

PURELY WHIMSICAL

with Wayne Anderson

Fallout shelters have been the brunt of a lot of criticism during the past year, and rightly so, for it seems that they are good for business, but not for fallout. However, those people who joined the stampede and built a shelter will find that it is not a complete loss, especially those who had the presence of mind to install barbed wire and machine gun doorstops.

I was quit glib about dismissing the shelter scramble as mass hysteria, mainly because I already had one myself. It really wasn't intended to be a fallout shelter when I built it a couple of years ago—it was more of a relative shelter, a basement installation designed to insure the peace, quiet and privacy that every student needs. Unfortunately, I gave up studying shortly after having completed my shelter, so I never got much out of it. But now its time has come. Its moment of fulfilment is at hand.

We students with shelters, considering the fact that we have on the average 13.7 essays left to write and a number of texts still to read (n equals more than two), shall now retire to subterranean privacy, away from the beautifully distracting spring weather. Only then will we be able to do seven months work in seven weeks, or seven days. With luck, and a time clock, I may be able to break my long standing habit of spending the Easter recess under the influence of baseball.

Don't forget to load your machine guns.

It's a paradox that some of us spend the entire year at university wishing we were somewhere else, but when May comes, and we start shaking hands and promising to write, we realize that we don't want to leave at all. This conflict could easily be resolved if all of us were to leave in early April.

Now that exams are drawing near and the mass migration to the library has once again been initiated, the inadequate facilities of this university are made painfully apparent. Here are a few of the things I'd like to see when we return in September: a big new library, an auditorium which would seat two or three thousand, a classroom which would seat the English 100 class, and irrigated parking lots instead of inundated parking lakes. The irrigation ditches would be meant to drain, not supply, water in the automotive mud baths on the upper half of the campus.

There's nothing like being up to date and in touch with all the latest discoveries and theories. This fact is attested by the professors at UNB who sometimes assign texts so new that they haven't even been published yet. This happened in one of my courses last year. The required text arrived in time for me to buy it, but not in time for me to read it. I tottered into the bookstore in April under a stack of fifteen or twenty texts, hoping to get enough out of them to finance the drive home (seven miles). When I came to the recent publication, which had never been opened, the sales lady said, "Sorry, but we're not buying that one. They're using a new text in that course next year." (One that hasn't been written yet). They did buy one or two philosophy texts. Luckily it's too late for Plato and Aristotle to change their minds. I tottered back out of the bookstore, hitch-hiked home, and began building book shelves. But nothing is all bad. Having the walls of my basement shelter lined with thick books should give me added protection against harmful radiation.

Women, who used to be worshipped, kept talking until they were given more than equal rights. A woman can drive a man to distraction, divorce him, and bleed him for the rest of his miserable life. Yet the man still has to open doors for women, pay for the date, buy the ring, and then listen for the rest of the marriage. At least the man is still able to choose the girl he is going to ask for a date. It's like the judge saying "\$200 or 30 days". Man has this small vestige of freedom remaining, and it is to preserve this sacred crumb of decadent male superiority that pay phones are installed in the girls residences, while the men in residence are given free phone service. Such a system encourages "calls to" and discourages "calls from" the girls residences. It's not much, but it's all that we men have left to fight with. Even at that, I'm afraid we're on the way out.

Mary Lord Bernard Receives Fellowship

A University of New Brunswick student is among 66 Canadian University students representing 17 institutions of higher learning to receive a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship for the first year of graduate study at a qualified graduate school.

The awards were announced today by Sir Hugh Taylor, President of the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation.

Miss Mary Lord Bernard, daughter of Mrs. Jane Bernard, of Roxboro, Que., was awarded a fellowship for graduate work in English Literature. Miss Bernard is a fourth year honours English student at UNB.

Hugh R. Andrews, son of Mr. and Mrs. John V. Andrews of Fredericton, was accorded Honorable Mention in the competition, and will be among 44 Canadian students whose names will be sent to deans and admission

officers of leading graduate schools. Mr. Andrews is a fourth year science student at UNB, and plans graduate work in physics.

The fellowship, valued at \$1,500 each, with full tuition cost paid by the Foundation, are given annually to outstanding students in the humanities, social sciences,

Social Disease On UNB Campus

Campus heads were shocked to learn that the greater number of students in the men's residences have contracted rare social disease. Rigorous measures are being taken to curb further spreading of the disease. Up to the present, all attempts to nip the disease in the bud failed miserably.

