

A Name in the News

Heather From Halifax

Halifax has long been noted for its big ships and pretty girls. Photographic and very photogenic evidence of the latter is pictured in this column in the person of Miss Heather Worsley, newly-elected Miss Business Administration.

Measuring a delightful 36"-25"-36" distributed over a 5' 6" frame, this lovely sprig of Heather from old Nova Scotia has blond hair, the radiance of which we'll bet glimmers through the dullness of port city fogs.

A graduate of Queen Elizabeth High School in the Nova Scotia capital, Heather is enrolled in second year Physical Education at UNB, having chosen the hillside campus because "it is a wonderful college with good facilities." She is a real sports fan listing basketball as her favourite spectator sport and synchronized swimming as her chief hobby. An added note on the sports line, Heather is a second cousin of New York Ranger goalie, Gump Worsley. She spends her summers doing recreational camp work, having previously been a counsellor at Rainbow Haven, a youth camp in Nova Scotia.

Getting around to likes and dislikes, Heathers lists Mantovani as her favourite orchestra leader, Tommy Edwards as her favourite male vocalist, and Jane Froman, as her favourite female vocalist, and adds "I'd rather see or hear anything other than Elvis Presley." Steaks constitute her favourite meals—"I could eat steak for breakfast, dinner, and supper."

What sort of man must the eventual Worsley mate be? Well, he must have "good looks, a good personality, be tall, and preferably dark, with brown eyes."

Heather feels that nowadays people get married too young but says that anytime after the age of 22 or 23 is all right.

Heather was named Business Administration Queen just two days before her 18th birthday and terms the selection, "quite a thrill" adding



that right now, "I'm pretty scared."

LET'S HAVE A SONG!

by JOHN DREW

A school song must be written right now. Why? Well, for various reasons.

First, unless someone writes a song soon there will be nothing (other than Maggie Jeaners), beautiful left to write about. Local beetles have almost completed their campaign to reduce our elms to stately stumps. Meanwhile local contractors have almost completed their campaign to despoil our hillside with their cramped cluster of ugly buildings. Sentimentalists should get composing before the river and the forest are hidden by solid square red (though not black) bricks.

Secondly, Coach Nelson, surely, would not want to line up a Football game with Varsity Blues next year and find that UNB fans still used the Toronto yell (as we now do).

Last but not least, \$200 in cash prizes is being offered for the best anthems and fight songs. Well, all of us have a sentimental attachment to money.

So, let's have a song. Something more than a sick joke to make us cry at graduation each May as we go downtown to paint Lord Beaverbrook's statue red. Some stirring song which will force even the most cynical Toronto-bound graduate to murmur: "See ya later, alma mater."

SOPRANO HIGHLIGHTS CONCERT

Dianne Oxner, Soprano, will be featured in a concert, Tuesday evening, November 24, at 7.30 in Memorial Hall.

A native of Lunenburg, N.S., Miss Oxner is now living in Saint John, N.B. She began her musical education at an early age, continuing in Boston, and graduating from the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. She has made appearances in Boston, Philadelphia, and Atlantic City, and is well known in Canada via her radio and television appearances. She has also recorded Nova Scotia Folk songs and children songs. While in Halifax, Miss Oxner made numerous appearances with the Halifax Symphony, and accompanied it two seasons ago when the orchestra toured Nova Scotia. A talented actress, Miss Oxner is equally at home on the operatic stage, and has sung several roles with the Nova Scotia Opera Association.

Miss Oxner is also very interested in teaching singing. Formerly on the staff of the Maritime Conservatory of Music in Halifax, she is now the voice teacher at the New Brunswick Academy of Music in Saint John, and is teaching privately in Fredericton.

Helen Murray, who is also on the staff of the New Brunswick Academy of Music, will accompany Miss Oxner at the piano.

Said a voice from a parked car: "What were you drinking tonight, rubbing alcohol?"

Dave Fairbairn

THE HOTBED



The McGill Drinking team came to UNB last Friday night. They were soundly trounced by the experienced stalwarts from UNB. They returned to Montreal convinced that they had been wronged. We cheated.

For instance, in any sane community people will drink out of a glass. They will drink in the open in happy surroundings. They will not drink straight liquor out of a bottle. They will not drink where it is cold and dark because they want to be "safe"—like behind the gym for instance.

