

24 GIRLS STAGE RESIDENCE WALKOUT

Rosary Hall Conditions Poor



ROSARY HALL

Rosary Hall on Churchill Row has been the scene of a general exodus.

Girls have moved out because of the lack of co-operation between the students and supervisors and the antiquated facilities.

Operated by elderly nuns of the Sisters of Charity Order, Rosary Hall is Teachers College's major residence for women. Approximately sixty girls are housed there.

The students living there are paying slightly less than Lady Dunn Hall residents for nineteenth century facilities in a veritable fire trap. They pay \$800 for the Teachers College year but receive a rebate for Christmas holidays making the fee \$580.

Two girls share a postage stamp proportioned room with one six drawer dresser between them and one closet. The beds are of army surplus variety bunk beds to economize on floor space. Books are stacked on the floor because of insufficient shelf space. Plastic curtains complete the decor making smoking prohibited in the rooms.

Two meals are provided a

day. This was not among the complaints to the girls because they do not have enough time to return from Teachers College for lunch. The quality of the food is described as worse than typical residence fare.

Leaves were not a problem. Rosary Hall is extremely lenient. The girls have to pay a receptionist extra to wait up for them to come in, however.

The girls who protested did not mind the cramped size of the room or the expense — in fact, the girls did not really protest. They were talking about the one telephone for the whole house, the fact that the sheets were only to be changed once every three weeks but were actually only changed every five. A coin operated washer and dryer would be more convenient than the scrub board and sink available to them.

A supervisor overheard their grumblings and suggested that they talk over their complaints with the nun in charge. They did and were told that they should leave since they did not like the way things were operated at Rosary Hall. This was over three weeks ago.

The girls called their parents telling them that they had been asked to leave the residence. The parents called the officials. Two days later, the girls were asked to return but that no changes were going to be made in the facilities available. The girls stayed out and to date, twenty

Student accommodation in four girls have left. Fredericton is in a crisis. New residences will not provide real solutions. Teachers College is growing and Rosary Hall will still be necessary to house students. Students of the three post secondary institutions here will have to work together to solve these problems.

Brunswickian

VOLUME 100, NUMBER 8

FREDERICTON, N.B., NOVEMBER 3, 1966

The Voice of UNB

'The Happening' Draws Large Crowd

Coffeehouse Success Chalks One Up For Jones House

by Marcel Geraux

The University's first coffeehouse had its second night last weekend. "The Happening" is in the basement of Jones House.

The place was packed. This would have surprised some campus organizers because it had been said that a coffeehouse could not succeed at UNB. What makes it even more surprising is that there was no playbill — no 'official' entertainment. The whole program was spontaneous.

Some students, notably Eric Thompson and Victor Stretkowitz, read poetry which was enjoyed by most of the crowd. Other students played guitars and other instruments, some amateur performers coming forward to play such devices as the piano, harmonica, and comb-with-cellophane.

The entertainment was interspersed with lots of time to talk, make speeches to individual tables, hold meetings, and drink coffee, cocoa, milk or soft drinks with doughnut.

Outstanding at the coffeehouse was Kathy Kepros, who acted as hostess and also entertained the group with her singing and guitar.

Jones House had a large

piece of cloth hanging on one wall. Guests were invited to paint on it with watercolours supplied by the residence. The result is amusing.

"The Happening" meets once weekly. This might be changed to twice if the demand is great enough.

By succeeding in this project Jones House had the last

which had planned a coffeehouse earlier in the term but cancelled it at the last minute because they feared lack of interest.

At "The Happening" the coffee is cheap. The admission charge is negligible. This project will continue to be successful for many months if the crowds are like they were last week.

Fredericton Police Patrol Mt. A Game

Two policemen from the force of the city of Fredericton were on duty at the Mt. Allison football game last Saturday. This was the first time in five years that the University has employed city police at a football game. The policemen patrolled up an down in front of the UNB bleachers.

An informed source said they were hired by the University because of fear that Mt. Allison and UNB students would get involved over the goal posts. The Campus Police, a group of UNB students appointed by the Students Representative Council, usually do all the watchdogging.

The chief of the Campus Police said he had expected a trainload of Mt. Allison fans.

Only a few dozen Allisonians showed up for the game. They came by car.

Last weekend the Junior Prom, a big social event in Sackville, was held.

Bishop's Quits CUS

LENNOXVILLE (CUP) — students at Bishop's University Monday quit the Canadian Union of Students, deepening an ideological split which has now chopped six student unions from CUS membership.

The Bishop's withdrawal rolls this fall.

came after a close, but unrecorded vote taken at a stormy student's association meeting.

This most recent in a series of withdrawals sparked by nation-wide debate on CUS involvement in political issues, has left McGill University the lone CUS member in Quebec.

The withdrawal resolution came to a vote, Andy Sancton, vice-president and chairman of external affairs at Bishop's, had won vindication on his stand against CUS.

Sancton earlier told the meeting he would resign his post if students failed to voice their opposition to CUS political activism and dissatisfaction with CUS services. Bishop's council executive endorsed his stand.

The CUS debate at Bishop's began formally Oct. 6, when Canadian Union of Students president Doug Ward made a special trip to Lennoxville to defend CUS philosophy against Sancton's criticisms.

Infuence his arguments had with the student body, they didn't result in Bishop's remaining in CUS.

Drama Society:

Opening

Night

Saturday

(See page 9)

Still Pretty Bad, But

Bathurst College

Girls Threaten Strike

The girls in residence at Bathurst College are getting later leaves. In fact they get the same leaves as the male students. But this came only after the student council there threatened a strike.

Lawson Hunter, President of the Association of Atlantic Students and of the UNB council said he had been talking with the council president at Bathurst.

Conditions there are "still pretty bad," Hunter said, but they are rapidly improving. Hunter said that Mr. Theriault, president of the Bathurst Council, attributed most of the success to the fact that the problem had been discussed at the AAS conference last month.

At the same meeting as the one at which a strike motion was proposed, the council there voted to remain in the Canadian Union of Students.

"The vote was unanimous," Hunter said.

Club Spokesman Says:

Conservative Paper Won't Be Biased

The University Progressive Conservative Club is going to publish a newspaper every three weeks, a club spokesman said last week. The paper will "not be biased", the spokesman said. "If our party fumbles, we'll blast them too."

The editor of the PC paper, which will be named OUR

TIMES, is Terry Delany. Assistant editor is Gordon McFee.

The paper wants contributions of any length and on any subject. A memorandum from the PC Club says there will be no editing; "except language, length". The deadline for the first issue is November 8.



This man doesn't look worried, even though the University Conservatives agree with Dalton Camp on a reassessment of Conservative Party

leadership. Diefenbaker has been fighting politically all his life, and he won't stop now.

McGill To Vote On CUS Membership

MONTREAL (CUP) — McGill University's students' society is going ahead with its plans for a mid-January referendum on McGill's membership in the Canadian Union of Students.

The students' society held an open meeting to discuss the proposed referendum which will decide whether

McGill will remain in CUS, join l'Union Générale des Etudiants du Québec, or become independent of both organizations.

McGill's council decided Oct. 13 to hold the referendum after external vice-president Arnie Aberman recommended withdrawal from CUS.

"I will take the results of this referendum to be binding on me, even if it means getting back into UGEQ," Aberman said.

"If we do stay in CUS, however, it will be, as before, on an apolitical stand. In the meantime, we are withholding McGill's fees from CUS, pending the results of the referendum."

Aberman said he sees nothing illogical in staying in CUS and refusing to take political stands, as CUS is moving in a political direction without an activist constitution. "I hope in the next few congresses CUS will return to its senses and be content to fulfil its role as a service organization," he said.

Aberman said while he agrees with the universal accessibility principle, he does not think free education and student salaries advocated by CUS will help achieve this goal.

"It seems ironic that an organization could at the same time advocate free education and organize expensive European tours," he said.

Montreal Students Pay Same Prices

MONTREAL (CUP) — The University of Montreal cafeteria has finally opened its doors to hungry students after a three-week shutdown.

The administration closed the cafeteria after students refused to comply with a hike in food prices and boycotted the building.

The agreement to put food services back in operation represented a compromise, said a spokesman for the U of M student's council.

The cafeteria will operate at the same prices in effect before the price hike. However this is "only a temporary situation," she said.

The continued operation and prices will be subject to future negotiations between students and the administration, according to student officials.

The make-shift, non-profit cafeteria which served students during the shutdown will suspend operations.

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Saint John SRC Says It's "Autonomous"

The Student Representative Council at the University of New Brunswick in Saint John has declared itself "autonomous" of any organization other than the Senate. A report from the Saint John branch newspaper, Centennial, says that a resolution was passed at a recent Council meeting there.

The resolution was proposed by Saint John Council President Gordon Church.

This is a further step taken by the Saint John two-year college to separate itself from the Fredericton SRC. Other examples of breakdowns in communication between the councils are Freshman Week, when an entertainment cost-sharing plan dissolved, and at last year's Winter Carnival, when the Saint John group decided not to participate formally with UNB in Fredericton.

So far the Fredericton Council has not made any concerted effort to patch up the quarrel.

There is no report of a rift between the Administrations

The typists working on the Student Directory were only of the Saint John and Fredericton branches, although middle of October, according to an informed source. The easiness in Saint John and source, closely associated with that the residents there are the Students Representative Council, said that two typists construction of the new cam had been working on it since registration, have begun.

and at that time the directory staff acquired more typists.

Jim Lovett, the Business Administration Club member in charge of the publication, said last week that the program had been at the printers for two weeks (since the middle of October) and that the Directories would be ready around the end of next week.

Another SRC source said he "knew for sure" the copy was not ready in the middle of the month. That does not mean they won't be out when Lovett said, however.

The Directory is awarded a concession by the Students Representative Council. The Business Club was the only organization to apply for it in the Spring.

The Business Club will charge 35¢ for the book, according to Lovett. As a result of this and advertising revenue the club is able to pay for its year's activities. The amount of profit is unknown. Only clubs getting SRC direct grants have to report their incomes.

Student Directory Gets Late Start: Out Soon

Prof's Aid Draft Dodgers

VANCOUVER (CUP) — Eight professors from the University of British Columbia and Simon Fraser University have formed a committee to help U.S. draft dodgers immigrate to Canada.

Vancouver lawyer Douglas Sanders, spokesman for the Committee to Aid American War Objectors, said Monday (Oct. 17) the committee was formed three weeks ago. It distributes emigration information to Americans of draft age who oppose the Vietnam war.

The committee has already attracted a dozen potential U.S. draftees to Canada, Mr. Sanders said.

Hundreds Enjoy Fantasia

This year's edition of fall formal, "Fall Fantasia", was well received by an unexpected 220-odd couples. The music of Don Warner and his orchestra was of the best quality and very well suited to a college prom. The overall effect was not strictly formal.

The theme of the ball was simply the magic or fantasy of the autumn season. The decorations were simple but very effective — thanks to the girls of Lady Dunn Hall and Creagh's Ltd.



Beaverbrook House is the Saint John equivalent of Sir Howard Douglas Hall. It forms the core of the Saint

John Branch of UNB. The branch has other buildings, one of them six blocks away. Construction has not started

on the Saint John Campus, although a sod was turned by Governor-General Vanier there in May, 1966.

In Vancouver:

Executive Says Students Need Housing Before SUB

VANCOUVER — UBC Alma Mater Society first vice-president Charlie Boylan is looking for students who think a place to live is more important than a place to congregate.

Boylan said Wednesday an answer to the drastic student

housing shortage must come before construction of the planned \$4.8 million Student Union Building begins.

He said he is looking for students with the same opinion.

"Students are faced with a critical housing shortage," he

said. "Their financial resources must not be tied up in a nice sandbox for 30 years."

Of each student's \$29 AMS fee, \$15 goes towards construction of SUB.

Boylan's comment came after he voted Monday against a motion by AMS treasurer Lorne Hudson that the council request the board of governors to give SUB top priority.

The board has yet to give final approval to the project. Boylan said he would be soapboxing for the next few weeks in an attempt to find response.

"I want to know if there are enough students who feel as I do—that SUB should be stopped now and an assessment of a real priority matter (housing) be recognized by council," he said.

Council recently squashed a referendum planned for this fall on the question of a re-assessment of the project.

Boylan, who initiated the referendum, said if he finds no concerted opposition to SUB he will give up the fight.

"I will say the student body has got itself into a bad deal, and let's get it done," he said.

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Treasure Van Man Holds Back Facts

The first letter to the editor is an amusing rebuttal to an article in last week's *Brunswickan*. The article criticized the Treasure Van, a travelling show of goods from other countries. They sell these items to students or anyone else who will pay their prices.

In his letter, Mr. Forbes criticises the writer for "his naive attack", hardly realizing that in his own naivete he answered the challenge of the article's last paragraph.

Poor Mr. Forbes (we pity him for undertaking as dishonourable task as directing Treasure Van) picks away at a few points in the article. Mr. Goldman does not run Treasure Van, he says, he is merely Business Manager. The Treasure Van budget request is irrelevant, he says. But, Mr. Forbes, ask the Finance Committee Chairman. He will tell you that he wants the most accurate estimates possible.

Mr. Forbes' third point is incomprehensible, and he seems a little confused about the WUSC budget cut. The parts that were removed from the WUSC budget may never be used by WUSC, Mr. Forbes. They are out of your control (as he seems to be himself). Their use is controlled by some committees of the SRC.

The article said that the Treasure Van charges as much as three times their cost for the trinkets they sell. The fact is that the Treasure Van charges about three times what the people in the manufacturing nations are given. Mr. Forbes' "eight points" are some of the reasons for the high prices, but we got the same "briefing document" that he did, and the two he omitted are of more concern: (a) should be "the buying agent's or exporter's commission. Because the Treasure Van "briefing document" did not include any indication of the magnitude of each item, we must conclude that this omitted one is one of great magnitude.

Another omitted item is (k) "an allowance for breakages and depreciation". The latter includes a factor written off annually for goods held in inventory. We happen to know that the Treasure Van has been using part of the profits to increase inventories.

Oh, dear, Mr. Forbes.

Alas, Mr. Forbes says misleadingly that the money will help WUSC. That's for sure! Our source says "this profit is turned over to the general funds of WUSC to be used, at the discretion of the WUSC National Assembly and National Committee to finance student welfare projects in Canada and overseas."

We need not go on. Tom Forbes is surpressing facts from the students.

We hope that this isn't characteristic of all WUSC workers.

CP's Take Booze, Permit Violence

At last Saturday's game, we noticed that the Campus Police (and City Police) got an exhilarating joy out of confiscating liquor. We overheard one CP boasting to his cohorts, "I got five pints and two mickeys".

But we also saw a Campus Policeman push a UNB student back into the stands as he tried to jump onto the track. He was thrown on top of two cheerleaders.

And we saw a boistrous (and probably intoxicated) student dragging a fifteen year-old girl across the front of the bleachers against her will. She was in tears. No CP came to her aid.

There has been one Student Discipline Committee meeting this year. A student was fined \$10 for throwing up at a dance.

Is this what the Campus Police are for? They are confiscating liquor and ignoring breaches of the peace.

The Students Representative Council must legislate to improve this intolerable situation.

Brunswickan

CELEBRATING ITS HUNDREDDTH YEAR WITH CANADA

Established in 1867, the *Brunswickan* is Canada's oldest student publication. It is published weekly for the students of the University of New Brunswick at Fredericton, N.B. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Student Representative Council. Subscriptions \$4 a year. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. The *Brunswickan* office is located at the Memorial Students Centre, UNB, Fredericton, N.B., telephone 475-5191. This paper was printed at Capital Free Press, Brunswick Street, Fredericton.

SEE
THE HOLE

Letters To The Editor

VAN-MAN STRIKES BACK

Editor:
I read with interest an "expression of opinion" given in the October 27th *Brunswickan* by Gary Davis. I question whether Mr. Davis aims his naive attack at W.U.S.C. or TREASURE VAN — or Mr. Goldman. In either case, I find Mr. Davis' facts singularly inaccurate.

Firstly, it is not Mr. Goldman's "job . . . to prepare for the sale here"; that is MY job. Mr. Goldman's duties — as Business Manager — start November 21, when the sale arrives here. Secondly, the W.U.S.C. committee has not given \$135 EXTRA to finance TREASURE VAN; this amount is, and should be regarded as, a loan. The full \$135 is repayable after the completion of the TREASURER VAN sale. Therefore, Mr. Davis' long-winded and confused discourse on the cost of TREASURE VAN. is irrelevant — be the amount \$156 or \$135 or \$125 (where did Mr. Davis extract this latter fact from?).

Thirdly, this amount, \$135, was not forgotten OR omitted from the W.U.S.C. Budget request. And therefore this FIGURE could NOT have, and DID NOT, APPEAR in the HANDS of the Finance Committee after the initial draft. Fourthly, as any attentive member of the Student Representative Council, or any member of the Finance Committee can substantiate, the W.U.S.C. Budget was not cut by the SPECTACULAR sum of "almost" \$1439. Due to a

HOME SWEET HOME

Editor:

Mr. Nelson Adams' comments on "the ugliness, dyspepsia and monotony", being the real disadvantages of residence life, are wrong and your cartoonist did pick the proper target for his cartoon. As you can readily see in the enclosed photograph.

If there were more open rooms in residence the poor students would not have to sink to alcoholic consumption to fight off the pressures of their natural drives. This is what I thought your cartoonist was trying to get at.

