

The Struggle ...

The green crocodile raised its ugly head above the level of the swamp and looked across the marsh to the path that led along the river bank. Above him two vultures croaked their disapproval, and he sank obediently into the mire. He swam through the muck for a mile or two, in a direction parallel to the path, and then headed off into the tangle on mangroves that darkened the interior. He was going to university.

Four years later he reached a little hill in the middle of the swamp. He looked up, up to the shining sun, so foreign to his unaccustomed eyes, hesitated, and put one claw on the sand bank that surrounded the hill. This was his ritual application to be taken out of the mire. His claw turned to gold, for he was one of the first to reach the island.

A mole came down the hill, sensing his arrival and took his offering of wild rice, his life's saving. For a week or so he was washed with mud, but always keeping his golden claw shining brightly. There were others of his kind about now, some younger and some older. All were wallowing in the mud, smiling, not happily, but because they were afraid.

They met that year, at the very limits of the sand bank, next to the muck. At the end of the year there was a test. They all had to climb a tree and enter a little shack hut that had been hidden in its branches. There was room in the shack for only a small number of the young ones. A second claw turned to gold. Those that fell out were not seen again. After all, they were of no use any more.

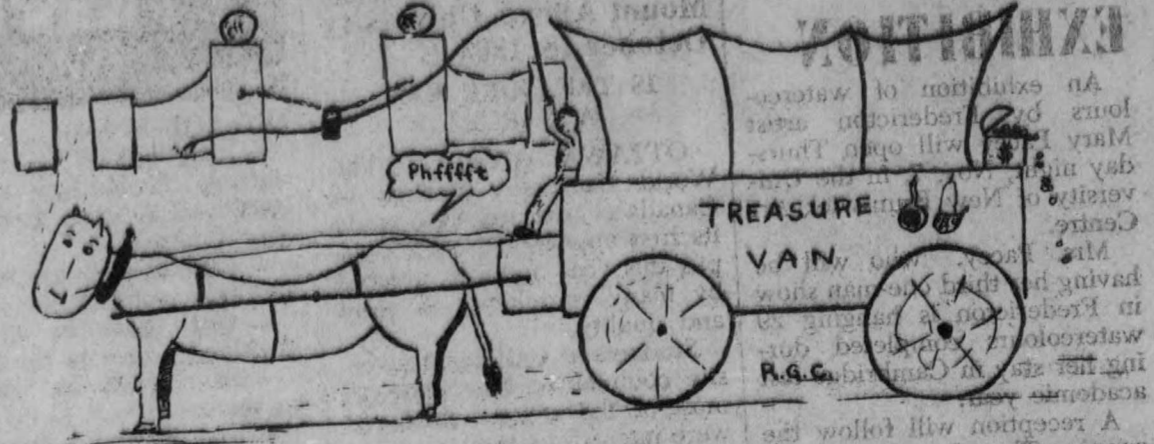
The next year he thought that things would be different. They were. The classes were held on the wooded side of the sand, in the shade of the giant cliffs and caverns that lay in their hopeful direction. He was proud that year. Now he could go down to the mud and see the new ones, always smiling. But the light was dim and the summit still far away. The classes were broken up that year. Some went to learn how to build up the mud in formations so that it was more difficult to get over and around them. Others learned how to cut down the mangroves so that they fell in twisted forms and cluttered up the well-used paths, so that new ones would have to be made. Another group learned how to construct these new paths, and put new mazes in them. Those that followed would have a harder time. Finally, some learned how to portray the world in which they lived, mostly in blacks and greys. The groups were never to join again. Our friend was in this latter group. He now had three gold claws.

In the third year they met on the path that led to the clouds. They were serious now, the end was in sight. By many of the superior ones, he was treated with the respect that they felt that he deserved. With others, he felt as if he might just as well be back in the swamps. Hadn't he got this far, he asked himself. This should be some indication of what was to come. He would be in the old ones' places in a few years. He now had four gold claws.

In the fourth year he was impatient. He wanted his golden tail, symbol of supremacy over the mired ones. The groups were the same as usual and the attitudes of the superiors were the same. One day, all but a few reached the peak. They looked at themselves and became lions.

They looked up and around them. In the distance lay the tops of the mangroves, tangled and twisted. They saw the cliffs and the caverns. They looked up to see the sun, and saw black clouds above them, and wished themselves back in the swamp.

Two vultures flew by and croaked disapprovingly.



From Our Readers

Dear Sir

We are indeed fortunate, to have such a unique university. Not only is there no spirit on campus but inter-faculty rivalry is non-existent. Last Friday for the first time in years some rivalry besides a tug-of-war or hockey game, was quite noticeable between engineers and foresters. By the following Monday not only was it squelched but the presidents of the Engineering Society and the Forestry Society were apologizing for "inconvenience caused" and "unfortunate incidents" that took place. They promised "to prevent recurrence of such incidents".

We are sure that very few foresters were only thinking of "unfortunate incidents" that could take place during Engineering Week.

