

FOR FULL AND DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS ON THE USE OF THIS RULE, SEE COLUMN 4.

Brunswickan

CANADA'S OLDEST OFFICIAL STUDENT PUBLICATION

Seniors take note! Applications are now being accepted for Student Activities Awards by Carol MacPherson and Paul Rennick.
Box by Flag

VOL. 92 NO. 24

FREDERICTON, N.B., FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1960

The Voice of UNB

Features Calypso Trio

NEW STAR FOR CARNIVAL



So you want to borrow a loan, eh? Spring Budget Applicants faced a battery of SRC questioning at the Wednesday evening meeting as the SRC executive; Secretary Jane Trimble, President Ted Boswell, and Vice-Presidents Doug Caldwell and Carol MacPherson acted to check careless spending of the Council surplus. Treasurer Ed Daughney was out checking another organization's books, and thus did not appear in this picture.

SRC APPROVES STUDENT SPENDING

The preliminary SRC Spring Budget meeting approved in principle the spending of some \$12,200 during last Wednesday evening's session. Detailed discussion and final approval will come at the next meeting of the student government.

The Council granted assistance to a joint delegation of campus political parties sending five representatives to the Maritime Collegiate Model Parliament to be held in Halifax. Also granted was a request from the UNB International Affairs Club to send three delegates, yet to be selected by the club, to the Model United Na-

tions slated for Montreal. Delegates from all sections of the United States and Canada will attend these sessions.

Requests by both the Band and the Debating Society for fall expenditures were set aside for consideration by next year's Council. The Council delegated the finance committee to review the policy and values behind the practice of awarding honorariums.

A motion was also passed urging all student organizations to use greater tact and promptness in paying outstanding accounts with Fredericton merchants.

by Dave Fairbairn

Ricki Delamoré, a calypso-popular-folk singer will headline the 1960 UNB Winter Carnival, the "Brunswickan" learned today. Delamoré recently appeared on the Jack Paar Show on the NBC hook-up and was viewed by an estimated 50 million people.

He will be accompanied by Berkley "Peanuts" Taylor, a bongo drummer of world renown, who established his reputation in the Junkanoo Club, Nassau's hottest night spot. To complete the trio, Martin Conliff, who reportedly is the only pianist in the Bahamas who can maintain the tempo of the torrid Mr. Taylor, will also make the journey to Canada.

All three are currently sharing the top billing at the beautiful and exclusive Tropicana-Chez Paul Meere Club. They have been booked at the Tropicana for a record 58 consecutive weeks, and will make a special flight for their three day stand at UNB's 5th anniversary carnival, before they will return for a tentatively scheduled five week run.

Delamoré is recognized to be almost the equal of Harry Belafonte in terms of styling and expression, and native Bahamans concede that he is the logical successor to the "King of Calypso". Delamoré is under contract to RCA Victor Records, and his three newest releases are expected to be released simultaneously in about a month's time. Delamoré's strength lies in the native goombay-calypso type of music, but has extreme versatility in that he can switch to folk or popular music with equal ease. Some of the numbers for which Delamoré is noted are "Island in the Sun", "The Big

Bamboo", "I Believe" as well as a wide assortment of folk songs, only to mention a few.

"Peanuts" Taylor has waxed records for almost every major record company in the United States and is the newest sensation in the southern states. Besides his astounding adaptations on the bongo drums he is a fine singer in his own right. Recently in a popular United States magazine he was called "the Gene Krupa of the bongo drums". Other magazines have said that he is one of the finest goombay bongo drummers in the world.

Martin Conliff, the sometimes neglected member of this entertaining trio, has apparently had no formal piano training. He began his career in the little known British Colonial Club and fought his way, up through Nas-

sau's jungle of night clubs, learning as he went, until the culmination of his career at the Chez Paul Meere 58 weeks ago, propelled him into the spotlight of the Bahama music world. Recently he has picked up the nickname of "the grand daddy of the grand piano" in Nassau entertainment circles.

The trio will arrive in Fredericton by air from Nassau on Tuesday, February 2nd, in time for a scheduled TV appearance. Their initial Carnival appearance will be during the opening night ceremonies on Thursday, February 4th.

None of the girls in the "Sensational Seven Contest" are enrolled in the Engineering Faculty.

The Commonwealth from Down Under

Continuing the trek of persons noted in their fields, who have visited "up the hill" in recent days, is a distinguished lecturer from Australia, Professor H. K. Hunt of the University of Melbourne.

Prof. Hunt's mission is to lecture in Canada on Australian education, literature, and global strategy. Next Monday evening, January 25, he will address an open meeting of the Fredericton

branch of the Canadian Humanities Association on "The Humanities in Australia" at 8.15 p.m. in the Art Centre. Seniors and graduate students are especially invited to attend.

On Tuesday, January 26, Prof. Hunt will address the students of UNB in the Tartan Room of the Student Centre starting at 1.15 p.m. Topic of his address will be "Australia and the British Commonwealth."