A Lush.

revised Budget scheme, certain items come under a separate classification — but they are still there!

Fifthly, according to Mr. Davis, "it has been said that the profit (of TREASURE VAN) which goes . . . not for their (W.U.S.C.) activities overseas, is as much as 300% of the cost of the items to W.U.S.C. Many things "have been said", and many more SHALL be! The profit is 15%, not more, and often LESS; by NO stretch of the imagination does this equal 300%. (I suggest Mr. Davis examine his typewriter carefully).

It is perfectly true that the cost of items is higher in Canada than in the local markets back home. TREASURE VAN has to pay, IN ADDITION to the basic cost of the item:

- the cost of packaging,
- export taxes, harbour dues, etc.
- shipping cost to Canada
- insurance
- Canadian customs duty (10% - 30%)
- Canadian Excise Tax
- Canadian Federal Sales Tax — 11%
- the cost of distribution and publicity within Canada

The 15% profit goes to the general funds of W.U.S.C. to be used to assist the work of the organization in Canada and Overseas.

To speak of "soaking" someone is absurd! Everyone, even students, CAN profit from TREASURE VAN. Those who have interests outside the confines of their aggressiveness and personal accusations should welcome the opportuni-

ty to see the handicrafts of other nations. Thus, Mr. Davis, "we are forced to ask": "why should TREASURE VAN not "get half a page in last week's paper"?"

"THIS WRITER, Mr. Davis, waits expectantly for more incoherent phrases and unreliable facts.

We ALL wait!

Thomas Forbes
Chairman
TREASURER VAN

FORMAL PROTEST

Editor:

It's time to write my annual protest letter concerning the use of SRC funds for the Fall Formal.

Have a formal by all means — but why hire an expensive orchestra? If, for example, The Law Society Ball, which is restricting entrance to Law students and members of the profession — that is, seniors, post-graduates, and post-graduates — can make do with a local band, why not the humble cross-section of university life which is admitted to the formals.

The need and demand for university formals diminished as enrollment increased. UNB is now too large for everyone to go to a dance to see and be seen.

The formals function has largely been taken over by the House Socials and faculty dances with their liberal sprinkling of guests.

If there are to be formals let them be financially self-sufficient; also, it could be easier on the balance of payments.

Dave Godby (Forestry V)



Holy Council, Batman!

"You're not secretly a Catholic Priest?" queried Post-Grad Nelson Adams of President Hunter, who had just mumbled through a ninety-two page motion at Early Mass speed. Vice-president Champion didn't hear. He was fondling his security scarf and wondering why Finance Chairman Beach hadn't worn a jacket or tie. Sue Kinnear coughed looked at her wardrobe

Law Queen



Sue Kinnear. A third year student in Physical Education, from the Town of Mount Royal Quebec, she will represent the Law School in the Winter Carnival Queen competition. Miss Kinnear is on the Students Representative Council and is a veteran on the women's swim team the Mermaids.

Conference at UNB

'Values, Change, Action'

A student organization has initiated plans for a conference at UNB on 'Values, Change and Action - 1967'. The conference will be held here from January 20 to 22, 1967.

At least two prominent speakers will be present at the conference. Already letters accepting invitations to speak have been received from Saul D. Alinsky and G. G. Duclos. Mr. Alinsky is noted for his activity against 'democracy that lacks participation'. He is a sociologist and criminologist by training, and is a specialist in creating mass organizations on a democratic basis "in order that the so-called 'little man' can gather into his hands the power he needs to make and shape his life." Articles on Mr. Alinsky have appeared in magazines as well known as *Harper's*.

Mr. Duclos is Director General of Manpower Services for the Government of Canada. He was a lecturer at the University of New Brunswick until his appointment to the Civil

watch and straightened one of the hairs in her fifteen dollar do. Barb Roberts abstained and Peter Blair changed seats — apparently his front bench complex was wearing thin. "If he goes on that way next week, we'll have to throw him out," whispered Hunter to Adams, whose flower tie and matching belt probably caused Russel Haynes to take another bite of his noisy chocolate bar. "We know what we're talking about," quipped Gadd to the group, but everyone was watching Nelson scratch his chest. Bev Cooke just wrote her Field Hockey write-up for the Sports page. Barb Roberts abstained again while Rob Asprey straightened his eight-dollar silk tie and wished he was in bed. Others might as well have been absent.

Council To Meet Versafood Executive

The Students' Representative Council will study the problem of food services at the University. Council President Lawson Hunter, discussing the food problem on campus, (in the Student's Centre cafeteria and McConnell Hall), stated that the Council is fully aware of the existing problem, and definite steps are now being taken to rectify the matter.

Hunter will meet with Mr. Colwell, manager of Versa Foods on campus, and the General Manager of Versa Foods of Canada next week, to discuss quality and rising costs.

Regarding residence food, Hunter expressed hope for some change in the three week revolving menu program. In connection with this, Hunter also anticipated more action from the Residence Food Committee.

(See the inside for a financial report on Versafoods and story on page 16.)

Genetics Expert Speaks Tonight

The second of three lectures on genetics will be given tonight in the Chemistry Building Auditorium. Genetics is the subject of this year's Brian Priestman Memorial Lecture series, featuring Dr. H. G. Khorana as guest lecturer.

He gave a lecture Wednesday on nucleic acid synthesis. Tonight's lecture and one tomorrow at 10:30 am will be on the genetic code.

Dr. Khorana has been a guest lecturer at Stanford, Harvard, Chicago, and Wisconsin.

The lecture series is named after Dr. Priestman, who died in 1945 trying to rescue a young boy from drowning in the St. John River.



'FOOD FOR THOUGHT'

At every university I have ever heard of, the students grumble periodically about the food they are served. This serves a useful purpose in that it gives the students another topic of conversation besides sex and liquor. Of course, there are sometimes good reasons for complaint about menus and prices... and infrequently a reason to legitimately complain about one of the personnel involved. However, whether the complaints are based on sound reasons or not, the students will grumble anyway. This fact is accepted relatively graciously by most caterers and administrations... so long as the criticism is within the bounds of decency.

Last week's *Brunswickan* featured an editorial cartoon which went far beyond the standard of common sense and decency one would expect of even the most playful college student. The cartoon was unfair, unrealistic, disgusting and libelous. Those who drew it, captioned it and allowed it to be published have good reason to be ashamed of themselves. It made me ashamed, both of the people involved and of the *Brunswickan*. I would hope that these people will have the courage to apologize for the cartoon, via the same medium in which it was published. Should they not have the required courage, this writer hereby apologizes for them.

Now I propose to say a few words about Versa Foods and the people who work for that company. Part of the reason for the offensiveness of the cartoon was the way in which the staff was pictured. Many young college students who play for a living seem to have the impression that those people who work for a living are inferior to them. It is an idea which they will soon discover is very wrong... as soon as they run out of borrowed money and borrowed time. Imagine, if you will, what would happen at UNB if the people who have been complaining so loudly were suddenly given the responsibility of planning, preparing and serving daily meals to several thousand people, while still making a profit for their employer and making a living for their own families. The complainers would have to get out of bed considerably earlier in the mornings than they do now... and they would have to learn some other skills besides talking.

I am not trying to hold forth that the catering service at UNB is perfect. It is not... but then neither are you and I. But let me tell you this... I ate residence food for four years (actually three and a half... to be honest) and found the food staff at LBR to be fine and capable people. They were my friends when I left there, and they still are. I have been a customer of the Student Centre cafeteria for double that time... I don't have to eat there, but I often do. It's not luxury fare, but then I'm not in the market for that. But the Student Centre is considerably cleaner and better run than most of the restaurants in downtown Fredericton. Some of the cafeteria staff have allowed me to eat when I didn't have a dime... and I'm not by any means the only student to have been extended that privilege... or the privilege of cashing post-dated cheques.

That's what I think about the subject of that vicious cartoon. I intend to tell the people who were attacked... and they are people... that not all students agree with the *Brunswickan* editorial staff. Why don't you tell them too...



Stage manager Joe Salter and Don Gallop are shown working on the sets for "THE HOLE" and "THE BALD SOPRANO" for the UNB Drama Society. The sets were designed by Professor A. J. Shaw who directed last year's festival-winning production of "DEATH OF A SALESMAN". Tickets for this year's fall show are available at \$1.00 for students and \$2.00 for others. Dates are Nov. 5, 7, and 8, with curtain time at 8:30 sharp.

Bookstore Offers Rebate

MONTREAL (CUP) — Sir George Williams University's paperback book store has issued a challenge to a downtown book store here.

Jack Silver, a university book store employee, announced if any student can obtain a paperback from Classic's for a lower price than he can at the university book store, the book store will pay the difference in cash to that student.

The planning committee is

Treasure Van Bans South African Goods

Treasure Van will arrive on the campus this year just in time for Christmas shopping. The WUSC sponsored project which travels from campus to campus across Canada will have 1500 different articles from 29 different countries for sale at Memorial Hall November 21 to 25.

Only 29 countries will have their goods represented and not 30 as advertised. The WUSC national assembly held in Windsor over Thanksgiving weekend banned the sale of South African goods.

The resolution was passed by 120 delegates. Observers at the assembly interpreted the ban on South African goods as discrimination for political reasons. Its passing was described as a death blow.

Another resolution stipulating that some of the profits from Treasure Van should go directly to the WUS International Program for Action. In the past, all profits have gone toward financing WUSC operations and Toronto offices according to statements made at the WUSC assembly.

At the first organizational meeting of WUSC held here last week, plans were made for the promotion of Treasure Van on Campus.

Treasure Van gathers its goods from all over the world. Such items as koala bears from Australia, jewellery from Spain, brassware, incense, and silks from India, leather goods from Morocco are a few of the wide variety of items available.

This year, Treasure Van hopes to recruit a staff of 100 students to work as clerks in the project. It also hopes to make \$5000 on sales here. Last year, they reported sales totalling \$3250 and the year before, they reported \$2160.

The articles on sale at Treasure Van were originally purchased from suppliers in the various countries at the going market price. Before going on sale here, they have a mark-

up which covers shipping and packaging costs. The final price is considerably less than it would be for the same article if it were purchased in a commercial store. Silver jewellery from Thailand is an example of this.

The money made at Treasure Van will go toward WUSC activities on the campus and to overseas programs for financing students in emerging countries. Presently, there is a WUSC program of financing students in Rhodesia.

The amount of money WUSC

on campus will receive for administering its student educational program on world affairs, film programs, seminars and a model United Nations will be 5% of the total amount. In the past the head office of WUSC in Toronto received 40% for administration of its world wide projects and 55% of the amount will be sent overseas. A new division of profits will be announced.

Any student interested in working at Treasure Van can contact Mike Carty or call Tom Forbes at 475-7669.

Mixed Dorm Visiting Allowed At Queen's

KINGSTON (CUP) — Queen's University reached a new standard of enlightenment Friday, Oct. 14, when women were allowed in Men's residences for the first time.

The residence board has permitted women to visit the men on the condition they observe certain restrictions such as visiting hours, registering guests, and leaving doors open when women are visiting.

Restrictions are enforced by floor seniors. Residence discipline committees will deal with any infractions of the rules.

Penalties for rule infractions range from fines to expulsion from residence.

Annual Service Nov. 13

Wilmot United Church will hold its annual University service, Sunday evening November 13 for students and faculty at the University of New Brunswick.

President Colin B. Mackay will read the lesson. Rev. George N. Gillis will deliver the sermon.

This year's University Services will coincide with Wilmot's 175th anniversary. All students and faculty are invited to attend, regardless of religious denomination.

The service will begin at 7 p.m. Sunday, November 13,

Pach - Halifax Symphony Capture Audience

A competent performance by the Halifax Symphony Tuesday night won over a Fredericton Playhouse audience of five hundred. With an inspiring performance by guest violin soloist, Joseph Pach, resident musician at UNB, the evening ended a solid success.

The audience got a hint of things to come from the moment the orchestra started playing 'God Save the Queen' (patriotic feeling aside) with a seldom heard depth of expression and feeling. Conductor John Fenwick brought from the relatively small Halifax Symphony a strength of expression which at times approached a level usually achieved only by much larger and more professional orchestras.

The intelligent choice and balancing of the selections contributed to the performance. Beethoven's *Overture to Coriolan* opened the concert, followed by the *Esquire pour Orchestra* by the contemporary Canadian composer, Morel. The atmosphere of intriguing quiet and mystery so successfully brought out in the Morel composition, following upon the strength of the Beethoven Overture, and preceding the Romantic Mendelssohn concerto, acted as a quiet second movement to the concert as a whole.

The highlight of the evening was Mr. Pach's outstanding performance of the Mendelssohn *Concerto in E Minor*. He moved into the work with an intensity which seemed impossible to sustain, yet he not only maintained this standard of performance, he seemed to improve towards the end, finally bringing his audience to their feet in the only standing ovation of the evening. Co-ordination between the soloist and the orchestra was excellent throughout.

After Mozart's *Symphony No. 35*, the audience applauded until conductor Fenwick consented twice to encores, which surprised everybody, proving the second highlight of the evening. The two light and sparkling pieces, *Brahm's Hungarian Dance No. 6*, and the *Turkish March* from Beethoven's *Surprise Symphony*, rounded out a most delightful concert.

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New Club Plans Remote-Control Flying

A UNB model airplane club is being formed. The purpose of this club would be to pro-

mote the building and flying of model aircraft, and to encourage competitions among members and other clubs.

The control-line models are flown using one, two or more wires for control.

Residences Form Council

A council for the Residence body on the UNB Campus has finally been formed, called the Residence Representative Council. It consists of the Residence Presidents. Formerly the presidents met with the Dean of Men's Residences whenever a reason appeared but now a weekly session of the Council convenes, independent of the Dean, to discuss matters of mutual concern affecting the Residences.

The RRC's existence and purpose is defined as 'being a single body which meets with the intention of co-ordinating and promoting the unanimously expressed wishes of the Residences, and which stands as the sole student lobbying force of the Residence Complex.

The Council meets each Tuesday at 10:00 pm in the Conference Room of the Student Center and invites any party wishing to discuss matters related to the Residences to come at that time. Contact any one of the Presidents if you are concerned.

There are two main classes of model aircraft, flying models and non-flying models.

Non-flying models include the building of plastic and wood models for display only. In these models the level of workmanship varies from the building of plastic scale models up to the skillful construction of detailed display models of museum quality, which, when carefully photographed in proper settings, are impossible to distinguish from the real aircraft.

The second category is that of flying models. Here we have the sub-divisions of control-line, free flight and radio control.

Control-line speed models have reached speeds of over 200 mph, and control-line scale models are duplicating the actions of real aircraft, including taking off of a scale model aircraft carrier and catching an arresting hook on landing. Free flight usually has the greatest variety of models. The principle of flying free flight consists of letting the model go completely on its own either for endurance on a pre-determined length of engine run or to obtain scale-like performance from the model.

The final category is that of radio-control. This includes all sizes of models designed for sport, contests, scale and trainers.

The model itself is controlled from the ground by a radio signal which is transmitted from a transmitter held by the pilot. Radio controlled models have been known to fly as high as 17,000 feet, have flown at speeds up to 150 mph, and are capable of performing spectacular aerostics that stagger the imagination.

Interested Students can contact Jim Miller, Room 2, Neill House.

At UBC:

Half-Price Sandwiches Hot Sellers

VANCOUVER — The Ubyssey sandwich kings last month smeared mayonnaise on food services' head Ruth Blair by selling cheese sandwiches at half the cafeteria price and making a profit.

Reporters Rod Wilczak, Bert Hill, Pat Hrushowy and Val Zuker turned carnival barkers in the North Brock foyer, selling 50 sandwiches in an elapsed time of 15 minutes.

"They sold like hotcakes," Wilczak snickered Wednesday.

Food services sandwiches retail for 20 cents. Ubyssey sandwiches sold for ten cents.

"It took me half an hour to make them, and I paid myself a mere \$3.60 retail. We cost a mere \$3.60 retail. We

Hill said: The ingredients self \$2 an hour," Wilczak said. made a small profit, which the four of us will use to buy two beers."

A food services spokesman said there was no noticeable drop in cheese sandwich sales Tuesday.

Manitoba Paper Loses Editor

WINNIPEG (CUP) — The editor of The Manitoban, student newspaper at the University of Manitoba, has resigned.

"Resigning my position is one of the most difficult decisions I have ever had to make," said Carol Schollie, editor of the paper since February. The editor then, Dave Sanders, resigned to run in the students' union presidential election at Manitoba.

Miss Schollie said she resigned because personal problems and her "responsibilities as a student, made it impossible for me to meet the physical demands of the position and the responsibilities it entails."

She is the second campus editor to resign last month. Henry Sobotka resigned Oct. 13 as editor of The Loyola News in Montreal.

EMPLOYMENT INTERVIEWS

Our representatives will be visiting the campus 21st, 22nd and 23rd NOVEMBER

to interview graduating and post-graduate students in the following disciplines who are interested in a career in industry:

Regular Employment:

General Arts or Science
Mechanical Engineering
Chemical Engineering
Mining Engineering
Engineering Science
Mathematics

Electrical Engineering
Engineering Physics
Chemistry and/or Physics
Commerce or Business Administration
Statistics
Econometrics

An interview appointment can be made at your Placement Office on campus where you may obtain position descriptions and information about the Company. If supplies of these are depleted, please fill in the coupon below and forward to us for immediate attention.

