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Taxes and Tuition

Last May at a meeting sponsored by The Engineering Institute of Canada, engineering students, representing most of the principal universities in Canada gathered together in Quebec for their annual meeting. During the conference the delegates heard a student from L'Ecole Polytechnique bring forth a proposal which may, if successful, bring about a much needed change in the financial lives of the many Canadians who are attending college of financing a college student.

There were several necessary steps to be taken before the plan could be put into action. The students, upon returning to their Universities, had to figure some way of making the proposal known to those who did not attend the conference. What better way than a form letter stating the proposal in full and which each student could mail to his representative in Parliament. Before a form letter could be printed and circulated on the university campus it would be necessary to receive the consent of the student government.

At U.N.B. the spokesman for the proposal has been Pete Atkinson, a senior Engineering student. The plan of action has been put before the Students Representative Council. Consent for the circulation of the necessary form letter has not yet been granted, the Council feeling that it would be better to wait until the Federal Parliament next convenes. What would the passage of such a proposal mean to the college student? It would mean that the student, who is at present allowed to earn only one thousand tax-free dollars each year could accumulate approximately an extra three hundred dollars in the same space of time, or, if claimed as a dependent by his parents, the parents could then add the amount of the tuition to their tax-free money. In short, the costs of tuition will be tax-free whether paid by student or parent. Obviously, a saving of no small import will result.

In this province it is to the constant disadvantage of the college student that he must pay an educational tax of three percent on all the text books he buys. Roughly speaking, allow forty dollars for text books each year. The resulting tax will be one dollar and twenty cents. Has it ever occurred to you to wonder why such a tax should be? Have you ever listened to the whispered curses of those who hand over the extra few cents? Assuming the number of students at U.N.B. to be in the vicinity of eight hundred and that each of them must buy forty dollars worth of books, the total reaches close to one thousand dollars each year in educational tax money. This from a seemingly negligible levy! Calculate the amount of money which the Federal government accumulates on every three hundred dollars and multiply by the number of college students in Canada. Rather breathtaking, isn't it?

The advantages of getting solidly behind the proposal made in the Students Representative Council by Mr. Atkinson are at once quite obvious. Form letters can be effective only if enough of them are sent to the right people. We are not alone in this movement; and it is not a stab in the dark. Voices should soon be heard from the University of British Columbia, The University of Alberta, The University of Saskatchewan, The University of Manitoba, The University of Toronto, Queens, The Royal Military College, McGill, Laval, Nova Scotia Tech., and L'Ecole Polytechnique. It can be a success if every student in every university makes his desire known to the Federal government.

The Students Representative Council, in deciding to wait until Parliament convenes before giving the go-ahead on the circulation of the form letter, has been guilty of a slight error in timing. It would be to their decided advantage if they passed the motion immediately. This is the opportune moment to appeal to the eagerness of Parliament's backbenchers. Give these men a worthy issue and they will do everything in their power to make it law. Preparedness is their keyword however and the time to prepare is not during the parliamentary session but before it begins. It might do much for the success of the proposal if it were made known in time for members of Parliament to mull it over and prepare their cases if in favor of it.

No harm in trying is there?

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STYLES YET!

(The Manitoban)

It was approximately mid-summer that the bombshell hit the fashion world. Critics howled; men groaned, women screamed, and babies visualized starving. It seemed that the famed Christian Dior had suddenly gone on a retroactive form-hating campaign. In 1947 he had given us curves—now he was taking them away. The voluptuous "Z" of the female silhouette was being replaced by a cold, mannish "H" that bore a disgusting resemblance to a Fragonard painting.

Nothing could be more disastrous for the fashion conscious female who had struggled for a decade, dieted, exercised, pushed, pulled, cheated perhaps—to develop an enhancing figure, and (worse luck!) had succeeded. But consider the lithe and straight-cut little lady who never had poured becomingly into a low-slung hour-glass. She may never have admitted it, but she was thrilled.

Flappers Back

Then, through the maze of protest came the revelation that Mr. Dior is not advocating a flapper-flashback, nor is he anti-Kinsey. Marilyn Monro heaves a sigh of relief to find that the fashion plate for '54 is designed not to stifle the feminine propensities, but to enhance them—both for the curvaceous (?) and the elongated figures.

The key word in the new silhouette is individuality—the clothes to suit the figure and the personality. We see the casual box-style suits for the lacking lady—the fitted jackets for the "femme fatale"; skirts are both straight and flared; materials range from sporty, knobby tweeds to slinky evening silks.

New Features

Of course, there are a few basic style trends with a new twist. The emphasis assuredly is on the long slim torso—the raised bust-line and the lowered waistline. There's something rather smart about a raised bust-line; there is certainly no reason why a bust can't be every bit as attractive eminent, as prominent.

