



And The Band Played On . . .

## SRC — NEWS AND VIEWS

by Bob Cooper

The SRC meeting Monday night seemed to be one of unprecedented dithering. It was suggested that the charge of \$8.00 dollars per night for janitorial services was a trifle too high. The result was that a member of the Council will approach someone on the administration in an effort to reduce this fee.

It was decided that the band should be given the money for a bus to go to Mount A. If possible, this bus will also transport ten CP's and the majorettes.

Visiting dignitaries on the campus will get honorary SRC passes in the future. When the question of whether they rank specially printed cards or left-overs, it was quickly decided that the left-overs would be good enough.

Apparently the administration has been trying to get a yearly extra \$150 out of the SRC, with no success. The NFCUS scholarship, a couple of years ago was \$500. The administration, because of increased enrolment, raised it to \$650 without consultation.

This year they pressed, somewhat indelicately, for payment. Congratulations to the SRC for sticking their ground, although

the scholar could use the money. It was the opinion of the Council that the spring elections were too late in the year. They will probably be moved ahead one month to January.

The new financial system was approved in principle. All granted monies will now be in the hands of the Treasurer, and all checks will be issued through

him on presentation of the invoice. The finance committee was given power to invoke this new system at their discretion.

Apparently no members of the SRC play tiddly-winks. Or so it seems, for the proposed constitution of the Red Winkers was not accepted, but it took 50 minutes of debate to complete the matter.

## ... INTO THE FIRE

U.N.B. audiences will have an Swann's hilarious three act comedy, "Out of the Frying Pan", late this fall as the Drama Society presents its first production of the season. The play is the amusing story of six young people who share a "co-ed" New York apartment and who, with the help of a dithering landlady, two policemen, and the god Fortune, land jobs with a producer.

Casting has been completed and rehearsals are underway. The cast in order of appearance are: Jeff Andrews as George Bodell, Phil Stevenson as Norman Reese; Jean Thompson as Mrs. Garnett; Stephen Coul as

Tony Dennison; Sylvia Roy as Muriel Foster; Janet Maybee as Kate Ault; Elaine Fowler as Marge Benson; Christa Brueckner as Dotty Coburn; Laurence Lewis as Mr. Kenny; and Ian Stoddard and Dave Tilson as the two policemen, Max and Joe.

The play is under the direction of Ann Gordon, no stranger to New Brunswick audiences, and the leading actress in last year's performance of "The Cave Dwellers". The sets will be designed by Michael Egan and Hal Giles is in charge of lighting. The dates are November 24, 26 and 27th.

## EXHIBITIONISTS

The Creative Art Centre at the University of New Brunswick is exhibiting some 25 paintings by two Maritime artists, Thomas De Vany Forrestall and Garry Saunders.

The exhibition will run till November 7. Viewing hours are 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday.

Commenting on the forthcoming show, Art Centre Director, Bruno Bobak, said both artists were "deserving of recognition". Mr. Bobak also is Resident Artist at U.N.B.

Mr. Forrestall, Fredericton, is a well known cartoon contributor to the editorial page of the Daily Gleaner. He has been in Fredericton as a freelance artist since 1959.

Born in Middleton, N.S. in 1936, Mr. Forrestall is a graduate in fine arts from Mt. Allison University. His ability as an artist has been recognized by the Canada Council who gave him a grant for travel and study in Europe.

Mr. Saunders was born in Gander, Nfld, in 1935. He graduated in 1959 from the University of New Brunswick with the degree of Bachelor of Forestry. The following year he entered the second year of Drawing and Painting at the Ontario College of Art.

In April of 1961 Mr. Saunders had a one-man showing of 25 paintings in the UNB Art Centre.

## PLAY TRANSCENDS LANGUAGE BARRIER

by Hyacinth Brown

Sunday evening the Memorial Hall stage was the scene of the production of J. F. Regnard's most amusing play, *Le Legataire Universel* by the Theatre Universitaire Canadien. The gaiety and verve of this five act comedy-farce were well presented by the troupe and a lively tempo of action was maintained throughout.

This comedy of intrigue pivoted around the antics of Crispin who together with his master, Eraste, and his sweetheart, Lisette, were conspiring to inherit the legacy of the ailing Geronte. Edgar Fruitier as Crispin delighted and bewitched the audience with his three disguises; the brutal nephew, the beguiling niece, and the dying old man dictating his will in a sepulchral voice.

Jean Gaumont, the most outstanding of the wealthy characters gave an excellent representation of the wealthy septuagenarian. Garonte — miserly, ailing, cautious and trusting no one but his nephew, Eraste (Albert Millaire). The latter, cast in a role devoid of any personality was perhaps the weakest of the main characters. While

his role did demand a certain foppish attitude he seemed too agitated and uneasy in his actions. Lisette (Michele Pelletier) played a bright and saucy maid and together with Crispin provided much amusement in bold and racy scenes.

The lively pace maintained in the play is necessary in the production of a comedy-farce of this nature, written entirely on a superficial plane. Act I got off on a bright bold start with the lively chatter of the servants. The second act which was primarily concerned with plans and schemes was enlivened at the end with the farcical scene involving the apothecary Clistorel (Roger Michael). The famous scene of the fraudulent will was extremely well handled. In the final act the heir's comic suspense was well sustained and despite the rather weak denouement of the play itself the actors managed to carry a spirited action through to the final scene.

The costumes were well suited to the era depicted (17 century) and did much to brighten a rather dull setting. This dullness is perhaps attributable to Geronte's miserliness!

Though this play cannot be ranked among first class comedies its humour was well translated and its vitality preserved. Judging from the prolonged applause which followed the final act, the play was very well received by the audience. Comments after the performance were in the following vein: "C'estait delieieux!", "Tres vivante n'est-ce pas.", and on the other hand "I really enjoyed it".

Continued on page 8

## BEAVERBROOK

### SCHOLARSHIPS

It was announced today by Chief Justice J. B. McNair, Chairman of the Selection Committee, that applications for Lord Beaverbrook Overseas Scholarships close on 30th November 1962. Completed forms with necessary supporting documents must be in the hands of the Secretary R. A. Tweedie, P.O. Box 36, Fredericton, on or before 5:00 p.m. on that date.