Summer Employment:

We will have a number of interesting openings for undergraduates in chemical, mechanical and electrical engineering, one two and three years from graduation as well as for undergraduates in chemistry, commerce or business administration. Summer employees, particularly those who will be entering their senior year provide the additional technical manpower required to carry out many important investigations of a challenging nature.

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Dear Sir:

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(please print)



Bruno Bobak, resident artist, is shown here in his Memorial Hall studio. Mr. Bobak directs the activities of the arts centre in the same building. The inside this week features a cover story on the Bobaks.

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We would like to meet you on the campus in order to discuss your career plans, our graduate training and development programs, and the opportunities with Hawker Siddeley Canada Ltd.

Please consult your Placement Office for position descriptions, reference materials, and interview times.

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Hawker Siddeley will be interviewing graduating students at the Bachelor and Master's levels on

November 4

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Former UNB Student On Campus

WUSC Activities Outlined

Jill Stocker, Assistant Secretary in the national World University Service of Canada hierarchy (consisting of a Secretariat of four), was interviewed by the **Brunswickan** last Thursday. Miss Stocker gave a brief account of the WUSC organization.

"Secretaries run, quickly amended to read 'administrative', the thirty-nine projects carried out by WUSC each year. They are responsible to the National Committee, which consists of 24 elected members, one of whom is Dr. Patricia Roberts of the UNB Biology department. The members are elected each year and they make all policy decisions of WUSC. One of the recent changes in policy was to have the Secretariat make more frequent personal contact with local committees; this explains Miss Stocker's presence on campus.

While on campus, Miss Stocker and the other secretaries in WUSC discussed WUSC aims with the committee chairmen, and were interviewed on radio, television and by the press to gain publicity for the WUSC organization. They also spoke to SRC and the CUS chairmen in regard to funds which they may allocate to



WUSC.

Miss Stocker said that there are WUSC organizations in 49 countries. In contrast to CUS, which is strictly a student organization, WUSC membership is open to both students and faculty. The structure of WUSC is totally different from CUS, Miss Stocker said, and the two organizations could not be jointly administered.

The general aim of WUSC, Miss Stocker said, is the promotion of international relations. Each WUSC committee gives as much as possible to the IPA, the International Program of Action. This money is allocated every two years

by the International Association. This association consists, she said, of two representatives from each member country, one student and one professor. All requests for funds are submitted in writing to this association. The International Assembly then meets to decide which projects are to be favoured. Naturally, she said, there are about four times as many requests as projects that can be subsidised.

Last year, she said, Canada contributed 59,000 dollars to the International Program of Action.

Each student in the participating Universities in Canada pays ten cents to the WUSC organization.

As of four weeks ago, faculty members also contribute a set sum of fifty cents.

WUSC has existed in Canada since 1939 — in Europe

(See page 9)

Teachers College Gym Open

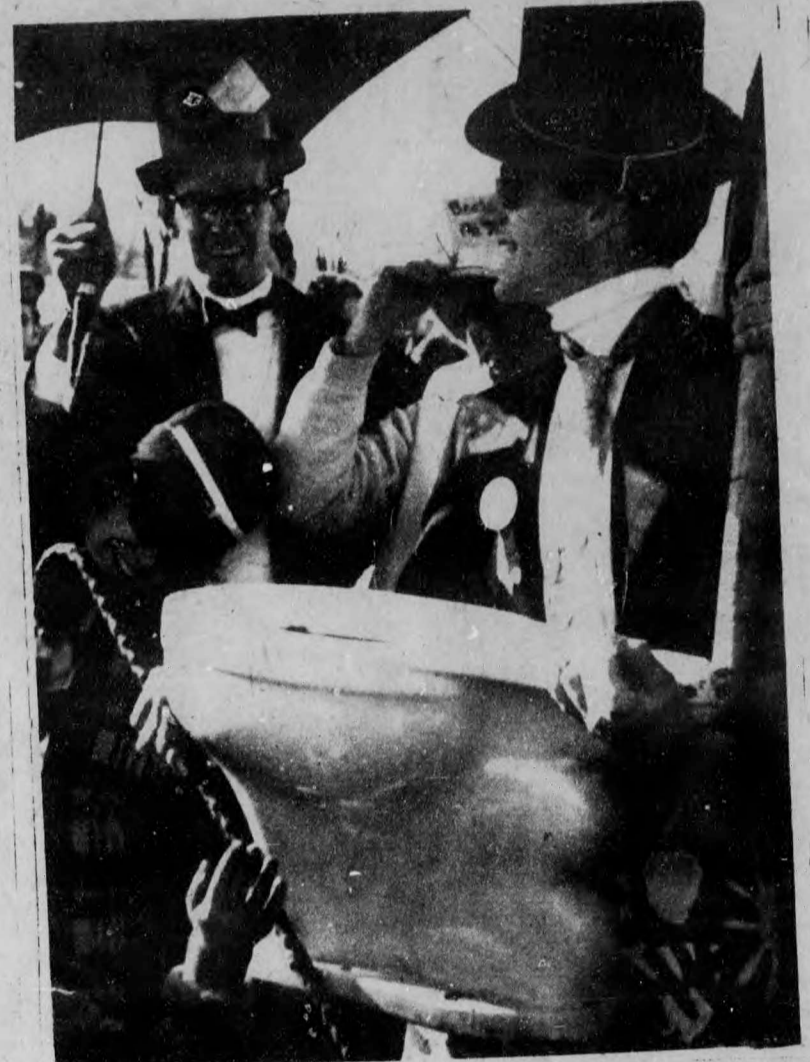
The Athletic Department of Teachers College have offered UNB and St. Thomas students the use of certain facilities at specific hours as outlined below.

This convenience is very much appreciated and it is hoped that students interested will arrange for proper attire and show every respect for the equipment and facilities.

Tote baskets and locks may be obtained by interested students upon paying a \$2.00 caution fee which is refundable. These arrangements can be made at the TC Gymnasium up to 4:45 p.m. during the week days.

Students are permitted to use the facilities at the following hours only.

WEIGHT TRAINING
Monday through Thursday
6:30 to 10:00 p.m.
GYMNASTICS
Monday and Wednesday
8:00 to 10:00 p.m.
Sunday
1:00 to 3:00 p.m.



The half-time show of the UNB-Mt. A. football game featured the first annual RED & BLACK 500 Grand Prix.

The purpose of this event was to publicize RED & BLACK the annual UNB college revue to be held this year on November 17, 18, 19 at the Fredericton Playhouse.

Shown above is George Phemister, team beater of the Red Baron's Rick-Shoe, being presented with the toilet bowl that he and his team of prancing mares managed to reach seconds before the Ponderosa Racing Team. The winning team was driven by Master Bates.

Book Prices At Carleton Forced Down

OTTAWA (CUP) — A student co-operative bookstore at Carleton University has forced university book prices down five per cent.

"This proves they're operating on a profit basis and channelling the funds into general university revenue," co-op organizer Jim Russell said Thursday (Sept. 15.) He said the university bookstore prices for books sold by the co-op dropped to hover between the old price and the co-op price.

Russell and his eight-man crew obtained their books in consignment from the Student Christian Movement bookstore in Toronto. Packaged into complete bundles, co-op books sell six to 18 per cent below university prices.

The co-operative, operating

at the main junction of the underground tunnels which link all Carleton buildings, opened Thursday. It offers book sets for four first and second year English courses, and a set for a compulsory humanities course.

Russell said his group aims to establish a full bookstore in the fall of 1967, pending the success of this year's pilot. "And it's looking very good," he said. Professors and departments are helping us, contrary to administration edicts.

Like most Canadian universities, WLU included, Carleton's accounts are not made public. But Russell estimates all required books could be sold at an average of 12 per cent below university bookstore prices.

The co-operative, operating

Alumni Meet, Discuss Student Liason Committee

The annual meeting of the Associated Alumni of the University of New Brunswick was held last Saturday in the Tartan Room of the Campus Student Centre.

Included on the agenda for the one-day meeting was the installation of new officers, a report by the student liaison committee and action on several of the association's by-laws.

The Associated Alumni at UNB has some 6,158 males and 1,373 female members, scattered in 38 countries of the world and on all the continents.

Following Saturday's business sessions a "football luncheon" was held in the Student Centre 'Oak Room'.

Alumni activities got underway Friday night with the SRC fall formal, featuring the orchestra of Don Warner of Halifax, in McConnell Hall on campus.

McGill Course Evaluation Useful

MONTREAL (CUP) — The first course evaluation undertaken at McGill has had a marked effect on campus and is viewed as a useful and important contribution by student and professor alike.

This was the overall impression given by undergraduates and their teachers, after one week of classes, when contacted about the Course Guide.

Published by the Arts and Science Undergraduates' Society, the book carries critiques of third and fourth-year courses. Professors, texts and general course structure are dealt with.

Most students questioned about the Guide said it formed part of their choice of courses this year. Some felt it was in-

complete and criticized various points but agreed that it should be continued in future.

Professors were less enthusiastic but most of those interviewed felt the evaluation was basically a good idea.

"I feel the guide should have put in statistical surveys rather than witticisms which did not give a true representation of class opinion" commented Professor F.A. Kunz of the Political Science department.

The use of selected student comments in the book met with criticism of both students and professors, some calling it "slanderous". Others felt the unfavorable points of courses were over-emphasized.

Students who were most en-

thusiastic about the idea of an evaluation felt there should be more information contained in the review.

An English professor termed the work "a breakthrough in student-professor relations" and that discussion between them should improve because of it.

Although class enrolments fluctuate from year to year, Professor C.D. Cecil's English class nearly doubled this semester. His course had one of the few excellent evaluations in the report.

Dr. Ronald Melzack of the Psychology department indicated that he planned a revamping of his conference format because of the Guide.

A History professor ques-

tioned the absence of the faculty courses in the book terming this the "greatest failing" of the critique.

Not all students, however, were impressed with the project. A minority said it was "useless" and provided "a good laugh".

Some felt the Guide tended toward a "popularity poll" of the professors and focussed too much attention "on their teaching methods".

The book is based on surveys conducted in third and fourth-year classes last spring. Some 4,000 students in more than 100 courses filled in a questionnaire which included both IBM and written responses.

Editor-in-Chief of the Guide, Simon Taunton, said that many of the failings of the book are due to lack of gathering information. Many individual considerations should have been better treated in a course-by-course survey, he said. Questionnaires were standard for all courses.

Taunton felt that the preponderance of critical statements in the book might be due to the students' "ability to articulate it better" than praise.

The book was originated by Ian McLean, last year's ASUS President, and Neil Caplan. It was edited by Simon Taunton, Steve Joffre, John Feketo and Bill Baker.

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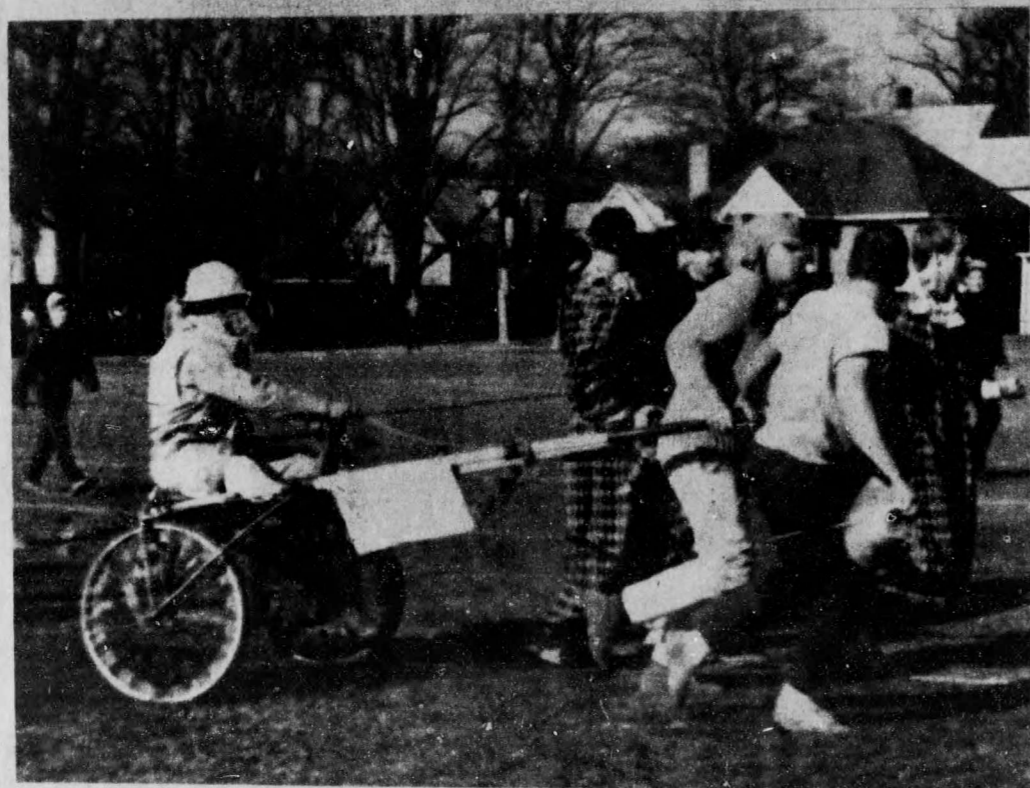
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November 5, 7, and 8

8:30 p.m.

Tickets available at the Playhouse Box Office

Adults \$2.00 Students \$1.00

Plays

Open

Nov. 5

Graham Whitehead and Robert Fraser of the UNB English Department are directing two one-act comedies at the Playhouse this season.

Whitehead's play, "The Bald Soprano", is a comment on the vapid ethos of English suburban life.

Fraser's play, "The Hole", by N. F. Simpson, is a more general comment on modern morality conventions.

The two plays are in keeping with the Drama Society's policy of producing plays of a stimulating, topical and contemporary nature.

Business Faculty Elects Queen

Vickie Cathcart, Business Administration Queen for 1966-1967 is a second year Arts student from Sillery, Quebec. Miss Cathcart was chosen last week and will represent the Business Administration Faculty in the competition for Winter Carnival Queen 1967.



Vickie Cathcart

Business Week Schedule

BUSINESS WEEK SCHEDULE

Thursday, November 3: Tour of Mactaquac — afternoon
Business Smoker — 8:00 p.m.
— The Manor

Saturday, November 5: Business Ball — 9:00pm — 12:30am
McConnell Hall

BUSINESS

BALL

SATURDAY

All Across Canada

Cafeterias Rumbling

by Stephen MacFarlane

Throughout the country, universities have been subjected to deplorable food conditions in their cafeterias. The newspaper of the University of British Columbia, the *Ubcsey*, has been selling cheese sandwiches at half the cafeteria price; the *Universite de Montreal* has actually boycotted their cafeteria.

The University of New Brunswick is no different. The food prices in our cafeteria could only be justified by matchless service and immaculate sanitary conditions. Regrettably, this is not the case. One of the most deplorable practices of the *Versafood* people is that of setting phalanx

upon phalanx of glasses of milk on trays for the dinner crowds. The milk, not excessively cold when it comes from the dispenser, is stock-piled to get warmer . . . and warmer . . . and warmer . . . All the while, hundreds of hands are passing above, dropping God-knows-what.

The bread, left on the counter to stale, is about as appetizing as used Kleenex.

The pies and other desserts are not put in any sort of cooler, just left to pick up whatever the wind brings them. Students must purchase them without any assurance that they have not been handled as much as a two-dollar bill.

In one of the two places in Canada where apples should be dirt cheap, particularly at this time of the year, because of our proximity to the Annapolis alley, (the other being the Okanagan alley in British Columbia), the cafeteria sells them for ten cents; even then, they are not always fresh apples.

The latest device responsible for the thinning of student wallets is the Submarine Sandwich. This little gem, which is little more than a glorified salami sandwich in "chewy" bread, sells for fifty-five cents.

Grilled cheese sandwiches are twenty-five cents. When a desperate attempt to make them edible is made by ordering bacon on the sandwich, the price is hiked a full sixty per cent.

The hamburger buns are dripping, soggy wet. The meat is roughly as flat as a poker chip, and not nearly so appetizing.

These are but a few examples of the service in the cafeteria. I think, for reasons of convenience as well as sanitation, the Student Centre could find room for:

- 1) A coin-operated coffee/tea/milk dispenser;
- 2) A cooling area for desserts;
- 3) A cage or pigpen for students who prefer to eat in squalor and not return their trays; and
- 4) greater co-operation on the part of some students in this self-service cafeteria.

Maybe after we see better food in the cafeteria, we can decide whether or not the prices are justified.

from page 8

W U S C

since the 1920's. It began after the First World War under the name of European Student Relief. In 1929 its name was changed to International Student Service; in 1952 it became World University Service — in Canada, the World University Service of Canada, or WUSC.

Miss Stocker said that at least 98 per cent of WUSC local committees bring Treasure Van to their campuses. She said that at present none of the profits of Treasure Van go to International Assembly projects.

WUSC is now in the process of changing from a primarily money-raising enterprise to one that educates through literature, teach-ins, and seminars.

When Miss Stocker was asked how much it cost each University to bring Treasure Van to its campus, she said that there were no figures because no one had ever asked for them before.

Last Sunday Miss Stocker left for Moncton, Charlottetown, and then Toronto, completing her tour of WUSC committees.

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Artsmen Elect Queen Friday

Since there is no Arts Society in existence, permission was granted to some interested Artsmen to select princesses to represent the Arts faculty.