Hats are smaller (some of us always did like to go to a movie and see it too), bags are bigger; gloves are longer—so is hair. Nothing drastic—nothing lacking feasibility.

So our friend Dior leans to the willowy this year. He does allow that the hope chest of a woman's wiles is evergreen. Fathe and Givechy, too have endorsed the "slim" look—and it seems we do climb on the calorie counting cart. But meanwhile, there IS a place for all of us in the '54 fashion parade because—anything goes—the style, with the things.

A LETTER HOME

Dear Folks,

How are things at home? I am sorry that I wasn't able to be there over Thanksgiving, but I had too much schoolwork to do.

This college is much harder than I figured it would be. I didn't mind when they told me I had to take six subjects this year; but I didn't realize that they expected me to attend all six lectures at once. It is very difficult to attend more than one lecture at a time, and I have some lecture periods in which I am supposed to be at three lectures in three different buildings at the same time. I tried to devote fifteen minutes to each one, but found that it was impossible because they kept changing their class-rooms and it took nearly the whole period to find out where they had moved. I have finally decided, however, that I will just keep going to the same rooms each day in hopes that the class will eventually move back in again.

I saw a football game last week. The Red Bombers (our team) won. The players didn't seem very excited about the game though. They would all line up facing the opposing team and look very ferocious while somebody counted out loud. Then most of them would lie down and a fellow would run a little ways with the football. After he had run several feet some of the players from the other team would come and lie on top of him. They would all lie still until a man in a checkered shirt came along and blew a whistle to wake them up again. It is a good thing the man with the whistle was there to keep the game going.

There was a group of girls there in very short skirts who got all excited every time the players got back on their feet. They jumped up and down and shouted wildly. One of the girls kept shouting at the crowd to make a noise too, and the others would line up and do a little dance and recite poetry in a loud voice. It was very exciting to watch. You wouldn't believe how short their skirts were.

We had last Friday off because the professors had to go to Saint John on a party. They ran into a little trouble though. Some of the people there didn't have college degrees. The president fixed it up by giving away enough degrees so that everybody had one. I sure wish I had been invited.

Some of the professors are very fussy about whether or not you go to listen to them talk or not. One told me the other day that I had better not miss any more of his lectures or else he'd sit on me. I sure don't want that to happen. It's had enough to have to listen to his jokes without having him sitting on me too. There's quite a difference in professors just the same. Some of them give real good talks and draw things on the boards. Others just sort of mumble like they don't care whether you hear them or not. I saw a chap fall asleep in one of the dull talks the other day and I told the professor to wake him up so that he wouldn't miss too much of what was being said. After class the chap came up to me and told me that they had special places for guys like me. When I asked him where they were he hit me on the shoulder with his fist. I pushed him downstairs. I haven't seen him since, but he sure didn't have very good manners.

Well, I've got to go now. The Dean wants to see me about something. Lovingly your son, Anthony.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Biology Department, University of New Brunswick, Kingston, Ont., 15 October, 1954

The Editors, The Brunswickan, Fredericton, N.B. Dear Gents: I am writing this letter on behalf of my colleagues to thank you for publishing one of the poems from our magazine. It gives us a great deal of pleasure to know that we are appreciated outside our own small group.

Our last issue was mimeographed due to the fact that most of our printing equipment was demolished at a small party held at the print shop a few months ago. Most of the boys will be back from solitary next week and we hope to have things back to normal by Christmas. It is unfortunate that our machinery had to be damaged during the party, but at the time we didn't feel that we would be needing it any more and since the explosion at the wall didn't come off, here we are back at the old rock-ple.

We think that your rag is pretty hot and we're ordering our boys on the outside to subscribe immediately. We always get several copies smuggled into us every week and they're read in all the cells with great interest. We particularly enjoyed the issue you published last year called The Smelly Urinal. It was a riot and we know a riot when we see one. We feel that you jerked down there, we've had paved roads for a long time. We've even got a nice stone wall with guys walking around it to protect us. We're told they're there to prevent panty raids.

We read your chaplains are very interested in cannons and we have one here that we think might interest you. His name is Alonzo Boyd, you know, the one that came here a couple of years ago on an RCMP scholarship. He's getting along fine too and he's so smart that he may be able to get through a few years earlier than the scholarship calls for. Perhaps he'd be interested in going to your place for some post-graduate work.

Well, here comes the Dean of our faculty to put the lights out and lock up—they're pretty strict here you know and they like us to go to bed early and get up early so I guess I'll finish this caper. If you're ever in town, drop around and see me—just ask for Fingers. You can't miss the school, it's the big building up on the hill, with the castle-like towers around it.

Yours truly, Fingers Fenny, Safecracking '63.

ED. NOTE: Chu Fo Wung was an unsuccessful Chinese Comedian of the Ming Dynasty.

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