Sensational Seven Inches Along

Gentlemen! The Sensational Seven Contest has entered its third day. Already Engineers have laid aside their slide rules and started to pursue other figures, the Foresters no longer have any interest in trees, and Artsmen have stopped discussing ids. Have you taken a guess at the Sensational Seven yet? To aid you in this pursuit, the Brunswickan has today published some twenty inches of rule at the top of the page. If you perchance see a possible candidate for the contest reading a Brunswickan, by all means walk up to her, introduce yourself, borrow her twenty inches of Brunswickan, and with her help in holding the pages together, proceed to check her qualifications. (Forty inches should be plenty). Thus you have found another of the many and varied uses for your Brunswickan, and at the same time met a potential comrade at arms.

Here are the vital statistics:

#1	5' 6"	—125 pounds—36-25-38
#2	5' 4"	—115 pounds—36½-23½-37
#3	5' 7"	—124 pounds—34-24-35
#4	5' 3"	—115 pounds—34-24-34
#5	5' 2½"	—120 pounds—34-25-36½
#6	5' 7½"	—140 pounds—37-25-38
#7	5' 6½"	—140 pounds—38-27-37

Entries may be submitted in Campus Mail on or before February 1, 1960, by addressing to:—

Sensational Seven Contest
c/o HOTBED
The Brunswickan

Rebels Cry 'Stamp Out Starvation'

An unofficial but serious and intent group was organized on the UNB campus during the past week in an attempt to focus attention upon a facet of student life which has caused much discussion and contention amongst undergraduates during the fall term.

Presently known as the league of "The Hungry Young Men of UNB", the group is composed chiefly of residents from Jones House. The organization claims to consist of "a faction of dissented, desperate individuals pledged to alleviate present conditions existing in the dispensing of food at the Student Centre, with a view to calling attention to injustices and malpractices now in operation".

These radicals, with the interest of their stomachs at heart, have initiated a series of weekly Sunday evening suppers for the purpose of gathering, airing any misgivings concerning their plight,

and exchanging a casual bit of humour and knowledge.

These "Hungry Young Men" have prepared a trial case of a typical student at UNB and the hindrances and annoyances which he encounters in an attempt to satisfy the cravings of his stomach at the Student Centre. For the sake of protection they have labeled this student Joe College.

"Joe College is the typical well-mannered, clean-cut UNB male student. To his mind many of the circumstances are not only distressing but provoking. It takes him some fifteen minutes to reach the counter from the end of the line at peak periods of eating. He then has to place his food on a wet tray, choose between stale bread and rolls, select either lamb or veal (the same menu as dinner—a stupendous nutritional achievement in the realm of dietetic management), wait for the staff

to decide whose duty it is to serve him, pick a dessert which has been standing for at least several days, accept a large bite in the form of a discount on any American change he may have in his pocket by the cashier, and then face the task of selecting the least filmed water glass."

This, the "Hungry Young Men" claim, is the plight of the average, undernourished gourmet-type student, a plight similar to hundreds of other UNB students who twice (breakfast is impossible) daily pass through the food lines at the cafeteria. Of course, this group points out, many other students possess other opinions on the matter. Some have given up entirely. This group has, they claim, adopted a cause which it promises to further investigate and make findings known to fellow students in an attempt to improve their situation.

Brunswickan



Established in 1867, The Brunswickan is published Tuesdays and Fridays by and for the students of the University of New Brunswick at Fredericton, N.B. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Students' Representative Council. Subscriptions are available to non-students at \$3.50 a year. Single copies 10 cents. Authorized as second class matter, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Member Canadian University Press

OFFICE: Memorial Student Centre PHONE: GRanite 5-8424
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Letters to the Editor

Sir:
I would like to thank you for the article in The Brunswickan, Tues., Jan. 12 about my crowning as Arts Queen. However, I would like to point out one mistake. I am not, as much as I would like to be, the Canadian Junior Women's Gymnastic champion but the Montreal District Inter-School champion. I know this error was not intentional but I am sure the actual champion would appreciate a correction.

Sincerely,
Penny Watters.

Dave Fairbairn

THE HOTBED



Some unsung heroes:—Randy Marsters of Aitken House who took up the better part of a week in laying out the design for the cover of the Winter Carnival's new programme . . . Alvin Shaw who has recently completed a 15 page report for set designs for Rose Marie which Producer Scarfe has termed as "invaluable". As well designs done in minute detail and scaled down models of all the sets to be used . . . Johnny Coolen who works behind the scenes for many university events and does amazing things with sound reproduction . . . Moosehead Breweries who are always willing and ready to give assistance to all college projects, but who can receive no public acknowledgement because of N.B.'s idiotic laws on liquor advertising . . . Arthur Trythall who will come 8 miles into Fredericton during a very bad snow storm because he "didn't want to let the cast of Rose Marie down". And hundreds more.