Contenders are Jane Lawson, Michelle Hurley and Dawn Charlton.

The voting for Arts queen will be held in the same manner as in previous years. All Arts students, showing their student passes, will be able to vote Friday, November 4, 1966, from 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. in Carleton Hall, second floor lobby.

Artsmen, help select your queen. The crowning of the Queen will be Friday night, place to be announced.

(For pictures, see page 12)

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Minister Talks To Liberal Club

Meldrum Defines Academic Freedom

Hon. W. W. Meldrum, provincial Minister of Education, spoke to members of the UNB Liberal Club, on Thursday, Oct. 27, on "Academic Freedom and Government Control".

In his address, Mr. Meldrum spoke of the dangers of allowing freedom to be usurped even through the Democratic process. "What is to be feared is the loss of freedom by public demand," he said. "Freedom is not lost by dramatic incidents, but by erosion."

"In our time, no one asks for loss of freedom" he said, "but for government assistance. Government assistance may not bring regulation of society, but it may bring regulation of the assistance, and the assistance inexorably regulates the receiver."

He said that government assistance is wrong when it creeps into areas where it is not intended, and where it robs initiative.

"Academic Freedom for the student," he said, is the freedom to study anything at all — or nothing at all."

Mr. Meldrum asked whether or not compulsion by the state was the only answer to the problem of educating the people at the elementary level. He cited the example of Mexico, where "only when the family and the student recognise the need for education do they go to school".

As a counter argument, Mr. Meldrum said that the needs of a modern technological society require universal education, at least to the point that society be, as nearly as possible 100 per cent literate.

ANOTHER REASON

Another reason Mr. Meldrum cited for universal education was that "man must be defended from his own folly." He said that perhaps it is because we do not want to help them that

we "insist that society provide for the unfortunate victims of their own failures."

Academic freedom for the professors, he said, "bestows the right to teach anything that the professor believes — anything." This meant, he said, that professors must be allowed to teach that God is dead or that God is living; that Communism is right, or that Capitalism is right, or that neither is right; and that, by the same token, he may be allowed to teach robbery and murder.

"Should we prevent him from teaching robbery and murder?" he asked.

Mr. Meldrum also stated that, by academic freedom, the professor should be able to teach not only what he believes, but even what he does not believe — what in fact he knows to be false. "How can you be sure that he is not wrong?" Mr. Meldrum said. He may be teaching the right thing for the wrong reason, or teaching the wrong thing for the right reason.

"Some limits on the anarchy of true academic freedom are desirable," Mr. Meldrum said. But, he added, "How much loss of freedom must we accept for the purpose of maintaining order?"

Our society has built-in safeguards against loss of freedom, Mr. Meldrum said. He said that we live under the rule of Law, that "everyone is subject to the law, and that all are answerable for their breaches."

We have a system of representative government, he said. The executive branch of the government, the Cabinet, is answerable to the elected branch, the Legislature.

"The knowledge that we may soon be held to account

for our actions is a pretty considerable deterrent," he said, in referring to his own department of education.

LEGISLATORS ABUSIVE

Mr. Meldrum said that, unfortunately, the elected members of the legislature often abuse the Question Period. "We spend our time playing politics instead of doing the people's business." He said, however, that the question period is essential because "when an honest question is asked, it must be answered."

Another safeguard of our liberties, he said, was that of the vote. He said that the right to vote was a guarantee that you will not suffer from abuse of power.

"If you want an education, and you want society to provide it, you must accept the education that society is willing to pay for," he said. "People have a right to expect that some reasonable standard be set."

"Government control of education is no thing to fear", Mr. Meldrum said in closing his address. "Democracy has produced our system of education, and it is a very good one."

Following his talk, Mr. Meldrum answered questions from the floor.

Paper Is Not Obscene

LONDON (CUP) — A morality squad probe into alleged profanity appearing in the University of Western Ontario's student paper won't result in criminal charges, a city police spokesman said Thursday (Oct. 20).

London morality detective Larry Campbell made the announcement after completing an investigation of the *The Gazette*.

Police and UWWO president had received an anonymous note complaining of profanity in the student paper.

Carnival Contest For Castle Opens

Designs are now being received for the Ice Castle to be used in conjunction with the 1967 UNB-STU Winter Carnival. All students with a flair for design are urged to submit their entries to the Brunswick Office before December 15th.

It is hoped that the Carnival theme — Canada 1867 — will be incorporated into the design. The award-winning designer will receive an engraved Beer

Mug and two free passes to Carnival.

For further information contact Jim Anderson at 454-3481.

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An accelerated long range construction and expansion program has created openings on our engineering staff.

OPPORTUNITIES exist in the areas of Outside Plant, Transmission, Equipment and Radio Engineering in the planning, designing or engineering of outside plant layouts, transmission systems, switching systems and microwave systems.

Arrangements have been made with the Placement Office for our representatives to interview interested graduates of the 1967 class on November 10.

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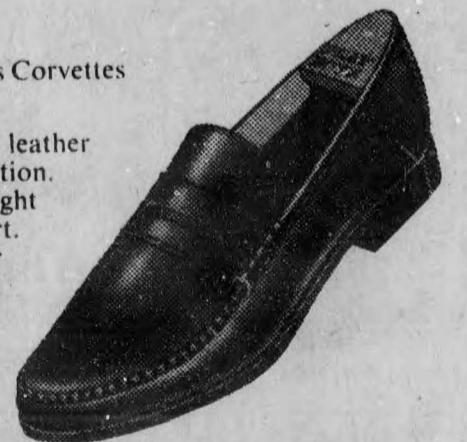


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PHYSICAL EDUCATION WEEK BEGINS

Facts On P.E.

P.E. Week At A Glance



Above, Joanne Taylor, is shown displaying the Miss Winter Carnival banner which she won last year. Miss Taylor was crowned by Pam Hutchison-Bacon, the 1965 Queen. Both beauties represented the Physical Education Faculty.

Without a doubt, this has to be the most outstanding week of the year for students of Physical education at UNB. Our program this year is designed to include all phases of our aims: professional advancement, social get-togethers, and activity through sports. It will be a fun-filled week to be sure and large turnouts at all events on the schedule are a certainty.

On Monday, sports night kicks things off with activities in the gymnasium, at college field, and at the rink; and a dance will follow in the gym. Tuesday night features the much-in-demand "excursion" to the Manor with buses leaving the gym at 7:30 for everyone. Everyone must travel by bus. Needless to say, this will be a success, as it was last year.

On Wednesday, our non-athletic and non-professional talents will be on stage in Memorial Hall for all those who wish to attend, including non-physedders. The talent show is a new attraction this year and should be a barrel of laughs.

In 1957 the Bachelor of Physical Education degree was established as an integral part of the Department of Education;

Dr. John Meagher, B.A., B.Sc., D.Ed., along with seven assistants comprised the entire staff. At present the staff numbers fifteen, both full and part time instructors;

The enrollment in 1957 was 21 with five of this number graduating in 1960. This year the enrollment has sky-rocketed to 209 with a 1966 graduating class of 45;

Offices were located in the Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium until 1961 when they were re-located in Memorial Hall;

In 1957 the fee for the Physical Education Faculty was \$335 as compared to the present fee of \$520;

Activities were restricted to the gymnasium, pool and College Field until the addition of the Lady Beaverbrook Rink and Buchanan Field.

By September 1967 the new addition to the Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium will be completed.

10 graduates have been appointed to university staffs at U.N.B., Wisconsin, McMaster, Manitoba, Acadia.

THE WEEKS EVENTS

Monday, November 7th

Sports night — starting at the gym at 8:00 p.m. and ending with a dance in the games room

Tuesday, November 8th

Excursion — to the Manor. Buses leave the gym at 7:30 p.m. Open to all P.E. students and their dates.

Wednesday, November 9th

Variety Show — in Memorial Hall starting at 8 p.m.

Finally, the annual banquet and dance round out the week's activities on campus. Education 1967 will be crowned at the dance Miss Physical Ed with the hope that the P.E.'s can once again (for the

and ending with a Hootenany.

Thursday, November 10th

Banquet and Semi-Formal Dance — at McConnell Hall starting at 7 p.m. Tickets: \$1 for Society members; \$2 for non-members. Crowning of the Queen.

Friday, November 11th

APPERA Conference — in Saint John starting at noon. \$5 registration fee. Ends Saturday evening.

third year in a row) bring back the Miss Winter Carnival title with their choice. We are very fortunate to have Jack Passmore, the President of Canadian Association of Health, Physical Education and Recreation as our guest speaker, and the tickets to the gala evening will go like hot cakes. For \$1, society members can't lose.

On Friday and Saturday the Atlantic Provinces Physical Education and Recreation Association will meet in Saint John and several physical educators from UNB will be in attendance.

There is little doubt that physical education is the best faculty on campus, and this week should prove it to those who do not already know.

Guest Speaker

Mr. Jack Passmore the guest speaker at this year's physical education banquet will address "Recent Trends in Physical Education" including a description of the growth of C.A.H.P.E.R. and the Physical Education programmes in Canada.

varsity basketball and is presently engaged in J.V. field hockey.

Meet The Phys Ed Queen Candidates

JUDY HOLLAND

Also a second year class member, Judy hails from Montreal, the land of the go-go dancers. Apart from her frequent appearances at the Aitken-A-Go-Go, Judy enjoys skiing down the slopes at Crabbe Mountain. A blonde Miss, Judy is one of the most active girls on campus.

CAROLE PATTERSON
Carole, alias "Pebbles", is

that petite brunette one might see jumping out of that blue and white bus every morning at the gymnasium. (Would you believe, nearly every morning?) A transplanted Ancaster, Ontario native, she now makes her home in Nashwaaksis with her husband Danny, a fourth year P.E. Perhaps Carole's main claim to fame rests with her performance in last year's Red 'n Black as a member of the "Sophisticats".

JANE STAFFORD

The only redhead in the running, Jane is a junior from St. Stephen, but seems to like Newfoundland for some strange reason. Chilly mornings and warm autumn afternoons find Jane streaking down the hill on her Honda, late for class again. A former executive member as well, Jane enjoys swimming more than any other sport, and so do the boys in her class.

ANN SCARBOROUGH

One of the newest and prettiest additions to the UNB Physical Education faculty, Ann came to us from Carleton University in Ottawa. She resides at the infamous Maggie Jean Residence and can frequently be seen at a house meeting. One of the stars of the third year javelin-throwing aggregation, Ann feels that she might like to make a career of track and field. It might be of some use in out-running her many male suitors.

JOYCE WEST

Joyce came to UNB as a freshette in the fall of 1965 from Nova Scotia and has had the male aggregation in her class constantly turning heads ever since. She is a past member of the Physical Education Society executive and an active member of athletic teams. Last year she played junior

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The Infirmary Is For Normal People

by Grams Ross

The infirmary is not as bad as you think. Most people are afraid to report to an infirmary because the norm states that all such institutions are staffed by women dressed in white, looking like full dressed football players, bearing penicillin javelins eight feet long. These people are wrong.

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The infirmary has five large double rooms, a well equipped

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After being coaxed into the infirmary by the proctor in residence, I found that Miss Copp already knew that I was sick and was waiting for me with the doctor. Miss Copp is a very conscientious woman. Her initial welcome and concern makes one feel that he has come to the right place. Within fifteen minutes of leaving residence, I was in bed and was receiving the best of care.

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Miss L. Copp, R.N., left, is resident nurse at the Men's Residence Infirmary. She is assisted by Miss P.E. Ziegler, R.N., who works the late shift from five p.m. to 1 a.m. on weekdays. The infirmary is situated in the center of the men's residence complex be-

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- whywoman



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Red Rompers Win

At Saint John

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The strong and consistent serving of Bunni Nurmi tallied

many points as well as some excellent spikes by Paula Payne plus Caroline Savoy.

The young team is working especially hard all this week under the able coaching of Mary Lou Whitwill, with the prospect of winning the preliminary trials for the Quebec Winter Games this Saturday, November 5 being held at the UNB Gymnasium.

Tommies Win JV League



Dan Sealing, coach of Saint Thomas J.V. team is carried victoriously from the field after his undefeated team won the league championship against UNB Black team 23-0.

Mt. A. Outswims Mermaids

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The meet began with the medley relay where UNB took the lead, retaining it right to the end. Before the last race, the score was 60-55 for the Mermaids. A win for Mount A. In the freestyle relay made the final outcome a win for Mount A by two points.

Although they lost, the Mermaids have one of the most promising teams ever. Nine out of the fourteen Mermaids are newcomers and their showing at their first meet supports this optimism.

Newcomer Kathy Stiener proved herself a strong back stroker by leading the relay team to victory and placing in both of her races. Bev. Howlett was the most versatile of the team; swimming breast stroke, butterfly and freestyle. The other newcomers swam well and all showed great promise with more experience.

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200 meter freestyle:

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2. Cruikshank — Mt. A.
3. Howlett — UNB

50 meter freestyle:

1. Kinnear — UNB
2. Hayes — Mt. A.
3. McFail — Mt. A.

100 meter Individual Medley:

1. Paul — Mt. A.
2. Likely — UNB
3. Moore — Mt. A.

50 meter Breaststroke:

1. Likely — UNB
2. Godbold — Mt. A.
3. Howlett — UNB

50 meter Fly:

1. Sinclair — UNB
2. Wodell — Mt. A.
3. Paul — Mt. A.

50 meter Backstroke:

1. Steiner — UNB
2. Bennet — Mt. A.
3. Horton — UNB

Diving:

1. Mt. A.
2. Ross — UNB
3. Ramsay — UNB

100 meter Butterfly:

1. Wodell — Mt. A.
2. Dickison — UNB
3. Moore — Mt. A.

100 meter freestyle:

1. Dawson — Mt. A.
2. Kinnear — UNB
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100 meter Backstroke:

1. Bennet — Mt. A.



Mermaid, Helen Sinclair, gets off to a flying start as teammates look on in the background.

2. Steiner — UNB
 3. Horton — UNB
- 400 meter freestyle:**
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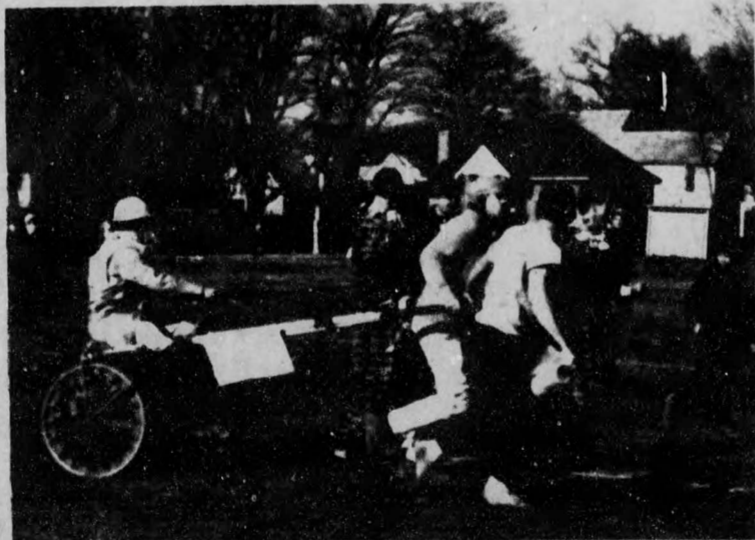
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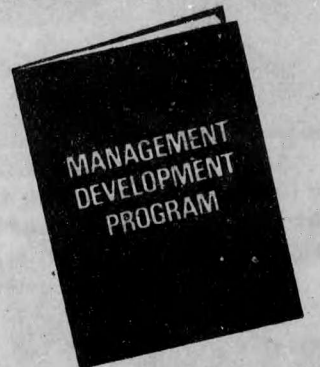
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Diving:

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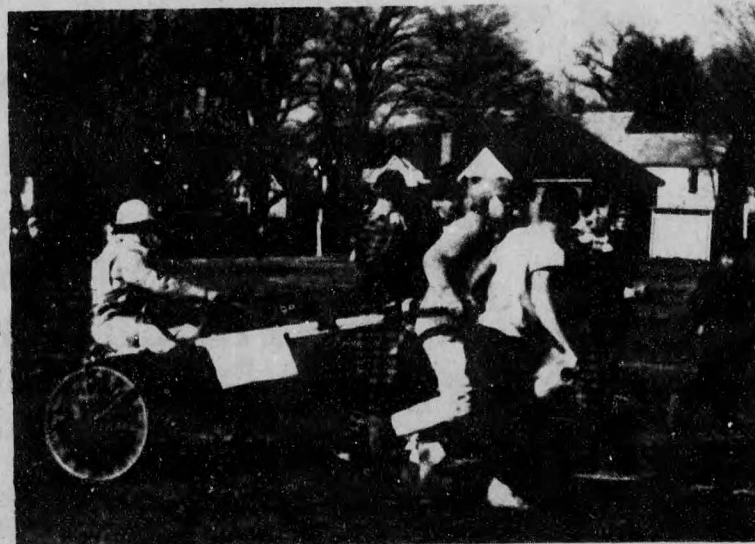
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Men's Intramural Hockey

An Intramural Hockey organizational meeting was held last Wednesday, Oct. 26. Sixteen teams entered the league at that date.

Teams interested in joining the league, but who have not yet entered, can do so by contacting Coach Kelly not later than Friday, Nov. 4.

Practice Games

Six teams played practice games last Tuesday, Nov. 1. Ten teams play practice games this Sunday, Nov. 6 at the LBR rink.