The Scholarships, five in number, offered by the Beaverbrook Foundations are tenable at any university in the United Kingdom. They are available to men domiciled in New Brunswick who are graduates of a New Brunswick university.

In addition to holding a Bachelor's Degree from a recognized university in New Brunswick, applicants must have obtained, or will before the date of commencement of the scholarship have obtained, a Doctorate, a Master's Degree in Arts or Science, or a Degree in Law, Medicine or Divinity. Such second degrees may be from a university outside the province.

The scholarships are tenable for one year but may in certain circumstances be extended for a second or third year.

The scholarships provide for travelling expenses to Britain and return, university tuition fees, normal living expenses during the academic year and vacation travel within the United Kingdom.

Application and information forms may be obtained from the Secretary or from the Registrars of New Brunswick universities.

## Campus Psychiatrist

Dr. W. W. Black, director of the Fredericton Mental Health Clinic, is now associated with the University of New Brunswick. Dr. Black holds the position of consulting psychiatrist and honorary lecturer in Psychology and Sociology.

He is a native of Glasgow, Scotland, where he received his early schooling. He was graduated from St. Andrews University, Scotland, in 1939 with a Bachelor of Science degree and in 1942, with a Bachelor of Medicine and a Bachelor of Surgery degree.

In 1949 he was graduated from London University with a Diploma in Psychological Medicine. Three years later he journeyed to St. John's, Newfoundland, where he was named staff psychiatrist and a short time later clinical director at the hospital for the mentally ill.

Last January Dr. Black began a private practice in psychiatry here and was named director of the Fredericton Mental Clinic. He is continuing his office and clinical duties in addition to his University appointment. Watch next week's Brunswickian for a feature article on Dr. W. W. Black.

## the thick red line . . .

The photograph on the right is posed. It shows three Brunswickan staff members reading some of the torrent of Communist propaganda that flows into this office daily. We receive material from Communist sources in Russia, China, the Soviet satellites, the United States and Canada.

What is most frightening about this deluge is that it is GOOD. First of all, it is attractively put together with expensive printing. The psychological slant is so effective as to make the Madison Avenue agencies look like amateurs. And the material itself is cleverly written. There are no obvious lies, but it takes a learned Westerner to detect their omission of important segments of the truth.

A person who does not have the training to read behind the Communist jargon might easily be taken in by this sort of material, and many no doubt are. The Canadian section of the propaganda machine points out, with more than a little justice, the weaknesses of our society. It requires thought on the part of the reader to note that they do not even suggest their remedy . . . for that would be a threat, not propaganda.

For the reason that we do not seem to give enough serious thought to our system of government, the prospect of the Red's expanding their propaganda drive is fearful.



## RED 'N' BLACK

Attention all would-be singers and dancers! The Red 'n' Black needs you, Dave Wilson says that no experience is necessary so now is your big chance. Be at Mem. Hall at 7.00 on Thurs. night.

## YEARBOOK

Seniors pictures and write-ups must be in the yearbook office as soon as possible. Those pictures and write-ups not in the yearbook office will not be accepted. This is because of the copy deadline.

Doug Baggs  
Editor

## CAMPUS CALENDAR

- Oct. 17 S.R.C., 6:30 Tartan Room  
Bus. Ad. Club, 8:00 Student Centre
- Oct. 18 Rod & Gun, 7:30 Oak Room  
Kickline, 8:00 All Purpose Room  
Chapel Service, 109 Douglas Hall; Rev. Del Byer
- Oct. 19 Phys. Ed Dance, 8:00 Student Centre  
Study Group, Cathedral Hall; Rev. Del Byer
- Oct. 22 Liberal Club, 7:30 Tartan Room
- Oct. 23 Bridge Club, 7-11 Oak Room  
Kickline, 8-10 All Purpose Room  
Chapel Service, 109 Douglas Hall; Dale Bray

## INTERVIEWS

List of Companies coming on campus week of October 22:

- Algoma Steel Corporation Limited
- The Toronto-Dominion Bank
- Dominion Tar & Chemical Company, Limited
- International Business Machines.

For further details please check with your Placement Office.

## quotes . . . editor's choice

"Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not, it is the first lesson that ought to be learned and however early a man's training begins it's probably the last lesson he learns thoroughly."

—Thomas H. Huxley

☆ ☆ ☆

"There are two kinds of politicians: those who want to do something, and those who want to be something."

—Unknown.

DINO'S telephone number is GR 5-447. The number given last week in the advertisement was incorrect, and the Brunswickan apologizes for the inconvenience caused to a Fredericton citizen, while pointing out to him that "to err is human . . ."

—ed.

# Brunswickan

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## — From Our Readers —

Dear Editor: :

Referring to the several articles about the building of a Student Union, while I admit that it would be nice to have a new building, I question whether this is really a necessity. On the front page it is stated that "For the first time UNB limited enrollment." Surely this is because of inadequate teaching and laboratory space, not because of a lack of offices and conference rooms for the student organizations.

I suggest that any money that can be raised by the students should go to help the Administration with the much needed buildings, and that the organizations continue to get the use of older buildings (such as Memorial Hall as the different faculties move to newer quarters. As for conference rooms, the Forestry and Geology Bldg. seems to have ample space for meetings at night, as I'm sure space can be gotten in other buildings, through cooperation with the Administration. If these rooms are not good enough for the use of student organizations, then they can hardly be fit places to learn, which is the main purpose of most of us here.

Yours truly  
Hal Giles

A serious and thoughtful view, Mr. Giles. It is shared by Mr. Lewis below and . . .

The Editor of the Brunswickan: I would like to congratulate the Students' Building Committee on their idea to assist the administration's own building program. A committee such as this has long been needed on the campus.

However, I only applaud the fact that we now have a building committee. I do not feel that their plan for a students' union building is at all justified. It strikes even the most casual observer on the campus that there are other buildings which are

sorely needed before this one. Classrooms and the library are overcrowded. A campus auditorium for visiting lecturers is non-existent. The building committee should work towards fulfilling these other pressing needs rather than an office building for power-seeking student politicians.

Sincerely  
Thomas Lewis

. . . we think you are right. Any comments from our readers?—ed.

