

Brunswickan

The Brunswickan was established in 1867. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Students' Representative Council. Subscriptions are \$3.50 a year to non-students, or 10c a copy. Authorized as second class matter, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Office: Memorial Students' Centre. PHONE: GR 5-5191.

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WE ARE GUILTY

So we've done it again . . . and this time we've done it up really big! We've destroyed quantities of property; we've looted and thieved; we've made ourselves the idol of the drunkard; we've sworn and we've cursed; we've mocked and we've ignored the pleas of those of us who feel they are responsible—but **We are all responsible** . . . and in total we've displayed the ignorance and depravity of wild animals.

But worse than that, we've disgraced the name of the university and indeed, the name of "university student" anywhere where the news of our "evening's entertainment" is heard.

Arrangements were made with the proprietors of the Flame restaurant for a party at their premises on the final evening of the Red 'n' Black Revue. It was supposedly only for those who had performed in, or worked for the revue, but a rough estimation of the number present was "around two hundred", with a multiplicity of people who arrived, making no pretense of their lack of connection with this year's show.

The party lasted only an hour and a half. It ended after pleas, requests, warnings, and finally, demands from various authorities including, of course, the police. We caused the abrupt ending by the following acts: without exaggeration we broke or stole several dozen glasses; we stole various dishes and utensils, and even a stuffed animal from the wall; we walked along the beams, while screaming and shouting in our drunken mania; and we "twisted" on the table tops—until the legs collapsed.

And why? Because WE wanted to have some Fun!

So this is our conception of Fun: looting and destroying other people's property.

So we are responsible university students! We've come to college to "widen our horizons" and develop our interests. We are mature and farsighted! And have we got guts! Yes, we'll get our degrees, if we happen to make it out of the window before the Mounties arrive.

Yeah, to hell with the Flame . . . we had a great time.

So we're at college, at UNB (remember that silly little smudge of Latin on the university crest, Sapere Aude?—Hah!) . . . well, it's about time we got out and started to earn an honest living because we are falling so far short of fulfilling our duties as students, that we have no business in such an institution. There are many people who would welcome the opportunity of gaining a university education, and residing in an atmosphere of intellectual pursuit.

All we're learning, so we have demonstrated time and again by our behaviour, is how to be masters of deceit, and drunkenness, and unquestionably we have achieved a superlative means of disgracing our university. Because we disgrace it, we must detest it . . .

. . . or is it ourselves?

And Laughter Goes On - - -

On Friday morning a radical, bombastic and rhetorical orator swooped down in the UNB campus preaching the evils of alcohol and prophesying disastrous consequences if the new Liquor Control Act were adopted. And as she marched across the campus, she was followed by hordes of students who with rolling eyeballs and slobbering lips—resembled vultures greedily circling around their prey. And everywhere she spoke they listened attentively to what she had to say, and nodded assent, but the nod veiled thoughts of sadistic malice. And they implied they'd sign a plebiscite, which she was advocating but it was only to lure her on. And so she who had come with sincere intentions was praised and supported with applause and shouts of "Hallelujah!" And as she left the handclapping died down and the muffled laughter grew louder. But she didn't hear it. And so everybody had a laugh at the expense of a human being. But what's a human being—obviously an object for ridicule.

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LETTERS . . . TO THE EDITOR

A PLEA FROM THE PAST

Dear Sir,
 The recent uproar over the ten percent discount reminds me that one of the most patronized establishments has not only refused to grant this discount but has even added more than ten percent onto their prices. I speak of course of that ancient and beloved institution, the bootlegger. Owing to many factors, chief among which are the liquor laws and the fact that classes occasionally clash with the hours of the local power house, when an unexpected event occurs calling for refreshments, many a person from up the hill has been forced to submit to the exorbitant prices of this gentleman. Might I suggest that much would be done for the relief of human misery if the people responsible for asking the merchants for the discount also approached the bootlegger with the same proposition.

J. G.

(Ed. Note: The era of the dark and dry ages, Mr. J. G., may well become extinct in the near future, thus illuminating the revered institution of which you speak.)

CA's REPLY

Dear Sir,
 In reply to Mr. Greg Knight's article, "Christian Atheism", I feel it necessary to point out a few "serious" facts. I say "serious" because apparently Mr. Knight thinks that good natured "fun" has no place on campus. When the time comes that college students can no longer try to put a little life back into something that is entirely a college affair, that is the day we retreat to the Dark Ages.

College life is supposed to be a happy time—a time to live, not a time to sit around and wait for the bombs to drop. Each member of our party is a mature person knowing full well the situation the world is in today. However, we don't sit around all day worrying about obliteration and collecting ulcers as I'm sure you must—life must go on!