1:00 Arts 34 vs Law
2:00 Bus 2 vs Bus. 3
3:30 Eng 45 vs Eng 2
4:30 Arts 2 vs Eng 1
6:30 Bus 1 vs For 21

Hockey Referees

Referees are needed for the Intramural Hockey League games. Interested persons can apply to Coach Kelly.

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BOMBERS

42

-- Mt. A. 8

Swampies Suffer Total Defeat

There was never any doubt as to the outcome of Saturday's 42-8 victory by the Bombers over the Mount Allison Mounties. The "swamp rats" were beaten psychologically as badly as any team in this league has ever been beaten. In the opening minutes of the play Palov exploded of tackle for his first touchdown of the day gliding through an entire Mount Allison defensive team which looked as though it was still trying to dry the swamp water from behind their ears. Tetreault then kicked for the point after touchdown and with only a few minutes played in the game, the Bombers had themselves a 7-0 score and Mount-A at their feet.

Mount-A then took possession of the ball, but a decisive rush put on by the Bomber defensive line consisting of Moore, Proudfoot, Breedon, Byberg, Anderson, Kovich and Khoury caused an already shaken Mount-A team to fumble. Heads up ball by Anderson gave us a first down situation within minutes of the first scoring play.

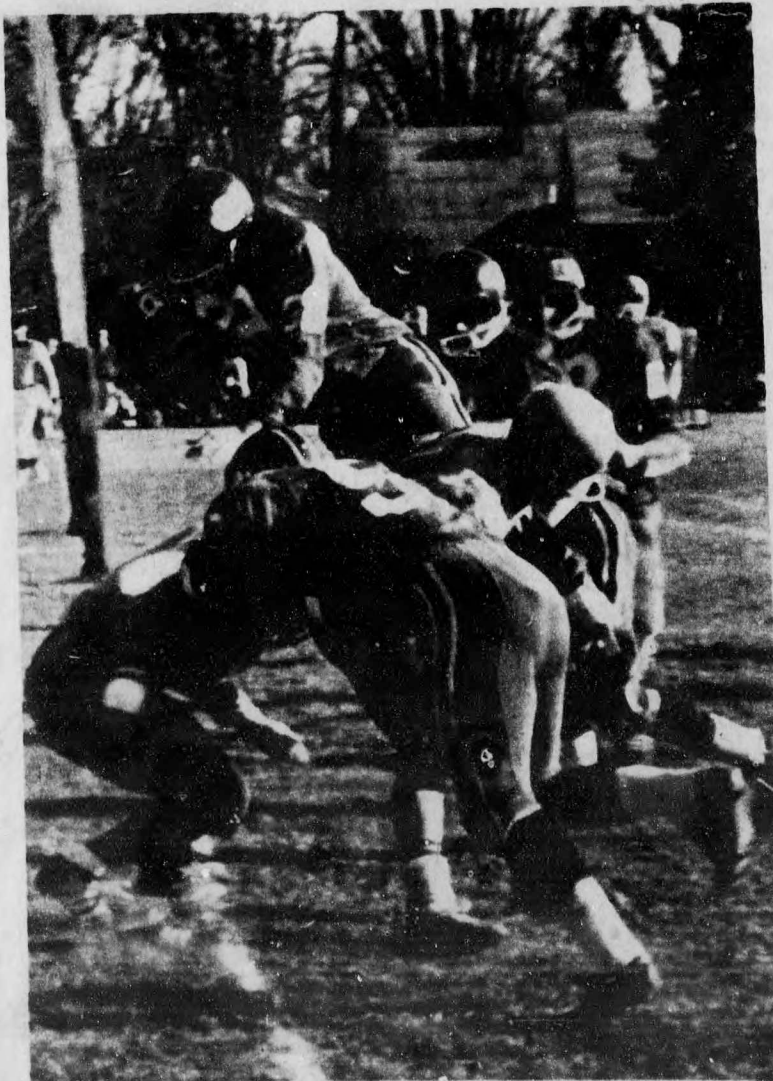
Later in the first quarter Cooper showed his reaction ability when he picked off a

Mount-A pass on our 47-yard line and ran it to the Mounties' 34-yard line. Sparked by Cooper's interception the Bomber offence took over with a 12-yard run by Pavlov followed by St.-Germain's run to the 1-yard line. Reid then took the ball and hurdled into the Mount-A end zone for another touchdown.

Score: UNB, 13; Swamp Rats, 0

This was just the beginning for a psyched-up Bomber team. A short kickoff was gobbled by Cruchet who scooted to the Mount-A 10. On the second play from scrimmage a good call by Page sent Reid through the middle on a draw play and into the Mount-A end zone for his second score of the afternoon. Tetreault then converted to give us a 20-0 lead.

At this point Mount-A must have caught sight of the casket waiting for them on the sidelines and felt the need to at least prove they were alive. On a long punt by Mount-A the Bombers were forced to give up one point in the end zone and then after two passes — one to Duncan and the other to Allen for the touchdown. Mount-A posted seven points on the scoreboard to prove they had at least attended the game.



Ross St Germain lunges over the Mount A. goal line. Blocking for St. Germain are Bombers Kirk, Kovich and Moore. Four Red Bombers mauling two or three Mounties was a frequent sight last Saturday.



Danny Palov in action gaining several of the 165 total yards he gained against Mt. A. last Saturday. Clearing the way downfield for Palov are Bombers, Khoury, 28 and Byberg, 77.

This was the last we were to hear of Mt. A because UNB took the field in the 3rd quarter determined to make the casket fit. Behind the crushing blocking of our offensive line, consisting of Cruchet, Pinckard, Anderson, James Moore and MacLane, our backs put us in scoring position once again on the Mt. A. 6 yard line. From here St Germain went off tackle, following the blocking of James and Cruchet for another Bomber touchdown. Tetreault and Harding faked a convert attempt and Harding hit end, Pete Cruchet in the end zone for two points giving UNB a 28-7 lead.

Our defense continued to hold the Mounties to no gain. Palov, probably the smoothest runner in the conference took off again through a hapless Mt. A. defense for a 53 yard jaunt. St Germain took the ball to the 1 yard line. One play later St Germain dove off tackle to score again for the Bombers.

In the fourth quarter outstanding defensive play by Harding, Tetreault, Kovich, Khoury, Cooper and MacDonald enabled the Bombers to monopolize the ball. On a third down punt situation Khoury pulled a fake kick and ran through a stuporous Mt. A. team for a first down. St Germain and Palov then capitalized on Khoury's run by taking the ball to the one yard line behind the blocking of Moore, MacLane and Pinckard. Palov then dove into the end-zone to score his second touch-down of the afternoon. Harding contributed a two-point conversion by hitting St Germain, who made a spectacular catch in the end to give us a 42-7 score.

Mt. A. scored one more point on a punt which gave them a mere 8 points for four quarters of play and the game

ended: UNB 42 — Mount Allison 8.

Special congratulations should go to Cliff Moore and John Kovich, Co-captains of this year's team, whose contributions to not only this game but every game this year were tremendous.

SPECIAL ACCLAIM
I'd like my special acclaim this week first of all to go to the entire Bomber squad who played outstanding football and who represented their university well all season.

My second acclaim goes to

Dan Palov, who scored two touchdowns and who racked up 165 yards in rushing.

My third acclaim goes to the UNB supporters whom I think even surprised themselves with the spirit shown at the game!

Statistics

1st downs:	13	14
yds rushing:	360	264
yds passing:	28	86
Penalties:	50	50
Fumbles:	0/0	0/2
Palov — 164 yds		
Reid — 97 yds		
St. Germain — 69 yds		

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HARRIERS SWEEP MIAA MEET

Redsticks Lose To Mt. Allison - - But Tied For First Place

The UNB women's field hockey team met their first defeat of the season at Sackville last Saturday, October 29th. The Mount Allison Coeds defeated our team by a score of 2-1. Both goals for Mt A were scored by Linda Fanning within the first six minutes of the second half. UNB's only goal was scored by Claire Gray with five minutes remaining in the game.

This defeat ties the UNB Red Sticks with Mt A for first place in the Maritime field hockey league. Mt A's only played here at College Field three weeks ago.

This weekend the Red Sticks play two home games — with Acadia on Friday at 4:30p.m and on Saturday at 10:30 a.m with King's College. Both games are to be played at College Field.



Wayne Stewart, first to cross the finish line, becomes winning runner in the M.I.A.A. cross country championships. He finished in 22.18, two seconds ahead of second place Richard Meister.

Team Victors In 5-Mile Race And Husson Meet

The UNB Red Harriers ran away with the MIAA Cross Country Championships last Friday. The Championship was held over a 4 1/4 course near the Maritime Forest Ranger School. The following day the Harriers split up their squad and won both the Saint John 5 mile road race and NECC dual meet with Husson College of Bangor.

In the MIAA Championships, UNB placed the first 3 finishers and 5 of the first 6 runners to score a team total of 17 points. Second place Acadia trailed with 57 points, followed by Memorial at 66 and Dalhousie at 100.

UNB's Wayne Stewart led all runners, finishing in a time of 22:18. Richard Meister, 22:20 and Mike Ernst, 22:23 chased Stewart across the finish line.

The win gave UNB their ninth MIAA Championship in ten years and a berth in the Canadian Intercollegiate Championships at Guelph, November 12.

In the Saint John Road Race, Saturday, UNB placed runners, Wayne Stewart, Richard Meisner, Mike Ernst and Tim Holmes in second fourth, fifth and eighth spots. The showing was good for 19 points and the Royal Hotel Trophy for the top team entry.

Against Husson Saturday morning the Harriers racked up a perfect score of 15 points to sweep their final NECC meet of the season. Brian McEwing and Dennis Furlong finished tied for first. Jim Audoin, John Fairchild and Weruga Wahome rounded out the Harriers finishers.

The Red Harriers see their next action this Saturday in the Maritime Open Cross Country Championships. The Harriers are defending champions in the Senior Division.

Badminton Club Opens Season

Three of the five UNB Badminton Club doubles teams participating in the Fredericton "get-going" doubles tournament managed to reach the finals in their sections. This was despite the fact that Cyril Tong and Kuang Chuah, UNB's intercollegiate doubles champs, did not participate.

In the mixed doubles, Chris and Theresa Williams of UNB were upset by Ellis Brittain and Lillian Coughy of the Fredericton City Club. The biggest upset, however, was in Men's Doubles when Dave and Mike McLean of UNB defeated Harold Phalen and Chris Williams, also of UNB.

Williams and Phalen, who were either winners or runners-up in the three provincial

tournaments in which they played together last year, must be considered as among the best teams in the province, they were not eligible for the intercollegiate tournament last year.

The McLean brothers' victory, although early in the season, perhaps marks the emergence of another team at UNB good enough to play and win against the best provincial and Maritime teams.

Centennial Teams Trials
Entries for the New Brunswick trials for the Centennial Games must be in by November 15. Additional information is available on the gymnasium notice board.

Players are also reminded of the UNB Early Bird tournament, November 25.

Editor's Corner

Canadian College Bowl — November 19

Twenty-one of the original thirty Canadian College football teams are still eligible to qualify for the Canadian College Bowl for the Vanier Cup. The second annual College Bowl will be played Saturday, November 19th at Varsity Stadium, Toronto.

The Canadian College Bowl is an invitational event. The Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union assumes the responsibility of selecting the teams to participate. Accordingly the CIAU has set up a selection committee, made up of 5 members from across the country, whose job is to analyze play in the 5 major college football conferences and bring together the potential Canadian Champions.

The two traditional contenders from Maritime College Football ranks, St. Marys and St. Francis Xavier, are still in line for a shot at the national championship. But St. Marys has slipped from the national ratings in the past two weeks. In the past two weeks St. FX seventh place ranking has been shaken by fine performances from Western Canadian and Ontario teams.

Last year's College Bowl Champions, Toronto's Varsity Blues had their chances for a second championship given a jolt last Saturday. The Senior Interprovincial League leaders dropped a 23-15 decision to second place Queen's University. Toronto and Queen's are now tied for first spot in the league. If both teams remain undefeated in their final regular season games this weekend, they will play off for the league title. The winner is virtually assured of selection to the College Bowl and the top spot in the national rankings. Toronto and Queen's are ranked 1,2 nationally.

Waterloo Lutheran, sixth ranked, knocked off fourth ranked McMaster, 13-9 to strengthen their bid for a slot in the national final. The win also assures Waterloo Lutheran of the Ontario Intercollegiate Football Conference title.

Out West, Alberta's Golden Bears, last season's runners up to Toronto, hopped back into the national spotlight by defeating Manitoba 33-9 to take over first place in the West.

The selectors are going to find it hard to refuse an invitation to UBC. Playing their first games against Canadian competition in three years, UBC has defeated eighth ranked Alberta and ninth ranked Saskatchewan in successive weeks.

Women's Intramurals

Women's Intramural Volleyball was played October 18th, 20th, 25th and 27th.

City came out on top with a win of 15 games, followed by third floor Lady Dunn Hall, the Maggie Jean Chestnut Residence, second floor Lady Dunn Hall, and First Floor Lady Dunn Hall and Murray House combined.

All games were close and the participants showed enthusiasm.

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The Company will conduct interviews at the University of New Brunswick on Monday and Tuesday, November 7th and 8th, 1966.

Interesting summer work is available for a limited number of Class of '68 Chemical and Mechanical engineers. Details will be discussed at interviews during the above dates."

who scored two and who racked in rushing. claim goes to the ers whom I think themselves with wn at the game!

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360	264
28	86
50	50
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INTERVIEWS MAY
ITY PLACEMENT

New Council Members Take Seats

The SRC by-election, held three weeks ago, filled five vacancies on the Students Representative Council. The number of new representatives brings the total Council membership to twenty-two.

Nelson Adams was awarded his Post-Graduate position by acclamation when Mehkeri, the other contestant, withdrew his nomination. The vacancy for the Business Administration faculty was won by John Dawes, a sophomore. Bill Marshall and Doug Robertson filled Engineering seats and John Wigmore is the New Law representative.

The next SRC election will be the regularly scheduled event that occurs each January.



John Wigmore



Nelson Adams



John Dawes



Doug Robertson



Bill Marshall



Mount A's goal posts are displayed by Aitken House members who stand proudly on the sidelines with the spoils of a hard night's work.

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Colwell Speaks For Versa

Cafeteria Replies

The Brunswickan talked with Mr. Colwell, Food Manager of Versafoods for the UNB campus.

Mr. Colwell said he felt that the newspaper had treated the food question unfairly, specifying the cartoon that appeared in last week's Brunswickan. He added that Versafoods' district manager, Mr. Kirkland, was on the campus last Friday and was very disturbed by the cartoon in particular.

Mr. Colwell defended the increase in cafeteria prices, and pointed to adverse working conditions in the Students' Centre. He invited students concerned with the food problem to talk with him or any other unit manager.

On the increase in food prices he said, "We are faced with rising costs". He produced a letter which mentioned a 10.7 rise (to 147.0) in the food index since last September. Also, he added, "Labor costs are up 9-10%. Altogether this is a 20% rise in costs." (sic)

Mr. Colwell was questioned as to how Versafoods can profitably serve in Ontario, for example, where labour costs are perhaps twice as great. He pointed out that bulk buying makes this possible there. Also, the wholesaling costs are not so great there; freight rates add considerably to food costs in the Maritimes, he said.

Speaking of cafeteria conditions, Colwell said, "The cafeteria is beyond its full capacity; it doesn't allow for the work that should be done." The Student Union Building will ease the situation but until that time we'll have to do what we can."

He pointed out that the ventilating system is not good and that this would soon have to be corrected. "I think we could have some cooperation from the students themselves in keeping the place tidy." He pointed out the difficulty for the staff in getting among the tables during the busiest hours in order to clean up.

Mr. Colwell emphasized that he is eager to meet with any individual students or groups to discuss any problems with them. "We buy the best we can," he said, "we serve the best we can for the student body. We wish only to please." An attempt was made by Versafoods to meet with Council President Hunter. He was unavailable at the time. Colwell said that Mr. Kirkland and will be available for discussion.

Cat Mouse

From the Maggie Jean Chestnut Residence on Church Street comes disquieting news, disquieting at least to the aesthetic-minded.

There are mice in the building.

Quipped Dr. Mackay on the scene: "We'll get them a cat."

"Price changes," Mr. Colwell said, "are beyond our control. We recommend changes to the university administration and they agree or disagree; we can not raise prices on our own. We are only a service here," he said.

Shoeshine Succeeds

The Ladies' Society held their Bi-annual Shoeshine on Thursday, October 27th. The Society earned forty dollars by polishing shoes at all the major centres on campus. The proceeds go toward a scholarship offered to a co-ed entering her Sophomore year in the fall of 1967. Another shoeshine will be held during Co-ed Week.

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escalator



Love, my Wife, is what we are as one;
 All my time is the everness of you,
 And every moment you are something new,
 I will be the total of you when I am done.
 I live in you, you are my breath and my sun,
 All my space is where whatever you do,
 All beauty is in that space of you,
 You are my is, all else is none.

When I smile out or inside you are why,
 And tears are only depths of the delight,
 You make every breath the loveliness of life.
 The only sound is the sound of your sigh,
 In the moment of your mood of night
 I say what I live — I love you, my Wife.