Some unsung bums: . . . the conceited chowderheads at the Maggie Jean who call themselves women, and who refused to wait more than 5 minutes for yearbook photographers assigned to take their picture for the yearbook, but who were unavoidably delayed 5 minutes due to traffic conditions (suggested remedy—leave them out of the book: they don't do much to improve the thing anyway) . . . members of the Winter Carnival Committee who refuse to release who their entertainers will be although they have known for almost two weeks . . . drivers who are very willing to ask the assistance of passersby when they are stuck, and who drive away without offering a lift . . . people who insist on butting cigarettes in cups and glasses in the cafeteria. Possibly the people that complain the loudest about dirty glasses are the ones butting the most smokes. Apparently it is nearly impossible to clean the ashes off large quantities of glasses . . . people who walk in the centre of the road and who look annoyed when a car horn toots (remedy—one short blast, then plaster smart guy all over the grill). And millions more.

An unpublicized sick joke . . . seems like a poor fellow was walking down the main street of Fredericton, the city of stately icicles, when—BOOM—one of the stately icicles nailed him. Makes great material for sick comics like Lennie Bruce, but funnier things have happened. Perhaps the "stately elm" committee that authorized the chopping of Fredericton trees, could reform and do some icicle cutting. Perhaps the next guy that gets iced won't have a hard head.

Canada's Longest

Giant Sculpture Carnival Feature

A 200 foot-long sculpture in ings. Mr. Ainsworth says he ice will decorate the terrace in hopes that the other residences will follow the lead of the Lady front of the Arts building and will be one of the high-lights of the campus decorations for some windows to make up various patterns on the fronts of the buildings.

The Chairman of the committee has already allotted an estimated 750 work hours for the total decorating operation and expects his committee will be working day and night for the six days prior to the Carnival opening on Thursday, February 4th.

Part of the decorating scheme will consist of the erecting of (Continued on page 3)

campus calendar

by MARYANNE MOFFATT

For listings in the Brunswickan of coming events contact the Campus Co-ordinator at GR 5-9091. Deadline for Tuesday issue is 6 pm previous Thursday and for Friday issue, 6 pm Tuesday.

Friday:

ART CLASS: Art Centre, 7.30-9.30 pm.

BASKETBALL: Varsity, UNB at SDU.

Saturday:

ENGINEERS' WASSAIL: Kent Inn, 6.30 pm.

ARCHERY CLUB: General Meeting, Trophy Room, Gym, 2 pm. Inter-faculty competition begins; All faculties welcome.

HOCKEY: UNB at SDU.

BASKETBALL: Varsity, UNB at Mount A.

DANCE: Student Centre, 9 pm.

Sunday:

CURLING: Fredericton Curling Club, 4.30 pm.

CANTERBURY CLUB: Cathedral Hall, 8.15 pm.

FILM SOCIETY: "Louisiana Story", Chemistry Building, 8.30 pm.

Monday:

CHESS CLUB: Oak Room, Student Centre, 7.30 pm.

ENGINEERING MEETING: Guest speaker, Dr. Bull, Rocket and Missile Expert, Chemistry Building, 8 pm; Everyone welcome.

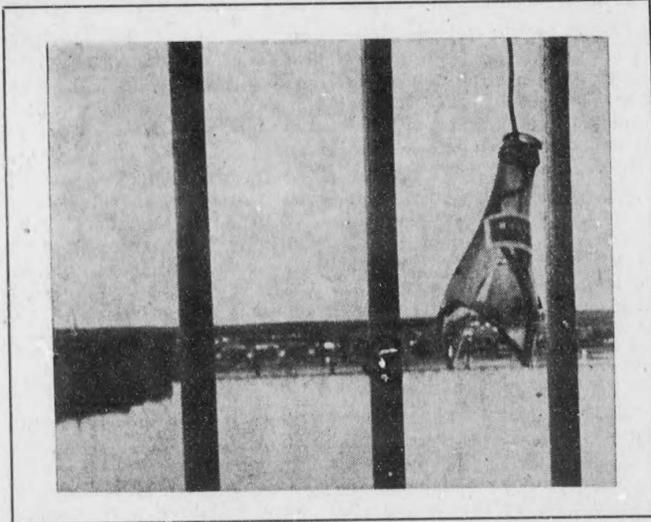
INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS CLUB: Tartan Room, Student Centre, 7 pm.

CLUE: Girl #1 Phone 5-9002.

Woodlot Legend

Nestled as it is in the quiet St. John River valley, the University of New Brunswick lies in an area steeped in many legends and traditions. We uncovered this one while prowling through the library stacks recently.