You mentioned also something about campus politics should be a training camp for future leaders and not a joke. Well, sir, if some of our leaders today had learned a little bit about humour even in politics, the world would be in better shape. To emphasize my point, go down to Harvey Studios sometime and look at the picture of the C. A. Welcome to Prime Minister Diefenbaker on his recent visit to Fredericton. The picture is big enough for even you to see the display of delight and amusement on the face of the P. M. and Mrs. Deifenbaker. It was the only time in his whole Fredericton trip he really

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THE 15th ANNUAL

by ROGER CATTLEY and MARTHA SAUNDERS

Everybody had been looking forward to it, and working for it, and worrying about it for two months. Now the Red 'n' Black is over for another year—at the expense of studies and for the profit of the senior class.

Although the show won't be remembered as great, there were certainly some good numbers. Each half started with a bang, but only the first ended with the same bang. The impression at intermission was that this was one of the better shows. "Excerpts from Carmen", a novel title for the Western skit, began the second half so that one expected more of the same entertainment. Unfortunately, due to program planning rather than individual skits or technical work, this expectation was not fulfilled; and the show lagged. "The UNB Glee Club", though a little ungleeful but good for a Start, was not a note on which to end such a Revue.

It was Syd Grant's show. Syd and his grandfather deserve special mention, as does Dave Tilson, the Maniac from Mania, with his witty French version of Little Red Riding Hood.

Two thirds of the numbers were musical; and the music was good. We have a tremendous traps man among us who showed his stuff in "The Jaguiers"; Liz Paterson and Dave Nelson presented a number called "Jane" which was beautiful in both content and presentation. The Aitken Trio excelled, and mention should be made of their bass accompaniment. "GR 5-9007" was clever, original and colourful, and was introduced well by Jim Brooks in his song about "Kids".

Our hats are off to the co-ordinators, Gary Mulherin. Curtains were fast and snappy; the lighting was effective and clever; and the show as a whole moved along nicely, hardly giving the critics time to criticize between numbers.

When we arrived at the Fredericton Airport to greet him, local Tories were standing around in their black funeral suits and talking in hushed tones, waiting for the "body". If this is the way politics should be you can have it.

One thing your article brought out that even we didn't know was the fact that we have a dictatorship over the student body. Thanks for admitting we have a little power—it's flattering, but as far as a dictatorship goes, no one could or would try to exert such a force over any student(s) at UNB. The only one under our "dictatorship" seems to be you.

Frank Creighton, C.A.

UNTD

On Monday evening, November 20, Lt. Cdr. Langham, CD, R.C.N., Staff Officer Cadets, inspected the UNB University Naval Training Division. The cadets were well turned out and presented a good display of the training they have received.

The inspection was highlighted by the presentation of commissioning certificates by Lt. Cdr. Langham to officer cadets E. Alexander, E. Fudge, J. Lutz and M. Steeves.

At evening quarters, Lt. Cdr. Langham congratulated the officers and cadets and gave a brief talk on the coming summer training.

We did not feel that there was a "flavour" — "trend" — or a theme by which to remember the show. It was a series of separate skits thrown together for the mass entertainment of a lot of local people. This was a shame, as such skits as "Racket Time" with good ol' Fred Eaton (plus screaming section); "The Creep-hoff Exhibition" (everyone knew who Alley Bone was); "The Surf Club" and the kicklines were little short of excellent. Jim skoorB deserves a big hand for a rollicking opening number which set the pace for the whole sparkling first half.

From another aspect, several numbers were "replays"—"The Three Stooges" we were glad to see back, but they weren't as we knew them last year—lines were bad, and action not as funny. "Let's Do It" was on a different theme, but disappointing because it wasn't as good as it was in the '57 show; "Time For Juniors", as well, lacked the entertainment of its original presentation in '58. "We Hate Men", in the same class as "Take Back Your Mink" of '60, was good because it was different enough to be interesting—but just good. "Return of Your Dial" would have been tops had there been a completely new set of "programs" in the respective TV sets. The only groups which were back and which were equally as good if not better than their previous appearances were the Aitken Trio, and Dave Wilson, who chose two good songs, and sang them well. The audience looked forward to Syd Grant as Cousin Colin, and never tired of his simple-minded humour.

The 15th Annual was a good show, but certainly not one of the best. We thoroughly enjoyed it, and are looking forward to next year's presentation of the Red 'n' Black. It was well done, people, and our congratulations to those who produced it.

DEAR RYDER HART

Dear Ryder Hart,

At the beginning of this school year a co-ed began pressing her attentions on me. Having never been with a girl I decided to take her out. She is a very good sport and a pleasant person. However, I feel no physical attraction to her and so I cannot understand love as people talk about it.

Last week another boy started pressing his attentions on her. He is such a lovely boy—so charming and handsome—and I have grown so fond of him.

Now you see my problem; Should I compete for the company of the girl, as public opinion would demand, or should I drop her. If I do the former, I run the risk of angering this wonderful boy and losing his friendship.

PLEASE help me.

Yours very truly,
 Robbie

* * * *

Dear Robbie,

Don't conform to the laws of society, act your *natural* self. However, if your current heart-throb gives you the cold shoulder, I suggest that you get a part-time job in a fruit store downtown. This should help you in your quest for love while at college.

Your advisor in Romance,
 Ryder Hart.