Trilogy

Love, Mother and Father, is what you generate,
 What you made my blood with before my heart ever beat,
 What made you feel the way you felt hearing my first bleat,
 What made your hearts pain with joy when I took my mate.
 The urge of Paradise led you to propagate,
 And your love felt the prenatal kick of feet,
 A few pounds of paining love became a longed-for treat,
 Twenty years have quickened; your love will perpetuate.

Love you taught me, Mother, on your knee,
 Love you taught me, Father, on our walks,
 That love that springs from love that's itching burned.
 Your love, my Parents, will always love in me,
 Your patience, reprimands, tears, help, talks. . .
 If I have children, may they have what I have learned.

poems by

Love, God, is infinity for my mind,
 An eternal flood upon my sugared brain,
 Different than I feel as joy or pain,
 Unexplicable forever to my kind.
 I could not more not see if I were blind,
 To even be more than I do is vain;
 Constant thought by fill and boil and drain
 Would only get me to the limit behind.

I cannot, God, dissociate the stuff of me,
 I cannot be my soul undressed alone,
 I cannot love as I will when I am worms;
 If ever I reach Heaven what will I be?
 Forgive me if I'm too much of this bone,
 But I must love You, God, in human terms.

**MICHAEL
 BRIAN OLIVER**

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Edit

on the inside

Volume Two Number Three

"the inside" is a Brunswickan supplement. This feature section will appear at least every second week for the duration of the University year. Articles express the opinions of their authors. No prejudice is intended. Students interested in writing articles of this nature are encouraged to contact the editor.

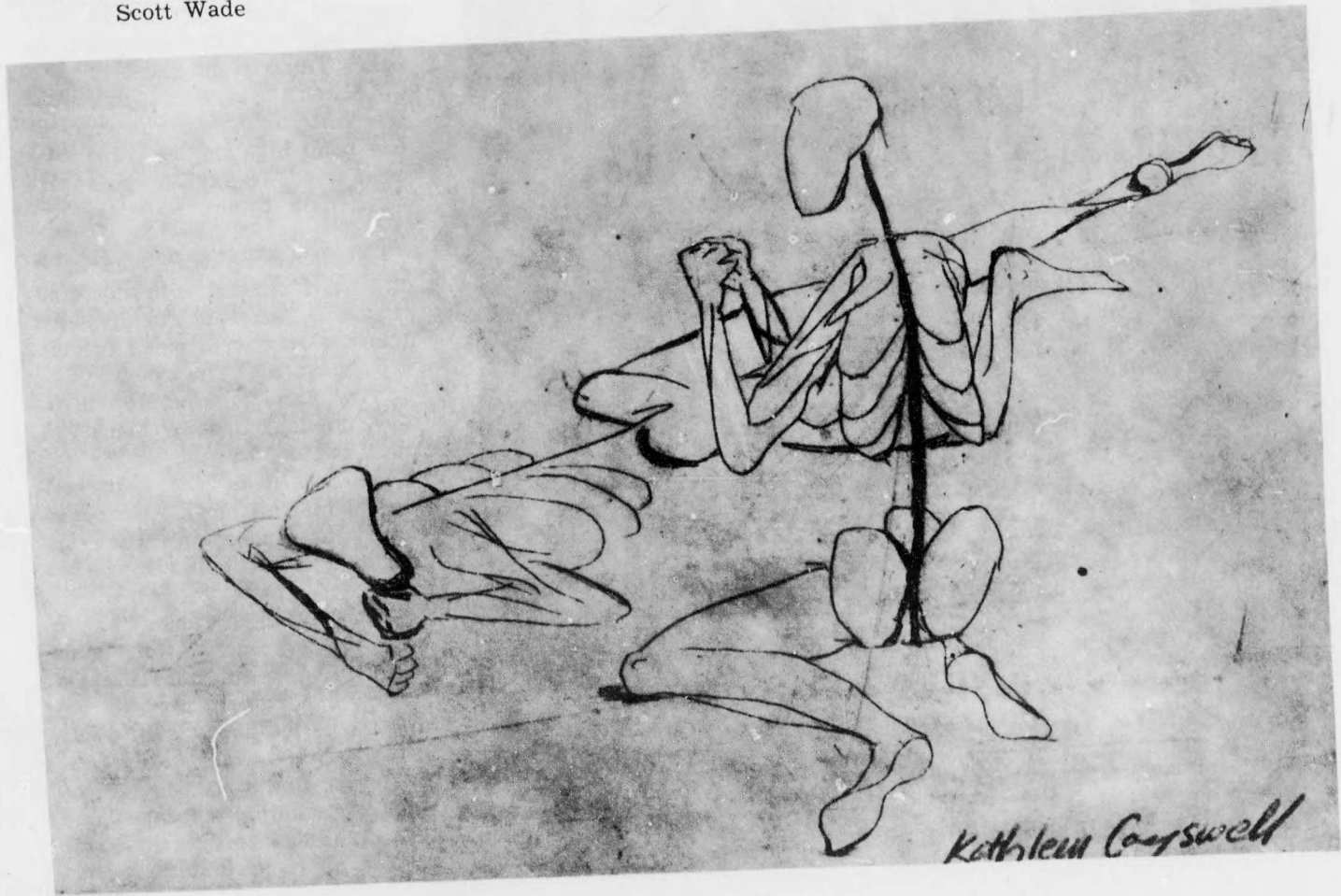
Members of all Faculties are invited to contribute articles, reviews, comments, critiques, and selections of their creative writing for future issues of **the inside**.

"Escalator" is intended to encourage creative writing on campus. Included are contributions from UNB and Summer School students. It will appear again next term and the editors welcome all contributions.

Editors: Frank Loomer and Scott Wade

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Contributors: John Bates, John Boileau, Elmer Bourque, Neil Bramble, Ron Burns, J. C. Clark, Dina Coates, Kathleen Cogswell, Gary Davis, Jean Dohaney, Anne Farnell, Raymond Foot, Joseph Jones, Hugh Lloyd, Iona Loosen, K. M. Minor, Carolyn Murray, Michael Nowlan, Michael Brian Oliver, Terence O'Neil, Graham Pearce, R. A. Reader and Roslynn Wilby.



EL
ER

Love In The Afternoon

by FRANK LOOMER

We were wishing the air conditioner men would be back soon to finish their work. We had seen nothing of them for a week. It was mid-June, and the hot afternoons of a heat wave had turned our un-conditioned office into a dry oven. The galvanized air conduits of the unfinished conditioning system hung unabashedly open-ended from their clamps along the ceiling. The whole floor would become a sandless and trackless desert before the air conditioner men would at last save our bleached

bones.

I leaned back from my work, which was strewn before me, all over the top of my desk. I felt stiff and weary. I surveyed the chaos on my desk and seemed to ache all over. I looked around briefly for Alfred Buckley, our office boy, I looked expecting to see him, then called over to Pete Fram.

"Let's go out to Rat's Cellar," I said across the aisle, leaning over the side of my desk. Then I got up and headed down the rows of desks out of the front

office. It was a little after by the big GE clock on the back wall. As I walked down the aisle, I was momentarily distracted by the steady, remorselessly unchanging sweep of the clock's red second dial. (The office more or less as a whole despised that clock. Its most vicious quality, I think, was its *insensitivity*. It didn't care whether we suffered or not, or that it reminded us of our suffering. We hoped that someone would sneak in someday and steal it. All the thief would have to do would be unplug it and life it from the wall. There were chairs all around to stand on.)

Just past the front office I stopped at the office-supply door. It was a little ajar. I knocked and found Alfred inside, reading a comic book. He had squeezed himself in between massive cartoons of supply, and had propped his knees up against the gestetner table across from him. The room was long and narrow, and Alfred had very long legs. We had measured them once. Thirty-eight inches.

"Alfred", I said in as interruptive voice as I could muster, with one hand high on the door. "We need you. We require your services. The Desert Rats are dying of thirst."

He looked up with something of a start crossed with the kind of glance someone might give it he's overly accustomed to you. "You mean me?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "You. Hop to it. My tongue's turning black." I stuck out my tongue.

"God, so it is," he said, and rose to his full height. He never ceased to amaze me when he did that. What bones to be so tall!

"You'll find us holed up in Rat's Cellar fighting off slow death," I said epigrammatically.

"Yes, sir," I heard him say behind me as the door closed easily in his face.

After several twists and turns along a winding corridor and past numerous office doors, I arrived at Rat's Cellar. It was



ROSALYN WILBY

a furnished executive suite, with deep piled wall-to-wall carpet, done out in a décor whose colour was basically cigarette-ash grey, relieved by Pall Mall red. Stadium-sized desk, glass surfaced. Penholder, paperweight, glass ashtray. Leather swivel chair for the host, two trim guests seats.

Our only improvisation had been to bring in two extra chairs and set up a card table in the middle of the suite. It was a well beat-up, heavily marked table, more amendable to our tastes than the stadium desk.

JM had left the company more than a month ago, and the suite had gone vacant. We used the suite for its wide windows, which when opened in the afternoon, gave a refreshingly cool, if somewhat dry, breeze.

The suite looked directly down into a line of small, picket-fenced back yards behind a solid wall of squalid apartment houses. A long alley ran the whole length of our building, and the line of yards.

Fred Hayes was already there. He had allocated for himself the big chair, which had been brought out around the side of the desk, and had stuck his feet up on another chair.

A cool, but as I said, dry breeze was wafting through the open window, and greeted me as I entered the open doorway.

"Hi, Fred," I said. "How's it going?"

He shrugged, but not despondently. "Why ask?" The cool breeze made one feel drowsy and timeless. A bright afternoon filled the suite with light and warm wind. I sauntered over to the window and leaned with both elbows on the broad sill. I looked down into the yards below. Three or four lines of sheets, dazzling white, were blowing like the wind-flown sails of an old rigger ship.

Pete ambled in, and after an indifferent glance at Fred, who paid no attention to him anyway, joined me at the sill.

"Ahhh," he sighed. "God, to get away from that desk. I feel I've worked a hundred hours."

I was looking almost straight below us, into one of the small yards. A small boy, with navy cut hair, was playing by himself on a small tricycle, with no

place to go. His yard was rectangular, becoming overrun with dandelions. Two dusty birch trees, which leaned across the fence, provided shade. He must have been about three or four.

"A hundred hours my ass," rumbled Fred, gazing blankly out the doorway, cupping his hands behind his neck.

Alfred entered the doorway. I turned and saw him waiting.

Pete turned around sharply at Fred, but Fred had prudently lapsed into silence.

"OK, what'll it be?" Alfred now addressed our assembly.

The yard right below us was at the back of a dilapidated, brick house. A veranda covered with graveled roofing paper was nailed to the house.

Suddenly three women clad in

Chit Chat

Spring cleaning
Dresser drawers
What shall we find?

Old letters
An odd earring
Want this penny?

Postage stamps
Broken watchstrap
Leave that alone!

Bobby pins
A string of beads
You can have that.

by K. M. MINOR

A Poem

Now.
Some times
the were-nevers of yesterday
cast their shadows
over the when-evers
of tomorrow,
all now seems dark.

Yet
leaf-fall and snow-fall
are not now forever
but forever is now.

If
there be light
in the ever-now
let me stand in the sun-fall.
by JOSEPH JONES

night gowns came out of the house, carrying blankets. Pete saw them just as I did.

"Well," he said to the warm afternoon breeze.

Fred ordered for all of us. Tom Whittaker appeared and sent Alfred speedily on his way. "Hurry up with those long legs of yours before we all evaporate and die."

A rather ticklish, pleasant sensation wormed up through me as I looked interestedly down.

"Whores," Pete said. "Come here and see three whores," he said to Tom. I glanced towards Fred.

The four of us couldn't get in the window at once. After an unanimated race to the window, Tom squeezed in beside me, pinning me in the middle.

"Oh," Tom murmured, gazing mildly down. "But my God," he said. "What ugly looking women!"

The three of them had spread out their blankets on the uncut grass, and were lying down. One with fawnish-blond hair brushed out until it looked just short of electrified, was dressed in a filmy negligee. She was lying on her side, her pale white arms and shaven legs in the sun. She looked like a broken, but living, doll, that had been tossed on the ground from a height.

"I've never seen such ugly women," Fred said over my shoulder.

"Aren't they ugly, though?" asked Tom.

"Well — " We hesitated. "That one in the middle," eyed Fred appraisingly. "She doesn't look so bad. In the dark." He was studying the girl in the blue, thin bathrobe that veed down her chest. "What do you think, Pete?" She was on her back, running her fingers up and down the edge of the robe. I was sure she knew we were watching her. Occasionally she ran her hand through her straight black hair. It was bristly, almost like a porcupine's, I thought.

"She's younger than the other two," I said weightfully.

"Yeah," Tom agreed. "There's no question. How old do you think they are?" he asked Fred. Pete coughed. "Whores. That

(SEE page 6)

from page 5

Love In The Afternoon

oldest one, she must be in her forties."

"At least," I said.

"The other are younger. Mid-thirties, maybe," Fred thought.

"They're so ugly, though," Tom said again.

"Who cares if they're ugly," said Fred, settling his elbows along my back.

"Share the weight," I said complainingly to him, "Share the weight," nudging him off me.

"Come on, babe," Fred said airily to the one in blue. He had reached for a cigarette and was beginning to puff on it leisurely. "Let's take it all off."

Then there was the third one. Her hair was quite short, with a tinge of red through it. She was wearing men's jeans, fly and all, cut short where her hips joined her thighs. She had taken off her robe, and for a top part she was wearing a black lace-pattern brassiere.

"Well, hello," Fred said, as they waved up at us, then took to lying on their backs, rolling in the sun. The one in blue seemed somewhat self-conscious. She kept getting her hand in her hair. They laughed and waved again. We were five storeys up. They waved for us to come down. The blonde let loose a fantastic cackle.

"Listen to that," Pete said, with a trace of startled wonder in his voice. "Listen to that."

"Ugly, ugly as hell," Tom sighed, blowing down a cloud of borrowed cigarette smoke.

"Just like three witches in the story, eh?" said Fred. "I wonder what they'd like to brew for us?"

"Fifty cents," spouted Tom, flicking his ashes over the sill. "You're ugly, you bitches, you know that?" The three had stopped to stare up at us. They seemed to be sneering. "Yeah, you know you're ugly, don't you?"

The third one got up abruptly and went inside.

"Maybe she was a model once,"

I pondered.

Tom looked at me with dismay. "You gotta be off your nut, man. The heat must be getting to your head." He put his palm on my forehead.

Meanwhile the blonde had put her arm around and was busily scratching her ass.

"God, will you look at that!" Tom exclaimed. "No respect at all. Would you go to bed with that?"

"No one's asking you to," Fred said drily.

The third one returned with a jar of ointment in her hand. The blonde rolled over on her stomach, propping herself up on her elbows. The other removed her straps from her shoulders, and began to apply the ointment generously all over her back.

"I'd like to see that one in the blue take off," Fred said.

"Maybe they'll put on a show," Tom said. "Queens of the Backyard Burlesque!" He thrust his hand out by way of acknowledgement. "And I shall be your Whore Master!"

Pete turned aside to me. "Haven't they any feeling at all?" He seemed to choke a little. "Do they know they're degraded? God, when I think —" He look-

ed down at them with a stern set in his mouth. "Whores," he hissed with bitterness and anger.

We kept watching them for several minutes, passing a few words back and forth, but on the whole keeping pretty quiet. The wind was nice, and kept blowing in on us. The three prostitutes simply went on their business. Occasionally one or two of them would look up our way. But for the most part they seemed to ignore us. Although I was beginning to feel the need for something cool and wet, nothing could have been nicer than that wind, and I got to thinking the three weren't so bad after all.

Then one of them got up. The third one. She hurried inside while the other two waited for her, sitting up with the support of their hands.

"Where's she gone to?" Tom wondered, and scratched the inside of his neck.

She reappeared shortly on the veranda. She was holding out a pair of shiny black pointed shoes for display. They all started talking at once. The one in blue glanced up at us, then the blonde did, too, and cackled, pointing at us. The shoes were taken back inside.

Twilight Time

As night lies waiting beyond the mountains I sit here alone beside a dying tree. A loathesome, twisted, useless object. No longer fruitful. No longer shade giving. An obstruction in the path of the younger seedlings. Does it long for the woodman's axe? One quick, merciful slash. Or does it too lack the courage to sever the artery prematurely? Patience! I say to the tree. Night will come and with it blessed peace. Meanwhile we wait, and we wait, and we wait.

by JEAN DOHANEY

The Wedding Night

Shimmering she stood, and naked,
Before the long glass mirror.
Sensation of a strange anticipation
Made the lovely maiden unaware
Of her beauty. She only thought
Of him for whom she brushed
Her loose-hung hair, shining softly
In the dusk's dim light. She washed
Her supple body, and clothed it with an air
Of sadness . . . as if this night, she knew, against her will,
She would, with looks, and whispered words of love,
Her heart unbare, and lose her soul's own liberty.

by DINA COATES

"Now what the hell was that for?" Tom asked, feeling he had just been got the better of.

"They're getting ready to go out tonight," Fred replied with the obvious.

Then the one in blue stood up, and did her best to scamper into the house. The blonde was left by herself. She looked up at us, gave us a dirty nose, and stuck out her tongue. Fred laughed.

"No manners at all," he said.

Pete looked around. "Where are our drinks?"

The third one had returned.

"Look what she's got!" Fred said aloud with amused surprise. "Wouldn't you know it? Wouldn't you know it?" hitting me square between the shoulder blades.

The truth still hadn't occurred to us.

