

Fred Eaton

SEE-HEAR

If you happen to be a jazz fan, I have bad news for you. The sad truth that there is no real jazz played in this area.

Norm Butler, who seems to be UNB's best friend at CFNB, says that although the station has a library of jazz records, the programming department decided that they would not play them. It seems that these records should go unplayed, especially since CFNB wastes so much time on soap operas and western music.

For those of you who own your own record players, there is some hope. Herby's Music Store. Herby assures me that he will order any jazz records that you want to buy. Herby's own selection would no doubt give an all round picture of jazz to someone who knew nothing about the subject but was interested in starting a library.

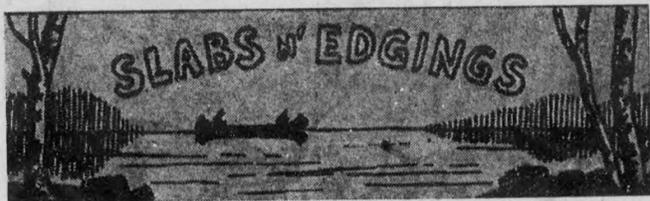
If you're a Dixieland fan you probably have all the Dukes of Dixieland records. So does Herby. He also has Lionel Hampton, Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, Ted Heath, Coleman Hawkins, Moe Koffman and other jazz notables.

If you haven't already seen the October issue of *Playboy* and you're a jazz fan, better pick up an issue right away. The jazz poll is there. As an added incentive to vote, *Playboy* will pick one hundred ballots at random and send each winner a free record.

You may not have liked the plot of the World Series but you'll have to admit the coverage by NBC was terrific.

World Series ad lib: A technical engineer on a mid-west TV station was fired and to get even with his bosses, he ruined an entire broadcast for the area. We guess he won't get a job in that town again.

The *Gaiety* will show the third comedy in a row this weekend. "Count Your Blessings" with Deborah Kerr and Maurice Chevalier is a good comedy but surely the *Gaiety* could have mixed their features a bit. There must be one interesting mystery or drama they could have slipped in between those comedies.



by KEN PLOURDE and GERARD COURTIN

With the return of students up the hill comes that season of the year called fall. It is a time of bright days and starlit nights. It is a time of change in nature. Those of a romantic turn of mind write poems about its beauty, while the sports-minded hunter sallies forth into the brilliant forest after the elusive deer, enjoying perhaps as much the splendour and fragrance about him, as he does the satisfaction of the kill.

But what of these changes? Why does the maple leaf turn red, the beech leaf gold and the elm leaf yellow?

The green stuff they put in toothpaste—chlorophyll; that's what does it! During the summer chlorophyll gives leaves their normal colour but when the leaves die in the fall the chlorophyll breaks down into colourless substances thus unmasking other pigments such as xanthophyll, carotin and the flavones. Xanthophyll and carotin give the leaves a gold or yellow colour while the flavones turn them red, purple and blue. Simple, isn't it!

Incidentally, don't worry about those long words. The leaves will still turn even if you can't remember them.

Oh, and another thing! If someone tells you that it takes a good sharp frost to bring out the foliage "right lovely", don't believe him. It isn't necessary.

ART CLASSES

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Accommodations Problem Pressing

by CAROL MacPHERSON

The Accommodations situation confronting the students of UNB is a many-sided one. It is on a parallel with few universities, since the traditions of an old college and bustling new life combine to form their growing institution.

"I don't think anybody really knows what the situation is," pointed out Mrs. Mona MacMillan, Director of Accommodations. "The students are best qualified to state their opinions from their own experiences."

Mrs. MacMillan had one assistant this year during the 'rush'. As in past years, however, she had the voluntary aid of the Faculty Wives.

"Without their help I could not have done it," she declared. "They always offer to help."

Then she went on to explain how some help in the office; one drives the students around to the various homes, while others have arranged an efficient system to absorb the strain.

With regard to the price of accommodations, Mrs. MacMillan thought the average price was reasonable, although she found that in many cases prices this year have been raised by one dollar per week.

