark, aged 14, thinks and talks like a responsible person twice his age. He is one of six students from The Everdale-Place who participated in a Student Christian Movement-sponsored teach-in last Tuesday.

The Everdale Place is a remarkable experiment in community learning. At Everdale the students run almost everything except the hiring and firing of teachers. Classes are voluntary. Shakespeare and algebra are voluntary. Exams are voluntary. Said Al Rimmer, a member of the staff and one of the prime movers behind Everdale, "If they want an exam, I will set them one, but I don't set any of my own."

There is no prescribed course of study unless the students intend to go on to university, in which case they have to follow the Ontario Grade 13 curriculum.

Everdalers don't necessarily go in for book-learning, though. Students keep pets, a couple of dairy cows, some pigs and care for a garden that helps make them self-supporting.

Students also have a wood-working shop, and many students spend their time stripping and rebuilding auto engines.

The Everdale Place is in the country, just north of Toronto, and the students, many of whom come from big-city homes, count the rural setting as one of Everdale's assets. Nature Hikes and rural rambles are frequent and well-liked.

More than all this, however, Everdale seems to have a certain attitude, a certain atmosphere that comes through strongly in her people. Mark is only one example of the remarkable effect that Everdale has on those who know her. All six of the Everdale people at the teach-in were, unconsciously perhaps, projecting the self-confidence, individuality and sincerity that seem to be the hallmarks of Everdalers.

The inspiration for Everdale came from a famous precedent in England — Summerhill School. Summerhill was the first "free school" which is what you might categorize Everdale as, if you wanted to

categorize it. It was begun in the 1920's by Alexander Neill, and I recommend his book, "Summerhill" as basic reading to anyone interested. Neill, as he is known to his students at Summerhill, had taught in English schools for many years before he began Summerhill as his way of changing the world.

Today, 40-odd years later, Summerhill is still going strong. The typical English grammar school, Neill believed, produced repressed, unhappy human beings. Neill used as his only measure of success the degree of happiness of his pupils. In his book, Neill lashes out at contemporary schools that crushed children, suppressed sex, tested at every turn with objective criteria each pupil's learning. Neill, a great believer in Freud's theories, abolished exams, puritanism and repression from Summerhill.

If children wanted to play all day, they played. Ten year olds who couldn't read were condoned at Summerhill, teenage loves were tolerated. The result? Summerhill produced, above all, happy people.

Pink and Grey

by charles w. brown
brunswickan staff

And so when I wake up this week it is my student duty not to be funny about it because now everything is so serious and only somebody with a twisted blackcomedy mind like myself which is anti-social could possibly find anything funny in it so I go metaphorically back to sleep and I retreat from reality and I will tell you all instead a nice pure little feary story.

Once upon a time there were three thousand or so bears who lived happily in the middle of a big forest and they were very happy little bears for there was Papa Bear but no Mama Bear which may have something to do with it and there were as I say three thousand Baby Bears. And Papa Bear gave them each day their daily porridge and the spoons were counted afterwards and there was never any case of anyone eating porridge that was not theirs for each bear carried with him at all times a small piece of specially-engraved birch-bark which had great magical properties and safeguarded the family against possible consumption of their porridge by non-Bears.

Now Papa Bear having such a large family was as you may well understand a very busy Bear and since he was a very conscientious Father (there was not a sparrow fell in the whole of the forest but He knew of it) he had a number of Uncle Bears to assist him in the task of bringing up all the little Baby Bears. And to make sure that the Uncle Bears did their work as conscientiously as He did, (for he was a truly Fatherly Bear) He had set over the Uncle Bears a number of Overbearings and they fulfilled his every word with that reverence for His goodness and love and that faith in his unsearchable wisdom that is naturally given to any true Father. And all was happy in the Big Forest.

But Papa Bear was not altogether happy. For he (and at first He alone) knew that there was a world Outside of the Big Forest, and he knew that in that world there were Wolves. Now it is not easy for a Wolf to kill a Bear, certainly not a Big Papa Bear but you see Wolves have a habit of hunting in packs, and it is possible for a pack of wolves to overcome a bear. And Papa Bear knew that this was indeed what was happening Outside the Forest and he was afraid for all his little baby bears, for they knew no better.

In fact, so naive were they that they had already made friends with some Wolves, because (you know) Wolves are cunning and clever and can do all sorts of tricks that poor bumble-witted little bears do not know. And Papa Bear warned his family: "My children, trust not these Wolves that are come among you, for verily they would destroy you and all the family, and in the end the Forest itself." And indeed there were many who believed Papa Bear, because he was good and Fatherly and gave them their daily porridge. Yet there were some of the baby bears who were not convinced, and Papa Bear lay awake long nights worrying over their ursine souls and the possible loss of his somewhat large ration of porridge.

Perhaps it was not the amount of porridge that worried him so much, as the possibility that he might not, did the Wolves get their way, be any longer able to dish it out to the Overbearings, and they to the Uncle Bears, and they in turn to the baby bears, and all be happy, happy, happy.

Many indeed were the clever and amusing antics of the wolves, and if I were to tell you them all, you would not be able to go to bed at eight o'clock as all good children should. But at length, one of the wolves, who was (believe it or not) masquerading as an Uncle Bear, said and did unforgiveable things about the sacred pieces of birch-bark that were part of the treasured heritage of Bear life and culture; and he was sent out into the Forest in disgrace. And some of the baby bears (who were very soft-hearted) felt sorry for him all alone in the Big Forest and sat down and REFUSED TO EAT THEIR PORRIDGE!

But Papa Bear and the Overbearings, who knew how baby bears can be very trying, left them alone for a long while. But then, the whole purpose of a household of Bears is to eat porridge, and obviously this could not go on indefinitely.

So in the end, with great reluctance, one of the Overbearings was sent to tell them to eat their porridge, or Father would be very angry. And they would not, and Papa Bear was indeed very angry, and so were the Senior Uncle Bears, and the outlook was black with tinges of blue. For the duty of all good little baby bears is to eat their porridge and keep away from the company of wolves, and grow in time into big strong healthy bears and perhaps one day they too may be Papa Bears and have a big big happy family.

And what, you ask, happened to the bad little bears? I will tell you, perhaps, when you are a little older; for such things are too terrible for a little bear to hear. But I will whisper that they came back very changed little bears. Perhaps they might some day go and live with the Wolves. It is even said, that if we are not careful, perhaps someday we shall all be wolves

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