The one in blue came out carrying a bowl full of pink plastic curlers.

"She's gonna do her hair," Tom said, "Won't this be . . ." letting his sentence drift off unfinished.

The one in blue was removing her robe. She had leaned down to put the bowl on her blanket. Still standing up, she started to take off her wool bath robe.

It was so sudden. For half a frozen second no one said a thing. We just gaped.

Over my shoulder I heard Fred speak in a low tone unlike a whisper, as if he were losing his voice. "Jesus Christ. Jesus Jesus. Three christless fags!"

I turned to look at Pete. He looked as if something inside him had snapped and everything had come apart.

Tom laughed briefly, falsetto. "I **knew** they were too ugly to be women. No woman can be that ugly. What woman has muscles like that, tell me."

Then I noticed the small child standing on the fence, looking intently at the three men, with great small child curiosity. Who'd want to raise a kid in a neighbourhood like this? I asked myself.

"Did I hear someone mention, **women?**" came a young voice from behind. Alfred had returned.

I was watching the man below putting his hair up in the pink curlers. He looked about twenty-two. They were actually all about



the same age.

"What's out there?" Alfred asked.

I glanced around, and saw John Hayward with him. John was big and muscular, a close friend of Alfred's in high school. He had visited the office several times and we had done quite a bit of talking. Mostly we talked about sports and how well he threw the shot put and made the broad jump, and that sort of thing. I had rarely seen anyone his age with such a powerhouse of a body.

"What is it, huh?" he asked with friendly interest.

I said to Alfred, "Three queers in our neighbourhood's back yard. Come have a look."

I should have realized.

Pete had left the window to sit down to his ginger ale, and Tom was joining him. Alfred had taken Tom's place, and was leaning well out the window.

"Don't fall out," I said. "Those fruits would just love to have you drop in on them." I was not thinking at all.

"Don't tell the innocent kid things like that," Fred who had slid in beside me, said.

All of a sudden John burst out with a prolonged, "God Damn!" and thundered out of the room.

Only then did it occur to me, and to Alfred, too.

"Oh no," I said with a heavy sinking feeling of despair. I looked at Alfred, blanched suddenly. "Run down and stop him. Hurry!"

Alfred after a hesitation, bolted out of the room, as fast as his legs would carry him.

I turned back to the window, possessed with growing panic. I jostled Fred, who withdrew in fright. I called down, "Get away you three! Get away! get away from there!"

"What's this?" Fred asked. Pete and Tom turned in bewilderment.

"What'd you say?"

"Get inside!" I screamed hoarsely at them. "Before the big guy gets down there." They just looked dumbly up for a moment, then regarded me with contempt. Could I believe those stories Alfred had told me about John? "I'm not fooling. Get away before the big guy gets down to you. he wants to beat you up!"

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Lost At Sea

by RON BURNS

A few billion years ago a great movement of nature tore off a chunk of New Brunswick and made Prince Edward Island. This shows on a map, as the contours of Cape Tormentine nicely fit into Summerside Bay on the Island side. It is here at Cape Tormentine that the great Northumberland Strait narrows to nine miles to form a three knot tidal current. In the past Cape

Tormentine was populated entirely by mosquitoes. It was they who put it on the map by tormenting a French explorer until he left.

It was here late one hot humid Saturday afternoon, when all the people were within to avoid the tormentors without, that a sound of quarrel broke through a mosquito covered screen door.

"I don't give a damn if she is

a mic. I don't give a damn if she's a black muslim. It's all hair splitting anyway."

Inside, an angry young man named Tom pushed back his chair, nearly upsetting it as he got up from supper. Everyone was quiet for a moment. Then Tom's minister brother George said: "Those hairs look mighty big to me. I think . . ." He paused, reluctant to be trapped into a prejudiced stand by his little brother.

"You'll have enough to fight about without religion," broke in Tom's mother, "anyway, seventeen's too young to be married."

Tom's politic and pregnant sister-in-law, Cathy, kept out of the battle. So did Tom's father.

"Well," drawled Tom, sitting on the other side of the room in the rocking chair by the stove, "the way I figure it war's caused by differences between men. And the more you act on the basis of difference the more you increase the possibility of war, so for the peace of all I'd better marry her and make her an honest woman."

The people at the table sat confused by the philosophical generalization and shocked by the conclusion. Tom rocked the chair nearly tipping it backwards in violent glee over the success of his speech.

"But," he added tormentingly, "I suppose an R.C. isn't good enough for me."

His fifty year old mother eyed the worry of her old age and replied primly, "I don't doubt that she's a perfectly good girl but . . ."

"I think I'll go marry a nigger!" Tom interrupted merrily.

His mother looked at his father but his father's look said: "It's no use, can't do anything with him."

Just outside the table window Tom could see a green ruby-throated hummingbird flit from blossom to blossom of the snowball bush. Beyond, a smooth thick green ran to the flower



bed that marked the border to the next property. There, tulips of many colors flashed in the sun. The poplar tree beside the bed was silhouetted in a pale blue sky and swayed gently to the north east.

Tom decided, "for the peace of all", to change the topic. "Well, let's forget about that. It's a nice evening. The tide's in fairly well to get the boat off. Let's go for a drive, George."

Cathy paled and pleaded: "The wind's blowing too hard, isn't it? The radio says there's

Ron Burns, the author of "Lost At Sea" won the prize for Creative Writing at UNB last year. The story, though apparently of thrilling adventure, is really an allegory on the Christian Church, which has been lost at sea for some time.

going to be a thunder storm. Please don't go. Think about the baby."

"I've had her out in worse than this," said Tom.

Tom's father spoke for the first time, "O.K., go out — but be careful and check the gas before you go and don't stay too long."

"O.K.," said Tom, "I'll be careful. Are you coming, George?"

They drove to the beach's edge and walked across sand to the boat. Tom wore a light blue T shirt and a black bathing suit. The wind was picking up and drove grains of sand into Tom's bare legs. Beyond the lonely beach gusts of wind wrinkled waves. A group of seagulls were huddled facing the wind on a bar that had just disappeared under tide.

They pushed the red bottomed chestnut-hulled motor-boat on rollers to the water and George got in and Tom hauled the boat out into deeper water. Tom jumped in and started the engine and they moved out towards the black creosoted wooden wharf. In the calm between it and the quarter mile of gray brown breakwater Tom opened her up and they zoomed by fish-

ing boats low with lobster traps ready for Monday's season-beginning.

They passed the protection of the breakwater and bounced violently in the rising waves, hitting troughs hard and soaking themselves. Tom slowed down and headed north with the waves toward the marsh that separates Jourmain Island from the mainland. This marsh had been a square mile of dyked fertile farmland till a great storm breached the dykes in the 'twenties. After a fifteen minute run they passed through the broad breach in the dyke between rotting upright poles in remnant earthworks. There was just one narrow deep path through the marsh that a prop-boat could navigate. Tom slowed and stood up so he could see it better.

Inside the marsh, now a breeding ground for ducks, it was sheltered and calm. They came on a mother duck with six babies. The mother swerved suddenly and the thoroughly imprinted babies followed her into the salt grass.

Then they came on shell ducks diving for shell fish. With their wings held tightly to their sides and their bodies held rigid they looked like little black jets. Their webbed feet peddled furiously, propelling them through the pale green eel grass in the clear water below.

They came out on the calm north side of the island and cruised along outside the sand duned shore. Now and then a seal popped his head out of the water, indignant at this big brown noisy intruder.

They cleared the protection of the island and headed into a strengthened gale and waves toward the wharf. Above and beyond the tall black gantry-like

structure for loading cars on car ferries were high black thunderheads.

The breeze bit cool and the boat splashed in troughs and threw up spray. Tom licked the salt from his lips and huddled down behind the windshield, holding the steering wheel tightly. The motor began to sputter as the boat twisted and turned and shifted the gas in the tank on the floor. Tom turned to the nearest land. The motor gave a last sputter, coughed, and died.

Tom turned around and looked sheepishly at George and said in a little voice: "I guess I forgot to check the gas. We'll have to try to row ashore on Jourmain Island, we can't possibly make the mainland rowing against this."

George agreed. Tom turned the motor up on its pivot and they put on lifebelts and they
(SEE page 12)

The Storm

Our lips
touched
under the shady
pine.
It was hot
hot
in the scorching
sun
but cool
where
we clung
together.
As high black
clouds
climbed
the horizon,
"Will it thunder?"
"It may."
And she pressed
closer
to me.
by MICHAEL NOWLAN

Which?

Death
Seems to translate
for only a moment
understanding
and bewilderment
But who can say
which

the interpreter
the meaning of two worlds
without prejudice
to one world
to the other
to which?

by TERENCE O'NEIL

The Touch of the Moon

A pale moon hung over an empty sea,
 The sand was cool and dark,
 We sat there — you and I —
 I looked up and sighed.
 Quiet and alone — we shared
 The beauty of the night.
 I felt for an eternity and cried
 With a sudden swell of emotion
 — The seconds of happiness in your kiss —
 To bring back those moments — a dream —
 And yet I will hope and wait. . . .

Daze and Night

Remember the crystal sky and the fleecy clouds
 And how they made the day a dream;
 When the sunlight poured through the window
 And woke you gently from your sleep;
 The day when morning was fresh and clean
 And at noon the heat drew beads of sweat on your arm;
 Dusk and the purple-red sunset in the west;
 Low evening filtered about the trees and finally there was night;
 And the quiet peace that rested between the stars;
 And the darkened grass that blew slightly in the warm wind;
 Remember that day when I kissed you on your cheek
 And we felt so very close and sure.
 Then, my love, we found something more lovely than day.

The External Triangle

When I look into your eyes, a new world
 unfolds and makes me dream
 of things wonderful and exciting, and now
 so far away, these disappear and
 I stare blankly at the wall thinking
 about the days just past when you made my life
 much fuller than ever before.

I feel sad that you couldn't care, that you
 wanted life and love with your own rules
 and left others, and me, behind
 strewn like broken shells on a sandy beach.

I should have learned but never did and now
 must pay the price that others before
 and after will pay: that debt which will
 bankrupt their hearts and their minds
 and twist their tears from their eyes.

And whose fault is this? Not yours, but
 mine and I am sorry.
 I thought that you might be that one in life
 who could pull me out and let me live.



Autumn Child

A silent walk in Autumn
Under a golden sky,
Where birds no longer come —
Only you and I.

The crunching leaves as we trod
Down the path to the meadows,
And frozen sod
Black with lengthening shadows.

The rich golden fields — how they shone
In the warm sun
And as the day had nearly gone
We stood together as one.

How close we were and how in love,
Touching all of life —
The coloured foliage that hung above
And melted all our strife.

Back again; — one Autumn day
When love will find my heart;
Oh, who can ever say
He knows not where to start.

poems

by

**JOHN
BATES**

Agnostic

God!
Who?
No, what.
What is God?
Good God, man. Don't you know?
Know what?
What God is.
Oh God, why didn't you say?
Not why; what!!
What, did you say?
God damn. This is confusing.
What?
God!

Hail the Conqueror

He kissed her cheek and laid her on the bed,
After he had rolled back the huge bedspread.
Her skin shone as she lay there on the sheet,
Bare, from her golden hair to her tiny feet.
She kicked and squirmed, bounced and rolled,
A draft arose and suddenly she was cold.
She whimpered and screamed at each caress,
He held her still and made her rest.
While he reached for the table to flick the light,
She broke his hold and cried in fright.
He grabbed her legs and threw them back,
Pulled away the cover and began the attack.
Now she was happy because she was warm,
And he was happy because he had used good form.
The diaper was on and looked quite neat,
Pinned at the corners; he had done the feat.



from page 9

Lost At Sea

rowed west hoping to reach the island. The tide had peaked and turned to go out.

George was weak and out of condition from years in the sedentary ministry. His arms quickly grew rubbery and powerless and he had to quit. The wind blown tide drove them north towards the wide expanses of the Northumberland Strait.

Though George's little brother by ten years Tom was his big brother by four inches and thirty pounds. His passion for physical fitness had made him a neat six feet, one-hundred ninety pounds. He rowed alone tirelessly. The heavy wide boat strained slowly through the water. Spray flew over its side. George sat in the stern in front of Tom and looked pale and worried.

"Cheer up," said Tom with a smile, "why, this is a once in a life time adventure. You might as well get a thrill out of it. Enjoy it, then you can say you laughed in the face of danger! If we don't drown you can preach a sermon on God's deliverance.

If we do, then we might as well enjoy what's left of life. Anyway, think what a time you'll have in Heaven!"

George responded apathetically to these comforting words, "I'm in no hurry to get to Heaven. It's a little different with you. You haven't got a pregnant wife on shore."

"Could be," said Tom teasingly, "but you needn't worry about her. She's got that job teaching at the university so she can take care of herself, I guess."

"I guess", replied George weakly.

Tom looked at George and thought: "Maybe he's seasick — he's mighty white — should be looking at the horizon to stabilize his inner gyroscope — he's got a bad mental attitude — probably nothing so exciting will ever happen to him again, poor fellow — Trouble is — he's married — marriage softens men — they don't produce anything but kids then. Why — he was as good a man as me once — but now, well, such is life. I'm never gonna get married — it's too much trouble. To satisfy my family she's gotta be white, anglo-saxon, and protestant — Gosh, my family's a regular Ku Klux Klan. Anyway, it's better to have mistresses and love 'em and leave 'em — By

God! Those waves are getting higher."

The waves were about six feet high now and their crests were flecked with foam. The sun shot towards them its last bullets of radiant energy and reddened and widened and Tom hoped the light house keeper on the island would see them and come get them but he didn't. They were progressing west towards the island but at the same time were being driven further north.

Tom was delighting in his brother's discomposure. He smiled, "George is a good social fellow — he can handle people and things like that just splendid — a regular diplomat — but he doesn't know nature is easier to conquer. Humans think and plot. Nature can't — it's easier to fight — better comfort him."

"Hey George, don't worry. We're in no danger. It's only water and wind. Everything's going to be alright. We'll come through o.k.

"How do you know?" answered George.

Tom looked up sharply at his brother, "Well now George, you're the minister, you should know. Only thing I'm worried about is getting Hell for not checking the gas and causing this when I get home."

George stayed quiet. He was quieter than he had ever been. The last light of the sun flecked the thunderhead and the first dull rumbles came and flashes fell. Tom rowed in the dark of the late twilight. He kept telling his brother everything would be all right but they swept by the island north into the dark raging sea.

Soon they were a half mile north of the island and Tom knew it was useless to continue rowing. He brought in the oars and threw out the anchor and took off his lifebelt and handed it to George. "You'd better keep ahold of this. Two might be better than one. Anyway, it would only hold me up. I'm gonna swim ashore and get the light house keeper to come out and get you." said Tom as he took off his soaked shirt. He put one leg over into the water and rested his belly on the side and using it as a pivot, swung the rest of him over. Be-

I Am A Frustrated Old Maid

I am a frustrated old maid,
Made, made, . . . did you make her?
Speaking of Jamaica
Have you been to the Bahamas,
Speaking of sheep
Are you warm enough?

No, I'm cold, frigid,
Speaking of fridges
Do we have any cubes?
Cubes, cubes, are you a square?
Speaking of squares, I want one
Are you hungry?
Speaking of love, I am.

Love, love, who needs it,
Speaking of need
Are you broke?
No, no . . . I'm pure
Speaking of purity
Do you use Carnation?
Speaking of flowers
You mean you are one?

by ANNE FARNELL

fore he left he checked the anchor by holding the bow of the boat with one hand and pulling the rope with the other.

"It's holding, you're o.k." yelled to George to reassure him, but he knew the light ten pound anchor wouldn't hold long in the deep rough water.

"So long, George, see you later."

Tom crawled off toward the dark outline of the nearest part of the island. His arms cut the water smoothly with good opposition. He did the distance crawl, resting a little on each arm before the stroke. The six foot waves took him up and down and he struggled along into them.

He thought, "Strange how you can swim against water you can't row into — guess it's because your power has only you to take when you swim — I'd go faster if I took off my bathing suit — but the light house keeper's got a wife — wish I had a wife — wonder why people wear bathing suits anyway — it only slows them up — If they kept you warm there'd be some excuse — they don't — water's warm now — guess we're on the hot side of the thunder front — funny about that — a cold front rubbing a warm front makes such a storm — hope I don't get a jelly fish in the mouth — damn, it's starting to rain."

A wave thrust into his open mouth as he turned his head to breath. He coughed. He spat. He swallowed. He thought, "By God, I'd better watch my breathing or I won't be breathing long."

It was 9:30 and dark when their father drove down to the shore to see if they were back. His headlights swept the lonely empty beach as the sand began to be pitted with rain like meteored moon craters. He left the lights on and walked lonely in the beam in the wind to the sea. Waves

Haiku

Darts of rain bouncing
glazing black asphalt highways
streaming hot rivers.

Fog, haunting day — ghost
wisping past, sparkling houses
dark and luminous.

by NEIL BRAMBLE

picked up in the shallow water and were murky in the headlight beam. Wind whistled the sand in a storm. He waited in vain for the sound of the outboard. The water was empty. He went home and called the Mountie.

* * * * *

Tom looked back to see if he could still see the boat but he couldn't. He hoped that anchor would hold. He was beginning to tire. His arms grew leaden and seemed to weigh fifty pounds apiece. His breathing grew careless and he swallowed more and more water. He gasped but swam on.

