

# CARNIVAL 1972 needs student support

By EDISON STEWART

This year UNB students are going to have to come out and work for their own carnival if they ever expect to have one.

This was the word late last week after a meeting of concerned students on the future of this year's carnive.

The plan for carnival is this: students and student organizations are to be responsible for carnival and its various aspects. Both the Brunswickan and CHSR, for example, are to be charged with setting up and arranging advertising for the various events. Residences

are to be responsible for still other facets of carnival.

Because carnive is to be a student run affair, the cost will thus be lower. Down to \$5 - 7,000 in fact. In the past, carnival has been run by those people who still believe in free-enterprise. As a result, it often lost money and wasn't as well supported as it could have been by the student body.

So this year the Student's Representative Council called the meeting last week, well in advance of carnival, to make its proposal and see if those presenting would endorse it.

They did. Many student organiz-

ations had representatives present and they fully endorsed the student run project.

Plans now are being made to coordinate the efforts of all those students who will be participating in the new-style carnival.

There is, however, the possibility that the students won't want one. If that should happen, the SRC has already made plans for it - as a matter of fact, the main reason for making carnival this way was so that there would only be one if the student body was willing to work for it.

# BRUNSWICKAN

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FREE

## SRC election turnout biggest in years

By EDISON STEWART

Twenty year old Law 1 student, Mike Richard, was elected to the position of SRC Vice-President Wednesday, outpolling the other two candidates by almost twice as many votes.

Greg Everett came in second with 342 votes, while P. Theriault polled only 194.

Over 31 percent of the campus population turned out to vote, Wednesday, one of the best turnouts for the fall elec-

tion in the last five years. Traditionally, very few people take the time to vote. There were 1435 ballots cast, with four spoiled.

Richard attributed his election to the fact that he was the only candidate that offered a platform.

"It was in six parts - I sincerely feel that I can accomplish each one of them," said the elated candidate in a post-election interview with

the BRUNSWICKAN.

"I think that most people realized that it wasn't pie in the sky, but that it was practical," he added.

He is to take office immediately as former Vice-President Don Olmstead vacated the post at the beginning of the year.

Three reps at large were elected in the voting - Maria Wawer, Rick Fisher and B.

Taylor. -- while Chris Fisher was given the seat for the Business faculty. Barbara Baird and Roy Neale were the winners in Arts, while Peter Duncan and Gordon Church gained seats on the Senate.

Registrar Dugal Blue, who had quite a busy evening Wednesday, said that there "was a good turnout for the fall election and added that he hoped still more people would vote in the spring elections.

### SRC ELECTIONS

#### Vice-President, SRC

One elected out of three		
M. Richard	784	Elected
G. Everett	342	---
P. Theriault	194	---

#### Arts Representative, SRC

Three elected out of six		
B. Baird	316	Elected
R. Neale	236	Elected
M. Shouldice	231	Elected
D. Wiltshire	121	---
A. Varty	69	---
T. Glowka	29	---

#### Bus. Ad. Representative, SRC

One elected out of three		
C. Fisher	129	Elected
C. Franklin	103	---

#### Representative-at-large

Three elected out of four		
M. Wawer	775	Elected
R. Fisher	744	Elected
B. Taylor	652	Elected
R. Baston	347	---

#### Senate

Two elected out of three		
P. Duncan	810	Elected
G. Church	728	Elected
R. Pike	416	---

1435 Ballots

4 Spoiled

### UNBSJ

#### Student Senator

One elected out of two		
R. Maybe	176	Elected
B. Prendas	88	---

### The Editor

#### The Brunswickan

We should jointly like to thank all students and all faculty members who assisted in the SRC - Senate elections on October 27th.

Thanks to the spirit of cooperation, minor difficulties were promptly overcome.

We were particularly struck by the comment of a number of both faculty and students that they had enjoyed working together.

In addition we thank all the students who took the time to vote. Any suggestions made have been noted for future use. We hope that even more will vote in the spring elections.

Finally, special thanks to the staff of the Computing Centre. C.V. Kingston (SRC Returning Officer) D.C. Blue (Senate Returning Officer)



President Dineen accepting the \$10,000 cheque from Col. J.K. Manuel of Oland's.

## UNB gets 10,000 bucks

By EDISON STEWART

The University of New Brunswick was the recipient of a cheque for \$10,000 from Oland's Breweries of Saint John Tuesday.

The presentation was made by Col. J.K. Manuel, Vice-President of Oland's Breweries 1971 Ltd. Oland's is a wholly-owned subsidiary of Labatt's Breweries of Montreal.

The \$10,000 presentation, made to President J.O. Dineen,

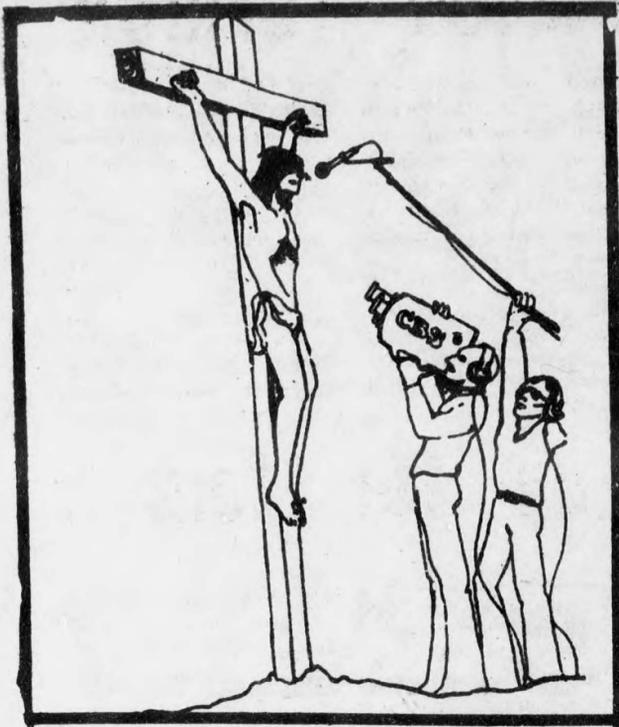
was to mark the fact that a former pledge made by Oland's was being honoured by the new company. Oland's was bought out earlier this year by Labatt's.

Oland's money will be used in the university's expansion program. It is the result of a campaign, begun in 1965, for capital for expansion. This particular presentation, according to UNB Assistant Comptroller D.G. Sedgewick, was part of the "aftermath of the development program started in 1965."

The BRUNSWICKAN took the opportunity to talk to Manuel with respect to the drinking age in this province. "Ridiculous, absolutely ridiculous", was his reply. A man can serve in the service at 18, he said, but in this province he can't drink until he is 21.

The other provinces are changing, he added, you'd think that the premiers at some of these conferences would get around to standardizing the drinking age in the country.

Photo by Ken De Freitas



## CLASSIFIEDS

1962 Chev standard six. Asking \$350. or best offer. Phone 454-2025 or 475-8424.

For sale: 1 35 mm camera & Ac-DC flash unit/cord \$35./1 hair dryer \$10./1 female (gold) manequin \$15./1 blond fall \$5./1 chair & couch (suitable for students) \$20./1 large old-oak executive type desk \$50./1 variety of stereo-mono LP records (folk & popular) \$1.25 ea/quantity of 1st/2nd year text books. Phone: 454-9162 ask for Gord or Diane or leave message.

For sale - Ace Tone Electronic Organ. \$175.00 Call Bill at 472-3896 or 833 Union Street.

Wanted: a good home, full of love and attention (preferably in country) for one friendly male-adult german shepherd dog; quantity of dog food also given. Inquiries/phone: 454-9162 ask for Gord or leave name & number.

Ride Wanted to Montreal for two on Nov. 10 or 11. Share expenses. Contact Chris J. Allen 454-9639 or Bruns Office.

Wanted: A drive from Lincoln Road (beside Knoll-top-Kennels) to campus every morning for 8:30 am classes. Call 454-6931.

Wanted experienced drummer to gig with blues & jazz group Call 454-6239 or 454-5280 must have own equipment.

Wanted: preferably alive, 400 graduate students to attend party on Wednesday November 3 in Faculty Club at 8 p.m. Wives and dates welcome.

I will do typing for students at home. Writing must be fairly legible. Price \$.50 per sheet. If interested contact Mary Matchett phone 472-8966 after 5 p.m.

Beginning Conversational French Course, experienced teacher commencing Oct. 25. Information Call 454-3754.

## where it's at

### FRIDAY OCTOBER 29

Field Hockey: Acadia at UNB 3:30 p.m. College Field  
UNB Law Society 8-1 SUB Ballroom  
Inter-Christ fellowships 8-12 SUB 103

Fredericton Scottish Country Dance Group - all dancers welcome 8:00 p.m. Tartan room - Old Students Center

Carleton Show Band 9-1 SUB Ballroom Refreshments.

### SATURDAY OCTOBER 30

Football PEI at UNB 1:30 p.m. College Field  
Rugby St. John Trojans vs UNB 2:00 p.m. Wilmot Downs  
Soccer Acadia at UNB 4:00 p.m. College Field

Cross Country Maine-Maritimes at UNB  
Badminton Club 7-10:30 p.m. Gym  
Film Society "The Brig" US 1964 8:00 p.m. Head Hall c-13

UNB Scuba Club 9-1 SUB 201  
UNB Sports Car Club 9-11 SUB 26

### SUNDAY OCTOBER 31

Dance Class 6:30-8:30 p.m. SUB 201

Film Society "The Brig" 6:30 & 9:00 p.m. Head Hall C-13

St. Thomas U Sunday Night Movie - The Great Escape starring Steve McQueen. Stu Academic Bldg Auditorium. 6:00 p.m. & 9:00 p.m.

CHSR Staff Meeting 6:30-9:30 SUB 218  
Resident Musicians Concert 1st of four Sunday concerts 8:15 p.m. Memorial Hall

### MONDAY NOVEMBER 1

T.C. SRC meeting 6-8 p.m. SUB 103  
UNB SRC meeting 7:00 p.m. SUB 103

UNB Camera Club 7-9 p.m. SUB 102

Norman McLaren Film Festival 8:00 p.m. Beaverbrook Art Gallery FREE.

### TUESDAY OCTOBER 2

Fencing 7-8:30 Dance Studio Gym  
Business Administration Week officially begins.  
Smoker - buses leave from behind SUB at 7:15 p.m. sharp

Pre-Med Club 7:30-9:30 SUB 102  
University & Community Human Rights/Civil Liberties Assoc. Public meeting 7:30 p.m. Monseignor Boyd Center

Student Wives meeting 8:00 p.m. Cafeteria, SUB  
Mental Health Clinic 8-10 p.m. SUB 203

### WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 3

Badminton Club 7-10:30 p.m. Gym  
UNB Sports Car Club 7:00 p.m. SUB 26

Women's Lib 7:30-11 SUB 118  
Graduate Student Party 8:30-1:00 a.m. faculty club

Bus. Ad. Wk. - meet the Queens, bar facilities 9:00 p.m. Old Student Center

### THURSDAY NOVEMBER 4

Bus. Ad. Wk. Industrial Tour to St. John Breweries & MacMillan Rothesay. Buses leave from behind SUB at 9:00 a.m.

UNB Student Liberals 7-9 p.m. SUB 103

Fencing 8-9:30 Dance Studio, Gym

## GAIETY SUNDAY AT 8:30

20th CENTURY FOX PRESENTS  
Elizabeth Warren  
Taylor Beatty

in **The Only Game In Town**

COLOR BY DE LUXE



MON. & TUES. AT 2:30, 7 & 9

## CAPITOL SUNDAY AT 8:30

"GREAT MOVIE MAKING...!" - NEW YORK TIMES

**diary of a mad housewife**

a frank perry film

starring richard benjamin · frank langella  
carrie snodgrass · screenplay by eleanor perry

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# Student Housing Committee formed

By MYRNA RUEST

Expectations of a student housing crisis have resulted in the forming of a Housing Committee. This committee was established in late summer but nothing could be accomplished until the SRC had representatives available for the Housing Committee. Members of the Committee include: Professor Patterson, as chairman; Dean

of Mens Residences, Dean of Womens Residences, a representative of the Accountants Office, a Co-op representative, Professor Patterson of the Forestry Department and two SRC Representatives.

Patterson is considering many proposals toward housing which include complete overall housing, residence construction, near campus housing and married student housing. However, it is

felt that new methods are necessary as students do not seem interested in housing facilities available to them at this time. So the question being asked is: "What is best?" The Housing Committee would appreciate proposals from students as to the type of housing they would prefer. All proposals presently submitted are being considered.

One person who is very

involved with greater student housing facilities is Professor Garland. He has stated the increased student enrollment expected for this year has not been fulfilled. Therefore, no real crisis has arisen this year but next year may see a great extension in the number of enrolling students. In this case, Professor Garland hopes that a new form of housing will be available. Plans at the present

infer that the construction of a new housing development will commence by the beginning of next spring's construction season.

Rick Fox, President of the New Brunswick Residence, Co-operative Ltd., is also playing a large role in obtaining a new housing program. In a letter to Rick Fox, President J.O. Dineen conveyed the approval of the board of Governors.

## Three out of ten show up for tour

If the first businessman's tour is an indication of what the next seven will be like I strongly suggest that they be cancelled. According to SRC President Bob Poore there were ten men scheduled to take the tour.

By Friday at noon hour, all but one had confirmed that they would be in Poore's office at 2:30 pm. At 2:30 there were two people from the Brunswickan, two students, a reporter from the Daily Gleaner, Bob Poore and one businessman.

After waiting until 3 o'clock the situation was a bit better. There were now three businessmen in the office plus coffee and donuts.

Poore, obviously disappointed by the turnout, decided that a one-half hour wait was more than long enough and

the tour began. The businessmen were quite impressed with the SUB and also with the fact that it is the students who are financing the building. They were shown through the offices of CHSR and the Brunswickan.