The legend concerns an elderly Indian lady whose name was Chikachedowa and who lived alone in the general area of what is today the Corbett Dam in the woodlot on the edge of the university campus. Chikachedowa was seldom seen on the village streets, preferring to remain in her log cabin, seated in front of the open fireplace, spending hours on end practising on her home-made flute. Several books dealing with the early history of Fredericton recount that "no true music ever came from the flute of Chikachedowa, the only sound emitted being long mournful calls, perhaps to her long-dead chief".



On the afternoon of February 29, 1760, there came to the village a young trapper named Rube Corwell, who is described in J. Fraser Colworth's book, *New Brunswick and its Indians*, as being "Nordic, vigorous, and the possessor of the eyes of all the village maidens when he made his way through it". He enquired of Chikachedowa and then set out to find her dwelling, reaching her log cabin abode, so the accounts go, "just as the leap year sun was casting its last shadows on the iced St. John".

A few days later the body of Chikachedowa was found lying in the snow near her cabin, her hand clutched about the reed flute. Rube Corwell had disappeared never to be seen or heard tell of again.

Here the accounts grow rather varied and hazy but Dr. Holworth's book, which seems the most reliable, has it that on the two successive leap years following the first crime, inmates of the village jail were driven to suicide by slashing their throats with a broken bottle on the night of February 29, apparently unable to stand the shallow calls of "a crazed instrument" which sounded throughout the village of that night—apparently the flute of Chikachedowa seeking revenge for its owner's murder.

This February 29 marks 200 years since the crime in the woodlot. To this day the mystery of Chikachedowa remains unsolved, as does the true identity of Rube Corwell.

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INVESTMENT CLUB WAVE HITS CAMPUS

Have you overheard someone saying Purdex went up a couple yesterday? That a bull market lies ahead? If you hear expressions like these around the campus you're not hearing some new form of "beat" language, you're hearing a serious conversation by members of one of the new investment clubs that have made their appearance on the UNB campus.

These investors are so keen that they will forego even ultimate pleasures (such as eating in the Student Centre or attending Math lectures) for the thrill of getting the latest "quotes" on their stocks.

The basic purpose of all investment clubs on the campus is to instill in their members a working knowledge of the stock markets and investment procedures. Any profits made in the trading of stocks will be gratefully accepted, of course, but this function is secondary.

At the present time there are four investment clubs on the Campus: *Aitken Investments*, *Co-ed Investments*, *Students' Securities Club*, and *University Investment Syndicate*. These four groups represent a cross-section of the student body.

The basic principle behind all four groups is this: Students become members by paying a membership fee, which goes into the club treasury. This treasury is used to buy stocks. As the market value of the stocks increases, the value of each membership increases in proportion. In other words, as the value of the club's property in stock (Assets) increases, the value of membership goes up too.

In these clubs, profits made from the sale of the club's stock is re-invested, thus building up the owners' equity, or total values of all memberships.

Since the members of these clubs lose contact during the summer months, the clubs are inactive during this period. Some

clubs intend to sell all their holdings at the end of the term and divide the profits; others intend to hold onto their stocks and let them build up in value through the summer.

Aitken Investments has its membership limited to 25 of the residents of Aitken House. These members each pay \$20 upon joining, and no member may invest in more than one "share" (or 20 units) of the club. This group, of which Derek Oland is President, meets regularly in Aitken House. Its investments are concentrated in three mining stocks. (Mining stocks are favoured by all clubs since they fluctuate widely in value and are available at low prices. These stocks are often referred to as "penny stocks" if they sell for

under \$1 per share.)

Co-ed Investments, under President Marilyn Wiley, is open to female UNB students. Membership costs a minimum of \$20, but if members wish to invest more they share proportionately in the profits. Membership is currently limited to 15 and numbers 10 at present. Assets of this organization consist of three mining stocks at the present time. Meetings are held weekly; Mondays at 6 in the Maggie Jean.

The Students' Securities Club has 12 members at present and there is no limit on membership according to club chairman Arthur T. Doyle. This club is unique in that its membership is divided into \$1 units, with each unit bearing the same privileges as a share in a corporation. A

member may buy as many shares as he desires, with one vote accompanying each share. By this method those students who may not be able to invest \$20 still have a chance to take part. This club also specializes in mining stocks, but may diversify into oils.

The University Investment Syndicate, presided over by Ed Daughney, is a revival of a club which flourished on the campus from 1951 to 1956. Present membership is 18, but there is no limit on the number of members. It has three mining stocks at present. While memberships originally went for \$20 each, the club's success "on the market" has driven the value up to \$21.75. This club meets Wednesdays at 1.30.

All four clubs look toward a bright future, and who knows? Maybe UNB has the basis for becoming the financial centre of the Maritimes!

GIANT SCULPTURE

(Continued from page 2)

giant "Bonne Hommes" in front of the McLaren Gates at the entrance of our campus.

The decorating committee consists of Roddy Ainsworth, Pete McNutt, Don Bryant, and Jimmy Jardine. Anybody wishing to assist in the campus decorations is asked to call Rod Ainsworth at 5-5571.