He felt a furry sensation on his face. Then the sting of a thousand volts. Stingers cut into his skin. His body tensed with the shock of the jelly fish. He backed off. His right inner thigh muscle cramped. He lost momentum. His legs began to fall away under him. He struggled desperately with his arms. He swallowed mouth after mouth full of water, Oh God, what if I don't make it — guess Mum and Dad won't miss me too much — I was just a trouble to them, but Mary — Oh Mary — I'm tired." His eyes grew hazy. His left foot hit bottom.

He stood, straightened his right leg, and rubbed out the cramp. He got his wind and then he thought, "George is still out

there, better move."

As it was rocky underfoot he swam the rest of the way ashore keeping his right leg straight. He crossed the beach running weak legged and stubbed his toe on a rock. The salt water swayed in his stomach and he felt sick. He scrambled up the clay bank mucky from the rain. He shivered in his bathing suit. He wished he had his glasses. It was dark.

He stumbled across fields to the house and got thistles in his feet and ran into a barbed wire fence. He made the door and rapped loudly and gasped and the keeper came and opened the

(SEE page 14)

Fashions

Fashions come and go;
Or is a thing of beauty
A joy forever?

by R. A. READER

The Sleeper

The shore
Pulls up
The lace-ruffled sheet —
Kicks it off again
Revealing its
Firm brown thigh.

by CAROLYN MURRAY

Scan:



from page 13

Lost At Sea

door and opened his mouth in amazement at the near-naked, wet, shivering, clay-stained, savage-looking being before him. The keeper was a medium sized man of wiry build and dark complexion, with black curly hair and days of beard. He had on dirty khaki pants, black shiny-new rubber boots, and a dirty white shirt rolled up to show a swarthy tattooed skin.

He squinted at Tom in the dim light of the oil lamp on the table behind him. "Well, I'll be damned! it's Tom! What the hell are you doing over here on a night like this?" he said in a drunken voice.

Tom told his story quickly and the keeper sobered with it. He rushed out into the storm and ran along the bank to where his outboard was hauled up. He pushed it out in the waves with his boots drawn up to his hips and jumped in, started the motor, and went off around the island to get George.

The keeper's wife gave Tom a

blanket and a drink of whisky and sat him down by the stove to warm him. The room was about twelve feet square. Opposite Tom was the door he had entered with guns on antlers over it. To the north side was a sink and cupboard and a window. The keeper's wife had placed the oil lamp in the window to help guide her husband home. She stood by the window watching. She was small and dark and in slacks and had long loose hair and a face worried in the lamp-light. She saw her husband's big six volt light sweep the water in the rain a mile north. He had gone that far up to allow for George's drifting and was now working back towards the island. Suddenly his light went out.

* * * * *

On shore a group gathered on the wharf's end hoping the boat might still come in. The low quarter mile causeway connecting the wharf to the mainland was now and then flooded with the surging spray of a big wave breaking on it. At the wharf's end it was dark and cold and wet. Thunder and lightning and

rain filled the sky. The people huddled together under the outcropping of the wharf's seawall, talking quietly and watching the giant ten foot waves roll north or break in spray over the breakwaters to the south of them.

The Mountie arrived and the group quieted. He walked up to the father. "I've made arrangements for boats and an R.C.A.F. plane to join the search in the morning." The Mountie looked at the waves and continued, "There's one chance in ten they'll come through this alive."

The group slowly broke up and went home. That night the usually dull town was alive with lights, visits, and telephone wires carrying current. Rumor and reminiscence mixed and the two lost assumed an importance they never had alive.

There was one light that never went out. The wind tore at and shook the house on its sills and whistled through the eaves and slapped the T. V. antenna wire against slate shingles and trees shook and branches scratched against the veranda roof under the onslaught of the storm. Nature writhed in pain and big

Wasteland

Trapped, within a fleshy brood,
Contained in an airtight shell.
Remains of a life,
Not unlike all others that went on before.

Burglarized lives, seduced by the cries,
Contained in that supreme optimism.
The regular path that remains outside wrath,
Of an all seeing, all knowing being.

The true existence is beyond common sense,
Of the poor who see in their gay repetition,
A flurry of needs that are drowned in their pleas,
For the fulfillment of their irreducible minimum.

Death is a must in their unholy quest,
And they prepare with donations of money.
While dog-collared sophists bask as they lie on the
locus,
Of the gilt edged sanctification of man.

Farewell

Tender sentiments etched on a golden goblet
Too hard to hold a gentle dew
And velvet ears too harsh to hear
The melancholy sound of a fugue.

The silence seeps around me
With empty notes in a muted land
That penetrate the eye to show
The broken colonnades.

Quest

Why seek you the high hills, the restful valleys,
Where solace always seems to be.
Why bring you to the land of the uninhibited,
Where dancing images dance quite free.
Why try to find the furtive peace,
That breathes eternal quest.

In those long and lithsome bones,
Not built for hunt or strong in size,
The suicidal chase that always ends in naught,
Not grasping in the here and now,
In the absurdly stereotyped plot.

poems by

rain drops fell fast and hard on the south window.

Inside this window sat a mother, a father, a wife, and a minister around a table drinking coffee and staring at the leaves of the geranium plant on the window sill which fluoresced like little spirits hovering in the garden outside. They heard the wind and feared. They did not sleep, eat, or relax and their faces lined and drew and shadowed under the vigil's strain.

On the table in front of the minister was a little used envelope. Down its center was a thick black line. He had scrawled a two columned list of church differences as he talked. At six he left to go rest for his 9:30 service and the father let him out. On his way back through the porch his eyes fell on Tom's skin diving equipment and watered. Big quarrels now looked little and little remembrances looked big.

The sun came up and the wind and rain went down and the waves rolled smooth as they lost their momentum. On sand bars not yet gained by the incoming tide north of the wharf

road a group of people gathered. They talked quietly and looked north to see nothing. The only fishing boat not loaded with traps for the next day's lobster fishing left the wharf and headed north.

The people watched as it came out from behind the wharf bobbing in the waves, crossed in front of them, and vanished behind Jourmain Island. The parents and Cathy came. The night had seemingly aged the family's faces years in hours. Someone had to carry Cathy down the rocks along the wharf road so she could stand on the sand with everyone. The Mountie was there. "One in ten." he repeated.

An hour passed. The boat reappeared. First it was a little line of white. It drew closer. A little dot of brown appeared behind. It was the speed boat. It was empty. But, there were two more people in the big fishing boat. The captain of it dipped his buoy hook again and again to check depth as he approached the shore. A hundred yards from the bar the boat coasted to a stop. Tom drew up the speed boat and rowed George ashore.

A whisper of gladness swept through the crowd. George went up to Cathy and comforted her. Tom anchored the boat and began to bail it out. "Damn! Damn! Damn!" he muttered below his breath with each can of salt water he threw out, "Won't I get hell for this one."

He delayed going up to his parents as long as he could. Someone came up and touched him on the shoulder — "You better go home now, Tom, I'll take care of this."

"Well anyway", thought Tom as he squished his way across the soft sand to the family car on the wharf road, I gave this town some excitement last night. That's something they don't have very often in this dump. They should be grateful." He got in the back seat of the car beside his father.

"Hello," he said fearfully.

His mother replied in a faltering voice, "We were afraid we wouldn't see you any more."

"Gosh, they look old," thought Tom, "maybe they're glad to have me back so they won't bawl me

(SEE page 18)

Erotic

Stark naked, she walked across the stubble field,
And dove deep into that darkened pool,
And riverlets of blackened hair streaked over her
bold face.

The pool disturbed lapped on the empty shore
From where I watched the naked nymph.
What does she there, why am I here,
The spreading emotion forces my limbs to yield.
Animal, glistening animal, that you are
Shining in the splendid sunlight,
Splashing, diving, exploring down into the shallow
depths.

Like my enforcing feelings, deep inside
She beacons me, that inviting nymph,
Seduction in her heart and breasts and streaming
hair.

I looked and waved and watched her rising breath,
She laughed, a most obliging nymph,
That haunting creature that tempts me in my sleep.

Pecuniary

The wilted trees
in summer lie
at the foot of each terraine.
The concrete shells
within the ground
like anthills on a plain.
The same evolving faces
peer out at every stop.
The same disgusting places
where construction never stops.
Sparse lawns of ugly green
the rocks on every side
an unfound personality
where nothing ever dies.
No life, no love, no anything
just a short perfunctory manner.
One man's utopia
impressed on every mind
a common bond of conformity
with variations on the side.
External signs of happy times
exudes with every breath
be joyous now, you lucky ones
in your vast conjugal net.

RAYMOND FOOTE

from page 15

Lost At Sea

out." His second speech was more confident than the first, "Never fear, bad weeds are hard to kill."

They went home and cleared the table of coffee cups and had breakfast. George told the story and concluded, "I couldn't sleep worrying about you people worrying about us."

Tom contradicted, "I slept though and so did he. I heard

him snore."

"Well, we didn't sleep," said Tom's mother. "But we're all together again, that's what matters."

So they went to bed.

The sun shone in the window and warmed the empty table. The hummingbird was back flashing about outside the window. It was quiet again. The two fronts of the storm had collided, fought their battle of hot and cold, electricity and thunder, and had merged peacefully into one through natural compromise.

But the tulips in the garden were broken forever.

The Fields Are Green

The fields are green
And gently roll
Down from the bleak
And heathered moors.
The roads are narrow
And hedged
And wind
Past the white-washed cottage small.
They also pass the gardens by —
The gardens that are gems.
Nearby
The seas are blue and calm
And full of fishing boats and yachts,
Or
Grey and rough
Fash is the change
And many's the time a ship's been wrecked
And many's the time a wife has wept.
Their waves roll in
And pound
As surf
On many a long, gold beach.
The crescent sands
Stretch
'Round the coast
Under the high and rugged
Cliffs.
Caves of these cliffs
Are deep and dark
And hoarded smugglers
Long ago.
Up on the cliffs, a few fields in
A grey and square-towered
Church stands
As it had stood since Norman times,
And in its churchyard
Gently rustles
A dracaena tree.
Where is this land of enchantment
This jewel of the sea?
It is the Duchy of Cornwall
And home, always, to me.

by GRAHAM PEARCE

from page 17 OMEGA

and getting hard to breathe so I'll sit on that rock I wonder how many years it's been here probably left by some glacier millions of years ago before man ever was and those narrow minded teachers back in school talking about the first men and how they were like animals and they're bigger animals than the first men ever were and this rock has seen so much if it can see-feel-think then it knows some of man's stupidity and what an ugly rock but there's some strawberry blossoms beside it and I'll have to remember that when they come out there's probably more down there and that little creek will soon be nothing more than a ditch and all the mud and rocks will show and look like a hideous scar across the field but it's still full now and from here all I can see when I look up is the sky and it's separate from the rest of the world and there's no one else but I still know that people are there because I can see the damn dirty grey smoke over the city spoiling the sky and beneath it people are sweating to MAKE IT and they can only enjoy themselves after slaving all week but they go home and do the same plain things and go on in their dirty existence and always thinking how good everything is especially themselves and talking of brotherhood and in the next breath killing maiming lusting scaring and hating anyone who is different and stabbing their neighbour in the back and I wish one of them would stab me. . ."

STROLLING BY A RIVER IN SUMMER he speculated, "It's beautiful here away from everyone else with no one to bother me or get in the way and shout and yell and push like a bunch of foolish idiots but out here it's so quiet and peaceful I wish I could stay forever it's a little world of it's own and I wish I could paint that flock of birds against the sunset but I can't even draw anyway and it's so quiet except for those little waves the water makes against the riverbank and I wonder what it's like to drown would it hurt? probably but not for long it would all be over in a few sec-

MEGA

to breathe so
 rock I wonder
 it's been here
 some glacier
 ago before man
 e narrow mind-
 in school talk-
 t men and how
 animals and
 imals than the
 were and this
 much if it can
 it knows some
 y and what an
 re's some straw-
 eside it and I'll
 that when they
 probably more
 that little creek
 hing more than
 e mud and rocks
 k like a hideous
 eld but it's still
 n here all I can
 up is the sky
 from the rest
 there's no one
 now that people
 e I can see the
 smoke over the
 sky and beneath
 eating to MAKE
 only enjoy them-
 ng all week but
 nd do the same
 go on in their
 nd always think-
 everything is es-
 ves and talking
 and in the next
 maiming lusting
 ing anyone who
 l stabbing their
 back and I wish
 uld stab me. . ."

BY A RIVER IN
 speculated, "It's
 way from every-
 no one to bother
 e way and shout
 ash like a bunch
 but out here it's
 eaceful I wish I
 ever it's a little
 wn and I wish I
 at flock of birds
 nset but I can't
 way and it's so
 those little waves
 kes against the
 I wonder what
 vn would it hurt?
 not for long it
 ver in a few sec-

onds under the water then I
 would be no more but I can't
 imagine that something must still
 exist thoughts must go on but
 with no body to hamper them at
 last free from this stupid world
 with everybody doing the same
 stupid things in the same stupid
 ways and laughing and thinking
 they're having fun and being
 rotten underneath and not giv-
 ing a good goddamn about any-
 one else and thinking they're so
 so good while they're just a bunch
 of cheating lying grabbing ani-
 mals and it's not worth it trying
 to live with them . . ."

**WALKING ALONG THE
 STREETS OF A CITY IN AU-
 TUMN** he mused, "Look what
 happens when men get together
 they build a city grey-black-dull
 red brick after red brick and
 cracked grey sidewalks and dirt
 piled up in the gutter and leaves
 and paper blowing all over and
 even the trees are ugly now
 without their leaves and every
 door is closed evry noise shut
 tight against everyone else but
 we're all people yet strangers are
 treated like something alien-for-
 eign-different-remote when really
 we're all the same the same stu-
 pid blundering mass calling our-
 selves the highest point in civil-
 ization and really no better than
 beasts but even worse 'cause we'-
 re supposed to know better ha!
 what a laugh we're just monsters
 mutants from something which
 could have been so beautiful
 maybe we were once a long time
 ago when the world was young
 but we weren't civilized then
 and they say we're so much bet-
 ter now and have so much more
 but all I can see is drabness and
 esus that wind goes right through
 my coat I'd like to be in front of
 a huge warm fireplace now in
 a lodge far away in the hills and
 so would lots of other people but
 they're all too afraid to do any-
 thing different and get out and
 live instead of just existing and
 I'm afraid too because I stay and
 say with all the others oh isn't
 that nice and how do you do? and
 yes I do and yes I will and yes
 I am and yes sir yes sir three
 bags full and for the rest of their
 lives they bow and grovel and
 do the same things over and over
 again and again to their graves
 and so will I . . . I wish I were
 dead. . ."

The Bishop's Blessing

by CAROLYN MURRAY

Won't ye let me give ye another glass, Father? Us Baptists can't drink but you Catholics seem to be able to. It's good of you to come and see me right off like this. Probly some of the folks won't like it too much but I always admire a man with guts no matter what his religion is. More people should be like that — give a person credit for guts no matter what else you got against them.

I suppose you think we're Scotch, seein' as how we got a Scotch name. Well, we're really Irish . . . Irish Protestants from County Kent. Family's been Protestants for generations and pretty proud of it, too, even though people always think we're Protestant any- way, seein' as how we got a Scotch name.

I mind a story my father used to tell, and this'll show ye what I mean about admirin' guts and the like. It was durin' the Irish Rebellion, I don't mind the year, but you probably know all about it, but from a different side than what I heard it. Well, it seems there was this here man name of Fitzroy or somethin' like that, some Irish name anyway, and he managed to escape from the custody of the Protestant soldiers that was holdin' 'im. Of course, the first thing they done was to put a price on his head which meant he was a marked man. "Well, my grandfather, Smallman was his name, didn't take much stock of things either way, him bein' a peaceful man and all, and death on fightin' and the like, so he was what you might call a neuter. Well, his little daughter Kate went out to fetch water from the pump one day and she comes runnin' and screamin' back to the house sayin' there's a man hidin' in the barn. Well, Grandfather Smallman runs right out and he guesses right off that it's Fitzroy, the wanted man. Well, Fitzroy is half dead from no food or rest and he's been hunted down like a dog so he comes runnin' to Grandfather Smallman with his hands in the air and says, "I give up. I can't run any more. You'll have to turn me over or shoot me yourself." Well for sure he wasn't gonna shoot him so he hides him in the barn for two weeks and every day little Kate goes out and drops some food in a special place by a fence-post for Fitzroy to pick up. Pretty soon Fitzroy's strength returns and he disappears and Grandfather hears later that he's gotten away, back to his own people.

Well, sir, it so happened that this Fitzroy was a brother to the Catholic bishop of the county (remember, I told ye that the Smallmans were Protestants) and he hears about how Grandfather Smallman sheltered his brother at the risk of his own life. So do you know what he does? He goes into the church (the Catholic church, of course) **before the altar**, mind ye, and says he's givin' a blessin' to the Smallmans. Whoever does good to the Smallmans is blessed in this life and in the life to come and whoever does evil to the Smallmans is cursed in this life and in the life to come. And this blessin' is to last to the third and fourth generations.

And ye know, I could tell ye a thousand ways that that blessin' has worked out — blessin' for some but curse for others, mind ye. Put you must of heard it from Father LeBlanc, who was here before ye. He was always friendly to me and I always held it was on account of the bishop's blessin'. And here you are, Father, comin' to see an old Baptist before you even get around to seein' all your own folk, so I guess you believe it, too. Come on, won't ye have another snort?