

Chief Complains: Campus Police Made To Look Ridiculous



This is the photo that Pond didn't like.
— photo by Wally

Brunswickan editor Gary Davis has been told by Campus Police Chief Art Pond that if any Brunswickan photographers take pictures of CPs on duty at football games they will be ejected. Mr. Pond's complaint arose from an incident which occurred at a football game at College Field. According to Mr. Pond, who did not witness the incident himself, Brunswickan photographers contrived to take pictures of Campus Police that would make them — the CPs — appear ridiculous. Saturday's incident, Mr. Pond continued, was not the first of its kind.

Brunswickan photographer, Lee Fraser, denied any knowledge of such a picture being taken. When he entered the game, he went to the edge of the field. "I never even got my camera out", Fraser said, "before they told me to get behind the ropes". He told the CPs that he was a photographer from the Brunswickan and they allowed him to remain where he was.

The offending photographer, it was later discovered, was not from the Brunswickan. The photograph was finally found in the possession of a student who offered it to the Brunswickan. It had previously been described as a "set-up", in which a beer-guzzling student managed to situate himself behind two CPs as they dragged a drunken student from the premises, while a cohort snapped (SEE page 12, column 5)

Ombudsman For SFU

Simon Fraser students have elected an ombudsman to investigate student complaints. Students with grievances against faculty or administration will be able to take their problems to Mr. Mynott, who will go to the parties concerned.

In reference to this report: The UNB Student Council was supposed to review a related suggestion in the final year and report by last year's CUS chairman, Harold Geltman. The suggestion in Section B on Student-Faculty Cooperation reads, "A student ombudsman be established to hear and review complaints by students concerning academic matters, e.g. professors and courses."

In effect, the UNB Student's Representative Council reviewed only the first section of the three section report, omitting the student Ombudsman suggestion. When SRC president, Ken Carty was asked whether the council was going to consider the ombudsman suggestion, his reply was "No comment."

National Student Day, an attempt to focus attention on the problems of post-secondary education in Canada, was described as "a huge success" by Steve Chandler, chairman of the UNB committee for NSD. Chandler continued enthusiastically, "Not a student on campus didn't know that NSD was here."

At least one passer-by in the students' Centre disagreed. Overhearing the magic initials, he exclaimed in joyful recognition: "NSD! Oh yes! When is it?"

NSD was advertised on campus through the distribution of a series of leaflets describing its aims. Cost of the notices was \$42. Stephen Hanson, public relations director of the SRC, said that the leaflets were distributed to most classrooms and faculty members, and that NSD was also advertised on blackboards.

Some students were apparently indoctrinated to the point of knowing when NSD was. In response to loudspeaker advertisements broadcast during the morning and early afternoon, they turned up at 4:30 for the scheduled burning of the fees in effigy — only to find that "Mr. Fees" had already been demolished. The burning was held shortly after 2:00 p.m. to coincide with an unadvertised visit to the campus by Rt. Hon. John G. Diefenbaker. Remark-ed Chandler: "UNB was the only campus in Canada to have a national political leader on NSD."

An evening "teach-in" on the financing of higher education drew a very small audience. Said Clyde McElman, chairman of CUS (Canadian

Union of Students), which initiated NSD, "Students who were unwilling to attend and find out the facts will have no reason to complain if fees increase; ignorance is no excuse when the opportunity to learn has been provided."

In an attempt to inform the public, the committee inserted a full-page \$146 advertisement in *The Daily Gleaner*. The advertisement outlined the purpose of NSD, and challenged political leaders to come to the campus to discuss the problems of higher education.

Chandler had a final comment on the venture: "It must be remembered by one and all that NSD was merely the kick-off for many future courses of action which will bring attention to the problems of higher education."

Costs - And Fees - Will Rise

National Student Day was anticlimaxed by an informal teach-in on "Financing of Higher Education", the whole point of which was the need for more government aid. Addressing a group of fifteen, B. F. Macaulay, vice-president (Administration) of UNB, and C. Mahan, comptroller for UNB, indicated that fees would go up unless grants from the government were increased.

