

FEDERAL POLITICS ON CAMPUS

by Pam Kierstead

In view of the recent banishment of the Mount A. political parties because of actual political interference and pressure, a determined stand should be taken here at UNB as to the future status of student parties. Should there be federal fascimiles on campus, or should they all be self-sufficient and independent groups like The Christian Atheists? . . . (Heaven forbid!)

To answer this, another question should be asked: what is the purpose of a political party on campus in the first place? Is it to train the young potentially politically keen mind the tricks of political wrangling so that he can take over from Messrs. Green, Pearson, or Argue? (Who would want Dief's place? . . . Mr. Harley?) Or is the purpose rather to develop the student's ability to debate and widen his interest and appreciation of parliamentary procedure and of political issues? Surely the validity of the second answer is apparent.

But because the "Model" parties should, as I am suggesting, be independent of affiliation to the federal or provincial fathers, this does not imply that there should be no federally named parties on campus. Just because The Swamp was partially corrupted, does not assure such happenings at UNB. I don't think it too naive to say that political "intimidation" of student political parties can be easily detected and generally known. With the present example of Mount A. before us, suspicion and consequent rejection of such interference would be fast coming at UNB.

There are many advantages to maintaining the federal parties on campus. The chief one is that students by participation with topical issues on the national (and thus the international scene) are not limited to the petty personal squabbles which a totally independent political party would be susceptible to get concerned with.

It is good then, to see at UNB not only a bastard party the Christian Atheists, but also the old reliable federally named parties: Tories, Grits and "Novels".

Femmes Fatales Foresters

A lonely pole stood in the cold amidst the MacDonald Winter Carnival snow sculptures. For three days, it awaited the bite of the UNB's Foresters axe, which never came.

The pole was losing all hope of ever joining the others on the ground, but alas, not all was lost, the Red Bloomers had arrived at MacDonald. However, it feared that the Co-eds would never do it justice.

The Bloomers unaware of the plight of the pole, were awakened to this by the constant inquiries of the MacDonaldites as to, "Where are your Foresters?" Feeling their disappointment, the Bloomers decided to uphold the honour of their alma mater and their Foresters and to, temporarily, cast aside their basketball aspirations to fulfill this obligation.

As night fell, the Co-eds emerged
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Qui Rex Imperabit?



CAMPUS KINGS—(left to right) Syd Grant, Roy Bird, Dave Myles, Sandy LeBlanc and Wilf MacPhee. (missing—Pete Snowball).
Photo by R. A. Lewis

While UNB Students are undertaking the serious and very important task of electing a new Student Representative Council; another election of no less importance is taking place. This election is one of the highlights of Co-ed Week. For this election one does not use the democratic secret ballot vote but rather a new way of voting — one that our present political party could well take note of — for the voters pay out. Exercising their franchise as often as they please (a penny per vote) the voters will combine their wealth to elect a King of the Campus.

Each faculty except the lawyers have put a candidate up for the coveted spot. The candidates representing the various faculties are as follows: Syd Grant, Arts III; Peter Snowball, Bus. Ad. I; Sandy LeBlanc, Engineering II; David Myles, Forestry III; Wilfred MacPhee, Phys. Ed. III; Roy Bird, Science II.

The money received from this "election" will go into the Ladies' Society Scholarship — so everyone out to vote! Besides being fun it is for a very good cause!

★ ★ ★ ARTS—Syd Grant

Syd, a third year Arts student hailing from Fredericton, is well known up the hill for his enthusiastic participation in a variety of student activities.

Long will he be remembered for his active part in both Red 'n Black and Winter Carnival but Syd admits, that his main interest, by far, is girls!

All should agree, especially the co-eds, Syd is an excellent choice for Campus King.

Don't be small
Vote Tall
Vote Syd Grant Campus King.

★ ★ ★ BUS-AD—Pete Snow

Peter Snowball, representing Business Administration; year — debatable, $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ actually. Born on the nord shore, now an Upper Canadian — but this he seldom mentions.

Having previously entered many beauty contests, Pete knows the importance of every vote — YOUR vote. So come on, let's make this year's Campus King, a real stogie.

VOTE PETE SNOWBALL!

★ ★ ★ ENGINEERING— Sandy LeBlanc

Small built, widely known, North-Shore Engineer "Sandy" LeBlanc came to civilization at UNB two years ago from Dalhousie, N.B. He adjusted amazingly quickly to our way of life: he was freshman and sophomore representative on the SRC; this year's vice-president of the sophomore class, and served as assistant chairman in charge of floats and sculptures on the past

Winter Carnival Committee. He became famous for his characterization of the intoxicated Frenchman in the LBR's Red 'n Black Skit. He is overwhelmed by those girls already on campus, and he is sure that things will be even better when the new women's residence is built.

★ ★ ★ FORESTRY—Dave Myles

Dave 'Greasy' Myles is the Forestry candidate for Campus King.

An avid participant in the doings of his class, Dave helped to build the prize-winning snow sculpture, performed charmingly in Red 'n Black as "the lady that's known as Lou", and led a daring rescue of the Foresters '63 flag from the top floor of Murray House.