When asked what measures would be taken to eliminate the harmful bacteria thriving in the lavatories, the head of the maintenance department stated that the latest scientific methods for sanitizing washrooms would be introduced by his department. The lavatory attendant will now use two separate cleaning rags, one for the latrines and one for the wash basins. Disposable polyethylene bags (with 'in here slob' on them) will be introduced to facilitate the immediate removable of sewage. The spokesman for the maintenance department expressed his wish that this two point programme would achieve the desired results.

Meanwhile many residence men continue to suffer from undesirable irritations. The origin of the disease has not yet been established with any degree of certainty. Yet everyone is certain that residence men have partaken of forbidden fruit (i.e. engaged in illicit hanky panky).

Warnings have been issued declaring that certain quarters of Fredericton are out of bounds to students. Any student who refuses to adhere to these restrictions faces painful consequences.

and natural sciences. Award winners may attend any qualified Canadian or United States graduate school to which they gain admission and are encouraged to use this experience as preparation for careers in college teaching.

Commenting on the election of Fellows for 1962-1963, Dr. Hans Rosenhaupt, National Director of the Foundation, said, "This year's candidates presented such strong claims that several regional selection committees asked for permission to exceed their assigned quotas.

"Unfortunately, the budget under which we operate provides only for 1,000 Fellows (in Canada and the U.S.) a year," he added. "Many successful candidates presented recommendations which under normal circumstances would have guaranteed them election."

During her undergraduate years at UNB, Miss Bernard was awarded several scholarships and prizes for high academic achievement, including the Montgomery-Campbell Prize for Latin and Greek, the Bliss Carman Memorial Scholarship, and the Marshall d'Avray Prize in English Literature for showing the most promise in that subject.

CAMPUS CALENDAR

Wednesday, March 14: 7:00 p.m. S.R.C. Tartan Room, Students Centre; 7:30 p.m. Scuba Club; Award presentation, Trophy Room, Tartan Room.
Thursday, March 15: 7:30 Arts Society Meeting, Tartan Room, Students Centre; **Friday, March 16:** 9:30-2:00 Conversatione, Gymnasium; **Monday, March 19:** 8-10 p.m. Forestry Association Meeting, Tartan Room, Students Centre; **Wednesday, March 21:** 7:00 p.m. S.R.C., Tartan Room, Students Centre; **Thursday, March 22:** 8:00 p.m., Students Wives Bridge, Oak Room, Students Centre; **Friday, March 23:** Senior Class Party; **Wednesday, March 28:** 7:00 p.m. S.R.C., Tartan Room, Students Centre; **Tuesday, April 3:** 8:00 p.m. Students Wives Meeting, Tartan Room, Students Centre; **Wednesday, April 4:** 7:00 S.R.C., Tartan Room, Students Centre; **Thursday, April 5:** 7-10 Rod and Gun Club Meeting, Oak Room, Students Centre; **Wednesday, April 11:** 7:00 S.R.C. Tartan Room, Students Centre; **Thursday, April 12:** 8:00 p.m. Student Wives Bridge Club, Oak Room, Students Centre; **Thursday, April 19:** Arts Society, Tartan Room, Students Centre.

HERE'S TO UNB

Here's to all those that died trying . . . Here's to all those that tried dying . . . Here's to the most poignant rendition of "Who stole the Lord's slipper" . . . Here's to the Mt.A. train that was a smashing success . . . Here's to the corruption of the SRC . . . Here's to the feud between Shakespeare and the Bomber . . . Here's to the high-flying editor who almost got his wings clipped . . . Here's to the Sports Editor who advocated what he never got all year . . . Here's to Mabel who thought the money was for the beer . . . Here's to the people who hung by their toenails from the Flame rafters . . . Here's to the SDC who couldn't catch them . . . Here's to the candles lit for Wayne Anderson . . . Here's to Walt who lost a room-mate and gained a friend or vice versa . . . Here's to the people who are tired of people who talk about contraceptives . . . Here's to inhibitions that were lost through drink . . . Here's to people who wear yellow corduroys in public . . . Here's to the "Cast" system that put plaster of paris back on a sound economic footing . . . Here's to people who tamper with wires . . . Here's to Cave Dwellers, may they stay in caves . . . Here's to football teams who are consistent . . . Here's to anchovies, salami, pepperoni and mushrooms . . . on the morning after . . . Here's to people who ask sincerely "How are you making out?" . . . Here's to the people who tried twisting horizontally . . . Here's to profs who assign essays, may they all need bifocals . . . Here's to the song "Let's do it" . . . Here's to the people who did it . . . Here's to mothers . . . expectant and otherwise . . . Here's to the Conservatives and free contraceptives in the next election . . . Here's to the residence "boys" who don't use twin beds . . . Here's to UNB. the still on the hill!