While there they talked to students running the organizations. The next stop was a brief, but enjoyable visit with UNB President J.O. Dineen. At the gymnasium, the businessmen were given a complete tour by Athletics Director Peter Kelly. The men were then taken through one of the residences on campus.

The three people that took the tour seemed to enjoy it and they said they found it informative. However, what about the seven that did not come? Are we to assume that they are first not interested in

the students who create a great deal of business in Fredericton? Finally there is the question of dependability.

The men invited on the tour are the men who are oper-

ating stores and agencies in Fredericton and it is men like them that are running businesses all across Canada. Yet out of the nine men who had on Friday morning, confirmed that

they would be coming that afternoon, only three showed up and two out of those three were late. That's not performance!!



Photo by Ken De Freitas

Two of the three businessmen who participated in the Businessman's Tour of the campus hang on to see the BRUNSWICKAN offices. Here managing Editor Edison Stewart (right) shows the businessmen and host Gord Cousins (second from left) how the BRUNSWICKAN is put together.

## UNB joins MEU

As of last weekend, the University of New Brunswick's SRC is a member of the newly-formed Maritime Entertainment Union.

Representatives from UPEI Memorial, St. F.X., St. Thomas, St. Marys and UNB met in Fredericton on Oct. 22, 23 at which time they agreed to form into a union whose main purpose would be to unite their respective universities through

co-operation in the field of entertainment. Acadia and Dalhousie were also represented at this gathering but they opted not to join, although they did hint at their supporting such an organization.

Brooks Diamond, a student organizer from St. Marys University, was appointed as Union Co-ordinator until the next meeting which is scheduled for sometime after Winter Carnival.

As a member of the MEU, any university is expected to clear all bookings over one thousand dollars with Mr. Diamond. This arrangement is intended to facilitate group bookings for the members.

The long range objective is to establish a working union of Maritime Universities to co-ordinate tours of Canadian and American groups on a block

booking system through a single co-ordinator.

The board of directors is composed of Bob Poore (UNB) Dave Rooney (Memorial), John MacPherson (St. F.X.), John

Gallagher (St. Thomas) and Bruce Smith (SMU). Ken Campbell (Dalhousie) and Dave Stevenson (Acadia) have the status of associate members.

**NOTICE**

To All Students and Faculty

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# Editorials

You might think that an editorial on Winter Carnival is rather a premature topic at this time of year, but now is the time that preparations have to be made.

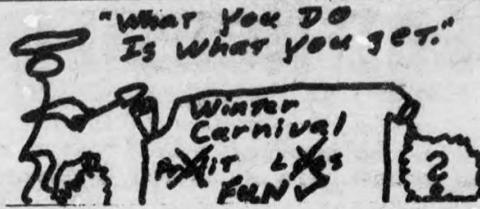
Several members of the University community congregated in the SUB last Thursday to talk over what should be done about Carnival. Whether it should be continued or discontinued.

It was generally acknowledged that Carnival should continue. The format this year will be different from the previous three. During that period the SRC lost about \$20,000 on "free-enterprise" Carnivals.

The idea was that if they rented it out to profit-hungry groups a good job would be done. They assumed (wrongly) that Carnie would be a money making affair.

The informal committee decided that this year we should shy away from the big name entertainment idea, because it is a totally impractical idea. We have consistently lost our shirts. For one thing the choice of the group never seemed to be satisfactory. The prime reason the groups have flopped is that there is no place in Fredericton that will seat enough people. The Playhouse held 1000 people (if they all held their breath) so the admissions price had to be very high. (\$4.50 last year).

To get away from this big-name hassle it was suggested that "red and Black", the University Revue, be scheduled during Winter Carnival Week. The director and cast have agreed. One problem



solved. The beauty of this idea, is that it's the R&B's 25th Anniversary, and there is a possibility that The Playhouse will be re-opened.

Yet another idea was that snow-sculpturing, a float parade and the ice palace be re-instituted. The Residences are to be the prime movers responsible for getting people out to events. The reasoning behind this was that they are closely knit groups. It was also thought that the students off Campus should be brought into Carnie in a greater capacity. How? That's a problem to be solved.

The main thing is that students become involved in producing their own Carnival. Don't leave it to a few people, get off your butts and lend a helping hand. Remember, that if you don't do it, it won't get done.

An SRC member mentioned that, "come January our backs will be against the wall, and we would have to hire a group to run Carnival."

My answer to that is, if people can't be bothered to participate then to hell with it, don't have Carnival. If people complain then maybe they will work for it next year. If they don't complain then obviously the SRC has been wasting your money for the past several years.

It's all up to you now.

## FEEDBACKFEEDBACKFEEDBACKFEEDBACKFEEDBACK

Dear Sir:

I would like to report the results of the Lost & Found Auction held Oct. 19. Over 500 people attended the function which saw 2700 articles sold over 4 1/2 hours of bidding.

I think everyone had a good laugh as Tom Evans "auctioned" off many unsaleable items.

A total of \$286.96 was realized for the SRC general fund from which the Legal Aid organization can draw.

Yours truly,

Gordon Cousins.

Dear Sir:

This Fall's Convocation has again brought up the question as to why the University continues to print Diplomas in Latin, including the graduate's name. After paying \$15 as a diploma fee, we will receive one 10 x 8 piece of paper completely in Latin, which few people can understand, making it all the more useless than it already is. This may seem like a rather picky point, but if we are obliged to pay for this item, why can't we at least have our name and degree in our mother tongue? Both Toronto and McGill have recently changed

their degrees to English, following the example of most other Universities, so what significance or prestige is in being the last University to make a progressive change. Is there anyone in the graduating class who feels that their degree is worth more in Latin? I don't think so!

David Anderson Sc IV  
Marc Clem Sc IV

Dear Sir:

Mr. St-Marc claims that the column "Among Ourselves" is biased. I, Sir, am the first to agree with him. But may I also point out that everyone has his bias. To be not biased is to be not human. However, the difference in our biases lie in the

foundation upon which our biases are grounded. Mr. St-Marc claims that "Among Ourselves" is biased, but has he really looked into the issues behind this bias - or the foundation upon which it is grounded? What is the evidence? In the case of an individual biased against pollution, it may be that said individual has seen evidence (ie dead fish, industrial waste, etc) to support his bias. My question to Mr. St-Marc is: Do you know the evidence behind the bias towards Christianity?

Mr. St-Marc comments upon my "remarkable lack of logical consistency, especially in the definition of faith." If he is right, I well acknowledge this fact. But first, a question or two. He says that an alternative viable code is available, "based on the promise that man's rational mind is the only tool he has to apprehend objective reality, and that the only decisions and beliefs that he makes and holds by the rigorous application of logic." If this is so, then why pollution, prejudice, a "predeliction ... for getting drunk or stoned and/or having sexual intercourse," and "eventually waking up dissatisfied"?

He is granting me the validity of the point that we so often misuse material things and abuse our own bodies, and yet he goes on to say that we live by logical reasoning. I maintain that it is precisely this lack of application of logic that gets us into our predicaments, which is what Paul, in his letter to the people at Rome, said. "I do those things which I acknowledge are not good, and cannot do those things which are right. What I don't want to do I end up doing; and what good I want

to do, I can't." Take a look at the last part of ch. 7 in this letter.

Regarding the comment that the example of sitting in a chair is one of a learning experience rather than one of faith, this is true - but only to a point. We learn that chairs are able to hold us, that they are meant to be sit on, and we experience that this is true. So we can be 99.9 per cent certain that a given chair will hold us. But we can never have absolute certainty that a particular chair will hold us until we try it. Actually sitting in the chair involves the "leap of faith" - to cover that 0.1 per cent. So you can see really that faith involves mainly a learning experience, and also a relying on these past learning experiences to reach out to new learning experiences. When we see others crossing a bridge safely, we learn that the probability of its supporting our own weight, is high. But the moment we decide to cross the bridge by putting our own weight upon it, we are using our faith.

Similarly with the "Supreme Being". We can learn of him, of his claims, and of the things he does for other people, but the moment we allow him to guide our lives, then we are using our faith again.

So really, faith is an integral part of our lives, whether or not we believe in a "Supreme Being." A more relevant question might be: "Can we use this everyday faith to checkout the claims that are made?" or "Do I really want anything better than I have right now?"

So in conclusion then: "Faith is the manifestation of things not seen, and the evidence of things hoped for."

Sincerely,  
Russ Crosby

(PG (Geol)

## BRUNSWICKAN

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# 1,000 women die from abortions

By JACQUI GOOD

Abortion is a reality. Let's have legality and morality aside for the moment and just look at the facts. Each year thirty million women around the world have abortions. These women are not degenerate or promiscuous - 80 per cent of them are married, many of them already having several children.

Canada's 'liberal' abortion laws are still very restrictive and most women who find themselves unwillingly pregnant turn to illegal abortions. There are at least 100,000 of these performed each year in this country. 100,000 women

are so determined not to bear a child that they risk imprisonment and death.

Of these determined 100,000, approximately one-fifth are admitted to hospital for post-abortive complications. Some of these complications lead to serious injury, sterilization or death. About 1,000 Canadian women die needlessly each year as the result of a botched abortion.

And is it any wonder? Driven out of the hospital and clinic, abortion becomes dangerous. A good many abortionists particularly those a poor woman can afford, are not medically trained at all and use

improper and unsterile methods. Desperate women try to abort themselves with a frightening array of tools - knitting needles, vacuum cleaners, coat hangers, lysol.

These women don't need quotations from the Criminal Code or the bible. They need safe abortions.

## RESPECT FOR LIFE

That's why I have little patience with those who get dewy-eyed about a fetus' right to life.

Any decision as to when life begins must be arbitrary. The church that makes the most fuss hasn't decided on the magic moment itself. The law doesn't require a death certificate for a miscarriage and, as far as I know, the Catholics don't hold funerals for them either.

Paul Erlich has pointed out that to confuse a fetus with a child is to confuse a blueprint with a building. Our main concern must be with the right of a woman to decide when and how many children she will bear.

If a woman decides, as 100,000 did last year, that for some reason - physical, emotional or financial - that cannot give birth to a child that has been conceived in her body, then that is her decision and it has to be enough for us. We must not stand in the way with a law that forces her to undergo humiliation and pain. She shouldn't have to fear legal reprisals or death. In countries where legal abortions, performed by trained persons is available deaths from abortion are minimal. For example, Czechoslovakia has had no

deaths in 140,000 legal abortions.

It is clear that 1,000 women died senselessly last year. We have any respect for life, we must demand that those deaths stop. How? By making available free and safe abortions to all who ask for them.

## BIRTH CONTROL

The critics say to us "If

worried about its long term effects.

Given the present state of medical and scientific knowledge birth control programmes must be backed by:

1. Government sponsored research into birth control and 'reversible sterilization'.
- and 2. a liberal abortion law and adequate abortion facilities.

An ounce of prevention is

## op-ed / comment

you dumb women would only use birth control, you wouldn't need abortions" or more kindly "I disagree with abortion but think birth control information and devices should be made available."

Of course, they should be made available. Free of charge in community clinics. Birth control information should be distributed widely. Almost everyone (except the Catholic Church) has recognized the spectre of overpopulation and need for contraception.

It must be stressed that abortion is a birth control method and one of the most effective. Right now most contraceptive methods available have a significant failure rate (3 per cent - 20 per cent or more). And some (the IUD, condom and coitus interruptus) represent little improvement from ancient Egyptian or Roman times.

The Pill has been a major break through in effectiveness but many women simply can't take it or are rightfully

worth a pound of cure - sure - but sickness still strikes we still need the cure for pregnancy abortion.

## THE GOAL

Our goal is to have abortion removed entirely from the Criminal Code. The matter should be question of concern only to the patient and her doctor and should be covered by Medicare (like an appendectomy or any other operation).

There should be local clinics that perform abortions. This would decrease the demand for valuable hospital bed space and the clinic could serve the community with birth control information and prescriptions pre and post natal care.

Respect for the dignity of human life, demands that we work until this slogan is truth.

"Every mother a willing mother.

Every child a wanted child."

## Mugwump

By EDISON STEWART Journal

Well, foresters, you have my apologies for giving the people the wrong information. By now you know what really happened that paint-slinging night, so there's no need to go over it here. My main point, however, was that all weeks, not just the forestry week, should be cancelled. Your conduct during that week was not all that much different than people in other faculties. My sources were wrong for the paint story. By the way, how sick did you get at Hammerfest?

Speaking of weeks, the Business people have got another "go out and get drunk, stoned and MAYBE laid" week coming up, so here's hoping that they can beat the foresters in drinking and whatever else there is. Booze, booze, booze. Boy, isn't it all fun? They're even going to Saint John to visit a brewery.

I still think all 'weeks' should be cancelled.

I wonder how many of you people know that Big Brother in the Old Arts Building has a file, for his eyes only, on a good many of you. Wonder what old BB thinks of you? Sorry, No can do. No matter what the file says, you can't see it. Think about it.

Ever think about what our guest speaker (Justice Roger Ouimet) at convocation said last week about the "radical fringe" and unbiased court room judgements. He seemed to think that he could judge fairly for all kinds of people. Yet he termed a certain part of our society a radical, fanatical fringe. Can we have both?

The Women's Libbers really made a great move at the abortion debate last week. Tore up their NDP card and walked out in a "highly emotional state." Ho, hum. There goes the revolution.

Speaking of the Libbers, wouldn't it be nice if they took their bras off and went out and scrubbed the paint (or whatever it is) that they put on the SUB wall to advertise their meetings? It's been there over a month now. (Actually, a university workie removed the sign just before presstime. Too bad, girls.)

Well folks, we've got another campus queen. She's the forestry queen, and she was a good choice. Campus queens is another project that I'd like to eliminate. All they are is MEAT shows, and if they are to be held should be classified as such. Not knocking anybody or anybody's faculty, campus queens are a pain to the girls who lose and to the girls who never even got the chance to run.