CLUE: Girl #2—should this girl be a queen in this year's Carnival, she would probably have her talent listed as reading.

Careers with Shell for 1960 Grads



Interviews January 28 and 29

Graduating this term? Then like thousands of fellow graduates across Canada, you're on the threshold of a budding career. Before you decide on that all-important first position, have a talk with Shell. In the departments listed, the following types of grads are required:

MANUFACTURING—Chemical and mechanical engineers, and chemists.

MARKETING (Sales and Operations)—Chemical, mechanical and civil engineers. Non-technical graduates if bi-lingual.

For interviews, further details and a complimentary copy of the booklet "Opportunity with Shell in Canada" please contact your Placement Office.



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Survival Course

The Men of Aitken, constantly moving in expansion of their field of endeavours, will initiate a new course in the art of survival in the wilderness this Saturday, when they move out to the UNB woodlot for the first phase of their winter training program.

Issuing a call to all "fireside campers", chief camper Yvon Loisel has advised all participants to take note of the following suggestions as put forth in his latest pamphlet on "outdoor activities"—Pamphlet XG-197 to the well informed:

1. Leave your squaw at home. An old Indian blanket will serve the same purpose.

2. Wear warm clothing but beware of binding jackets as they impair the circulation of the blood—and all that may be contained therein.

3. Never mind the trail-blazing bit. It's for squares who think the woods is just a place to go hunting in.

The course will run from 6.45 until 8.45 Saturday evening. Following, there is the Aitken House—LBR hockey clash at the Lady Beaverbrook Rink.

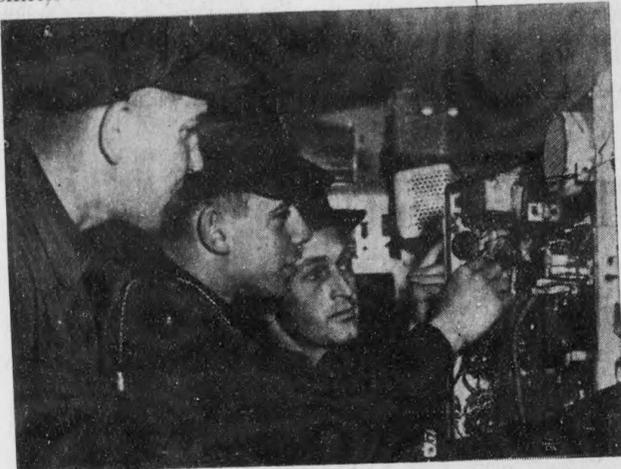
Uh, Tally-ho! . . . uh, Ski heil! . . . uh, Fore! . . . uh, uh, well just come, "Men".

The Army On The Campus

Travel, Money, Career, Among Opportunities Offered by COTC plan

A trip to Europe. A summer vacation. Money. What a combination! Who wouldn't like to have all three. And it's not impossible to get them either! Each year a select number of C.O.T.C. candidates take training in Europe, get paid, and play the role of tourists.

It was on November 15, 1915, that 62 officer cadets (including Dr. Miles Gibson, Dean of Forestry) became the first members of UNB's contingent of the Canadian Officers Training Corps. Since its establishment the contingent has trained about 2,000 officers for the Canadian Army.



Shown here are three cadets receiving some practical electronics training. The practical phase of the COTC work is undertaken at the summer camps which the officer-cadets attend.

Included in this group have been many distinguished soldiers, such as Brig. Milton F. Gregg, V.C., M.C., and Bar, A.D.C., former Minister of Veteran's Affairs, President of UNB, and now Honorary Colonel of the contingent.

World War I claimed 32 men from the contingent, and World War II, 15. A number of our officers served in the Korean Campaign, UNB men have been awarded many decorations and have fought and died in many world-famous battles (including Ypres, the Somme, Vimy Ridge, and the Normandy invasion).

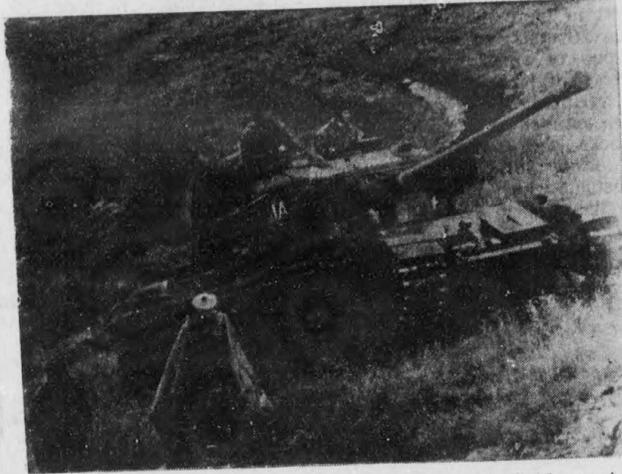
At the present time forty officer cadets and officers train weekly on the campus. The programme includes atomic and conventional tactics, military law, history, organization and administration, civil defence, as well as training films.