In the past Dave starred in hockey, and this year came out of retirement to play for his class — but only against female competition. He is famed as a socialite, a member of two convivial clubs, the Elbow-Benders, and the Street-Serenaders.

This distinguished philosopher and philanthropist has shown his high regard for co-eds by his contribution to the Tibbet's House museum, a carton of empty bottles. All things considered, Dave is perfect for Campus King.

★ ★ ★ PHYS. ED—Wilf MacPhee

The missing Link of Darwin's Theory has appeared—right here at UNB — Wilfred MacPhee! A third year Physical Education student hailing from the fair town of Shubenacadie in Nova Scotia.

"Wiffer" resides at the most

famous of all pads—"The Devon Pad." There, although he holds the position of chief chef, he is forced to sleep on "the rock." In his capacity of head cook his speciality is Spaghetti — Italian Style.

He is 5' 11" 175 lbs. Measuring 46-26-39½—UNB's answer to Jane Mansfield. Biceps—22".

Please, please do ask me if I'm the man for Campus King. Do I get my point across? Or do I get my point across.

★ ★ ★ SCIENCE—Roy Bird

Remember the determined looks as he ran through the crowds wrapped up in his "polar bear" jacket yelling "10c a programme . . . ??" Well, Birdie is still running, but this time for the renowned title of Campus King. Proving the old saying that "Great things come in small packages", who could resist voting for this smiling, cheery blond-headed specimen of manhood! And girls, he's an experienced wrestler, and with his red and black "bomb" running as smoothly as ever, who could ask for more?

"I'm voting for Bird" are the words that will be heard . . .
BIRDIE FOR CAMPUS KING!

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

. . . If so, don't vote for the first 13 names on the ballot for Senior Rep — vote for Robert Thompson and David Ward.

DREW "DRIVELS" ON

At three in the morning I fell asleep. It was the sort of deep sleep you can only have when you don't have to be up before lunch. I dreamt . . . tall, dark, handsome, lying on a sunny beach in California. Beside me is Playmate of the month. A servant appears with trays laden with gin and tonic. I take one, toast the Maritime Monarchists, and put the glass to my lips. Suddenly all the glasses of gin are flung over my face. I jump up, swinging wildly . . .

. . . Slowly I stopped swinging. Instead I started to swear, mildly at first, but soon quite foully. The sun was gone. Playmate had disappeared. With a blanket I wiped from my face the cold water that had been used to awaken me. In the gloom of early dawn I made out before me the face of a Catholic. He withstood the torrent of blasphemy fairly well. At the end of it I think he understood that I should not be woken at that hour of the day.

"Telegram", was all he said.

"Yes, telegram", I echoed sternly, back into bed, "now don't you ever wake me up . . ."

I tottered. "Telegram?", I said. Lou handed me that yellow envelope. My hand reached out and took it, much as I didn't want it. I looked up at Lou. His eyes were fixed on mine. He was quiet, serious. In the cold dark of early morning, I panicked.

The telegram. What would it say? Home burned down stop family dead stop signed lawyer. Graves, churchyards. I dared not open the yellow envelope.

The telegram. Fellowship money stopped signed Woodrow Wilson.

No money — that's when you know the value of it. They wouldn't do that to me. No?

Perhaps worse. Co-Eds beat Gents of England stop signed Stan Wilson. No, impossible. Not that. Never.

A telegram. The telegram coming to me in the middle of the night. My mouth was very dry. I trembled. In a minute I would know the worst. I shuddered when the telegram slipped to the floor. Quickly I picked it up, ripped it open. It read: Request article for Co-Ed Brunswickan on personal opinions of being Campus King last year.

I suppose the first reaction was flooding relief. It was quickly followed by anger. Campus King indeed. Lot of tom-foolery. Campus Clown. I suppose they're electing another one this year. Well, they won't get an article from me about such nonsense. I went back to bed, back to California, back to playmates and gin.

What cheek. As if I didn't believe in Divine Right anyway.

John P. Drew,
Campus King '60

FEMMES FATALES

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into the darkness to perform this task, their only light being the two bright eyes of their limousine.

With two axes, a cross-cut saw, and a hack saw, the Bloomers went to work pushing down the pole. This wasn't in accordance to the rules of the contest, but, it was easier! Then they proceeded to chop it into thirds under the guidance of amused spectators. This accomplished, one-third was to be quartered, feeling this was a bit advanced for amateur woodpeckers, the Bloomers went on to the next phase of the contest, this being to cut six discs off one of the thirds. Following this, came the art of hack sawing. The last phase of the contest, throwing the pulp, was disregarded, only because it was dark and the possibility of hitting someone was too great. Within forty minutes, the contest was over. The Bloomers didn't win, but, as one U of T competitor said, "You certainly put us to shame!" Perhaps, he was just being encouraging, but nevertheless.

At any rate, the pole was satisfied, MacDonald was satisfied, UNB was satisfied, and the girls had a ball!

GO for WARD VOTE for WARD

David Ward for Senior Rep.