S.D.C. 'LITTLE-LESS' FOR '62-63 TERM

"Two-Gun Little" is shown gaily shelving another important issue before completing one of the most unsuccessful and incompetent terms ever served by an SDC chairman. The local criminal element has thrived under the liberal "look the other way" policy of the benevolent Mr. Little. In fact it would not be amiss to suggest that this gay, freewheeling libertine has been indulging rather too wholeheartedly in life's seemier side. (I mean after all how else could he have lost that tooth?)

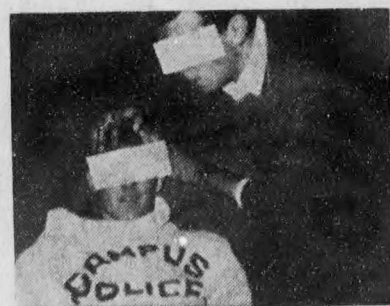
"Two-Gun" has managed to dabble in "a Little" of everything

that university life has to offer, and as often as not has contributed immeasurably to their complete failure. One of our French-speaking students summed up the multi-lives of the ubiquitous Mr. Little in a rather picturesque fashion when he said:

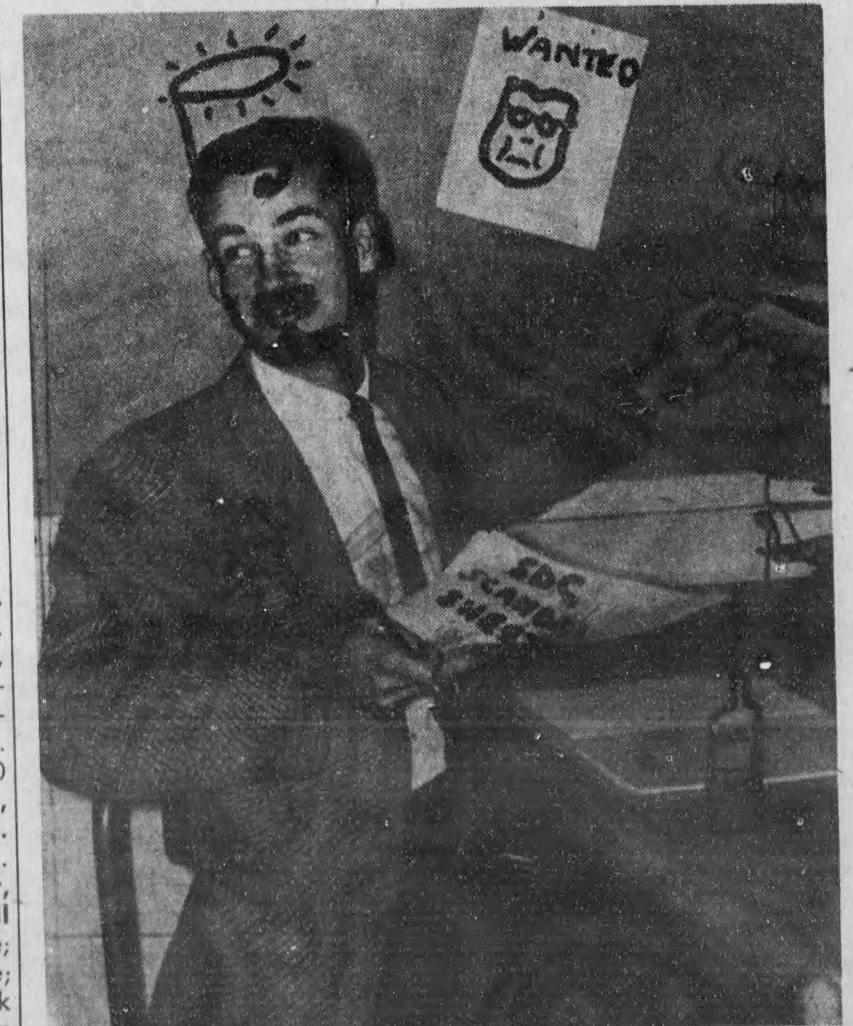
"Oui, monsieur Little, 'as ees finger in h'every tart."

One of the more successful efforts of the "florid-faced" Mr. Little has been his bid to lower the morale of the already inefficient campus police; (see pix below).

The n'eer do well element on campus will be very pleased to hear that "two gun's" successor, "trigger finger" LeBlanc (the white) is even more incompetent than Little.



INEBRIATED C.P.



The Ubiquitous Mr. ("Two-Gun") Little at work.

Next time you visit the Laundromat Drop in at Joe's for a quick haircut
Joe's Barber Shop
 106 St. John St.
 Next to the "Laundromat"