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# K.C. IRVING

# -a fairly influential man

By JUDY GRIEVE

It would seem fairly obvious, to me, anyway, that anyone who has ever had the doubtful privilege of seeing any of the province of New Brunswick, that K. C. Irving is a fairly influential man here. The countryside is festooned with Irving Oil signs, oil tanks, and gas stations.

Although this is a slightly exaggerated picture, Irving has influenced New Brunswick in a vast number of ways. He has done immeasurable work in the development of a relatively backward province. Yet in doing so he seems to have gained great power which it is doubtful is totally beneficial to the province.

All of us are concerned, at least to some extent, with the contemporary problem of air pollution. Students of former years at UNB must have noticed, at some time or another, how much pollution was caused by the old heating plant previously centrally located on the campus (by the Nursing Building). You could almost taste the sulfur, walking past it. It is a fact that the university purchased a large percentage of the oil for the plant from Irving Oil. It is also a fact that Irving Oil has almost a 3 per cent sulfur content, while the other alternative companies from which the oil could be purchased, Imperial Oil, and Gulf Oil have 1.8% -2% and 2%-3% sulfur contents respectively.

G.P. Semeluk, professor of chemistry here, last year made a study on the availability of low sulfur fuel oils, and the moral, health and probably genetic dangers involved in continuing to use high sulfur fuels in our heating plants. While the Irving Oil Company was unco-operative in giving out information concerning their oil, Professor Semeluk obtained from a friend, an Irving employee, the almost 3% sulfur content statistic.

In the same study, Professor Semeluk made the recommendation that the university enter into yearly contracts with the oil company which sells the fuel oil having the lowest sulfur content.

Yet the university continues to purchase the fuel oil from Irving.

Why? Perhaps it is a result of Mr.

Irving's personal influence with the university administration.

Irving himself has a great deal of involvement in our university. He was a member of the board of governors for more than a decade, retiring in 1969. While on the Board he was apparently very conscientious in performing his duties, and attended meetings regularly. During all this time Irving obviously gained influence and prestige with the administration of the university.

He has also, at one time or another, donated sums of money to UNB. The Harriet Irving Library, officially opened in 1967, was named after his wife, and while it appears somewhat doubtful whether or not he actually contributed

McElman, previously executive assistant to Louis Robichaud, revealed it after his recent elevation to the senate. And the newspapers are not the only section of the media controlled by Mr. Irving. New Brunswick Broadcasting is owned 99.5% by the New Brunswick Publishing Company Limited, (CHSJ) which in turn is owned 99.7% by K.C. Irving Limited, which is owned 100% by Irving himself.

The Fredericton Gleaner was the last private English paper in the province. The purchase of this was kept secret, the deal being closed May 5, 1968. When Gleaner employees were informed of Mr. Irving's ownership of the paper some months later, they were totally surprised, and, in some cases, shocked.

The implications of the situation are stated most explicitly by the Toronto Daily Star:

"Mr. Irving has in effect created a private empire of New Brunswick, complete with its official press-print and electronic."

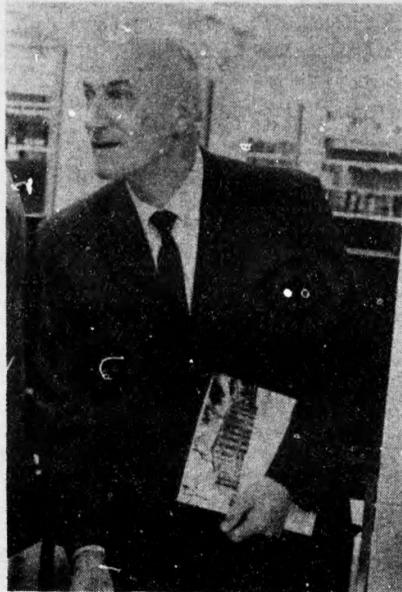
For many years New Brunswick industries played off the various municipal governments against one another for special tax deals. It must be pointed out that the Telegraph-Journal, probably the leader of the Irving group of papers, never editorialized against this practice.

When the New Brunswick government finally brought it uniform assessment and tax deals throughout the province, and all such future deals were stopped, Irving raised such a strong protest that existing deals were not cancelled as had originally been intended.

There are doubtless many incidents unfavourable to Irving's interests which for various reasons have not been given much or any publicity throughout New Brunswick. The Irving Company, has been involved in shipping incidents causing pollution for example, oil spills, on the high seas, and in the St. John harbour area. Yet how much, if anything, is heard of any of these incidents in New Brunswick? In fact, there does not seem to be as much reporting or editorial comment by New Brunswick papers as there is elsewhere on pollution from incidents such as oil spills at all, and especially by ships belonging to the Irving group of companies.

There was very little mention, and almost no public outcry over the sinking of the Irving Whale, and the subsequent contamination of the water of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. That ship still lies on the floor of the Gulf where it sank. Why has Irving not been forced to remove it?

Continued on page 11



K.C. IRVING

to the library, he has made monetary contributions to UNB. Such contributions would, naturally, serve to increase anyone's influence here.

This, then, is one example of the power Irving possesses. But I wonder how many of us are aware of the control Irving has over the media in New Brunswick. How many of us know that Irving has gained control of all five English-language newspapers in the province?

Not many people did, until Charles

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# Playhouse gets a new set of guts

By JEFF DAVIES

"We're getting her out and rebuilding her." That's how Playhouse Director Walter Learning described the activity presently underway at the

Playhouse. He didn't think "renovation" adequately described the construction. He couldn't have been more correct, for, once one is inside, the building is scarcely recognizable.

The most striking difference

is the distance of the stage from the back of the theatre. This, in order to bring the performers closer to the audience, has been approximately cut in half. In the process, the seating capacity has been reduced from one thousand to eight hundred persons.

However, the added advantages would seem to make this sacrifice worthwhile. At the same time, the old ceiling has been completely removed and replaced with a much higher one. This, of course, will greatly improve the acoustics. A catwalk system fixed to the ceiling will provide access to practically all of the upper portion of the building.

Being erected directly above the stage is what is known as a "fly tower". By raising and lowering the scenery from this tower by means of counterweights it will be possible to change scenes much more rapidly than before.

A new second floor will provide the actors with a rehearsal hall, a room fully the size of the stage itself, a useful

facility which was previously lacking.

At the rear of the building, occupying the space which had been the old stage, will be adequate room for workshop activities. Beneath the stage are storage rooms.

An interesting aspect of the new stage is the "traps". These, of course, are openings in the floor which will allow objects or individuals to unobtrusively enter or leave the stage.

Other new conveniences added to the Playhouse include greatly increased foyer space, new offices, an enlarged greeting room, and additional dressing rooms and washrooms. The box office and cloak rooms have been relocated.

There will be a completely new lighting system in the building as well as a new sound studio which Learning stated would even be superior to the studios used by the local radio stations.

Learning said it was hard to predict with any real accuracy just when the work would be completed, but it may be as

late as the spring of next year. Because of the improvements being made to the building, Theatre New Brunswick lost its summer season and the winter season is in question. He said the theatre company was considering basing its operations in Campbellton for the winter season.

Other groups inconvenienced because of the loss of the Playhouse facilities include UNB, STU, the Kinsmen Club, the St. Andrews Society, the community concerts, the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, the Film Society and numerous private entrepreneurs who hold performances there.

Naturally this has cost the Playhouse a great deal in lost income. Rentals normally would have brought in about eighteen thousand dollars a year, while tickets sales were estimated by Learning to amount to approximately twenty thousand dollars a year.

Learning himself considers these losses to be small in terms of the benefit gained from the reconstruction.

## Women's Lib

By MISTRESS JANE

Critics- even supporters- of Lib often challenge our methods. Lets' examine the background to all that "violent and vulgar" Lib. publicity. First of all, we tried to do it in a feminine, demure, polite way. We were ignored. Many people advised us. "Go through the proper channels." But these channels are designed to block, not advance, new legislation. "Fight within the system." Well, we do a lot of that- look at the Royal Commission on the Status of Women. Look, as well, at how thoroughly it is being ignored by those in power. We're working through the proper channels within the system to get a recommendation to implement the Commission to the Cabinet here- for what its worth.

We could all join one of the political parties- lets say the N.D.P.- and wait, in a womanly manner, until the gentlemen allowed us to speak: "...and now, Ms. X., who has been doing great work on the coffee and sandwiches, will present her yearly report."

So you see, we try to do it politely and quietly, and it doesn't get us anywhere. So we get angry. People think women who stand up for their rights are unwomanly. Women who fight for other women, they say, are vulgar. (That's what the 'free' in "Free Abortion on Demand" means- we are fighting for poor women who can't afford them. Rich women have been getting safe fast abortions for years.) They think only nuts should fight for the right to make decisions which affect their lives, themselves feminine women are content to sit and listen to masculine advice.

Do you see why we do what we do? When we're justifiably angry, our reaction is reported to be that of women giving into emotionalism. How do you get angry in a "feminine" way? We say, we get angry in a human way. If it is unwomanly to fight for yourself and other women, using whatever weapons there are at hand- humor, rage, or demonstrations- than its about time people started to redefine just what that word "woman" means.



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Louise Michaud has a yen to travel around the world someday. A first year Arts student, she likes meeting people and feels that going to an English University will help her in her future career in linguistics. When asked what her reaction to being asked to run for Bus. Ad. Queen, she said, "I'm really looking forward to it."



Libby is a first year arts student from Moncton. Her goal is to obtain an arts degree in one of the social sciences though after that a future in the field of fashion seems to hold her attention.

Libby was flattered to be chosen a candidate. She feels the person with the most self confidence and shows this confidence in action will benefit the most.

"It's a great idea because it brings people together and gives me a great opportunity to meet many new people."

Photos by Ken De Freitas

Ann Howard, second year Phys. Ed., is from Montreal. She enjoys working with people, riding, skiing, and outdoor spots in general. When Anne graduates she hopes to teach or enter the field of graduation.

It came as a big surprise to her when she was asked to participate in Business Week as a queen candidate but she was very flattered. She is looking forward to this opportunity for it sounds like immense amounts of fun. The completion, she feels, should be based more on personality than on looks but regardless let the best girl win and keep smiling.



Diane Allwood is a third year, Business Administration student who'd like to enter a bank manager's course in Toronto after finishing her degree. Bus. Ad. week for her is having lots of fun and a good idea to get people together. For her a Queen should have beauty and personality and be able to mingle with people. Most distinguishing characteristic? A pretty sexy right foot.



PASSES

3rd floor

Friday

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\*\*\*\*\* schedule of events \*\*\*\*\*

SMOKER TUE., NOV. 2 GRAND LAKE  
 BUSES LEAVE BEHIND THE SUB AT 7:15 PM

MEET THE QUEENS WED., NOV. 3 9:00 O'CLOCK  
 TARTAN ROOM, OLD STUD  
 (BAR FACILITIES AVAILABLE)

TOUR THURS., NOV. 4 ST. JOHN, N.B.  
 BUSES LEAVE BEHIND THE SUB AT 9 AM

BARN DANCE FRI., NOV 5 9:00 O'CLOCK  
 ORANGE HALL, NASHWAKSIS

BALL SAT., NOV. 6 9:00 O'CLOCK  
 SUB BALL ROOM

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**business week**

November 2-6

PASSES  
 3rd floor  
 Friday

Born in Vancouver, B.C. and now from Baie d'urfe, Quebec, Margot Harris is presently in her second year arts. Margot accepted to run for queen with mixed emotions being both apprehensive and flattered. She feels that this is a good experience to meet a lot of different people that she normally would never have met. She approves of the way in which the competition is run and of the whole idea of faculty weeks, in general, for they add spirit and bring the faculty closer together. There is no denying it, Margot admits, that now that she is in the running she would not mind the idea of winning.



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STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK, STATEMENT OF NET REVENUE AND NET EXPENDITURE FOR THE YEAR ENDED AUGUST 31, 1971

		ASSETS	
<b>Current Assets</b>			
Cash in bank			\$ 5,251.20
Accounts receivable	\$ 7,487.02		
Less: Allowance for doubtful accounts	1,075.98	6,411.04	
Central Trust Savings Account		8,720.12	
Prepaid expenses		1,539.93	
			\$21,922.29
<b>LIABILITIES AND ACCUMULATED SURPLUS</b>			
<b>Current Liabilities</b>			
Accounts payable - trade			\$11,996.41
<b>Accumulated Surplus</b>			
Surplus Balance, September 1, 1970	\$13,490.65		
Less: Excess of Net Expenditures over Net Revenues - Statement 2	\$2,946.61		
Adjustment of prior Years' revenues and expenditures - Note 1	618.16	3,564.77	
Surplus Balance, August 31, 1971			9,925.88
<b>Net Revenue</b>			
Student levies	\$155,643.91		
Less: Portion of fees allocated to S.U.B. Fund	66,704.83	\$88,939.08	
Investment income		1,859.85	
Orientation		1,483.43	
Photocopier		111.72	
Student Discipline Committee		10.00	
<b>Net Expenditure</b>			
Action Corp.		112.72	
African Students Association		413.26	
Amateur Radio Club		227.63	
Bailey Geological Society		474.65	
Band		50.68	
Biology Club		309.97	
Brunswickan	14,237.75		
Business Administration Club		1,111.97	
Camera Club		40.45	
Campus Police		713.99	
Caribbean Circle		4.62	
Chess Club		11.49	
Chinese Overseas Society		697.29	
Conferences	2,491.97		
C. U. S. O.		144.50	
Debating Society		9.00	
Drama Society		5,193.69	
Engineering Undergraduate Society		1,846.24	
Graduate Students Association		1,321.69	
Graduating Class		416.76	
History Club		709.06	
Honoraria		684.90	
Identification cards		1,365.10	
India Association		1,019.09	
I. V. C. F.		225.00	
Law Society		478.00	
Nursing Society		295.00	
Physical Education		642.75	
Pre-Med Club		632.88	
Radio U. N. B.	15,685.46		
Rap Room		108.83	
Science Students' Federation		83.12	
Senior Class		422.67	
Speakers' Tours		92.00	
S. R. C.	26,948.58		
Student Directory		842.35	
Winter Carnival		9,393.70	
Women's Liberation		208.00	
U. N. B. Chorus		143.88	
Yearbook		5,092.74	
Young Socialists		447.26	
			95,350.69
Excess of Net Expenditure over Net Revenue - Statement 1	\$ 2,946.61		

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## Law school revolution

A quiet revolution is in the making. And this time it's not some hypersensitive undergraduate freshman on the loose. One of the last great bastions of the University of New Brunswick conservatism just might take a tumble. The Law School is brewing a batch of discontentment.