Dear Editor:

I would like to comment upon the ridiculous attitude about studying held by many of the students at this university. The prevailing view seems to be that if one studies one is some kind of a nut. Many students seem to have lost sight of the fact that they are here for an education, and place much more importance on how much liquor they can hold or on being one of the gang, rather than on how much knowledge they can absorb while they have the chance. Education is taken lightly here and students are apathetic about the opportunity they are receiving—this I think is wrong! If we want to become truly educated people, then I think it's about time many of us did a little straight thinking and ask ourselves, "Why am I at University?"

Sincerely,  
A disillusioned Nut

Right! But even a nut has to come out of his shell occasionally.—ed.

Dear Sir:

After plowing through the most "unusual" grammatical antics provided in the Brunswickan two weeks ago by Mr. Steven D. Karon, perhaps I have earned the right to make a comment on the subject of his article, *Cosmopolitan*.

The apparent concentration on "Canadian nationalism" seems to be widely regarded as an inevitable and healthy stage in a country's maturation—particularly by followers of our Prime Minister's religious fervor in his "vision of the north". A division should be made between "nationalistic pride" and the specific nationalistic attitude to Canadian economics. I am not suggesting that internal economic development is not important, but simply that the notion of "a spirit of nationalism" has been and is frequently an excuse to reject the principles and activities of free trade, or at least freer trade with wider international markets. For example, Md. Diefenbaker takes some pride in his reactionary attitude to Britain's entry into the E.E.C.; he wishes to protect home agriculture and industry . . . and thereby be re-elected.

Would it be pure naive idealism to reiterate the suggestion, made by many concerned economists, that Canadians, particularly Canadian businessmen become rather more concerned with "international" economic and political happenings. Mr. Karon has enlightened us all by defining cosmopolitan as "world citizen." I quite agree; let us be cosmopolitan in our outlook, but not nationalistic.

Yours truly,  
Pam Keirstead

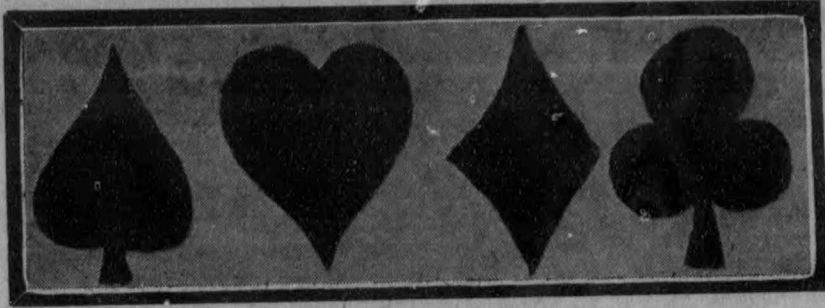
Why not? We have to identify ourselves with something . . . the "world" is a little large for that.—ed.

Dear Sir:

I live in an apartment downtown and get my Brunswickan every week. I do not see the reason for printing a paper that big every week . . . I haven't even used half of last week's yet.

I. M. Num

It's the . . . er . . . breaks, isn't it?—ed.



by Dave Whitworth

**HAND EVALUATION: THE POINT COUNT SYSTEM**

The point count system is now almost universally used by bridge players; primarily due to its relative accuracy and simplicity. It's basis is that there are 40 high card points in a deck: Ace-4, King-3, Queen-2 and Jack-1. Generally it takes 25-27 points for a game in no-trump or in a major suit (spades or hearts), 28-30 points for a minor suit game (diamonds or clubs), about 33 for a small slam and 37 for the grand slam.

In addition to the high card points each hand may contain distributional points. As a general rule the first bidder for each partnership may count 3 points for a void, 2 points for a singleton, and 1 point for a doubleton. His partner may count the same distributional features at 5-3-1 respectively. The difficulty with distributional points is deciding when they should be counted and what valuation should be given them in each instance. Also your count of distributional points at the first of the game may be quite different from what it is during the bidding and different again when the final contract is reached. The hand below is used to illustrate this.

SOUTH—Dealer

Spades A Q 10 x x  
 Hearts Q 10 x x  
 Diamonds A x x  
 Clubs x

This hand is worth 14 points, 12 in high cards and 2 for distribution so South opens the bidding with 1 Spade. If North responds 1 no-trump, 2 hearts or 2 diamonds the hand is still worth 14 points, however, if North responds 1 Club South's hand is reduced to 12 points while if he bids 2 Spades the hand is worth 15 points, a one point addition for the fifth spade. With any bid but the last by North South should rebid his Spades or in the one case support North's Hearts.

In the event of bidding by the opposition South's hand will vary in playing strength if not in actual point count. A display of strength by West makes South's hand weaker in playing strength as the power in the opposition hands in sitting above him. The reverse is true if East holds the power in the opposition hands.

In doubling opponents contracts be sure to count your defensive tricks not your points, even aces can be trumped.

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**COSMOPOLITAN**

by STEVAN D. KARON

**U.S.A OUR SCAPEGOAT.**

The topic of American influence is greeted nowadays with a sneer by most Canadians who feel that they are patriotic if they are anti-American. But using Anti-Americanism is just a scapegoat for our troubles. It is WE who lack nationalism and therefore pick on the easiest thing to substitute it by. Anti-Americanism is certainly a cheap way out.

For it is not a fact that Canadians want to buy American cars, textiles and materials. Nobody is forcing us Canadians to buy American in such vast quantities as we do. We want to; But once we do, we blame Americans for selling it to us. We, the people who do not have enough backbone to start our own industries crab about American influence. We are also the same people who refuse to invest in our own future by opening up the North. Canadians have enough money which we hoard in the banks instead of using it to open up our own country. We refuse to do so as "some" feel it is a "risk".

Since Canadians in the past were reluctant to invest in Canada, the U.S. financiers, who we call exploiters—to cover up our own mistake—did so. And they are reaping the crops now, as we could have. But yet since they, not we, did so and opened up Canada, we blame them. It is time to realize the facts. We Canadians do not want to take the risk then we can not expect to reap the crops. The American investors faithfully invested in Canada and have come out on top. We do not have the right to take away their prize or credit for it. Only a poor loser would try to do so.