The contingent's members represent several corps of the Army. These include: the Royal Canadian Armoured Corps, the Royal Canadian Artillery, The Royal Canadian Engineers, the Royal Canadian Signal Corps, the Royal Canadian Infantry Corps, the

Royal Canadian Army Service Corps, and the Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

Training is divided into two parts; the theoretical at the university, and the practical part at summer camp. The camps attended by the cadets and officers include Gagetown, N.B., Borden, Ont., Kingston, Ont., Shilo, Man., and Chilliwack, B.C.

After graduating, the cadet may go into the Regular Army, or the Militia as an officer.

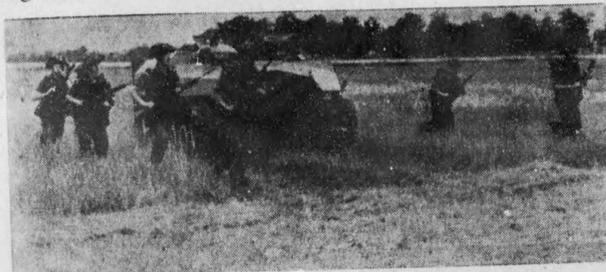


Not going duck hunting, but rather engaged in field exercises involving a Centurian tank, are these three cadets. Training camps are at Gagetown, N.B., Borden, Ont., Kingston, Ont., Shilo, Man., and Chilliwack, B.C.

A cadet can earn about \$900 per year. Once he is in the army, he can find benefits which are extremely difficult to find anywhere else. For instance, he gets allowances for his own room and board if he is not living in an officers' mess, marriage and children allowances, clothing allowances, a generous pension plan, and free medical and dental services.

Besides financial benefits, an officer in the army gains priceless experience in leadership and man-management. Then, of course, there is the tremendous prestige which goes with being a commissioned officer wearing the "Queen's uniform". The officer's life is full of colourful social functions, from mess dinners to grand balls.

During the university year, the contingent holds at least one smoker, a series of rifle competitions, a mess dinner, a visit to Camp Gagetown and its mess, and the annual Tri-Service Ball.



Infantry men on exercises with the mobile "home"—the new "Bobcat" Armoured Personnel Carrier.

The practical first phase training is common to all corps. Let me speak of the training which is received at the Royal Canadian School of Infantry at Camp Borden, as I know it best of all. The first few weeks are spent in learning basic parade square drill (about 45 minutes per day), rifle shooting with the new automatic 7.62 mm. F.N. rifle, map-using, calisthenics, leadership, and use of the two-way radio. Then, comes a four night cross-country hike in the mountains. Each cadet is supplied with rations, map, compass, machets, and twenty feet of rope. He goes with a group of three others and one officer or N.C.O. who observes how well each candidate performs. Each cadet has a chance to lead the group, applying his recently acquired knowledge of compass-using.

☆☆☆

by

Andy

Côté

Then, it's back to camp again, where further knowledge is acquired about weapons, such as the rocket-launcher (commonly known as the "bazooka"), the hand-grenade, the sub-machine gun and the automatic pistol. Around the middle of the summer the candidate qualifies in the firing of all these weapons. Of course, all is not pleasant, as there are two or three forced marches of five or six miles.

The last two weeks of the course is spent in field training. Here, the cadet learns more about target detection, field-craft and patrol — leading against the "enemy". Mingled throughout the training is a wholesome program of sports and social functions.

The second summer of practical training is usually more interesting in that the cadet puts to use all the knowledge of his first phase, plus a little more advanced knowledge. For instance, the Armoured Corps cadets start driving tanks and the engineers begin fundamental bridge-building and demolition.

The proudest moment of all comes at the end of the second summer when the cadet is awarded the Queen's Commission.

The Canadian Officers' Training Corps and the Regular Officers' Training Plan (which pays for all tuition, books, room and board) are open to all male students who meet the Army's entrance standards. You might want to speak to our CO Major D. R. Galloway of the Dept. of English, or Maj. W. J. Reddin, proctor of Aitken House, if COTC/ROTP interests you.

CLUE: Girl #7; often seen in Student Centre.

John Drew writes:

out of class

Beginning a series of interviews with profs conducted by Brunswickan reporter, John Drew.

I caught him between classes in the Arts building office which has been his since President Truman left it. The man who brought Irving Layton to the campus said: "I'm not a very controversial person, I guess". For although the head of the English department is pink in his politics, a strong puritanism prevents his moving to extremes in his opinions.

As faculty advisor to the Brunswickan, he praised the Tuesday editorial for its attack on the "country club" attitude to university life, which he felt the features pages has exaggerated during the year. He approved of *Hotbed* (other than when individuals were involved) and the Winter Carnival—not surprisingly, for both had their beginnings in his creative writing course.