Upper level students of Law, are in particular, starting to talk pieces of their minds about the seemingly unrealistic manner the school is run.

The unavoidable topic invariably brought forth was that only seventy-five (75) places existed for the first year as opposed to hundreds of applicants. Academic standing is a stiff enough criterion in its own right for applicant screening. But apparently, because of a quota system set up on some unspecified basis of geographic and ethnic background, people have been rejected entrance because "their group" has been satiated. Someone else with lesser qualifications is however, admitted to make up "their own group" quota.

Relative to the consideration mentioned of seventy-five openings is the fact that only three lecture rooms exist in the Ludlow Building, as well as the

restrictive size of the instructional staff.

Mention was also made, that because of the uniqueness, on this campus at least, of the curricula structure, the law school lends itself most easily to the trimester system concept. At present, full courses end both in December and in April. An expedient method of logically increasing capacity would be to introduce the third or summer semester. A duplicate set of courses could be instituted in the afternoons that would double enrollment. Right now, classes are held only in the mornings. One suggestion was the classroom facilities are available in the vicinity if expansion of Ludlow is not economically feasible.

The predominant idea appears to be that if someone wants to go to law school he should be allowed to. It should not matter, as one hypothesis proposed, that the Barristers Society on the government might place restraint on the number of people allowed to enter the profession. Law is too cliquish now. If a person has the qualifications, and the desire, he should be able to follow his chosen course of study.

## Jacqui Good didn't speak

By STEVE BELDING

Former NDP member Jacqui Good upholds that she was given the go ahead by Alastair Robertson, to speak for women, prior to the shattering turn of events at last week's women's liberation conference.

"I was shocked that it could possibly happen, that somebody I trusted would lie to me and about me: one of the most incredibly upsetting things I've been through" she said when interviewed by the Bruns, Monday afternoon.

According to Mrs. Good it had been agreed between her, the NDP, and Alastair Robertson NDP leader, that she was to represent women at the debate. She said it was agreed that "if they did not let me speak he (Robertson) would not speak at all".

Then approximately one minute before it started she said Robertson notified her that she wasn't going to be permitted the floor.

This, after she had prepared notes and gotten psyched up for the proceedings. Result: Jacqui tore up her NDP membership card etc.

When asked about the rebuttal that the people had come to see the proposed speakers, Father Waugh and Robertson, she said she knew nothing of it beforehand. Besides "if Robertson had refused to speak like he originally said he would, they would have let a woman speak" she added.

Also if Robertson had phoned earlier informing her that a woman couldn't speak, Jacqui said the women would have arranged a forum for the debate. Robertson "didn't phone."

In retrospect she added that since the women marched out of the affair, it showed that they were "supporting her".

Women should represent themselves "if at all possible" in issues such as abortion. Mrs. Good, who has been involved with the women's liberation movement for quite a few

years, continued. She didn't think she would be qualified to speak for Indians or blacks. As a result of what happened Jacqui Good said that she would be "more cynical" and "cautious" about dealing with men.

BEAVERBROOK ART GALLERY

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# K.C. IRVING

Continued from page 6

Surely even the fact of how little publicity the incident received just goes to prove that this was yet another incident where K.C. Irving used his power in New Brunswick.

There was also the incident, last year, of a flash fire aboard the Irvingstream while it was docked for unloading in the St. John harbour. Five men lost their lives as a result of that fire. In the inquiry into the blaze, there was some mention made of negligence having been a cause of the loss of these five men's lives. Yet in the Telegraph-Journal, what mention of the incident they gave carried no reference to any possible such negligence being the cause of the accident.

In part of a brief of the American Newspaper Guild, comment is carried on action such as this:

"We feel the treatment given news adverse to Irving's non-newspaper holding by his New Brunswick papers gives ample demonstration of the potential for dishonesty inherent in such monopoly."

Yet it must be mentioned, that in spite of all this, Irving has done a vast amount of good for the province of New Brunswick. Here in New Brunswick we have one of the highest rates of unemployment in Canada. But think how much higher the percentage of unemployed would be if it were not for the vast number of people who are working either directly or indirectly for K.C. Irving.

He has brought industry, investments, and wealth into a province where these things are sorely needed. Obviously, anyone doing this much necessarily gain a

# - power in the province

great deal of influence, as Mr. Irving has done. It must now be seen that this power is used wisely, as any power must be. Irving must face up to the responsibilities he has to the people of New Brunswick in having a great part of their source of livelihood and information under his control. He must be aware of the importance he has in such matters as the control of pollution. He must also make the proper use of the media he controls, ensuring that his newspapers inform the people of New Brunswick without bias on any matters whatsoever concerning them.

People must realize what K.C. Irving has done for New Brunswick, and how much power he has in this province. Mr. Irving must realize that the power he has gained in helping New Brunswick must not be used to hurt it.

## Among ourselves

By RUSS CROSBY

It is true that much relating to Christian origins is impressed upon Roman history and there are relevant references in Roman historians. However, for accounts of the life and ministry of Jesus we are indebted to his own first followers, who have left us the writings now embodied in the New Testament, and in particular, the four 'Gospels'. Of course, there is one important question which ought to be asked and answered. Are these four records reliable? Do they give us an account of the teachings of Jesus on which we can depend? This is a large subject and anyone who prefers not to take this for granted would be well advised to read "The New Testament Documents: Are they Reliable?" by Professor F.F. Bruce. However we may observe in passing that recent manuscript discovery and New Testament Scholarship have settled beyond any possible doubt that the New Testament accounts of the ministry of Jesus really do come from the first century A.D.

Also the Gospels reflect the possible use of sources which were even earlier. Perhaps the fact that almost all the first followers of Jesus were martyred for what they believed, will be sufficient credentials for their honesty. Although there are many in history who have died for the sake of a wide variety of causes, both political and religious, people do not normally lay down their lives for what they know to be untrue. At this stage we are not claiming that the Gospel narratives are inspired and inerrant but only that they are substantially accurate. If, therefore, we see that the quotations we make are not isolated references, but are drawn from various parts of the records, we shall not be assuming too much.

## Students active in liberal camp

By STEVE BELDING

Students are beginning to be reckoned with in our country's politics (in the liberal party at any rate). Since the provincial voting age has been lowered to 18, there are nearly 5000 eligible votes at UNB.

During the recent liberal leadership convention at Fredericton students helped in scrutineering the convention, aided in managing campaigns, talked to delegates, etc. UNB liberal chief David Kelsey commented that "students contributed immensely to the success of the campaign," when interviewed by the Bruns Tuesday afternoon.

The UNB liberals is an affiliate of the Canadian Student Liberals. There is approximately 80 clubs involved across the nation with most of them being on university campuses.

Besides, taking part in campaigns, and leadership conv-

tions, the UNB liberals have receptions where Kelsey imports higher-ups in the party to speak to the students. He is furnished with telephone numbers of party officials. Also Murray Leiter, President of the Canadian Student Liberals, who has an office in Ottawa aids Dave in procuring the speaker he wants.

Leiter was in Fredericton for the leadership convention. Besides his duties there, he is presently on a tour of the Maritimes to see how the various student clubs are doing.

Kelsey went on to explain that the party is changing, and "new ideas especially in economics" are needed. However, "I'd like to see a little more action from students," he added. There were lots of students in the gallery, but there weren't enough at the convention as delegates. He thought that es-

pecially the younger group (16-21) should be getting involved.

Kelsey said that the UNB liberals give students a chance to give positive expression to their ideas. They can work within the party. There is "no use shouting" about the evils of our society, but the time has come to "contribute".

At present the club is busy organizing for a convention in Saint John next year. What the Canadian Student Liberals are "accomplishing" will be discussed. Also "constructive" actions for the future will be decided.

When approached about the upcoming federal election, Kelsey said that it was generally felt, within the party, that it will take place in the spring. If UNB is in session, the club will have a say about who will be nominated in Fredericton.

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## Red and Black goes to carnival

The Red & Black Revue, held annually in the second week in November, has been postponed until Winter Carnival.

The decision was made early this week by Director Jim Constable and his executive. It was felt by the cast and crew that, basically a show of this calibre could not be put on with the remaining three weeks

left. Usually, skits, routines and numbers were well on their way to perfection by this time but this was not the case this year.

"Road blocks" such as having to find the place and the equipment to put the show on hampered matters greatly.

It was felt, being the 25th year of the Revue, that more time was needed to "bring it all together" and that the

time around Winter Carnival would be most appropriate. This would in a sense kill two birds with one stone by putting on a GOOD show and keeping UNBers in Fredericton during Winter Carnival.

It is hoped that Winter Carnival will be put on by students this year rather than a group of individuals. Red & Black could be the catalyst.

### PROSPECTIVE CROSSROADERS!

TUES. Nov. 2 - Issuance of formal application

forms 7:30 pm Room 103 SUB.

All prospective volunteers must attend

## Local ARS discovers molecule

By CHRIS J. ALLEN

A micro-organism smaller than a virus has recently been discovered by researchers at the local Dept. of Agriculture Research Station. This discovery was made by Dr. R.P. Singh, a virologist, while working on the "potato tuber spindle virus". Mr. M.C. Clark, a bio-chemist who makes up the other half of the research team, has told the BRUNSWICKAN that "this find could

be implicated in that it would lead workers into looking into aspects of biochemistry and virology that they've never looked at before." Mr. Clark is a 1966 graduate of UNB and is now working on his PhD. If his present work at CDA is adequate for thesis material the university will deem it acceptable for his PhD.

This small molecule behaves like a virus, in terms of being able to infect a host and produce a disease, however it is infinitely smaller than all known viruses. It is so small that it cannot even be seen on the electron microscope

using all available modern technology in electron microscopy. As it is not an actual virus, it has been called a "metavirus" and it is believed to be either one of the primitive forms or one of the more highly evolved forms of the virus.

Dr. Diener, a US scientist working in the same field, discovered this metavirus at about the same time. At a press conference in Washington, he lent some indication to it being involved in cancer. However, Mr. Clark in an exclusive interview with the BRUNSWICKAN, has said that "hopefully this will lend itself to getting at

### NEW FORESTRY QUEEN



Linda Baker, Forestry Queen, 1971

Photo by Ken De Freitas

some of the secrets of cancer and so forth, but to say that there is any kind of direct implication is nonsense."

Virus diseases are one of the most difficult diseases to control in plants. The potato tuber spindle virus causes elongation (spindling) of potato tubers and it was while working on this disease that Dr. Singh discovered the metavirus. There has been no way of assessing the amount of the spindle virus present in a plant as one virus could affect, or one thousand could affect, producing exactly the same amount of symptoms. The significance of this find is that they are extremely small particles having virus-like properties but lacking a protective protein coat. Not having this protein coat, questions arise as to how

it derives its protection and how it is able to get in and out of a cell without being degraded by the normal enzymes of the cell.

These metaviruses are composed of pure RNA and are located in close proximity to transfer-RNA in the cell. Singh and Clark have managed to purify the metavirus very extensively and have determined its molecular size. However, although they have been able to separate it from a cell along with the transfer-RNA, they have not yet been able to isolate it from this transfer-RNA. The researchers are now attempting to find out how this metavirus multiplies and replicates in the cell, as the classic mechanisms known in biochemistry and molecular biology for this type of replication don't seem to fit the spindle tuber virus. They are also studying the way it survives within a cell and how it is able to enter the cell with such great facility and multitude.

Clark told the BRUNSWICKAN that "we would like to think this (discovery) engenders a new concept and allows people, who have been tossing out these smaller molecules as contaminants, to start to look at these a little more intensively." He thinks there may be similar molecules in citrus fruit but he does not know if there are any implications in humans as yet.

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# Beavers need men

By SHEILA KELLY

There are no real positions filled as yet on the Men's Varsity Swim Team. The team has 14 swimmers presently and is looking for more swimmers to bring the number up to 22. Any men interested in competing are welcome to come to practice and work with the other swimmers. Even if you are only interested in the sport for recreation and have no experience, you're still welcome. The team also serves the purpose of educating those interested in the sport.

The swimmers are working hard and showing promise according to Coach Brown, who is particularly interested in obtaining some first year students to groom for the next years of competition. UNB Beavers are hoping to hold their status as AIAU champions, as they have won 21 championships out of 25 which

took place, they have the name and want to keep it.

To provide a change from the dull routine of practice which COULD result from repeated hard practices the Men's team co-ordinate with the Women's team each week and on Fridays a mixed practice is held for both the men and women. In which in addition to regular drills, water-polo games and relays are used in the training.

Next Friday another mixed practice will be held and it is hoped to be as successful as the previous one.

The mermaids, too, want to stress that no experience is necessary. Many girls already on the team this year have had no previous experience at competitive swimming.

The varsity swim is the ONLY coed team on campus and the hard work also gives time to develop lasting friendships and good team spirit.



Clarence Bacchus breaks through the St. Francis defence letting off a shot which produced UNB's first goal in last weekend's 4-0 victory by the Red Shirts over X. This was UNB's third victory in a row in league play.

Photo by Ken De Freitas

# Sticks continue winning ways

By SHEILA KELLY

The UNB Red Sticks are off to 2 good starts this month in their Field Hockey competitions.