But this American influence "hatred" as it seems on the surface is really two fold. The other part of it, is their foreign policy. Many Canadians feel that Canada

should show its independence of the States by following a totally opposite foreign policy. But little do such people realize that this leads to disaster. For example Canadians felt really big and mighty by selling wheat to Red China. This would show the world that we are not minions of the States. Little did we realize that this would hurt us more than staying "in line" with Western Policy. For the Canadian grain went to the Red Chinese Army, the very same Army that tortured and butchered some of Canada's best native sons in Korea. Is that how Canadians feel they show the world their independence? Six years ago we swore to wipe out the Chinese Red Army, now we feed them. Just so that we can say that we are independent. Yet it is only we Canadians who feel that we are not independent. In fact how do other nations feel about Canada's ill-devised move? They treat us no different now, only perhaps classing us as a weak middle power tending toward neutralism.

But it is not a fact that America is the leader of the free world of which we are a part. Do we not share with America that spirit of liberty and freedom? Isn't their cause our cause? Didn't Canada join N.A.T.O. in that spirit. How many hundreds of our native born lost their lives in Korea to protect this freedom which some complacent and apathetic people who never had any suffering or hardship in their whole self-centered lives, wish Canada to change this. Why? there is only one answer. They are cowards to face the facts or bear our burden as a nation of the Western camp. They would rather save their lilly white skins and walk in shame the rest of their lives. Have they not learned from the past that neutralism leads to disaster. Look at what happened to Belgium during the First World War, which became

the battle ground of the war. Canada is in the same position now. Let us not be deserters but stick with our Allies!

We are geographically and economically tied with the States. We can make the best of it and even create a respectful nation as our forefathers dreamed of and worked for. Let us stop our excuse hunting complaining. It is a sign of a lethargic nation which is falling into decadence when its people start searching for excuses rather than build.

The freshettes seem to be divided into three classes: the beautiful, the talented and the majority. Ask the man who owns one.

He: "Please."

She: "No!"

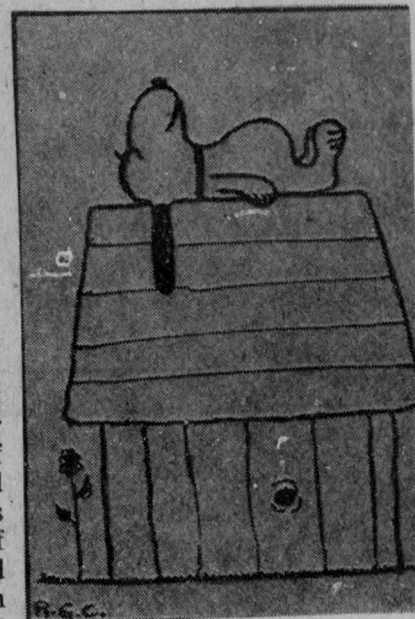
He: "Aw, come on, please."

She: "I said no!"

He: "Pretty Please."

She: "Positively no, I mean no."

He: "Aw please, ma, all the other kids are going barefoot."



I dream of Jeanie with the light brown ears.

**Whatever became of:**

Cleo Patra,

CLASS OF '49?



Voted by her year "The Girl We'd Most Like To Barge Down The Nile With", Miss Patra majored in Herpetology and was a leading light in our Drama Group. On graduation, Cleo first did a brother-sister act with her younger brother Ptolemy. For Ptolemy the bell tolled shortly thereafter. She then played the Capitol with Julius Caesar in The Pharaoh Queen—but that production did not survive bad notices and the Ides of March. She next undertook a spectacular with Marc Antony and a cast of thousands of other fellows, but the rigours of the big battle, scene at Actium was too much for Antony. Cleo then, turning to her first love — Herpetology — discovered the asp — and vice versa.

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## poet's corner

### The Battle of Dunn

Once the cornerstone was laid . . .  
There did pervade, rumours of a raid.  
It seems that Hairy Jones and Neville Neill  
Were "achin" to cross the Bridge with zeal  
To greet the ladies, who from town did run,  
"Up the Hill" to the House of Dunn.

The ladies were practically all done in  
After moving up from Fredericton.  
Still they were all done up to meet the occasion,  
Having no idea of the planned invasion.  
Yet that evening when the day was done,  
The way was prepared for some fun in Dunn!

Not realizing the seriousness of the situation,  
The ladies had no time for capitulation.  
The doors were undone—a shriek was heard—  
And none could stop the stumbling herd.  
The invaders advanced from every side;  
The ladies — stunned — were forced to hide.

It seems the Dunn ladies their windows had left open,  
Not knowing this was what the men were hopin.  
For things in town had been quiet and still  
As contrasted to what was done on the hill.  
The ladies' motto—"None Ever Undone"—  
Was shattered and ruin'd by the boys in their fun.

The halls were silent; the herd had retreated;  
The ladies KNEW they were defeated.  
But with a smile on their lips and a small shy grin,  
A new motto arose in Lady Dunn Inn—  
"We've been done and was it fun"!!

And so the story did come to an end.  
It's hoped there was none it did offend,  
For the tale was prompted only by fun,  
To make a pun on the House of Dunn.

Who Dunnit

### Dialogue

Let us be reasonable, we said;  
so, we sailed our kayak words through  
all the right logistics, touched on  
all the cold statistics—  
while frozen at our poles.

We chanced to hit on Venus  
whilst her cupped hand supped clam high,  
and wishing not to switch the bit  
we spried around on porches  
flicking bandy-words at bantam livers;

Pausing only for the feel of bodies  
clutching (of a sudden) feel of floating  
skin on butter,  
afloat upon each other,  
dissolving.

Reaching up with limbs to hang  
a kiss on famished mouths,  
crew-wise we were and mutinied together, as  
savage parent ship was left astern,  
our oars acast, and seas for long slow drink, adrift.

Eric Thompson

### The Sad State Of Poetry Today

Poetry today is a fast dying animal. Mortally wounded by the slings and arrows of outrageous poets, it isn't even allowed to die in peace. As an 'art form', it is being hounded to death by the deadly dullards of the classroom, the pedants; banded about like slightly ripe olives by the cognoscenti on the cocktail circuit; and pummelled unceasingly by the gods of Madison Ave. ("Winston tastes good like . . .").

Forty years ago, at the birth of *The Wasteland*, modern 'poetry' came of age. 1922 was an auspicious occasion; it signalled the beginning of the war to end poetry. T. E. Eliot, the author of *Wasteland*, showed how easily it could be done. Originality wasn't required, for all one needed to do was to crib the best lines from other 'great' poets.