Asked how costs at UNB compare with other universities, Mr. Mahan said that although UNB has the highest costs in the Maritimes, western universities are much more expensive. Salaries here compare favourably with other universities, 70% of the operating budget going towards them. He also pointed out that the ratio of students to professors at UNB is 15½:1.

Both Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Mahan favoured the implementation of the Bladen Report. A grant of \$500 per student would allow the university to operate for 1965-66 without increase in fees. However, no drop in the residence fees could be seen, and in fact would have to be increased to meet rising costs in food.

Even though there is a 12½% increase in fees this year, there is still a deficit of \$650,000 which, it is speculated, will be increased to \$2,000,000 next year.

University population is expected to rise (SEE page 6, column 2)



During the past five weeks or so, I have had the opportunity of travelling round and about the southwestern part of this province... during the most beautiful time of the year. Like John Steinbeck, my most constant companion on these forays was my dog, Sparkel. Among the things I have learned is a considerable amount of knowledge about dog psychology... some of which is worthy of passing on to all the UNB students who had to leave their dogs at home. It is important to point out that Sparkel is a... lady dog... her ovariohysterectomy notwithstanding... and psychological traits I am about to describe may be somewhat different from the experiences of those of you who are more familiar with male dogs. This should not come as any great surprise to any of you... even in our own species the psychological makeup of the female is markedly different from that of the male.

The primary attribute of a female dog is that she is of regal bearing. The attitude of utter disdain with which she turns up her nose at food she is not in the mood for would do justice to the most elegant resident of Airprior. Also, did you ever notice that a female dog never looks at the person who is patting her or scratching behind her ears... her attention is always directed abstractedly toward the ceiling, the far wall, or some other person in the room. Mind you, if you stop the patting, she may assume a hurt look and tear the sleeve off your Kimono... but when you resume, she goes back to her state of utter disinterest in you.

Lady dogs have a better sense of humour than gentleman canines. One day as I was driving, I was humming the tune (or somewhere near the tune) of an old favourite ("Casey Would Waltz With the Strawberry Blond...") and happened to glance over at Spark... she had her head cocked to one side in her best quizzical manner, cast me a glance which would have wilted a Beefeater, and then proceeded to get down on the floor of the car and look up under the dash to see if anything had gone seriously wrong. I have since kept my singing to myself.

Concerning the matter of dog-fights, it is a fact that a male dog and a female dog will not get into any dispute that goes beyond playful, exploratory wrestling. However, two males in the company of a lady dog, or two lady dogs together with only one male... and you would need Clyde Beatty to control them. There are many interesting parallels which can be drawn from this phenomena... but not by me...

The master of a female dog is kept in a state of constant humility (That should cause a few bitter chuckles in some quarters, but it's true). She will constantly make a liar out of you. While telling a mother that Spark would not eat sweets, we discovered Sparkel gleefully sharing an ice cream cone with her eighteen-month-old son. And after telling a restaurateur that my dog would stay where I left her, Sparkel arrived at our table from the kitchen on the heels of the waitress bringing our lunch. Yes, indeed... nobody owns a lady dog... they own you.

And one last facet of lady dogdom... once accustomed to a higher social plateau, they will not go back down. Sparkel, the only dog in New Brunswick to have a Cadillac for a doghouse, will now simply not consent to get into a Volkswagen. Nor will she ride in a back seat, especially if there happens to be a lady in the front. Having been fed the best of meat and fish that Charlotte County has to offer in hospitality, she now looks at dog food like I'd look at seal blubber.

Ah yes... my Spark is vain, conceited, jealous to a fault, and contrary to the highest degree. On top of that, she can be a ruddy nuisance to a travelling man. But when you sit down in front of a fireplace at the end of the day, and you dog comes and lays her muzzle across your knee... you wonder how you could ever be without one.

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