On October 8, Mount Allison visited UNB and were defeated by our girls. There was no scoring in the first half of the game but during the second half Co-captain, Joyce Douthwright opened the scoring at 1:30 and was followed by Captain Mary (Chuckie) Moseychuck and Nancy Buzzell who scored two apiece.

Buzzell scored on a penalty bully and from a penalty corner. Marilyn Watts registered the shut-out. The game ended with a 5-0 score for UNB over Acadia.

On Oct. 22 the Red Sticks travelled to Mt. Allison where Joyce Douthwright opened the game by scoring the only goal of the first half.

Mary Moseychuck and Douthwright alternated two goals each in the first 15 minutes of the second half. Douthwright scored a hat-trick and Marilyn Watts scored her 12th consecutive shut-out over the past two seasons. The Red Sticks dumped Mt. A again at a score of 5-0.

It seems that the UNB Red Sticks take most of their games through the scoring done in the second half of games. This was again the case on Oct. 23 at St. Francis Xavier. The first half scoring was nil but during the second half Douthwright opened the scoring and was accompanied by Nancy Buzzell and Anne Fenety who added one each. It was an exciting game for Fenety who scored her first varsity goal.

Marilyn Watts, however, was unable to take her place in the

net due to the fact she sprained her ankle as the game was about to begin. Dorothy Campbell was called on to step in the net. This was Dot's first experience in goal but she handled it as if she had been in goal for years. This can be clearly seen in the final score of the game which was 3-0 for UNB. Dot and the other team members hope that Marilyn will be back between the pipes before long.

The next Red Stick's game is 3:30 Oct. 29 at College Field against Acadia.

Present standings in league: Douthwright leads all AWIAAU scores with 8 goals. Moseychuck is second with 7 and Buzzell is third with 5. The Red Sticks are now 5 and 0 (wins-losses) and have 21 goals for compared to 0 against.

# Dal takes tourney

By RICK ADAMS

Last weekend's University Rugby Championship Tournament was a great success, even if it was a disappointment for the UNB team. Dal proved formidable opponents and rolled over STU 41-0 on Saturday, and battered UNB on Sunday with a score of 12-0 on two penalty kicks and two unconverted tries to win the Championship. UNB easily beat St. F.X. on Saturday 21-0, but St. F.X. had a spirited team and tired the UNB team. On

Sunday, St. F.X. was able to recoup some of their lost prestige by beating STU 11-0.

This weekend UNB will be playing the Saint John Trojans at Exhibition Park probably on Saturday at 2 p.m. Since UNB and the Trojans have each only lost one game, the winner Saturday will be number one in the league. Over the weekend, the Loyalists lost to St. John 9-5 away, and without their stalwart fullback Gerry Bance, so it appears as if St. John is losing its grip on the league.

## INTRAMURALS

### INTERCLASS FLAG FOOTBALL

Schedule for Tuesday, Nov. 2, Buchanan Field

7:30 - 8:30	STU Green	vs	Bus Admin 4
8:30 - 9:30	Graduates	vs	Law 2 & 3
9:30 - 10:30	Law 1	vs	STU Gold
10:30 - 11:30	Elect Eng 5	vs	Civil Eng. 5

END OF LEAGUE PLAY

### INTERCLASS SOCCER

Schedule for Monday, Nov. 1, College Field

7:00 - 8:00	Law 3	vs	Science
8:00 - 9:00	Chem Eng.	vs	Eng 2
9:00 - 10:00	Eng 3	vs	Phys. Ed 1
10:00 - 11:00	For 4	vs	For 5

Schedule for Wednesday, Nov. 3 College Field

7:00 - 8:00	For 5	vs	Eng 3
8:00 - 9:00	Phys Ed 1	vs	Chem Eng
9:00 - 10:00	Eng 2	vs	Law 3
10:00 - 11:00	Science	vs	Civil Eng 5

### INTERCLASS VOLLEYBALL

Registration is proceeding very slowly for this league. Classes are urged to submit a list of names as soon as possible.

### INTERCLASS SOFTBALL

STU Green are the reigning champs on campus for this year. They defeated Civil Engineers Post Grad 18-7 and 14-1 in a best 2 out of 3 final series.



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# CHURCHILL'S FISH'N'CHIPS

Exhibition grounds



Photo by Ken De Freitas

FREDERICTON - College Field was the scene of the Intercollegiate Woodsmen's Competition last Saturday as the strong University of Maine "A" team walked away with all four trophies and first place. UNB, with a late, second-half drive finished second.

Maine, winning five of ten events, amassed 969.6 points, UNB had 795.8; Maine "B" was third with 767.6, followed by the A team from Maritime Forest Ranger School with 765.9. In fifth place was MacDonald College of McGill University with 746.6, and last

at 707.1 was M.F.R.S. "A". Colby and Nichols Colleges from the states and the second team from MacDonald did not appear at the meet, which probably will cause changes in entrance procedures for 1972.

Accepting the Tractors & Equipment Trophy (aggregate champions), the Atlantic Musens Trophy (sawing), the H.A. Corey Trophy (chopping), and the Mack Maritime Trophy (log decking), was Maine captain Phil Cayford, anchor man for the team.

Larry Powell and Dan Graham were UNB's two first

place finishers, Powell in the axe throw, and Graham in the water boil. Powell was particularly sharp in his individual event, winning a score of 92.

In addition to the Competition was a display of logging machinery, ferent wheeled skidders, forwarders, a tree-length loader, and wheeled and tracked bulldozers.

Chief Judge for the meet was T.C. Bjerkelund who also participated in the opening ceremonies with Miss Forestry 1971-72, Linda Baker, and Mike Willick, of the UNB Forestry Association.

## Harriers sweep title

Bob Book, of Dalhousie University was the first finisher in yesterday's Atlantic Intercollegiate cross-country championships, but a sweep of six of the top ten positions left the University of New Brunswick with the team victory.

The annual event, hosted this year by Dalhousie, saw 36 athletes run a 4.6 mile course at Point Pleasant Park.

Winner Book had a battle throughout the race with UNB runner Bob Slipp and Doug Keeling.

Although leading by a small margin at the halfway mark, Book was suffering. He had developed a cramp that "got worse as the race went on."

Book explained that he had not planned to take an early lead, but had wanted to stay with the defending champion UNB runners, who he expected would represent the top competition.

The Dalhousie runner lost the front position to Slipp about three-quarters of the

through the race, but regained it to cross the finish line in a time of 23 minutes six seconds to Slipp's 23:17.

With team standings based on the best five finishing positions of each club, UNB took the event easily with Slipp placing second, Keeling third, Dave Beattie fourth, Dick Slipp sixth, and Ian Corder ninth.

Winning coach Mal Early noted that the depth of the UNB squad was a key factor in the run, but admitted that he was impressed by the performance of Book.

Book's individual victory plus George Pickett's fifth and John MacIssac's seventh led Dalhousie to a second place mark in the team standings.

A disappointed Al Yarr, coach of the Dal team, commented that "cross country running is a team sport" and the gap between his best runners and the rest of the team was still too wide.

Placing third in the championships was Memorial University with G. Brokeville finishing 11th in the field.

Trailing were University of Moncton led by C. Roy's 22nd., Acadia with Dave McCormick's 18th, and St. F.X. with Bernie Chisholm's 8th.

### Results:

Bob Book, Dal (23:05)  
 Bob Slipp, UNB (23:17)  
 Doug Keeling, UNB (23:23)  
 Dave Beattie, UNB (23:39)  
 George Pickett, Dal (23:42)  
 Dick Slipp, UNB (23:43)  
 John MacIssac, Dal (24:09)  
 Bernie Chisholm, St.F.X. (24:27)  
 Ian Corder, UNB (24:39)  
 Norm Savoie, UNB (24:42)

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The University of New Brunswick Resident Musicians practicing in front of the covered bridge in Keswick. The story on moving the grand piano from Fredericton to this quiet road in Keswick will be featured in a following issue of the Inside. The Musicians are, from left to right; Joseph Pach, first violin; Andrew Benac, second violin; Arlene Nimmons Pach, piano; James Pataki, viola; and Ifan Williams, cello. The Resident Musicians give their first concert of this academic year on Sunday, October 31, in Mem Hall at 8:15.

# THE INSIDE OCTOBER 29

# disques



by Stan Twist



Gene was wandering around the neighbourhood department store one morning and as he passed the record department, he spotted a record with an American Eagle on the front.

"Must be the new Airplane album, they're always making some sort of joke at the expense of the American government."

On closer inspection, however, Gene read the name "Michael Nesmith and The First National Band" on the cover.

"Michael Nesmith...oh I remember him...he was one of the Monkees...they used to call him "Wool Hat". So he's got his own band now. I wonder if they do "Last Train to Clarksville, ha,ha,ha."

Gene turned the record over and started reading the back cover. Up in one corner was a poem (probably the lyrics to a song) written by Nesmith. As Gene read it he began to take Mr. Nesmith a little more seriously.

"Pretty heavy", thought Gene as he finished reading the poem.

In the album credits, Gene noticed the names "Red" Rhodes, James Burton and John Osborne, some of the most respected studio men in the business. Rhodes, in fact, was actually a member of Nesmiths' band, the other two being guest artists.

"Maybe this wouldn't be such a bad album after all."

Gene also noticed that one of the songs on the record was written by Eric Clapton. Gene wasn't so sure about "Wool Hat" anymore. On a crazy impulse, Gene decided to buy the album.

"Hell, what have I got to lose."

Gene payed for the album and walked the block and a half to his apartment. As soon as he walked in the door, he put the album on the stereo, lit up a joint and sat down to listen to the latest addition to his abundant record collection. Gene moved only once during the next half hour, and that was just to get up and turn the record over. He was sincerely shocked and surprised with this record. He concluded that Nesmith was right up there with the rest of those west coast country-rock dudes; Flying Burrito Brothers, Byrds, Dillard and Clark... in fact he was above them if just for his lack of pretention. He had the same sort of honesty in his music and lyrics that had made the Buffalo Springfield a legend back in 1968.

"Yeah, Nesmith is right there."

The smile on Gene's face became wider as he formulated a prank in his mind. Gene had a friend, Ron, who considered himself to be extremely cool. Always dressed in the latest fashions, always punctuating his speech with the latest expressions and above all, always up on what groups made it and what ones didn't;

Yes, Ron prided himself on his knowledge of the music scene. Ron could tell you who was playing in what groups at any given moment, who they had played for before and a lot of the time he could even give you a brief history of the particular musician he was talking about. Ron also had a deep contempt for "bubblegum" or top 40 groups and singers. Ron couldn't say the words Bobby Sherman, Osmond Brothers or the Guess Who without a snarl in his voice. If the Monkees were still together, they surely would have topped Ron's list of most hated groups. Yes, Ron certainly knew his music.

"Hey Ron, listen, why don't you come over to the apartment for a while. I got some really super weed last night and there's a new album I just brought that I want you to hear."

"Oh yeah. Too much. O.K., I'll be over in about twenty minutes I'm eating right now. By the way, what album did you get?"

"I want that to be a surprise, but I know you'll like it."

"Yeah, O.K. I'll be over in a while then."

Gene was reminded of the fact that he hadn't eaten yet today, so he began preparing a pot of mushroom soup.

Gene was halfway through his meal when a knock came on the door.

"Come in, it's not locked." Ron walked in, smiled and nodded to Gene.

"Good day, Ron. I'm almost done eating. While you're waiting, you might as well roll a couple of joints. There's some papers over there on the desk. Here, catch!"

Gene tossed Ron a small plastic bag full of grass. During the next five minutes, Ron rolled four large joints and Gene finished his dinner. Gene walked into the living room and Ron handed him the joint he had just lit. As Gene took a toke, he saw Ron nod his head and let out his breath.

"Yeah, super weed."

Both of them started to laugh together, then suddenly Gene remembered why he had asked Ron over.

He walked over to the stereo as Ron took another toke and turned it on. He smiled as he heard the familiar hum of the speakers. He was proud of his stereo.

The needle came down gently on the record and the music began to flow from the speakers.

"Am I suppose to guess who this is or something like that man?"

"Yeah, that's the idea Ron." Ron let out a quick laugh that remained visible as a large quantity of smoke burst out with it.

"You're crazy man."

The song played for about a minute, then Ron turned to Gene and spoke.

"Well you were right about one thing Gene. I do like it.

Can you give me a few hints to help me guess who it is?"

"Some hints, eh? Let's see. They're from the American west coast."

"Oh come on man. You think I didn't know that? All those country-rock groups are from the west coast. Come on, give me something solid."

Gene chuckled at his friends arrogance.

"Well let's see. YOU would probably guess the leader of the group before you get the group."

"Oh, so it's a him and them thing is it. I see."

The pair fell silent again. Ron was intently listening to the music to pick up some clue.

"God, that voice sounds familiar!"

Ron's face wasn't as calm as it had been a few moments before. He was on to something, Gene could see that.

"You're sure I've heard of this guy, aren't you?"

"Ron, who haven't you heard of?"

"Yeah, I guess you're right."

They remained silent for two more songs, then Ron's face lit up.

"Hey, this isn't the Gene Clark solo album is it. You know, Gene Clark, the guy that used to sing lead and write a lot in the Byrds."

"No, it's not Gene Clark".

"Oh"

Ron slumped back down into his chair and reached over to pick up another joint.

"Is that steel guitarist a studio man or a member of the group?"

"He's a member of the band".

Ron contemplated that fact for a moment. He lit up the joint and handed it to Gene.

"Steel guitarist...member of the band...hey...the Flying Burrito Brothers got a new member didn't they? That's who's singing. It's the FBB isn't it?"

"Nope"

The first side of the record has ended and Gene got up to flip it over. Ron sat staring at the floor, his eyes half closed because of the dope and a slowly increasing look of frustration spreading over his face.

"Come on man, I really don't know who this cat is, do I?"

"Oh you've heard of him. Almost everyone has".

Gene sat back down as the second side started. Gene smiled as he saw Ron nodding his head in time with the music.