Then came his imitators. Increasingly, poetry became the weapon of the social satirists, most of whom were inverted snobs. Eliotean "gentility" almost killed poetry in the thirties, as the unemployed pacifists, fascists, communists, et al, churned out their 'deathless' verse in a vain attempt to prove the pen is mightier than the sword.

In more recent times, the jingle-ists and the anthologists have begun their assault. As a tool in the hands of the effete—either 'poetry lovers' or advertising hacks—poetry has lost almost all the dignity it ever had. It has become a mere status symbol, of a very low order. Further, it has suffered loss of meaning at the hands of misguided 'artists' who, believing that technique is all, have no technique at all.

A good example of the very able crucifiers of poetry is the 'Beat' school. Their kind of non-poetry, and its acceptance by the public, demonstrates just how low critical taste has sunk. Beatnik poems, such as *HOWL*, are long narcissistic wails, wherein the poet bemoans his 'fate', blames everyone but himself for his 'misfortunes', and seldom, if ever, is accurate about the kind of people or institutions he attacks.

Poetry today, then, suffers a debilitating malaise. The product of feeble-minded alienates, it cannot help but reflect their psychotic problems. Meanwhile, the ivory-tower critics hark back to the past, yawn over present problems, and allow the flow of poetry verse to continue unabated.

### THIS IS FORESTRY WEEK

Below is a brief description of the main events of Forestry Week '62. As usual, their success depends primarily on the participation of the members of the faculty—with one notable exception—the Bushman's Ball. In past years, this dance has proved to be one of the top social events of the year, to which the whole campus is invited.

Monday saw the annual grudge soccer game against the Engineers with the Foresters trying to regain the trophy, which the Engineers claim they won last year.

Tuesday night saw the Foresters competing against each other in various tests of skill and strength appropriate to their calling, such as the Axe chop, the log decking and the cross cut saw contests.

Tonight is the Forestry Social, an informal dance at which the candidates for Forestry Queen will be introduced to the members of the Forestry faculty. There will be a movie, and the labs and equipment will be on display. Punch and refreshment will be served.

Thursday night, the Foresters take on the co-eds in a game of water polo in the LBR pool, beginning at 7:30.

On Friday night is the annual Bushman's Ball, the informal formal social event of the year. There, the Forestry Queen will be crowned by last year's Queen, Janet Maybe. Also the two-bitted axe will be presented to the "Bull of the Woods"—the forester who showed the most skill at the field events on Tuesday night. Music will be supplied by Ralph Campbell and his orchestra.

Saturday night, (of course) is set aside for Hammerfestivity that annual gathering of Foresters in the woodlot for the purpose of exuding good will and friendship, and ingesting "good" beer and chop suey.

Throughout the week, tugs-of-war will be held at noon hour, the winning class receiving an extra quart of beer at Hammerfest.


DARINGLY  
SIMPLE  
V-NECK by

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*Kitten*

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## Terry Toons

The Fall Formal—well, it surely was fun—maybe fun isn't the right word, so we'll just say that it happened! The motel owners have all started dieting on tranquilizers and some were even seen standing immersed in contemplation on the centre span of the Princess Margaret Bridge. Rumor has it that there was an unsuccessful attempt to sail a cabin, from the Fort Nashwaak Motel, down the river to Saint John.

Turning to the football game on Saturday, the cheerleaders who worked under a wet handicap two weeks ago, put on a great show—considering—!

The new Student Union Building sounds like a pretty fair idea and a necessary one with the crowded conditions of the Student Center, as far as office space and meeting facilities are concerned. Speaking of the Student Centre,—when the cafeteria is jammed, why not spread out into the Oak Room since it is just about as big?

By the way, Halloween is getting close—I believe that in the past, the men on campus have used this opportunity to watch the Dean of Women and her loyal side-kicks defend the gates of the Maggie Jean against countless souvenir hunters. Some of these who got caught by the guards were never seen again.

We hear—

—that the student body is pleased with the return of the old phone system.

—that they'll have to fumigate the girls residences after they move out.

—certain girls are ultra-keen about the Sports Car Club.

—that VEIRK (U.N.B. Radio Club) needs lots of new members.

—that sweater-knitting is now the rage among co-eds—hope they don't start knitting little pink and blue things!!

—that small twist parties are being held (secretly) on the 7th floor lounge of the L.B.H.

—that Christmas Exams are only 8 weeks away.

## Ostriches ?

by Pete Roberts

Freshman week has come and gone. Freshman have been initiated. But have they? On looking at the number of nominees for freshman positions on the SRC and the Freshman Class executive, it is evident that freshman know precious little, or care less, about student government.

Most upper-classmen realize that the Freshman class executive does little more than sit for a yearbook picture; judging by the number of candidates for this position, the freshman realized it too. We all know that positions on the SRC do involve responsibility; but obviously the freshman didn't realize this.

The excessive number of acclamations for all classes, is indicative of student indifference to democracy. Once again it is a case of taking things for granted.

If we continue to take things for granted our student government will be as obsolete as Henry Ford's Model T. What will happen when there is no nomination for a position? If this somebody wanted the job he would have been nominated; most likely he won't take the job, and we won't be able to give away our responsible positions.

## The Model Of Democracy

by Gary Davis

It is gratifying to hear every day that the United States is courageously defending the principles of democratic freedom. Encouraging reports of the determined refusal of that country to be influenced by non-democratic ascendancy show us that the American Government is always publicly supporting the many equitable precepts of the Declaration of Independence.

Mr. Lincoln was a courageous man. He and his many abolitionist followers determined to make every man free. This decision became law, and the American Negro was, so it was written, the white-skinned man's equal.

A century has passed, and still the dark-skinned man is considered, in many parts of the United States, to be inferior. Violent outbreaks occur frequently in some states, whenever the suggestion is made that Negroes should be allowed to sit in the same bus seats as whites, or that they may eat in the same restaurants or attend the same schools.

The same repulsions that the National Socialist German Workingman's Party had for all non-Aryans are felt by some of the citizens of some of the United States against the Negro.

Happy little social groups like the K.K.K. hold little parties every now and then to exhibit some of their sadistic, violent idiocies. (Reminiscent of the Eastern-European programs of the last century.)

