

UNB Renegade Reveals:

The Spirit of Chicago

Chicago — the Frederickton of the U.S.A. A proud boast, but, of course, we just don't have the same amount of violence down here as you do in the capital city. Al Capone would quail before a UNB jacket if he were alive today. The odd University of Chicago student gets beaten up and robbed but there are no full-scale knife fights.

UNB is a city hidden in the trees. At U of C the trees of the campus and the parks are lost in a city sprawl. Whereas UNB is situated in a 'respectable' area (and are not all parts of Frederickton 'respectable') U of C is right in the heart of the South Side, a fashionable part in Victorian times which has decayed before the muddy wave of negro invasion.

UNB and U of C both owe their existence to the conscience of Capitalism. But where UNB has a hockey rink bearing the name of Beaverbrook, U of C has a chapel (somewhat larger than most cathedrals (named after Rockefeller. Which fact causes me to wonder if anyone has suggested to a certain Someone that he might build a cathedral 'Up the Hill', perhaps where the Faculty Club now stands?)

The 2,000 undergraduates here (as opposed to 4,000 grads) are conformist in their non-conformity. They let their hair grow long (ugh, a disgusting habit) but understandable when a haircut costs \$2.25. A majority wear jeans and French berets. Many have black shirts and beards. Indeed, if Joe Mulder and my friends from Aitken arrived here they would be mistaken for owners of a local Funeral Home—or as 'frat' types from Northwestern U.

Only a few 'frats' try to keep going on the U of C campus—and one of these rather resembles the Alex A.C., much to the annoyance of the 'cocktail hour chaps' of their national organization. The lack of 'frats' is one reason why there is no 'rah, rah'. The other is because there is no football team here. Don Nelson would be out of a job, for too few students turned up to make a team worthwhile, the football class in Phys. Ed. has been abandoned through lack of interest.

The beatnik co-eds are just crazy (like way out man) and might be concrete lamp posts for all the response one could get out of them. It may be that their hair slinking down over their eyes doesn't permit them to see anyone else. A representative sampling (Psych 200 method) of the attractive co-ed grads revealed that their undergraduate days were not wasted in idle study. Almost all are married (faithfully!). Even (and don't hit me!) the Maggie Jeaners would put most of the Chicago girls to shame. Not even the Managing Editor of the Brunswickan smokes cigarettes and chews gum at the same time!

Where UNB has its Woodlot, U of C has Jackson Park. Both are beautiful, the difference being that in Jackson Park you get what you don't want. The heavier feeling in the head and the lighter feeling in the wallet are a result of being on the wrong end of a piece of lead piping.

The reputation of a university here is based on the number of professors who fill the numerous

'scholarly journals' with articles. They publish—or perish. For this reason they take large classes quickly, often get readers to mark assignments, and hurry back to research. Facts are vital; ideas superfluous. Unlike UNB, U of C has a four-quarter term system, and academic year consisting of three-term residences. There are mid-term tests and final examinations at the end of each quarter.

For news and gossip U of C just isn't in the running with



Critic: P. JOHN DREW

'vis' teenagers screaming love without votes. Except for the few moments when Kennedy was present, it was rather like Winter Carnival without the snow and without the spontaneity. A few nights later Nixon was in town addressing us as 'My Fellow Americans' (shades of Somebody!) and asking us to vote for God. But neither party here offered me so much as a bottle of rum for my vote.

Oh, and finally I have a paragraph dedicated to the UNB prof whose tumny was so, so delicate that he was nauseated by the red of UNB jackets. I wore mine for the first time here one Saturday afternoon while I was playing soccer. Up 'til then virtually no one I had met knew where New Brunswick was. As the team waited for a bus a couple of 'exiles' from Saint John stopped me and talked over old times in the province. When we arrived at the field one of our opponents recognized the jacket. He had spent a number of holidays up-river where his parents originally lived. Finally as we travelled home after the game, a couple who had lived in Moncton, amazed to see 'Big Red', invited me to their apartment for a meal one weekend.

So New Brunswick isn't so far away after all—and with the vast rail yards here no one disturbs you if you want to play with the trolley-cars . . . !

STUDENT DIRECTORIES ON SALE IN THE UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE

UNB. So big is the U of C that it has no official GTC (Gossip Tabulation Centre) like the Barn or an unofficial one like the Brunswickan office. Further, instead of one central cafeteria there are a number of small cellars and cafes.

Unlike the lively format of the Brunswickan, the Chicago 20-page weekly, the Maroon, is dull, uninspired—and reliable. Of course, Ed Bell doesn't write for it. Even so its 'conservative report on a recent visit by Linus Pauling and its coverage of the Socialist club activities have damned it as 'Communist-inspired'.

In such a big city with its concerts, opera and clubs and in a university which attracts top lecturers and performers the students create little extra-curricular activity themselves. This is partly the result of the prominence of a hard-working graduate school (including me!). Even the Students' Peace Union pack up their soap-boxes when the cops arrive to clear away 'the Reds'.

The big city does have advantages. We shall have the Canadiens here to play the Black Hawks in the Stanley Cup final. The other week Jack Kennedy came through for a big parade. This provided quite a spectacle. The only new slogans that worried me were those calling for 'A New Frontier'. It sounded like another Canadian border 'Fifty-four forty or Fight' campaign. The streets were filled with placards. Six or seven searchlights played on the sky and across the skyscrapers as half a million Democrats (mainly under voting age) marched behind decorated floats, playing bands and hordes of Smilin' Jack's 'Elvis the Pel-

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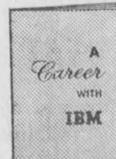
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