"Well, whomever it is, you can bet I'm going to cop that album. That's really far out, man."

Gene chuckled.

The silence between the two was maintained until the start of the third song.

"Hey, that's a Clapton song. Off Layla, isn't it. Yeah, "I looked away" Pretty good version too."

The young men toked another joint during the album's last two songs. At one point Gene noticed Ron's face sort of brighten as if he had connected a name with the voice on the record. Then he saw his friend shake his head as if to say, "No, it can't be him."

The album finally ended. "Well, have you figured out who it is Ron?"

"No, I'm sorry man. I just can't think of who it sounds like. O.K., go ahead, tell me who it is."

Gene went into his bedroom and returned with the album cover, which he handed to Ron. Ron read the title out loud.

"Nevada Fighter-Michael Nesmith and the First National Band. Mike Nesmith...wasn't he one of the Monkees."

Gene smiled broadly and shook his head affirmatively.

"Nesmith. Well, shit, you really fooled me this time."

"You honestly mean you didn't know who it was Ron? Oh come on, you really knew, you were just putting me on," Gene gushed out sarcastically.

"Fuck off", Ron retorted good naturedly. Then they both started laughing and continued

to do so for about three minutes.

"Well, I've gotta split man. Got a one-thirty class. See you later, huh?"

"Yeah, sure Ron."

Gene didn't see Ron till a few days later, when he dropped by Ron's place to pick up a book. As he sat down on the edge of the bed, he looked over and saw an RCA Victor album on the stereo. He rose and went over to see what it was. Sure enough, "Nevada Fighter". However, beside the stereo, Gene also saw two brand new copies of the first two Nesmith albums. As he was about to turn around, another album cover caught his eyes. He picked it up and looked at its familiar cover. The Monkees first album. Just then Ron walked back into the room. His face turned red as he saw the record Gene held in his hands.

"Well man, I was just getting back to the roots, you know."

"I know, Ron."

Suddenly both boys started laughing, the way they had done many times before.

## inside the inside

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cover photo by Harvey Studios

The Inside would like to put your name in print, but first we have to have your poems, short stories, photos, reviews, drawings or whatever it is you do. Keep those cards and letters coming in folks.

Editor Elizabeth Smith

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# UNB Musicians to give concert

The UNB Resident Musicians present their first concert of the year on Sunday, October 31 at 8:15 in Memorial Hall. This is the first of four scheduled concerts for this academic year.

The Program for Sunday, October 21 is:

**MOZART** String Quartet K.499

**SHOSTAKOVICH** String Quartet Opus 49

**BRAHMS** Quintet for Piano and Strings, Opus 34

The UNB Resident Musicians are Ifan Williams, Arlene Nimmons Pach, Andrew Benac, Joseph Pach and James Pataki.

**IFAN WILLIAMS** is the youngest member of the quartet. A native Maritimer, he grew up in Halifax where his father was the director of the Maritime Conservatory of Music. At 18, he enrolled in the Manhattan School of Music. Two years later he returned to Halifax and played with the Halifax Symphony Orchestra. Later, in England, Mr. Williams played with the provincial orchestra in Bournemouth, the London Philharmonia and the London Symphony Orchestra. He returned to Canada to become prin-

cipal cellist with the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, a position he held until coming to UNB as a resident musician.

**ARLENE NIMMONS PACH** was born in Kamloops, B.C. She began her piano studies at Vancouver and made her debut eight years later with the Vancouver Junior Symphony Orchestra. In 1949 she graduated from the University of British Columbia with an Arts degree in Philosophy and obtained her ARCT from Toronto the same year. Upon winning the Hazel Ireland Eaton Scholarship, Mrs. Pach continued her piano studies with Boris Roubakine at the Royal Conservatory. During this time she participated in chamber music concerts with the Summerhill Woodwind Quintet and gave frequent performances of Canadian compositions. Well known as a performer of contemporary works, she has given many first performances in Canada, including the CBC premiere of the Eight Preludes for Piano by Frank Martin.

**ANDREW BENAC** is the Canadian-born son of Yugoslavian parents. He lived in Toronto most of his life and there he graduated from the University of Toronto School of Music with the Royal Conservatory Artist's Diploma in 1950. He has worked with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the CBC Symphony and the

Hart House Orchestra. Mr. Benac's aim as a member of the UNB String Quartet is "making chamber music part of everyday life in the Maritimes."

**JOSEPH PACH** was born in Toronto. His career as a violinist had developed steadily since his public debut at the age of six, when a critic referred to his performance as "masterful". He has won numerous awards and scholarships, the last of which brought him to graduation from the Royal Conservatory Senior School as a student of the late Kathleen Parlow. His performances with his wife, pianist Arlene Nimmons, as the Duo Pach, have earned a series of accolades from the press at home and abroad.

**JAMES PATAKI** was born in Rumania and grew up in Toronto. He attended the Senior School of Music at the Royal Conservatory in Toronto for two years and then studied at the Franz Liszt Academy in Budapest. When the Hungarian revolution broke out he was stranded in Moscow while on tour with a quartet. After a number of adventures in Europe spanning a nine year period, Mr. Pataki came back to Canada. He worked for three years in Canada and then returned to Germany to join the Philharmonia Hungarian. From there he came to UNB.

## UNB Art Centre shows Fritz Brandtner

by Anne Hodgson

Sixty-three paintings by Fritz Brandtner will comprise the most important exhibition of the fall term at Memorial Hall. The exhibition, opening on November 5, is organized by Sir George Williams University and is circulated in the Atlantic region by Mount Allison University.

The paintings are on loan from private and public collections and from the personal collection of Mrs. Brandtner, and present an interesting and varied selection of the work of Fritz Brandtner.

The paintings in this exhibition will show the artistic message Fritz Brandtner tried to give Canada for forty-two years. He introduced German expressionism to Canadians. His paintings, like those of his predecessors of the expressionistic trend, incorporate the mechanistic, impersonal and functional with the beautiful and the human. We also see in his art, aspects of the Bauhaus involving geometric transformations. Yet Brandtner had a vibrant way of his own in creating a picture, which had meaning in terms of tension, lines, shapes and radiant colours, out of the nature and beauty he saw around him.

Two aspects he believed to be important in art are revealed in the paintings on exhibition. He had a strong feeling towards colour. He felt it must be radiant enough to bring out an internal life. Brandtner's work shows brilliant colour mosaics using reds, greens, yellows, and blues; setting hue against hue. He tried using oils and water colours to do this, but found that colour inks brought the startling effects he desired most.

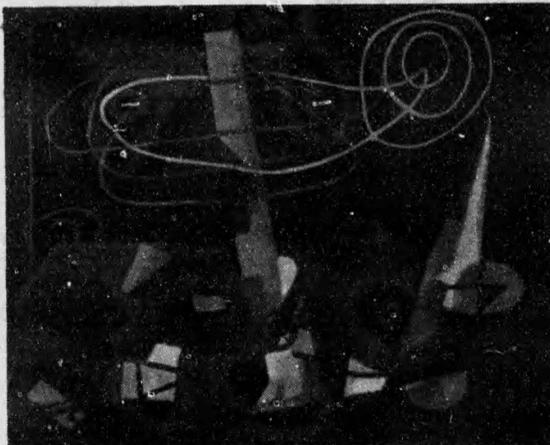
Nature was the second aspect he considered to be so important. Like his expressionistic predecessors, he always looked first to nature for inspiration. In a 300 page manuscript, Brandtner has written, "Nature I loved, and after nature art." His love of nature shows through in his work to him, like was art and art was life.

Fritz Brandtner was ahead of his time in many respects. He was always searching for new and original ideas in order to make a greater picture; and this he did do. His style was experimental and avant-garde. When he first came to Canada he was looked down on by many critics. His art shows abstraction and non-objectivity.

Brandtner loved people and was a humanist in every sense of the word. Professor Edwy F. Cooke, Dept. of Fine Arts at Sir George Williams says "Always Brandtner retained a youthful mind; he was a wise man in whom embodied a young man's spirit for artistic ex-

perimentation and philosophic contemplation." "Brandtner spread his ideas to many around him. Art being his life and a life he wanted to share with others. He exhibited his work "to give people pleasure", as he said and not just for popular appeal, and taught art to all people; from young slum area children, to elementary and high school children, to university students.

For three years, Fritz Brandtner was my art teacher at a school I attended in Montreal. He had been teaching there since 1944. At school, in grades 6, 7, and 8, I did not fully realize all the things Fritz Brandtner had done to make art alive to so many people and his theories of art, colour and nature, yet I did feel them. I



A modern painting by Fritz Brandtner, shown in the Art Centre exhibition.

can remember "Mr. B" as a man with a very alive and commanding personality. I used to look forward to his classes. He'd give us paper and instruct us to draw whatever we wanted with any media we wanted (media at that time meaning crayons or poster paints). He'd always stress, however, to THINK of what we were drawing.

Mr. Brandtner would take us out to the field behind the school and get us to observe the nature around us. Then he'd say "draw it!" I can remember having an argument with him about the growth of trees. I drew a picture of fir trees with their branches pointing downwards. Mr. B. said to look at a tree and I would find out that branches grew upwards. I didn't believe him, because I was used to the traditional way of drawing fir trees; so I went outside and looked at a tree, and sure enough, the branches were growing upwards. This is how he

got across to us his feeling of nature as being so important in art. Mr. Brandtner was one teacher we all respected. He demanded complete participating in class and anything less was received dramatically, by ripping a drawing in two. "Mr. B" took a great interest in young people. He was always telling us the importance of observing before you draw, yet he allowed us to express what we saw as we wished.

All these years I have thought of Fritz Brandtner as "my art teacher." It's strange to be writing this article and reviewing him as an artist. I can now realize what forces lay behind the powerful personality he exhibited in class. He was born in 1896 in Danzig, Germany, where he later taught in the Department of architecture at the University there. In 1928 he was allowed into Canada, to Winnipeg. His first years there were difficult, with unsuccessful exhibitions. People were shocked by his expressionistic work. He was told if he didn't stop painting like that he'd be put in a mental hospital. Brandtner moved to Montreal where his exhibitions became more successful.

He worked with Dr. Norman Bethune organizing a Children's Art Centre. In a small attic room, in a Montreal slum area he brought art alive for many underprivileged children. Brandtner helped in many organizations like this including the Montreal Children's Hospital. Murals he did there are still on the walls of wards.

In 1946, he was awarded the Jessie Dow Prize for water colour and in 1948, he was awarded 1st prize in the Canadian Olympic contest for painting. He spent his summers from 1949-1952 as director of the observatory art centre at UNB in Fredericton. Thus he's quite familiar to many people of this city. In 1968 he received the visual arts award of Canada Council in Ottawa. His last painting was done in 1969. It was titled "moonlight". He had done a small sketch of it and had hoped, for a long time, to get a large canvas to do it on. On November 7th, two days after he had signed his name to "moonlight", he died of a heart attack. His works are now in many private collections and galleries.

Fritz Brandtner was truly a fine man and I am looking forward to seeing his exhibition, in order to see the ideas and theories of colour, life, nature and art, that he tried to teach us come alive in his paintings. Paul Kastel, Brandtner's Montreal agent will be opening the exhibition, and it is expected Mrs. Brandtner will be present. The exhibition opens on November 5th from 8:00-10:00 and the public is welcome to come.

Photo by DeFreitas

# Sir Charles G.D. Roberts Memorial Prize

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# "fainthearted Lucy"

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# Sheelagh Russell

His voice boomed out at the slight figure opposite him, as his amused wonder turned to uncertain taunts. "Well, I'm almost of a mind to ask the widow Bailey, or," here he pinched her bony elbow, "or better yet, the Misses St. John. You know, any other woman would be jealous?"

Her narrow cheeks forced out the words. "Jealous? Oh yes, I will be jealous when you go and get yourself killed over in some Godforsaken country that is not even civilized?" The anger was forced, her fears were not. "Ah," she thought, "will the world never be big enough for you? This room is already too much for me!"

"Lucy, Lucy, come with me. You know I'd never go willingly without you. I've seen the snow too often alone."

She shook her dark head stiffly, her lips trembling. "In the snow they are not alone." She ran to the frost-covered window. "First come the drunken farmers, then the soldiers, and then...the wolves." As she collapsed in dry sobs, his giant arms drew her back into the warmth.

Frank had never been able to reach her, his little Lucy. Just as his great size had become a curious local topic, so had Lucy's timidity. But his hearty laugh joined the secret smiles at the incongruity of the pair.

Frank Doyle had reached his present height and weight long before his McGill medical school days, but his profession enabled him to keep the expanse covered in the most expensive and most fashionable manner Drummondville had ever seen. His appearance at any social function always afforded the residents a chance to remark at how each inch of his jaunty brown derby matched exactly each yard of his brown tweed trousers, and how each feature of the miles between, from dark-striped tie to gold watch chain, added to the effect of tasteful elegance.

The citizens also knew, though they were more likely to lick their private wounds quietly behind closed doors, that not one of them was free of Dr. Francis Doyle's acid tongue and teasing laughter. With a knowledge of human weakness as sharp as his knowledge of anatomy, he would never fail to apply the proper poison to each sore point.

Sarah St. John had blushed and scolded as he prodded her into place beside Stuart MacFetrick. "Now Stu," he counselled, "here's a little lady who's been trying to get you since you called her 'my little Sarey' at grammar school." The old farmer muttered and glared beneath coarse brows. "Oh, don't you scowl at me, you old hayshaker, or I'll tell them all, ladies or no ladies present, just what it was I treated you for that night last February. By the way, I hope you took my advice then!"

But he was never malicious, and they publicly excused his behaviour as the playful injuries caused by a well-meaning giant in a world of little, more tender people, when each remembered his gentle care during the last family illness.

