pointments to the g Committee, which Campus Planning an Chris Franklin an

cement Committe ently been establish with the Placemer ning student job ph has new appointed en Edison, Rick Fish Gillezeau.

d University flight able during the Chris he flights are sched Dec. 16 and return re remains a possible ater flight providing cient demand.

irectories are on sale ffice for 25 cents.

### neen

ued from page 8

have any character. might distinguish it anadian universities?

e are the oldest. If nis reason, a great have ties to UNB, their parents or even

e the only Surveying 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 f to our province. We on as many students le the province as the will give us grants for." ing asked if he wished There are quite a few ould like to add, but ild not be appropriate. t 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.

EMBER 10, 1972

# panish country resembles romantic 1950 movies

By MARIA WAWER

Pero, Senorita, Vd. no ce la sangria ¿ inot really. Not the first in Madrid. Not after spending ast 24 hours (what with deat Dorval!) at airports and rplanes. Not when one's knowof the language is limited, all one knows is that one has et to north-eastern Spain by

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

with no knowledge of

peration, Inc. ut I degress. Spain is not ia 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 totaler while in Spain - poor oul was 78 years old and on

it was, reinforced by the nal reinforcer 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 e on Spanish language, liter-, history and art, given by Iniversidad de Zaragosa.

uring the train ride, I was k by how much the modern ish countryside really does able that which is depicted ostcards and romantic 1950 - the ones we always disas being unrealistic. Algh 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 thing more concerning as President, Dineen the cruell rivers which cut the small rivers which cut but who needed it! 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, 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 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 to 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 bish 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, nd, but the rest of the earth cation plus, all around. By normal otted with sparse, gnarled 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. -; Adios,

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 suitcase and left for a bus standing nearby. I followed, blushing. Ye, gads! I hated to appear like such a greenhorn tourist.

gether. I tried to summon whatever intelligence I had left in 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 everydaybut all the lights were turned off in the corridors at night. The place was surrounded by a beautiful rose garden and had a small zoo - but the animals kept making wierd noises whenever one tried

We sat down on the bus to- to sleep. Someone told me these sounds emanated mainly from the two 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, shrimp and lobster) and once a huge plate of octopus tentacles, which proved to be delicious with a very delicate flavour. I noticed that some 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 efficient (and discreet) bartenders. Cognac was 15 cents a shot.

> > Next Week: Part II of Spain.

### COME ON AND JOIN THE GANG

We put out a new spaper every week and we'd love your help.

You don't need a speck of experience to contribute.

We all learn.

Come in and see us in the BRUNS office.

Remember this is your paper.

## African Handicrafts

Shoulder Bags

Wall Plaques

Dolls

Beads

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR FUTURE

SALES RECORD

Bookstore Campus

> Mon. 9am-9pm Tues. to Fri. 9an: 4pm





HAD YOUR GRAD PHOTO TAKEN YET? NO? THEN PHONE HARVEY

STUDIOS NOW AT 475-9415 AND ARRANGE A SITTING AT YOUR CON-

VENIENCE - DAY OR EVENING BY APPOINTMENT.

THE HARVEY STUDIOS

372 QUEEN STREET



DIAL 475-9415