Chris Franklin an
cement Committo ently been establise with the Placemen ning student job pla has new appointee en Edison, Rick Fist Gillezeau.
d University fligh able during the Chrit he flights are sched Dec. 16 and returf re remains a possite ater flight providin cient demand.
irectories are on s ffice for 25 cents.

## neen

red from page 8 3 have any character might distinguish it anadian universities?
are the oldest. nis reason, a great have ties to UNB, their parents or even
the only Surveyin course in English he level we offer, and ly the best such course nerica, as well as being best in the world. e of only four Forestry Canada. Our computis the most versatile times, and our degree is subject, with both nd Master's degrees, xtensive in this region,

NB has never tried to fo our province. We on as many students le the province as the will give us grants for." ing asked if he wished thing more concerning as President, Dineen There are quite a few ould like to add, but ld not be appropriate. quote John Phinney, Engineer of the Power n , some 20 years ago, I did some work. He "Most of my problems people." People are wever it was quite an and a real education.'

## VICE

on St.
ton, N.B.

## panish country resembles romantic 1950 movies

By MARIA WAWER Pero, Senorita, Vd. no ce la sangria ${ }_{i} i$
0 , not really. Not the first Madrid. Not after spending st 24 hours (what with deat Dorval!) at airports and planes. Not when one's knowof the language is limited, all one knows is that one has tt to north-eastern Spain by with no knowledge of $s$ or buses in the country.
ill, the cabdriver was only helpful. I did not realize helpful his suggestion was I did try sangria a few days during my stay in Spain. simply described as a type ruit punch with an extra to it, sangria is exactly what d, hot person needs. Bottled , hot person
peration, Inc. a any more than Paris is pagne. The two are inexorlinked in the minds of many, n reality a modicum of flexis tolerated. I actually met otaler while in Spain - poor oul was 78 years old and on ct diet.
it was, reinforced by the nareinforcer or not (and with le help from my cabdriver), get to a train station and en to Jaca, in the Province of on, where I was to attend a en Spanish language, literhistory and art, given by niversidad de Zaragosa.
uring the train ride, 1 was $k$ by how much the modern sh countryside really does ble that which is depicted ostcards and romantic 1950 - the ones we always disas being unrealistic. Alh there may be some who ree, I found that the scenery ntral Spain, to the north-east adrid and near Guadelajara t beautiful. Striking - yes. July everything seemed July, everything seemed the small rivers which cut ind, but the rest of the earth otted with sparse, gnarled dry grass.

It is a land where one need not even squint one's eyes to imagine Don Quixote and Sancho Panza riding into view. The hills are bare and rocky, and it is a shock to see so many deserted fifteenth and sixteenth century castles built upon them.... huge fortress affairs, upon them.... huge fortress affairs,
built seemingly in the middle of nowhere. One can only imagine what toll in human energy and suffering the erection of such a building must have extracted.

The towns along the way, both big and small, could never be mistaken as being anything else but Spanish - white or yellow stone walls, red tile roofs, flower. As one got closer to the Pyrenees, all became more austere: darker houses perched precariously on the steep, limestone foothills.

At Zaragoza, the capital of Aragon, I had to switch trainsfrom the air-conditioned "Rapido" to the decidedly un-airconditioned, overcrowded, rickety and much more interesting mountain train which was to take us to Jaca, in the Pyrenees, only 20 miles from the French border. This part of the French border. Thly par of the trip, approximately 150 km or 100 miles, took three hours. But what a ride! I was the only girl travelling "unescorted" with a detachment of Spanish soldiers going home on leave.

They adopted me. It is an experience tc be adopted by the Spanish army one's first day in the country. I shall not belabour the point further.

There are two broad categories of Spanish trains. On the main lines, everyone is prim and proper. On the little side lines, it would be considered sn -ubish to just sit quietly. Food and bottles of the local wine are passed from person to person. Someone always has a guitar. Everyone sings. Due to fatigue or other factors, my Spanish was deteriorating rapidly, but who needed it! Communication plus, all around. By normal Canadian train standards, everyone seemed crazy. I was enjoying it. I

was also getting worried -I was enjoying it too much

Jaca, one o'clock in the morning. What a time to arrive. Now I was really alone, since all my army friends were going on to Canfran and Candanchy. -- i Adios, amigos!

Actually, I was too tired to have any worries except to keep from dropping before I got to my residence-wherever that was.
-Perdoneme, ¿va Vd. a la residencia de estudiantes? The chap at my side, who had apparently just come off the train, too, seemed pleasant enough.
"Ah, yes! No, no, I mean oui! Argh! No, I mean si, si!’ He laughed, picked up my suit case and left for a bus standing nearby. I followed, blushing. Ye, gads! I hated to appear like such a greenhorn tourist

We sat down on the bus to- to sleep. Someone told me these gether. I tried to summon what- sounds emanated mainly from the ever intelligence I had left in me. ever intelligedce had left me. It's hard to be coherent in Spain at $1: 30$ in the morning. Still, one had to begin parlaying with the natives sooner or later. I was to continue parlaving with this particular native for my entire stay in the country.

Found the residence. Didn't bother to unpack. Hit the sack. Woke up to glorious sunshine. Lovely town with a fabulous view of the Pyrenees. Residence with real class - and eccentricities. We had our own swimming poolbut only one hour of hot water a day in the bathroom. The maids made our beds for us everyday but all the lights were turned off in the corridors at night. The place was surrounded by a beauti ful rose garden and had a small zoo - but the animals kept making wierd noises whenever one tried
wo vultures, whose mating season it was. Not being an expert on the subject, I can't be sure.

We were served all our meals at the table. The food was excellent - beautiful paellas (rice and saffron mixed with all varieties of seafood, such as mussels, hrimp and lobster) and once a huge plate of octopus tentacles, which proved to be delicious with a very delicate flavour. 1 noticed that som.e of the little old ladies taking the course with us (we had 4 or 5 who were over 65) were af id to drink the water-so drank nothing but wine. The place also had a fully stocked bar, manned 15 hours a day with highly ef ficient (and discreet) bartenders. Cognac was 15 cents a shot.

Next Week: Part II of Spain

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