In common with many of the profs he agrees that if UNB is to attain wide recognition and yet keep its provincial character, the various departments must concentrate on depth rather than

breadth. If a degree were to be given for all professions, a university would have lost its purpose of scholarship.

Dr. Pacey dislikes the unpleasant clustering of the buildings being constructed at UNB at present. Of all campus needs he would best like to see a central union building, where bull sessions could be formalized in debates. But if a choice came, he would prefer more books to more buildings.

At the mention of a parade of campus queens in swimsuits, he hedged. To reject the idea might disillusion his creative writing students. But he claimed it might lead to embarrassing wolf-whistles. All campus activities were fine as long as they did not affect attendance at classes. At that I excused myself on the grounds I was twenty minutes late for class.

Twenty minutes late. Super prof. glared. Then prof. grinned. Perhaps that is the paradox of Pacey.

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- ALL SPORTS EQUIPMENT -



Irving Layton

☆ ☆ ☆



versus

Dave Fairbairn

☆ ☆ ☆



Controversial Poet
IRVING LAYTON
interviewed
by Brunswick's
Controversial
Columnist
Dave Fairbairn

I lit his cigarette. He looked at the flame. "I still have scars right here," he said pointing to his chest. "When I was four, I wondered at the miracle of flame. So I set my night-gown on fire. I was badly burned. I still have the scars—right here", he said, pointing to his chest again.

These are the physical scars, a result of the Layton curiosity, the Layton daring, the Layton wonderment. What about the other scars—the ones inside—that are not really scars at all, but wounds, open and bleeding and festering? "The biggest one is the wasting of man's potentialities—the fact that man is higher than the animal but does not think above the animal. Man is not free. Man is a conformist. Man scorns individuality. All the potential creativeness of man is wasted because he does not adopt ideas based on experience."

"Surely", I questioned, "people who have been broadened by a college education think for themselves." The amused, almost sad expression on his face, spoke volumes and was the only indication of the raucous laughter that I knew was inside him. "Our beautiful, pathetic, university system. Professors from another country, England for instance, come over and cram the snobbish ideas of their old culture into young, growing minds. This is the injection of inertia into the veins of the young. Real professors should make students leave the class in a fury—angry young people—they will want to do something—anything—dig a ditch—make violent love—think—experience—create. This is not so in Canada. Professors pass on standard, conforming, lifeless ideas. They are germ carriers in the midst of a new generation—a healthy growing generation".

"Many of your poems deal with sex . . .", I began, and before I could finish . . . "Sex is the most intimate dialogue between two people. With it there is emotion. Our society regards it as carnal. And by this attitude our society turns out nothing but boors and whores. Why hide sex in a dirty closet? Bring sex out in the open as a beautiful wonderful experience—a creative experience. In our stupid, stinking moralistic society here in Canada it is considered dirty. Sex is our only real answer to death. Sex is a symbol of life, of the living, of creation. And of the erection is a most potent symbol of life. People are afraid—confused—and can't distinguish between the sex of a brothel and the idea of something wonderful between two people. Sex is the most intimate dialogue between two people", he repeated. "This is creation—this is lasting. Before man dies, if he has created, it makes even death seem beautiful. Sex is our only answer to death."

"But", I asked, "Doesn't our religion have certain rules to guide sexual behavior?" "If you can call religion a belief in a church that crams its ideas down the throats of the public, perhaps there are rules. Religion is an attitude—not a belief—it is an active verb, not a dead substance. True religion is personal and adventurous. It is an attitude of wonderment, of amazement, at the miracles of life—the falling of a snowflake, the growing of a tree. And man should be amazed. The awareness of these miracles is a religion. The awareness of sex and love is a miracle—the doctrines of the church. He lives for security—he lives by clearly defined rules. He doesn't think. His own awareness of the miracle is gone. There is no amazement left. Organized religion stifles curiosity, gives answers and explanations—this is its real error, its blasphemy. This is obscene. It is unclean. It is unhealthy. It stifles man. It prohibits creativity. It robs man of the fulfillment of his potentialities".

And what do I think of this fellow Layton? Is he the bawdy balladier? Is he the pornographer? Is he belligerent? Is he an isolate of our society?

This fellow Layton. He doesn't believe in pornography. "It exists only in the mind of the reader", he says. So that is up to the reader to decide. He is belligerent because he is frustrated with the incapability of man to rise above the level of animal—belligerent towards the mass conformity of society—belligerent, yes, and he writes with a chip on his shoulder because the thoughts, the ideas, and the action of man is hidden behind the veneer of the social face. To him, this is disgusting and revolting. An isolate?—he is living in a society, he adds to it, rejuvenates tired minds. Possibly he is helping to revamp a worthless society.