Frank's profession also enabled him to make frequent ocean crossings, now to the Old Country to search gravestones for familiar names of ancestors; now to London for a conference on veterinary medicine, his hobby; now to France, a paper in his pocket bearing the names and addresses of Judge DuPerron's old school chums. Lucy never accompanied him on these journeys, but would keep to her room, seeking assurances from her sister Jemima, only leaving to visit the telegraph office, anxiously awaiting news of disaster.

It was not the sea that frightened her. She placed great faith in statistics. "Just think," she would say, "eighty-five per cent effective. But that fifteen per cent - I think it should be investigated." Or, at municipal election time, she would quite accurately calculate just who would vote for whom. Yes, and statistics gave no reason to fear a shipwreck in Frank's case. It was the unknown disaster, the unplanned-for event, which worried her. Whether it was a ship disappearing from the face of the earth, or the broken shell of her best cranberry-glass vase scattered on the floor a day after she had worn out her last broom, the unexpected annoyed Lucy and her sense of the proper way of things. But she never could discourage him from going.

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before his last voyage, a visit to his superior in Heidelberg, he had begged company him. He had no power before her, but was even weaker in her silence. "Black Forest, the Rhine, wiener-schmid, yodelling! Where was it your mother from? Glockstadt, nicht wahr?" The of the insulting fictitious name, he would bring out some little fire in her, though he could face without fear, but she design on the lace tablecloth as she

"I will not go."  
"My little Hun, my countess!" He was determined to find some reaction. "Damn it, Lucy, can't you even curse a little? Get mad! Look, we'll even go to Russia, Siberia, if you



last suggestion brought a hardness to Lucy's watery eyes, a quiver to her long-fingered hand. "I'm going." He touched her hair as he shut the heavy winter door.

Jemima and Lucy Rievenskova were as different as two sisters could be when Frank had met them, and had remained so to the present day. They were being introduced, through the elderly Rievenskova, an aunt and uncle who had left Russia years before, to the social society. Just as Jemima was the social success, the bright and witty, her strangeness only increasing the effect of her desperate gamble, Lucy was the dismal failure. Her bitter lips used the few offers she was made, and her hardness became a mask to emphasize her weakness.

"Come with us, Lucy, we've plenty of skin," Peter Vanderneuw was, in the general female opinion, the best-looking, most charming, the upward-moving young men. "Pity," he said, "it's pity that makes him do it," and then added another quality to his long list of crimes. But still, perhaps there was something else, some icy mystery, some eastern tint of melancholy, for hadn't Frank Doyle been trying to see her?

Lucy was a fool to refuse, but there seemed to be no envy in her voice, no grace in her scorn. "No, I shall be busy," she said, but more was said into her words.

For three months, he had left lying on the dining-room table a book of photographs, "The Pictorial Views of Russia," but she avoided the open pages of blurred onion spires and wind-battered faces. Only once he had seen her from behind the French doors gaze at a pile of wolf-haunted snow, as though she could see beneath the whiteness and past its artificial trees. The next day, he had found the spine of the book in the kitchen stove. That was the same place he had once come upon the charred skeleton of the favourite dog of his early years, the remains of which he had proudly kept in a glass case in the parlour.

No mention was ever made then of their past, and never would be until months after Frank's marriage to Lucy. Even then Lucy would reveal little of it; he let it for the most part be her secret. "They are gone, Frank," she whispered to her mirrored reflections she coiled her coarse black hair. "Gone and we are here, where there is food for the poor and no hatred for the rich, where mansions are not afraid of hovels." That night he heard her cry out in her sleep. "Who is it?" he asked. "The rotten hungry souls that wait in the night for my mother."

He had thus the occasion to ask slyly if burnt calcium had given the bangbelly its special rich juiciness.

It was in the twenty-eighth year of their marriage when it happened. It was a well-known occurrence then, in the area around Drummondville, as was probably the case in other rural areas thereabouts, for a young man to make welcome money, or those of a thrill-seeking character, to find pleasure, in early evening grave-robbing. A recently buried corpse, especially that of a victim of dissipate ways or a strange wasting disease, would bring a good price from McGill medical school, and coffins of the wealthy often yielded rich treasures. But youths told tales of corpses coming to life as they were lifted from their coffins, or of stolen

jewels which forever tormented the robbers.

It was common, especially during the preserving cold of winter, to see from one's window the flickering lamplight in the distant cemeteries.

Frank himself, in his younger, freer days, had participated in this profitable venture, not so much for pleasure, but more as a lark, on the dares of his friends.

He had laughed as Peter, raising the sooty lantern, revealed a face comic in its deathlike mask. The black smudge of eyebrows against the white forehead made his friend's face float above him in the frosty night air. A fingered shadow of an old maple lay across the freshly-packed earth.

"Poor Will," Peter breathed. The black silence gave volume to his words and they boomed like a church bell incantation. "His mother is sick and he can't leave! Hah! He doesn't know what he's missing! I'll imagine you'll have a few words to say to him tomorrow!"

"Oh, seeing Willy home!" Frank sang gaily, as he pulled the shovel from the crude sledge. But as he lifted the heavy, rattling, wooden case, as Peter pried open the damp lid, the jesting stories he had heard returned to haunt him. Grimly, he forced his gloved hands to touch the soft bulk.

He and Peter laughed and imagined the wealth this adventure would bring, as they neared the lights of the city. Their prize was valuable, the body of an exceedingly tall young man whose family refused to donate the remains to the university. But their gaiety turned to prayerful silence as they were forced once more to handle the cold figure. This was the last time Frank made such a trip, and Peter never troubled to ask him again. Still, they continued to watch the winter sunset and in the deep bluenose of evening, even past closed curtains they could see the wandering flashes of light and hear the desperate laughter.

The wind blew their breath back at them as Frank and Lucy, accompanied by Jemima, now married to an unstable sailor struck with wanderlust, drove back towards town in the sleigh from a country wedding celebration. The drink there had flowed freely, and the liberties Frank had taken with his tongue and wit had caused Lucy no end of irritation. "Well, Davey," he roared, "you've done it again! expect I'll be back here in six or seven months, eh?" The groom shuffled his feet and coughed sheepishly, glancing at his third wife, a widow in her sixties.

Now he and Jemima were singing loudly and frostily, as the toiling horses, their breath freezing in the night, tugged at the heavy sleigh. Lucy sat quietly in her corner, clutching her

small end of the bearskin cover.

The tired horses were pulling more and more slowly, as a rough wooden sledge, its lantern swinging crazily as it veered from side to side, sped past. "Well, Lucy, I told you I wasn't the only one there who was enjoying himself!" He gestured towards the passing driver, who swore drunkenly at the single horse. His two passengers swayed at the turns; one, his black coat flapping open in the wind, was being propped up by his companion. In the kerosene light their white faces hung for the moment suspended above their speeding tracks.

The lamplit faces loomed close, then, as the sledge pulled sharply away, the middle passenger lurched forward and up from his seat, then toppled sideways from the moving sledge. His friends took no notice of his situation, but shouted at the horse to move faster.

"Hah!" sang out Jemima. "What did they put in that punch anyway?" She and Frank pointed and shook with laughter. But this was not right, and offended Lucy. "Frank, stop the sleigh," she commanded. "After all, you are a doctor, and you cannot just leave him here to die! Come back here! Your friend is hurt!" she called after the reckless drivers. No one answered, only the swinging lamp could be glimpsed between the trees in the distance, its light growing dimmer.

Frank coughed and winked. "Oh, a rest in the snow will do wonders to revive him. He'll feel like a new, sober, cold sober man in the morning. I know. Why, many's the time I've returned from a late soiree and - well maybe you'd better not know about that, eh?" But he pulled the reins short and stopped the sleigh. He looked back at Lucy slipping on the hoof-packed snow as she walked towards the dark sprawled mass.

"Come, Frank, we must help him. He'll freeze out here!" Her voice carried echoing through the close air. She touched the victim's black-clothed shoulder, the soft flesh slipped under her touch and she could feel a protruding bone beneath the frost-covered worsted. Stooping and groaning, she turned him over. "Disgusting!" she whispered, then called back to the sleigh where Frank was just setting aside the reins, "You were right, you should smell him!" A cold ethered odour drifted from the ground.

"Are you alright?" she asked as she glimpsed his paper-skinned cheeks, his straw-dry hair tipped with frost. One eye was closed, the other stared up at her through a milky, opaque haze.

"Hey, Lucy, leave him alone. One look at you would sober him up if he needed it. But he's more in need of an undertaker, if he hasn't already seen one!" Frank had just stepped from the sleigh when he saw his wife bend slightly forward, then drop slowly to the snow beside the dark-dressed figure. Small as she was, she was a limp, dead weight for Frank and Jemima to carry back to the sleigh.

For years afterward, Frank, in his noisy joking, spread through Drummondville the story of his Lucy's disgrace.

"Now, you wouldn't know it to look at her, but Lucy there, she's got nerves like castiron. Might be going into the undertaking business, isn't that right, countess?" Lucy would finger the lace on her dark velvet dress and feel the company's laughing eyes.

"Oh yes, she's one of the best. Handles bodies, doesn't even flinch. Doesn't need a shot of whisky. Of course, she's usually flat out, but doesn't flinch. There's more to our Lucy than meets the eye. Never knew she had it in her."

With this, Lucy would tremble and, as Frank saw the approaching tears, he would help her gently from the room.

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\*"Fainthearted Lucy" was published last week in improper sequence. This week we are reprinting it in its correct form. We apologize to Sheelagh for any distress our accident caused her, and to our readers for the confusion it created them.

layout and graphics by Blues Roberts

# At last - Jonathan Edwards' album! !

Reviewed by Allen Stairs

The first thing that occurred to me when I thought about Jonathan Edwards' Album was that I was going to have a hard time being objective. Like most people I went to the two concerts and both times thought he was the best act on the bill. And second time I was part of one of those other acts. The reason that I liked him was the part that kept giving me trouble. Because it seemed that Edwards made everybody feel so good.

That's not to say that I have any objections to making people feel good. But when you're trying to be making some kind of critical judgement at the same time, it creates problems. I brought the album home, and when I played it, I found that it made me feel good too. Everytime. And I wasn't sure if it was the album, or the hangover from the concert, or some kind of mixture of both. I still had my problem, and it was worse. I still felt good, and I was even less sure why.

The reason that this good feeling is a problem is that our bodies aren't very bright. We're all the time doing things like going to horrible movies and crying in our coat sleeves, or, with movies like "Gone with the Wind," leaving the theatre glowing like a morning rose. And its the same thing with books and paintings and music. Paint a picture of a little girl with pigtails, rosy cheeks and big blue eyes saying her prayers and the whole world sighs. Or write a book about a 24 year old girl who died and everybody cries. Its not that there is anything wrong with little girls saying their prayers, or that there isn't something tragic about 24 year-old girls dying. But there is something dishonest about using these gimmicks (that's what they become, unfortunately) to get our money. As someone said, they're like buttons that the "artist" can push, and we react like emotional marionettes. The world's a stage in more ways than one.

Don't get me wrong. I don't think that Jonathan Edwards is dishonest. (I'm not sure about Erich Segal), either. I read that he cried twice writing Love Story. What I did have trouble deciding was whether Jonathan Edwards is genuinely creative or merely someone with a knack for getting us to respond emotionally.

With all of that in mind, I'm going to take a look at the album itself, and tell what I think I did find.

The album opens with the same number that opened both concerts "Everybody knows Her." The main virtue of this number is the strong, bouncing rhythm that is kept up throughout. Stuart Schulman's bass playing has a lot to do with this. He plays with just the right amount of staccatto, and the two syncopated rhythms of Edwards' guitar and Schulman's bass balance each other nicely. And when Edwards adds the scat syllables in the bars following the second chorus, the rhythmic effect is a delight.

"Cold Snow" opens weakly, I think. The violin has nothing interesting to say, and what it comes out with would have been better left unsaid. The song does not come off well overall. This is largely due to the peculiar structural device Edwards has chosen to use. One phrase is run into the next by ending a line in the middle of a bar which forms a rhythmic unit by itself. The verbal line is carried into the following one by completing the rhythmic unit and adding a chord change. An interesting device, but it doesn't work here. The rhythm comes out as a jerk rather than a smooth link, and our ears are annoyed.

"Athens County" is good bluegrass. The banjo works well here, and provides a nice counterpoint to Edwards' harp. Edwards plays a much more toneful style of harmonica than most of the people using the instrument today, and his melodies are interesting. This is one of his fine points. It is considerably more difficult to play the harp melodically than to simply take advantage of the fact that it is capable of making weird noises.

In "Dusty Morning" Edwards moves out to his familiar element, the number is a pseudo-baroque thing with near phrases at four bars each, and a chord progression which apparently



is supposed to show us that Jonathon Edwards can use chords that don't fall in the particular key that he is playing in. The trouble is that the oddball chords sound too calculated. The lyrics are an interesting mixture of cliches, awkward phrases, and surprisingly creative images. Basically they lack unity. We get lines like:

Kiss the golden leaves that you found in the sea  
And brush them from my eyes and make a window for me.

And then a chorus like:

So will you stay with me tonight  
And tomorrow we'll have another day to spend.

A mixture of fancy and old fashioned banality.

But if numbers like "Dusty Morning" fail to come off lyrically, a number like "Emma" makes up for the lack. The really interesting thing about this song is that none of the individual lines or images are particularly original. But due to the structure, the total picture is a unity. The first verse:

The first time I saw Emma  
She was above me in a dream  
And she throw'd her arms around me  
And off we flew it seems  
Like an airplane moving up and down.  
Through the country town  
Passing o'er the city so slow.

The next verse pictures the same thing happening every night, unvaryingly. Then comes a B section, and we discover why the singer sings. Something is wrong. Emma is late on this night, and the finger is growing restless. The last verse brings the picture into focus.

The last time I saw Emma  
She made me love her 'till I died.  
And we walked through clouds  
together  
Searching open skies  
For an airplane, moving up and down.  
Through the country town  
Passing o'er the city so slow.