She explained that the majority of people take students to supplement their incomes, but she also pointed out the fact that there are many elderly couples whose children have grown up and who like to have young people around their homes.

"Let's not forget the people who answer the president's appeal year after year to open their homes to students," she reminded.

Student opinions were not consistent. We asked several what they thought about the system in general.

One declared, "I think it's ghastly everywhere around here. And it's getting worse. I could live more cheaply in Montreal than I could here."

He went on to cite his own experience in obtaining a good apartment for \$75.00 a month in that city.

"I'll admit it was an exceptional case, and it wasn't quite luxurious. But then, it was in Montreal."

As far as food is concerned, one student living in residence complained, "Well, for one thing, the meat is definitely inferior quality. It's the same everywhere, though. Here it's better than in some places."

Another student eating in the centre was non-committal: "As far as institutional food is concerned, it's good food; as far as 'food' is concerned, it's not."

Someone else was vociferous on the matter: "Why spend 75 cents for nothing? The food is no good and you don't get enough."

Still another maintained: "It

Dave Fairbairn

THE HOTBED



So what if the football team has won a couple of ball games? Does this make them tin gods or something? Why must the *Brunswickian* blow up a win over the Mt. Allison Mounties into the proportions of a victory of man over space or some such thing? Football is only one of many extra-curricular activities on campus. We at UNB are fortunate in having many other pastimes like the debating club, camera club, and chess club, to name a few. To the people participating, these activities are just as important as football and as a result they should be kept in the news. But the *Brunswickian* still continues to inflate the football team to epic proportions.

And how do the football players react? First of all they stick their noses high in the air. Because the *Brunswickian* has said they were terrific, they *KNOW* that this must be so. We, the cream of the crop, they say. We, the mighty, they say. We, the campus hotshot. And their noses are still so high in the air that they will never even notice when the huge balloon is about to burst. They will never even notice when the props are about to be knocked out from under them. Football players will grasp on to the limb of conceit, arrogance, and snobbishness until the limb breaks and they lie choking in their own dust. And the *Brunswickian* is helping to make them this way.

And our beautiful cheerleaders. Do they appear at games to help the crowd yell for a team or do they go because cheerleaders are always out in front of the crowd. Are UNB cheerleaders good because they are precise and accurate in all their movements? Or are the Mt. A. cheerleaders better because at least they can make their fans yell? Is it because they try so much harder that the Mt. A. crowd becomes enthused to a high-pitched frenzy or is it because the UNB cheerleaders are putting on an act in modeling and have no interest in prodding the fans to support their team.

Students at UNB have always been known as apathetic, lethargic and/or lazy. The crowds at any sporting event here are no exception. Two years ago at a championship hockey game against St FX why did 40 St FX fans grind the UNB fans into the ice with their cheers? And last Saturday why was it reported that a handful of Mt. A. fans made the UNB section look almost quiet by comparison?

Perhaps they have made things too easy for us at UNB. The administration has given us every facility and every interest that a student could possibly ask for. And in return the student body has been most generous. Their gift is almost too much. They have given UNB a football team with a swelled head, unenthusiastic cheerleaders, a newspaper that feels that lavish praise is the only criterion for good reporting, and fans who have lost their tongues to the cat.

The day of reckoning will come. The day will come when UNB students can no longer rest on their laurels. When they can no longer use the old phrase: "I'll let Joe do the yelling". When they can no longer take from the university without giving something in exchange.

The day will come when they will have to face the real world. This will be the day when they will have to do something for themselves.

isn't the best food I've had . . . but it isn't the worst."

The Accommodations Office is equipped with a fat "Do Not Recommend" file. There is no rent control.

The only way the Accommodations Office can judge a room is by reports from students. There is no room inspection.

Mrs. MacMillan requests every student to report back to her. A great many do not.

The situation boils down to the fact that \$18.00 a week will not suffice the accommodations need of the average student at UNB, and \$18.00 a week should.

It is the student's predicament. It is his special problem. And if anything is done about it, he must be prepared to give active support toward a controlled arrangement for all.

I know some co-eds who are so ugly that if they played Lady Godiva at the Red and Black the horse would steal the show.



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