

Brunswickan

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Ode to a Fisherman OR A Man Called Peter

Peter was a fisherman. He had a nice new fishing boat. It was painted in black and white stripes. He used to take his boat on weekly fishing expeditions. Peter had to come back with a large catch so that he could satisfy the hungry gleam in the eyes of his many children — about 1800 of them. Peter was a very ethical man and he always stayed within his teditorial limits. He continued to lay his nets weekly but soon found that his catches were dwindling. It bothered Peter to return with empty nets while other fishermen were getting bountiful catches.

Now, Peter was a mortal man and he was subject to temptation. One sunny day as he stood in his boat pulling in his empty nets he thought he heard a lilting voice over the sea. "Methinks I hear a lilting voice over the sea", he said. He mused awhile and stroked his beard. The sound again he thought he heard. A second time he spoke and said, "That sound is reeling in my head". He stared bewildered into the sun-lit sea, "Behold, a mermaid do I see". Before his eyes the waters swelled and from out of the depths there rang a yell, "Peeeeter, Peeeeter, cod-fish eater, come with me to water deeper". Peter saw her shimmering green form glinting in the torrid sun. She enticed him past the teditorial limit. Entranced, his ears perceived a distant chant. From land 1500 voices plaintively wailed in harmonious descant: "Peter row the boat ashore, Dalulget you". But he continued to follow in the wake of that tantalizing tale. The sky grew black and thunder rumbled in its depths. A wayward albatross perchance did light upon the prow, opened up his horny beak and suddenly cried, "meeowww". The waves went "slappity-slap" and the wind went "hiss" and "boo" but Peter stood in his boat of wood and simply said, "Oh, pooh".

He strained to see the mermaid in the din and there she tread with a tigerish grin. She purred: "Now pull your catch in".

Peter felt a great strength boil (at breakfast he'd taken his cod-liver oil). His muscles flexed and his sinews stretched as into the boat he hauled his catch. A catch so great he'd never seen, he almost ruptured his spleen.

Whilst 'morgst his multi-finn-ed friends, their slimy dermi stinking, the port and starboard flew askew, said Pete, "Methinks I'm sinking".

Alas! Poor Peter couldn't bear the heavy load he bore. He left his haul, boat, fish and all and dog-paddled in to shore.

Peter dragged his dripping body from the raging sea. Many people had gathered to hear him tell his story. A man in a trench-coat approached the near-dead Peter, pulled out his paper and pencil and said, "I'm from CUP, I wonder if you could tell me..."

Peter propped himself up on his elbow, straightened his spectacles and with tremulous finality whispered, "No comment".

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HANDS OFF THE BOMB

Dear Sir:

Apart from the (to me) disturbing views expressed in Jock Coulson's article "Man the Bomb" (Brunswickan, Nov. 10), it is evident that the collection of typical assertions which he repeats are not even consistent; he says, on the one hand, that "the avowed purpose of the various 'ban the bomb' groups is noble and beyond criticism", and, a few paragraphs later states, "Groups of 'patriotic' citizens who advocate cutbacks of any sort in military spending are committing an act bordering on treason." Perhaps, because of this confusion, it is unfair to attack Mr. Coulson's argument, but since it affords an opportunity for the "other side" to speak, it will serve as a starting point.

In speaking of the various groups who have attempted to do something more positive than moan fatalistically about the current world crisis, Mr. Coulson has condemned them all roundly as being "infiltrated with cranks and disillusioned intellectuals", thereby implying that they are not only strange, but frightening, to the 'ordinary' person. I should like to point out that the world's problems, firstly, must be combatted on an intellectual plane (recent history has supplied us with sufficient examples of the follies to which emotionalism can lead us), and, secondly, that if one admires groups on the basis of the width of their popularity, one eventually is led to applaud such organizations as the Elvis fan clubs—or Nazism. The origination of ideas has always come from a minority — there is nothing ominous about this, except that in the present case it means that a few are having to be conscious for the entire population of the world, who are all, undeniably, in danger of exterminating themselves. The fact that most people are asleep may only mean that when they are wakened that it could be by the loudest Bang! the world has ever heard, or even will hear.

It is known that there already exists, in the hands of the major countries, enough destructive nuclear power to destroy the world several times over — is it not excessive, then, to clamour for an increase, at stupendous public expense? What about our professed ideals, that, apparently, we would so hate to be without

that we would prefer death to their loss? Are we to continue to starve our educational system in order to build up our defense system? A system which would be unlikely to offer any efficient form of "defense" in any case? An apparent victim of the Panic, so cleverly and zealously nourished by such hallowed organs as *Life* and *Times* magazines, Mr. Coulson feels that "even temporary cessation of nuclear tests would put us at the mercy of the communist world". Does he fear the effects that the resultant increase in fall-out might have upon our poor addled brains? Or is he of the school of thought which insists on the possibility of being able to create threats without also creating fears? To stockpile defense weapons endlessly without intent of usage would also be "unrealistic".

Even though the delicate state of our economy might have to be examined thoroughly and new stimulants devised, we must look forward to the day when there is no need to produce armaments at all — or no need to produce anything at all, the human race having been effectively eradicated.

Unless disarmament on a universal scale is achieved, Nehru is right in saying that we shall all be living like rats in the ground. But how is this to be accomplished? This brings us to the question of unilateral disarmament which Mr. Coulson terms "utterly unrealistic", and which I admit to be risky. All action must have starting point, and since it is abundantly clear that we cannot bring ourselves to expect THEM to disarm, why not take the initiative (one of the freedoms of democracy) and begin where we can supervise the process ourselves? Which means, as Canadians, that we resist our country's acquiring them. Or have we become so alarmed, overawed and helpless that we are no longer able even to trust ourselves?

Anneke Deichmann

MR. HARRIS REPLIES

Dear Sir:

With reference to last Friday's frightening letters concerning my remarks on the SRC budget: as it is very impractical to shoot myself, though doubtless some readers will disagree, I should like to apologize to Tom Sifton for my misrepresentation of what was expressed by members of the Drama Society, and for causing him undue embarrassment. I am fully aware that the Society sells a block of tickets to the SRC — my quarrel was with the final amount of money, and not the method by which it was obtained. Ron Scott, by deftly employing a mass of figures (which greatly confused me as I have been here only two months), pointed out that the sum received by the Drama Society was not "far below that required", as I had previously stated. Before such authorities, I can only try to back out gracefully.

I also wish to apologize to Nick Mulder, who has taken personal offence, according to my misdirected mind. However, Mr. Mulder, if I cannot be reasoned with (a gross assumption, I assure you) why did you bother to address the letter in my direction? And if I am an idiot, you need not be disturbed. Surely you must look upon a misinformed quack like me as being too ridiculous to consider seriously. Could it be that you do not approve of people suggesting the Yearbook is not worth \$12,-581.90? One does not have to attend UNB for four years to realize that the Yearbook receives the second largest single grant of any campus publication or activity. This would indicate that the Yearbook is considered, next to the Brunswickan, the most important part of university life. Would it not be a gratifying achievement if, for example, the university working through WU-SC (which receives one dollar

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