The song is a portrait of a man and woman who have killed love, and although the singer knows the reason, he can't bring himself to face it, but prefers to go over and over the events, basking in his own sorrow.

Side one ends with "Shanty", that hippy song about the chap who is going to "lay around the shanty and put a good buzz on everyday if I help it." The song has the non-virtue of making a direct appeal to the soft spot in the heart of all of us groovy people. This is the main reason that it came off so well in concert. The chord progression is the old modified blues line of songs like "Sportin' Life", B.B. King's "Understand," and a million others. For some reason the number has been slowed down for the al-

bum, and this takes away a lot of the life that Edwards gave it in concert.

Side two opens with "Sunshine". This song also is pointed at a delicate nerve.

Some man's gone  
He's tried to run my life  
He don't know what he's askin.

Lyrical nothing noteworthy happens. But the melody has a hidden interest. The verses are built completely from a pentatonic scale (what you get if you stick to the black keys on a piano) and this, combined with Edwards' effective use of instrumental pauses in the chorus (something he is particularly good at) salvages what could have been a notably poor.

"The King" Edwards described as his super dooper psychedelic number. Again, we move out of the country folk vein into something more involved harmonically. Here the effect is exciting. Instead of using an ordinary verse/chorus form, Edwards has written a continuously unfolding melody which spreads itself over the entirety of the vocal part of the song, building itself to a very effective climax. Unfortunately, the vocal section is short, and in order to make the song a suitable length a long, often boring, piano solo has been added at the end. This takes away from the effect of the well-engineered build-up.

"Don't Cry Blue" is by one M. McKinney. This is one of my favourite numbers. It is country western in the best sense of that term. The theme is almost archetypal;

"I've got to go the distance 'till I know I've seen a change  
I've got to know the feel of every mile."

But it comes off honestly and simply. Edwards' harmonica is great, too.

"Jesse" is about the communication gap.

But in spite of the awesome possibility to slip into cliché here, Edwards manages the theme very well. Jesse is getting old, and this is played off against pictures of children.

Children sing with fantasy words  
Playing little backyard games  
Jesse sings to them without words  
And they love her until she complains.

But its not really just Jesse's fault.

Children try to talk together  
They simply cannot catch the phrase  
Sometimes laughter is some how murder...

The lyrics are set against a delicately arranged melody. Altogether a fine number.

"Sometimes" is another McKinney number. This time in the tradition of Lightfoot's "She was Something Very Special to Me," a meditation on a lover who will never return. This number, like "Shanty" aims for the soft spot in our hearts. It's pretty, but pretty isn't enough.

"Train of Glory" is shit hot! Lots and lots of fun. Edwards provides us with a virtuoso demonstration of his ability to play clean, creative, and sensible harmonica lines. The tune draws heavily on all the old gospel songs about trains of glory, but this song is 100 per cent secular. The chorus is full of interesting harmonic devices. A great ending number.

Edwards, like Flatt and Scruggs, is able to work well within traditional, simple forms. And by his second or third album, should be doing some interesting things in the realm of the not-so-simple. "The King" and particularly "Jesse" are indicators of this.

But to get back to the point I wanted to make in the monosyllabic rambling that opened this review, Edwards succeeds in making us feel good most of the time. Occasionally this is because he uses the stock devices, but more often, its because something genuinely interesting is going on in the music, and because Edwards himself knows how to deliver a song properly, and comes across honestly. His talent isn't of the order of some one like James Taylor or Canada's Bruce Cockburn, but he knows what a good tune is, and this is something that even Taylor and Cockburn forget occasionally, I'm looking forward to Album number 2.

# mark's \* five poems



## Black Cats

It was  
over-hearing Chicken Little that  
caused the loss of hair of  
the bald headed eagle. It wasn't the black cat;

it was  
the prior feeling of doubtless well-being  
pleasantly staring into the candles burning  
before thinking that surely it should be saved  
for something special. After all

it was  
only burning and it  
was such a nice new candle  
to just watch as it burnt itself out.

Soaring upwards, the sky really did look as though it were falling.



## Remembering Love's Moment

Your blue eyes reflected the sea  
tinting its blue even bluer;  
In double exposure I bathed in them  
in the seas of your eyes  
adorned you queen with sea-shell ornament  
dove for oysters and  
capturing the pearls of your wonderous Chinese cookie expressions  
chained our hearts forever to the shores of my Euphorian Memory.

## Phantoms

Fields of alfalfae and warm green grass  
swept them away in their rhythmic sway.  
Phantoms grown alive from fantasies dreamed,

That bathed within the mountain stream  
and showered in a stupor with the drunken falls  
unlocked the soul and treasures of the heart

To strip and stalk the sun-bathed paths  
of any forest to climb its tallest tree.  
They lay down there within a cloud

To share these things in privacy.

## The Peddler

She glided to me on her  
magic carpet  
of female charms and tricks  
paddling the fuel  
for my heart's furnace.

With the seasons' change  
she peddled  
paisley-colored umbrellas  
then glided away on her  
magic broom.

## The Pulpit

They uprooted and tore down the pulpit  
of marble and granite  
And threw it in a pile  
of free smoke and fire  
But  
granite does not burn;  
(neither does marble).

The flung in a last desperate attempt  
the poetry always read from it  
And watched the parchment paper  
turn to ashes and blackest cinder  
But  
the rhymes forever embedded in  
their minds were left, unburned, burning.



These poems were submitted to The Inside by a Business student in third year. Mark is serious about his poetry and devotes much spare time to it, but he does not want to have his last name divulged.

Graphics by Debbi Poind

The Ghost Ship of Chaleur Bay

The snake curled about the rock at noon  
Holds no fear. It is when his wooden eyes  
Turn to evening ice that  
The trembling water tells its tale.

Flames, frozen into the past.  
Fire and water and the stormclad  
Figure of a woman  
Ravaging the waves.

And the silence of dawn  
Reveals the pinetree mast  
And the anguish of its branches.

Sheelagh Russell

But I Am Sorry

A strum on a harp.

So high-pitched, how strange.

My body is vibrating as if

something wants to shake loose.

Control, control. Maybe no one will notice.

I must make it back home.

To late.

Down to my knees I fall.

My pride is over, I fall again

and my nose is broken on the pavement.

Jesus, Jesus what is happening?

Help! Is it too late to ask, is it now?

But it is too late, and I am finished.

It happened here,

here with so many staring people

that I stared into confusion.

To late to say anything, but

even I am sorry now.

C.Z.

whispers in the dark  
Being  
what they were  
left me cold  
and lonely ...  
'til morning  
when the sun  
and passing traffic  
hid my sorrow.

Eric C Hicks

Poems III

I can't see you  
anymore  
in poems

Only in my imagination  
Or my poems  
Can I feel you  
And touch you  
And love you

You're out of my life  
Already  
And although I still want you  
I know  
That I don't need you.

And poems  
Can't help me find you  
Because we didn't play along that beach  
or live in Tokyo  
or hardly even made love.  
So how can I say  
I see you in poems?

All my feelings  
have been said  
But yours—  
God only knows—  
And God—  
I wish you'd tell me.

John Campbell

THE SECOND SEX

I think it must have been the Devil  
Who discovered the second sex.  
At least  
That's what they told me in Sunday School.  
Maybe it was my mother:  
All men are beasts.  
Maybe it was your father:  
Don't be trapped  
As I was.  
But that one being that we formed  
That was the single sex  
With differences  
Not those forever divided beings  
Brought forth in Genesis.  
And now I go forth into the midst  
And we weep for my mother  
And your father.

Lisa X

A Second's Regret

I saw her in a window -  
Just a fleeting glimpse  
Of something that might have been  
Had I paused a second longer  
At least as long as something  
Pulsing strong inside me  
Long enough to pause and glance,  
And see her face again.

Thomas

Memory and Rain

I "AND" Today came—  
without notice  
of the early hours  
rising to sing  
the words  
that came—  
to replace dreams  
lost through years  
of unconcern  
and days filled  
with only memory

II "BUT" You had  
brought memories  
of the hope  
I once contained  
in a tiny raindrop  
that fell unnoticed  
through the passing  
of time.

III "FOR" Early fall  
has come again  
and as many  
times before  
you were not to find  
the drops of rain.  
I left behind,  
for although we won  
in coming of the season  
we were losing  
each passing moment  
bringing us closer  
to older days  
of whitened trees

Andrew Cobbler

Wandering Around With My Heart Upon My Back.  
Walking The Highway With My Thumb Up In The Air.  
Remember Me, For I'm Not Coming Back;  
Starting To Wander But Don't Know Just Where.  
Following The White Line Just To See Where It Goes.  
Can't Afford No Postcards, No One To Send Them To.  
My Sneakers Are Grey From The Steaming Tar Below.  
I Can't Say If My Regrets Are Many Or Too Few.

John Campbell

My Coffee Cup  
I dropped  
my favourite  
coffee cup  
yesterday  
but  
I'll remember it  
always  
by the squeaks  
I heard  
while washing it  
just before  
it crashed.

C.Z.

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# Where your money goes

By CARLTON MONK

The purpose of this article is to give students a general picture of how their money is being spent on athletics at UNB. It should be understood from the onset that these figures represent only an approximation and that in no way can they be considered as the final budget for this year.

In total, the athletics' budget is usually better than \$280,000, although this varies from year to year depending on enrolment. Student athletic fees of \$35 per student are taken directly from your tuition, and then the administration matches this figure. Hence this year, roughly speaking, the students contributed \$140,000 and the administration the remainder.

The students have an organization which enable them to have their say on how the budget is to be spent. The Students' Athletic Association annually reviews the recreational club, intramural, and varsity budgets. Generally the SAA concerns itself with the direction and emphasis of the budget, and avoid getting tied down on specifics. The details are left to the Director of Athletics, Mr. Kelly.

The SAA is the student medium in all matters pertaining to athletics at UNB. As such they appoint 4 members to the Athletics Board, the body responsible for all major policy decisions. The SRC appoints 2 members to the Board and the administration has 7 voting members on it.

Athletic policy at UNB raises a number of philosophical questions in light of the budget. In the recently revised athletic policy (pointed in the Bruns last week), the Athletics Department's major responsibilities are the provision of physical recreational opportunities, recreational clubs, intramurals, and varsity sports in that order. The budget seems to reflect the inverse of this policy, but it must be remembered that the nature of inter-collegiate competition requires much more money.

For his/her \$35, each student is entitled to free use of all of UNB's physical athletic facilities; participation in recreational clubs, intramurals, and varsity sports, and free admission to all varsity games.

Students should see to it that they get their full value for their fees. They should consider such questions as do they want to support varsity sports and to what extent? Should their money be spent on athletic scholarships? (Presently no money is doled out on this item at UNB.) Do they want more intramural and recreational time and facilities?

Are you getting your money's worth?

Editor's note:

The author of this article, Mr. Monk, is this year's president of the Students' Athletic Association. He has very kindly made these figures available to us so that we might familiarize the student body with UNB's expenditures on athletics. However, it must be pointed out that these figures are not necessarily

totally accurate. The university's budgeting procedures call for the preparation of budgets in October of the academic year proceeding that for which they are applicable. Unforeseen events necessitate some reallocation of funds.

## DETAIL OF TEAM, CLUBS &

### INTRAMURAL BUDGETS

Varsity Sports - Men		
Badminton	\$ 489	
Basketball	6,283	
Basketball J.V.	1,519	
Cross Country	1,401	
Curling	465	
Football	12,366	
Hockey	8,618	
Hockey J.V.	1,491	
Skiing	549	
Soccer	3,882	
Swimming	4,068	
Tennis	150	
Track and Field	1,253	
Golf	175	
Volleyball	1,659	
Gymnastics	1,957	
Rugby	874	
Wrestling	593	
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$47,792</b>	<b>\$47,792</b>

Varsity Sports - Women		
Badminton	\$ 457	
Basketball	4,205	
Swimming	4,188	
Basketball J.V.	2,327	
Volleyball	2,704	
Field Hockey	2,658	
Field Hockey J.V.	1,591	
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$18,130</b>	<b>\$18,130</b>

Intramurals	\$ 8,786	8,786
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Recreational Clubs		
Cheerleaders	\$ 209	
Curling	1,380	
Fencing	397	
Majorettes	46	
Parachute Club	227	
Rod & Gun	121	
Ski Club	176	
Sports Car	380	
Judo	163	
Scuba	438	
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$ 3,537</b>	<b>3,537</b>

<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$78,245</b>	<b>\$78,245</b>
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## SUMMARY OF THE ATHLETIC OPERATING BUDGET FOR 1971-72

Supplies, Equipment and Rental	\$ 8,323	
Material and supplies	2,856	
Printing and reproduction	2,285	
Telephone and telegraph	1,260	
Laundry and cleaning	842	
Travel	1,925	
Advertisements	530	
Miscellaneous	8,875	
Rink rental	18,100	
Furniture	550	
Equipment, permanent	4,357	
Library	125	
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$ 50,028</b>	<b>\$ 50,028</b>
Departmental Expenses (salaries, referees, lifeguards, supervisors, instructors, police services)	\$ 160,173	\$160,173
Teams, Clubs & Intramurals	\$ 78,245	78,245
<b>TOTAL</b>		<b>\$288,446</b>

The team of Dave Anderson and Pete Collum, the BRUNS Red Bleeders defeated the CHSR Good-Guys (Karen Dobell and Phil Shedd) to win the GUL-a-GUHC Trophy.

The title was decided on a time basis. The BRUNS team bled in a combined time of 10:49:8 minutes, to 11:79:9; It was based on the time to take each contestant to give one pint of blood.

Collum was awarded the G-a-G GORY AWARD for his ability to give one pint of the best time. It was 5:09:8 This time will stand as a UNB record.

The Gul-a-GuHC Trophy was accepted by Dave Anderson, the BRUNS Red Bleeder co-captain:  
Collum 5:09:8 Shedd 5:38:9 Anderson 5:40:0 Dobell 6:41:1

# ski-total

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