Of course, we took advantage of the McGill Drinking Team. They are used to having a drink, and acting like ladies and gentlemen when doing so. They do not act boorish and disgusting as our present liquor laws suggest that we do. They do not guzzle alcohol as if there were no future in living. It is ridiculous to suggest it, but they act civilized.

They were disappointed that they lost. They are going to practice drinking straight out of the bottle. Out in the cold and the dark—like behind the gym for instance. They are going to see the premier of Quebec and suggest he regress back to the days of the ape, close all the Quebec bars, and force people to misuse liquor.

They think it is a fine idea to have no bars at dances. If this were so, people might enjoy themselves. That is not the point of drinking. Much better that people get loaded and drive a car out on the highway. So loaded that their senses will be dulled, and they will not here the thud as some pedestrian is plastered against the grill. So loaded that they will not be able to see the blood as some pedestrian is splattered all over their windshield. So loaded that they really won't mind killing someone.

Do you know what happens if the long arm of the laws catches you with an open bottle of liquor in your car? You may as well be dead. "This will stop them from drinking," chortle the politicians. "If we can't have it on us, we'll have it in us," chortle the people. The people do put it in them too—not a few drinks that they buy at a bar—a whole bottle. Smart thinking by the government.

The situation will continue to exist. Because, at the moment it is not particularly ugly. Someday many people will be killed on the highway because of these unprogressive and insane liquor laws. Then the government of this province will have to take a good long look at itself. They will have to change the liquor laws. It is too bad the new ones will have to be written with blood that has dried and hardened on the highway. It is too bad they will have to use the skin of the victims as government parchment. It is too bad that it will take death to prove they are wrong.

Our condolences to the McGill Drinking team. They lost. They lost a terrific chance to act like cavemen. We, of N.B. remain as the only cavemen on the North American continent.

WOMEN DESIRED

"Ladies of all shapes and sizes are wanted," says Vern Smitz, director of the newly formed UNB Bridge Club. The stronger sex has been turning out in droves at the regular meetings of this club. Last Tuesday 6 tables were on hand, as well as an extra foursome, who preferred not to enter into the duplicate game. This made a total gathering of 28 players, most of them men. "We'd like to see a few co-eds, and faculty wives to add a bit of glamour," quotes Mr. Smitz, after an exhausting meeting in which he doubled as director and instructor.

In three evenings well over 50 different people have participated. The bridge is good, the competition keen, and the evening enjoyable. Contrary to some sources, faculty members and their wives are welcome to come. And if a gathering of 12 people cannot make it at the regularly scheduled time of 7:30 they can come as late as 9.00 o'clock and still be allowed to play duplicate in a shortened version of the game.

"Yes, we'd like to see more members," said the director, "but I'm really encouraged. Our present membership is a loyal one, and the club is really picking up."

The FRANK NG FUND is three days old. Frank Ng, a Senior Science student and former resident of the LBR, is still lying in a hospital bed in a lonely TB sanatorium at St. Agathe, Quebec. Today, however, Frank has more than just a few isolated friends. Student response to the campaign initiated by the *Brunswickan* editorial staff has been steady to date. The fund set up to help Frank during his hospitalization is growing. Have YOU, as a fellow student of the University of New Brunswick, done your good deed and contributed to Frank's welfare? A worthy cause has been placed before the student body. What have you done to help?

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Treasure Van Monday

Treasure Van is a display-sale of international handi-crafts undertaken by World University Service of Canada. Profits from the sales help finance the International Programme of Action, which is devoted to helping students in other countries with projects in the areas of health, lodging, and educational equipment.

Treasure Van has carried out an annual fall sale in universities across Canada since 1952. This is possible only with assistance of students at the various universities who help in unpacking, setting up, and sales.

Each year Treasure Van tries to add the crafts of new countries, while continuing to display those which have proved popular in the past. It is interesting to picture the cultures and traditions of countries personally unknown to you, by examining their crafts.

Treasure Van will be open November 23, 24 and 26, from 12:30 pm until 10 pm. The display sale will be opened by Premier Hugh John Flemming on Monday, Nov. 23 at 2:30 p.m.

No doubt you heard about the bull who leaped clumsily over the barbed wire fence to join a cow. In jumping, he inflicted serious damage on himself, then said, "How now, brown cow?"

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