Much of the turmoil of the situation has been well hidden in the United States, until recently a frightful example of radical racialism burst like a uranium bomb.

In Oxford, Mississippi, Mr. Meredith was fully qualified to enter the University of Mississippi, but was not given entry until the United States Supreme Court ruled that he be admitted. (A ten-thousand dollar daily fine to have been paid by the governor of that state may have been an influential factor.)

The rightist General Walker and others instigated violent rioting against the decision for the

admission of Meredith, which resulted in bloodshed and a few deaths.

The tale of this tragic event has spread around the world. It provides invaluable propaganda for anti-American countries, to be sure.

However the greatest tragedy lies in this: What will the African and Asian ('coloured') nations, still unleaning to either East or West, think of a great country, the 'model of democracy', in which large numbers of the public 'hate' 'coloured' people?

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# Science Queen Candidates

It is evident that there will be a lot of second places before the scientists fill out their ballots on Oct. 26.

In the past six years the chores of the scientists has been predominantly the choice of the winter carnival judges—as shown by the fact that four queens out of six have been science beauties.

But, something went wrong and other obscure faculties lacking the trained eye of the scientist have won both the '61 and '62 carnival contests. This year will prove different, and its easy to see why.

So, when the polls open in the Chemistry building on Thursday—a week away—make sure you vote, only if you are a scientist, possessing the mean eye of perfection.

Gay Franklin is an 18 year old second year Nursing student from Baie D'Urfe, Quebec. She is a member of the pre-Med club and plans to work with the World Health Organization after graduation. Popular music and Tchaikovsky occupy Gay's musical interests, while water skiing and horseback riding are her favorite forms of recreation.



Gay Franklin



Pauline Gibson

Pauline Gibson, a 19 year old from Picton, Ont. is in second year Arts. She plans to major in Sociology and Psychology and eventually do social work. Being an excellent water skier, she is keeping in trim for an onslaught of the Florida water ways??? by kicking in the Red 'n Black come November.



Sheila Hutchison

Sheila Hutchison is originally from Montreal, Que., and is presently living in Paris, France. She is 18, in 2nd year Arts and plans to major in History. The future holds a career in teaching in Canada after getting her B.Ed. Sheila plays the piano and likes classical music, Struss being her favorite. She enjoys playing tennis and will be appearing in the Red 'n Black kickline.



Pauline Robinson

The only Maritimer, Pauline Robinson is from Moncton, N.B. Pauline is 18 years old and a sophomore Arts student planning to major in Psychology and enter the teaching profession upon graduation. She favors Tchaikovsky in the classical field and George Shering in the popular vein. Her activities include swimming, bowling and square dancing is one of her fancies.

First old maid: "What were you screaming about last night?"  
Second old maid: "I had an awful nightmare. A man was chasing me, and chasing me, and chasing me, and he couldn't catch me."



(Have you got problems? Is life not going your way? If so, write to "Scuttle", care of the Brunswickan. I don't pretend to know all about love, but I can give you a little horse-sense, and the opinion of an outsider).

## TO THE MALE POPULATION OF U.N.B.

What do you do on this campus, datewise, if (1) you're a co-ed, (2) you're in residence?

According to the average U.N.B. male, the average U.N.B. co-ed is (1) a shafter; (2) a social climber and snob; and (3) a gossip. We'll take each individually in its proper context . . .

The males on this campus consider a girl a shafter if she says, on being asked for a date, that she's busy tonight. But . . . for each 'n every sweet I'll thing who's using this old line to cool the passions of an undesirable admirer, there are probably three whose excuses are legit. We hereby move that the term "shaft" be abolished, as it is grossly misused on this campus.

As to social climbing, no girl who genuinely likes a fella gives a hoot about standing in campus hierarchy.

So you say we're gossips! We know from bitter experience that at the "innocent" bull-sessions, you're not probing the therapeutic values of mineral water.

One more sore point—the only thing worse than a co-ed seems to be a co-ed in residence . . . it might interest you to know that our hours are about 75% better than those of most other universities. We call that a pretty poor excuse!

You won't phone because you figure we're all dated up. Result?—piles of nice hanging around the residences bemoaning the over-abundant proportion of males at U.N.B., while scads of girls sit in, twiddling their thumbs.

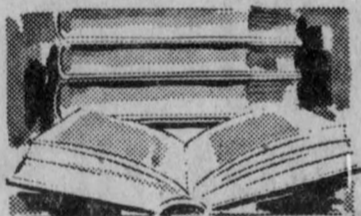
We are here for an education and don't expect to go out every night of the week, but it hurts to realize how many imports there are at "our" dances.

The U. N. B. CO-EDS.

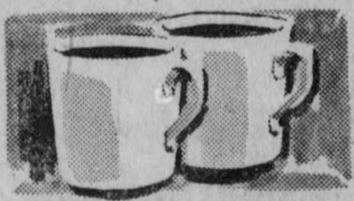
Dear Co-Eds:

There is a lot in what you say, but are you sure that you aren't rationalizing a bit? Maybe a few more smiles and a little less walking around in groups of four and five would help. Not many males are going to walk up and start gabbing with a girl who is busily describing the "knit one-purl two kick! I would like to invite the men of U.N.B. to reply to this letter from the co-eds. If any interest is shown, the column next week will be devoted to giving air to the male point of view.

Yours,  
SCUTTLE



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# FILM SOCIETY

by ROBERT KERR

The U.N.B. Film Society begins its 10th season this Sunday morning. It has progressed from a small group struggling with old equipment in Mem. Hall to an organization with 300 members using the modern facilities of the Chemistry Auditorium.

The growth of Film Societies in recent years signifies the coming of age of motion pictures as an art. Working on a non-profit basis, these groups enable members to see films which local commercial theatres are unlikely to show. In larger cities, art theatres serve this purpose, and the fact that such theatres have become one of the few really profitable operations in the motion picture industry testifies to the growing popularity of these films.