While we do not advocate incidents of destruction or riotous nature we feel that some inter-faculty rivalry should exist on a campus of this size. We wonder therefore why public apologies were necessary and more important why there is no spirit on campus.

Why is inter-faculty spirit non-existent? Is it because we are all abnormal and never think about faculty spirit or inter-faculty rivalry or is it because of continual threats from the SDC of stiff fines and/or suspension from the University for conduct unbecoming of the student? Does UNB's problem lie in the fact that for the benefit of public appearance and a few influential normal student activities are suppressed?

Why is a false picture of UNB presented? Why must it appear that UNB students are not like other university students?

Every time incidents such as this happen which are ultimately hushed up, the feeling seems to be that the Administration influence is responsible. Does the Administration affect or influence the actions of the SDC?

Does our student newspaper have to answer to the Administration for articles contrary to the Administration's views? We sincerely hope that this is not the case - but can't help to think otherwise.

Peter Davidson
Carl Wilson

Ed. The Editorial Board of the Brunswickan is responsible only to the charter of Canadian University Press and the laws of libel.

Dear Sir:

It became quite apparent as we read last week's column 'The Fan', that you do not have a very competent staff. We always thought that a writer should know his subject

matter thoroughly before he attempts to create His masterpiece.

First of all, may we state that living in an apartment creates some problems as does residence living, but never do we encounter the problems foolishly proposed by 'The Fan'. As for cooking, making beds, washing floors, etc. - at least we know how, which is perhaps more than we can say for the 'know-it-alls' who wrote that column. You see, it is like this; our parents allow us to live in apartments because they believe that we are grown enough that we do not require someone to stand watch over us every minute of the day. Tell us fellows - what happens when you make your weekly visit to the LCB. After sneaking it into your room you sit around drinking it up and getting loaded, while we can put it in the frig. (we have one, you know) and keep it cool all week, and we have one when we want to. As far as food goes, we eat WHAT we want and when we want. If we desire a snack later in the evening, we don't have to run down to the Student Centre or call a downtown restaurant - and

yes, it is CHEAPER. As for 'Horror Shows', we have parties but they turn into 'Horror Shows' only when some incompetent residence child gets out of hand - and we (Poor slob) have to take care of him. By the way was it a residence party or an apt. party you went to before and after the fall formal? Oh hell we could go on for an hour but what's the use. We simply sense a trace of jealousy in the tone of the authors. If you weren't getting invited to apartment parties before fellows, you can rest assured you are no closer to an invitation now.

Why not throw away your mothers apron strings and come down to paradise. Thank you
Al Furlong
Ross Eddy
Don Clott
Doug Thomson

NOTICE

Anyone interested in being a member of the Building Committee contact Sandy LeBlanc immediately. Positions of chairman as well as members at large are open to any one interested.

IT'S ALL ABOUT THE ROCKS

(Continued from Page 1)

PAPERS

- 4:00 - 4:30 P.M. Talk on New England Intercollegiate Geological Field Trip
- 4:30 - 5:15 P.M. McGill Expedition to Axel Heiberg Island, Glaciology
- 5:25 - 6:00 P.M. Peat Moss Industry of the Maritimes
- 7:30 P.M. Buffet supper and smoker at Silverwood. Transportation by personal vehicles.
- 7:30 P.M. Ladies Coffee. (Geological Powder Puff Society)

SATURDAY: (Nov. 9)

- 10:00 - 12:00 A.M. General discussion group, Student Centre Tartan Room
- 12:00 - 1:00 P.M. Lunch at Student Centre
- 1:00 - 1:30 P.M. Executive Meeting in Geology Library

PAPERS

- 2:00 - 2:45 P.M. "A Method of Gold Prospecting involving the Glacio-Mechanical Dispersion of Ores"
- 3:00 - 3:45 P.M. Mineralization and Rhyolite Dykes at Quebec, Quebec
- 4:00 - 5:00 P.M. Geology of the Port-aux-Basques - La Poile Area of Southwest Newfoundland
- 6:30 P.M. Banquet at McConnell Hall
Guest Speaker - Keith Meyer
African Mining Districts
- 9:30 - 12:00 P.M. Dance at McConnell Hall

SUNDAY: (Nov. 10)

- 9:00 A.M. Field Trip. Meet at Geology Building room 106 for a short preliminary background talk on Mt. Pleasant Area.

One word about the wind-up dance at McConnell Hall... IT IS OPEN TO ALL. Time: 9:30 to 12. Music: Jimmy Foster and his Orchestra. Dress: Casual (but no slacks please). Admission: 50¢ per person, 75¢ per couple and here is where I would like to issue a challenge to the ladies on campus... Landlubbers though they may be, rumour has it that when these geologists take their noses out of those nasty little books on "Isometric Crystallography" and polish up their clay-caked clod-hoppers they almost make the human race. Due to 60 unattached males from out of town universities, allowances will be made for unattached girls attending. "Prude" does not enter the picture at all ladies, so play your part in making this convention another "UNB success" and I can assure you, you will be on "terra firma".

Brunswickan



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