

FAMINE LIFTS AT COLLEGE FIELD

The cheerleaders cheered. The students yelled. The goat ate grass unconcerned.
The Swampies watched, wept, and went.
Gus ate his cigar.
As the sun set over College Field the litter of programs blew aimlessly across the coliseum.
The Bombers had swamped the Mounties for the first time in five years. The score was 28-13.
This tribute is to a great football effort. The U.N.B. team looked as though they might collapse after a touchdown was called back in the third quarter. They did not. They were hungry... hungrier than their opponents. They won.
They not only won... they established themselves as a fighting football team.
The students are proud and happy. The team is happier. They deserve to be happy. They won a great victory with a great effort.

PERFORMER HAILED

Stan Wilson came to town. Then he left. In the meantime he made many friends, and captured the hearts of all who had the privilege of hearing him.
The prospects looked bleak. Ticket sales were slow. Then the Frosh heard him. They spread the good word... ticket sales soared.
Stan sang... and sang... and sang. The audience applauded. Then they rose to applaud. UNB's adopted son had taken the campus into his arms, and pampered them with one of the most alluring displays of folk singing to be heard in many years.
The applause rose about as high for Lenin Castro who accompanied Stan with his guitar; adding his own flamenco solo. A superb performance.

HONOUR SOCIETY

Honour Society, where are you? When are you? Why are you?
Or is it called Corona?
Last year a committee of students and professors chose a group of people to represent the student body, or something. Little was known about what the Honour kids were supposed to be doing... less is known now.
Let's go, Council... how about Corona at the first meeting. Or is it Honour Society?
We will have a reporter there.

FILIBUSTER MEETINGS

The select few who have made it to the meetings of our Council could be the last to witness the sit-a-thons.
If you thought Ben Hur was a little much to sit through, past council meetings could create rump-blisters that Old Ben never dreamed possible. And they don't even sell pop-corn in the Tartan Room.
Council has perhaps found a solution to this problem by appointing a chairman. Ross Webster will be the man on the throne.



"A Co-ed's Conversation"

"Darling, now that everyone has left, we can go to bed."
"That's the nice thing about moving into the apartment... we're going to have so much more privacy and freedom than we had before. We've known each other an awfully long time, and it's going to be better for us now. I don't know what I would do if I didn't have you to talk to, and to hold in my arms when I want you."
"You know, a lot of people wouldn't understand our relationship. I've heard some snide comments to the effect that my feelings for you are immature... some joke, eh? What really burned me up, though, was a crack about your colour... as if it made any difference..."
"My mother didn't mind about us at all in the beginning... but lately she's been hinting that it has gone on too long. She would far rather I spend more time with some competitors for my favours... which leads me to doubt whether a mother's wisdom is what it's cracked up to be. Besides, if it boils down to a matter of preference, I'd rather curl up in my bed with you than any one of them."



"You meet the nicest People on a Honda"

MESSAGE TO STUDENTS

P. C. Kelly, Director of Athletics

On behalf of members of the athletics department allow me to welcome you to take part in some phase of our program. We at the University of New Brunswick are blessed with a fine athletic plant; much of which was made possible through the thoughtfulness and generosity of our late Chancellor, Lord Beaverbrook.

We trust you will find time to support your varsity teams by attending a number of these events, but above all we hope and strongly advise you take part in one or more of our intramural or recreational activities. Your time should be carefully budgetted with consideration given your physical well being.

Our fall program must start immediately to take advantage of the fine weather for our outdoor activities, so make it a point to enter your name immediately in an activity of your choice. Your class and residence has an athletic representative, so make it a point to advise him of your interest. Information on the various activities will be found elsewhere on these pages. Should further information be required please contact the athletics department in the Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium.

With the increased numbers on our campus the facilities will at times be taxed beyond their capacity, particularly during the winter season. Tight scheduling will be experienced, but do not let this discourage you from participating. Plans for increasing our plant are now being considered and it is hoped they will be realized in the near future.

Best wishes for a happy and successful year.

"We've spent a good many nights together, but this is the first time that we've had a place we could really call our own. I really am a lucky girl. And a little bit relieved, too... Some of the girls last year would have tried to take you away from me if they had had half a chance. Let them take care of themselves. I've got you and I'm going to keep you. And I'm not ashamed of you, either... like some of them are. I'm not going to advertise it about us, mind you, but if I want you with me that's that and why should I be ashamed."

"Well, I think it's about time we hit the hay... it's been a long day. I want to take a bath first, though... why don't you come sit and watch. Say, do you know that you're losing an ear? Just a minute until I get a needle and thread..."

DAN SCANS

TO TELL THE TRUTH
by DAN MERSICH

Much speculation, but surprisingly little research has gone into the humorous, if not intriguing question of just how long it takes a young lady to prepare for a social engagement. Clearly then, this should, and now has been done. The women who volunteered are three U.N.B. co-eds, who pooled their dressing routines to give a reasonable cross section of what is involved. For my own part, I was simply an observer, as it were.

The format of the experiment was very simple. How does one prepare for a date with (a) the man of her life (b) an excuse to be seen, the former of which was dealt with first.

Time in minutes

- 0 mins. hang up phone
- 12 cigarette to calm nerves
- 20 put hair up in curlers
- 15 bath, and apply deodorant
- 5 removal of nicotine stains from fingers
- 10 search for pair of nylons with no runs below the knees
- 15 considerable thought as to attire, marked by mad rummaging through closet
- 20 lingerie experimentation - "which girdle pulls in the most, and which bra pushes up and out the most" enquire
- 15 make up
- 15 dress
 - (a) 3 "girdle struggle"
 - (b) 2 "bra struggle"
 - (c) 8 put on nylons; test for smoothness; remove nylons; shave legs; replace nylons
 - (d) 2 remove curlers; perfume behind ears, on wrists and behind knees.
- 10 hair-do
- 5 whisk clothes and wait with eager anticipation.

147 minutes.

Having dealt with preparations for the "heart-throb" we now move on to the "excuse".

Time in minutes

- 0 hang up the phone
- 5 bath
- 5 dress in previous day's class apparel and apply cologne behind the ears.

Needless to say, the difference is obvious; however a curious male is able to assess his position with complete accuracy to the fact that in the first case perfume is applied behind the knees, whereas this is not so in the second case; but it is not the purpose of this article to suggest how one is able to determine whether or not his fairest is sporting perfume behind her knees. The author only wishes to get the facts and report them to the reader.

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