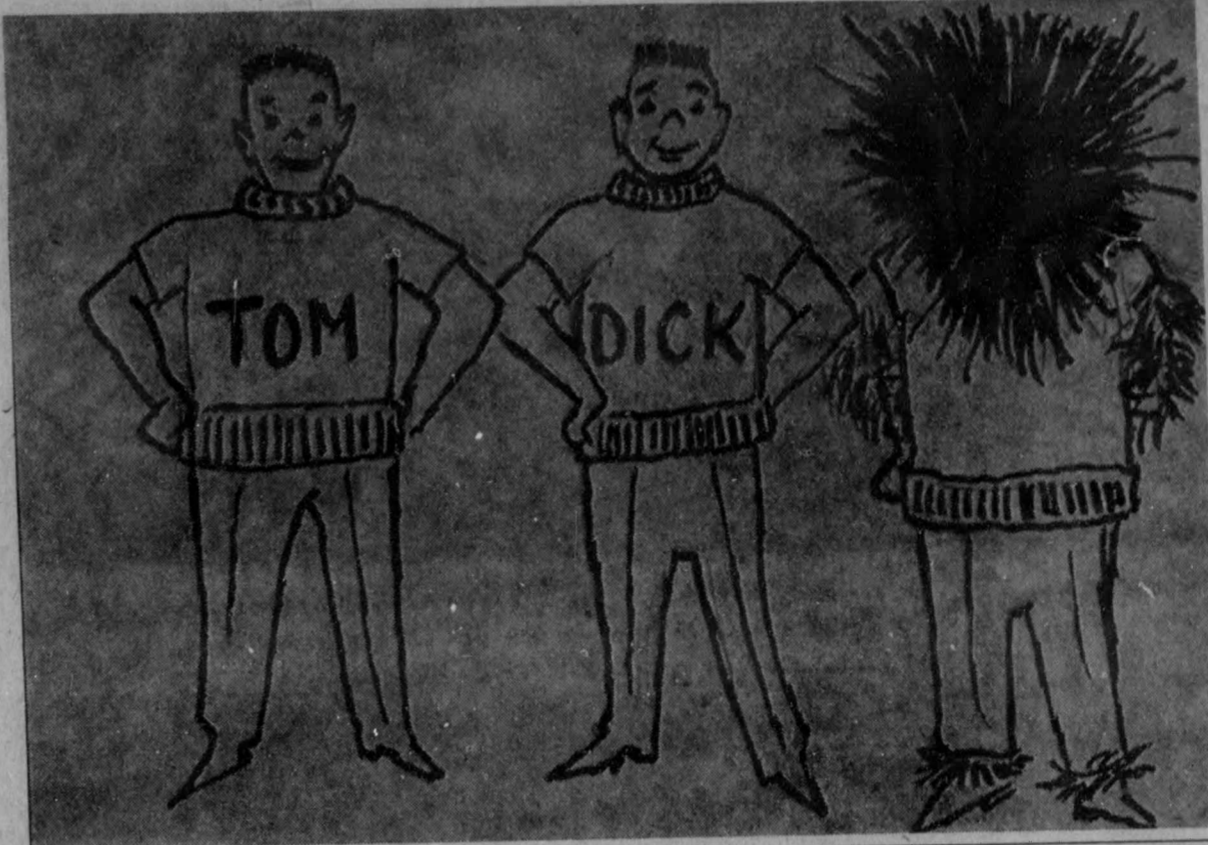
In the midst of this success, film societies and art theatres are facing allied problems. The success of the art theatres is increasing their numbers to the extent where they may soon reach the saturation point. The losses suffered by older theatres since television lowered their saturation point indicate the dangers of this situation. The growing number of art theatres is also diluting the number of really good films available to any one of them. This presents the threat of decline that popularity brings to so many art forms, the mass production of mediocre works to meet popular demand. Film critics have already noticed a trend in this direction among so-called "art films".

For film societies this means the dilemma between growing

popularity and pressure for expanding programs of declining value, or the alternative of a fluctuating membership and program as the output of good films varies from year to year. Both courses have their drawbacks.

The U.N.B. Society may or may not now be facing this dilemma. This year demands for membership is expected to exceed the available number of memberships. The Film Society must decide whether expansion will continue the improvements in program it has experienced in the past or expose it to the dangers of over-extension. In the past the Society's continual growth has enabled it to provide a better program of films each year. It is quite possible that this could continue. On the other hand, further expansion might bring on the pressures of excessive popularity and a lower calibre of program, while stabilization, although allowing a fairly stable calibre of program, could bring the problems of fluctuating popularity.

This year's Film Society program begins this Sunday, Oct. 21, with Ingmar Bergman's recent satire "The Devil's Eyes". The legendary Don Juan is sent from Hell to seduce a young Swedish virgin whose chastity is "a sty in the Devil's eye". Last year the Society had two Bergman offerings, a fantasy and a comedy, which were respectively the best and the worst films on the year's program. "The Devil's Eyes" promises elements of both, so it will be interesting to see where it



## Student Opinion

Stevan D. Karon

What is your opinion of a Student Union Building? Would you be prepared to pay for it?

"In my opinion a Student Union Building would be an excellent plan. It would serve to keep all student affairs in one specific building and would greatly decrease confusion, especially for the freshman. I as a Freshman would be prepared to help pay for it."

J. A. 1st. Phs. Ed. Male.

"The Student Centre is the beginning of a so-called Student Union. In my opinion, if an addition could be somehow added to this building, on top or beside it, this would greatly cut down expenses. I think the campus needs more clubroom and student lounges etc. and most of us would be prepared to pay a nominal fee for this privilege."

S. W. 1st year Arts. Female.

"I agree that in the next few years the existing building for the Students Union will be overcrowded and a new and a bigger place will be needed, but I think

that we should go whole hog and construct a building that will last for a number of years and itself not become too small. I feel that a 10,000 building would surely not fill our needs."

A. C. 1st year Bus. Adm. Male.

"I agree that a more extensive Student Union would be an excellent project. I feel that most of the students would be willing to pay for the privileges and advantages of having clubrooms, offices and lounges all in our building."

S. G. 1st Arts Female

"There are other facilities which are more important to the student body and which must take preference. Even the proposed location of the building does not seem satisfactory when the size is taken into consideration."

3rd year Forestry Male.

"The idea of building a Student's Union is very thoughtful and sooner we are on our move,

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S. R. Bhandary, Arts Post. Grad.

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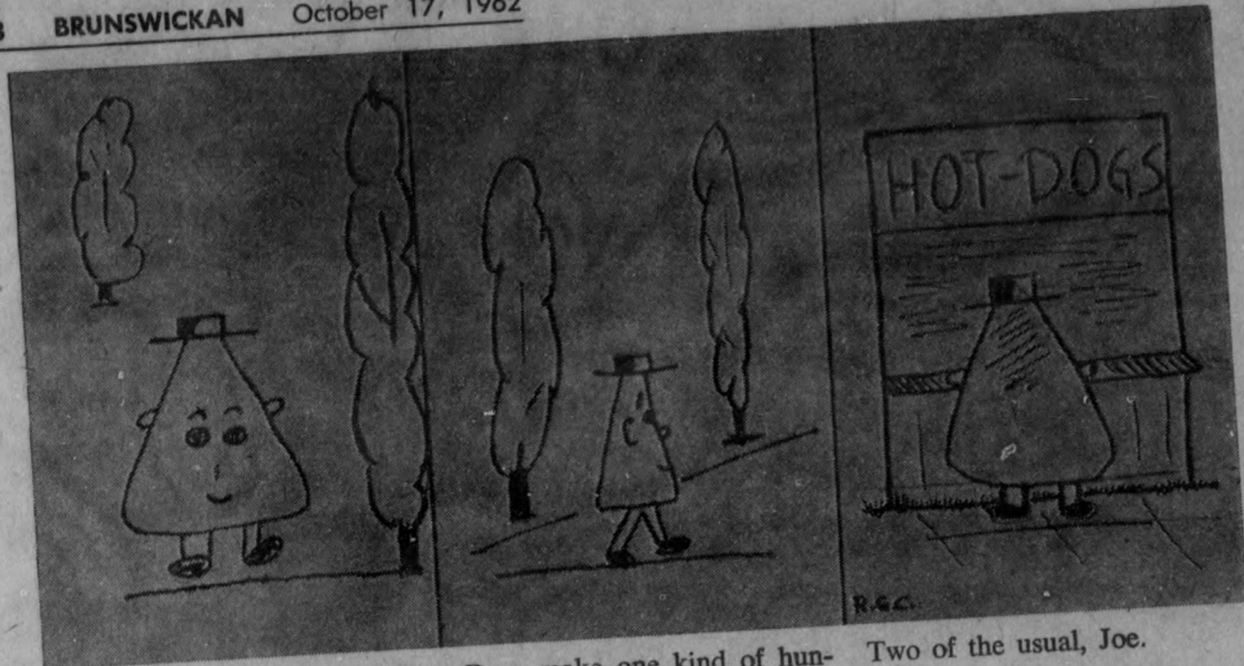
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# THE WONDER THAT IS INDIA

(... Some time ago a boy in India, carrying food for his uncle working in the paddy fields, saw a cobra, a dreaded snake with a fatal sting, barring his way on the narrow foot-path. The boy picked up a small stone that lay nearby and threw it at the cobra. The cobra, hit by the stone, chased the boy who fled in panic and crossed a stream, taking a different route to his uncle's field. But fate seemed to be hard on his heels. A couple of miles away he was confronted by the cobra which had apparently been lying in concealment awaiting his arrival. It stung the boy, and he died within a couple of hours.

It was said that the boy's family was under some curse for generations—his father and grandfather and others had been done to death by a cobra! Even today the Cobra is worshipped, and we find people unwilling to kill it even if it enters the house or remains in the vicinity, a potential death-dealer! It is believed that if it is worshipped and given eggs and milk at regular intervals, it will guard the house against thieves and other dangers.

This is India, but not entirely—it is a curious compound of superstitious faith and scientific knowledge, a happy blending of the Past and the Present. There is now an organized attempt to present to you glimpses of "THE WONDER THAT IS INDIA". So turn to ...

#### UNB INDIA ASSOCIATION by C. B. K. Menon

Last week saw the birth of a brand new Association, perhaps the first of its kind in the annals of UNB. Christened "The UNB India Association", it is conceived in the spirit of a social and cultural organization, seeking in its modest way to present to the UNB world glimpses of "The Wonder that is India". Its aim, as proclaimed in its Constitution, is to foster friendly relations among students of India and other countries and, in general, to further a deeper understanding of India, Yesterday and Today, than exists at present.

Culturally India has a hoary and venerable tradition, which looks back, at a modest estimation, to a distance of about five thousand years. Sanskrit, the language from which a great many European and Asian languages are said to have sprung, found its dwelling-place in India, inspiring most of the Indian languages and dialects (which run into hundreds) Tamil, the language of the South, said to be a Dravidian tongue, found the high water-mark of its growth some two thousand years ago (and it is claimed by some to have flourished four thousand years ago).

Today the Age of Science and Reason has entered India but not engulfed her ancient culture. So that we may see what to the casual observer seems to be a paradox—On the one hand people throng to the portals of Scientific Knowledge, and on the other, to distant centres of religious significance to bathe in holy rivers which are guaranteed to absolve them of all sins committed to date. This is not really

a paradox, but a happy blending of the Spiritual and the Material. This fusion of varying, and sometimes even conflicting strains, this adaptability and plasticity, is one of the richest heritages of Indian culture, and could be understood better when viewed in its historical perspective. Horde after horde of invaders were incessantly knocking at the gates of India—Afghans, Moghuls, Turks, Arabs, Persians—and when they swept over the land they destroyed many things but not the culture, into which, contrarily, the foreign cultures were absorbed.

It is this tolerance, this adaptability, that today makes possible to the extent it has done the forging of a united India, which in its composition has a myriad varying strains. From the Himalayas in the North to Cape Comorin, the tip of the extreme south, we see a vast pageant of variety—in language, dress, eating habits, worship. But the essence of Indian culture runs through them all—a manifestation of unity in diversity.

It shall be the endeavour of "The UNB India Association" to present, through its social and cultural programmes, some aspects of "The Wonder that is India". (Membership is open to all who are interested—on payment of a modest membership fee of \$2.00). But the success of our programme obviously depends on the interest of those whom it is intended to serve, and so may we request you to extend your cooperation. But if you won't, then what can we do—as the sailor said to the damsel?

Continued from page 1  
though I didn't understand a word!" In addition to providing an enjoyable evening the Theatre Universitaire Canadien even succeeded in transcending language barriers and in doing so achieved the author's aim which was simply to produce laughter.

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