The most striking impression that one gets of this man is an awareness of his extreme sensitivity. He is sensitive to nature, to beauty, to his fellows. Not the "bawdy balladier" at all—the balladier of beauty. We feel a bit sorry because we can see what he is trying to do—in a single-handed fight against a cold society that won't give his ideas a chance—because it is afraid to think. He hasn't become discouraged, he hasn't quit. This, is itself, a testimony to an iron will, a resolute character, and a stout heart.

As he hunched his shoulders and walked into the swirling New Brunswick snow, I watched. I thought of the scars that he has carried since the age of four—scars perhaps signifying the struggle, the fight, the battle against conformity, against fear of man, against society. I thought about what he had had to say about people, about society, about waste and confusion.

I think I know what he was thinking. I joined him and said aloud . . . Good luck my angry friend . . . and as an afterthought . . . to hell with the world.

BOO!

. CLUE: unscramble following into two words—selyeeub: Girl #4.



by KEN PLOURDE and GERARD COURTIN

Are there too many people around you? Are you standing in too many queues and being jostled around too often on crowded sidewalks? Do you find it difficult to find a boarding house or a seat in a doctor's office which is crowded with beaming mothers-to-be? If these things frustrate you, then you are liable to be caught up in the wave of excitement which is currently flooding the press concerning the overpopulation of our world.

To many people, such as the manufacturers of maternity clothes and baby necessities, the population boom is a hayday, while to others, such as hospital and school officials, it is a real problem. To most Canadians, however, overpopulation is the least of their worries. The lighthouse keeper on Sable Island or the fire tower man on some remote Rocky Mountain summit probably never gave it a thought. Mariners are even elated at the idea of the proximity of other humans when they see some dingy tramp steamer on the horizon. Any timber cruiser will certainly agree that certain parts of Canada have a decided shortage of people—especially women!

When a fire tower man in Newfoundland met a party bringing supplies, his dog fled across the bog. The dog, upon seeing his first humans besides his master, whom he probably thought was a dog too, was indeed alarmed about the population increase.

There are many others in North America besides this dog who are alarmed at the increase in the world's population. Perhaps it isn't the total population that bothers them so much as the fact that other races are increasing at a greater rate than theirs!

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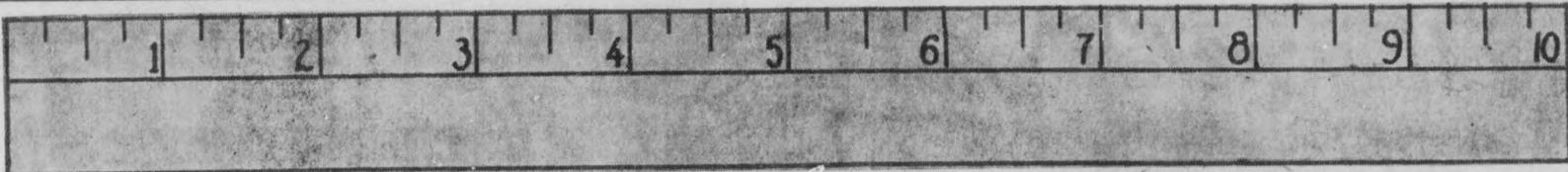
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Saints, Hawks To Entertain Devils, Raiders

The Red Raiders and the Red Devils journey to two rival colleges this week-end in their first home games of the intercollegiate schedules. The Raiders will meet both Mt. A. and St. Dunstan's while the Devils will be entertained by only St. Dunstan's University.

Friday evening the Raiders will be in Charlottetown and Saturday afternoon in Sackville. Last week-end the Mt. A. Hawks gained victory in their first intercollegiate game by edging St. Dunstan's of Charlottetown 54-53.

Last season the Red Raiders lost the N.B.-P.E.I. Intercollegiate Championship when they lost a home and home series to their arch rivals from Mt. A. by one point. The Raiders won at home by 14 points but dropped the return game in Sackville as Herb Mays netted a record 48 points.

The Devils meet the St. Dunstan's Saints Saturday evening in the island capital. In previous intercollegiate games to date Mt. A. trounced St. Dunstan's 5-2, after losing the previous week-end to the St. Thomas Tommies of Chatham 10-7. Coach Pete Kelly of the Red and Black squad released at press time his players for this first intercollegiate fixture. Goal: Porter, Jones; Defense: MacGillivray, Soward, Parent, Haines, Tweedy, Forwards: Andrea, Oke, Cloutier, Girard, McLellan, Morrow, Clark, Feeney, Bolitho and Jarrett.

Playing at home this evening the Red Bloomers meet the strong Saint John Rotarian squad at eight o'clock. In the preliminary game slated for 6:30 the girls' junior varsity team go against Teachers' College.

INTRAMURAL HOCKEY SCHEDULE

RED DIVISION

Sunday, January 24th

1.30	Int. Engineers	vs	Foresters 45's
2.30	Frosh Engineers	vs	Foresters 23's
3.30	Science	vs	Sr. Mechanicals
4.30	Senior Civils	vs	Civils 34's

BLACK DIVISION

Monday, January 25th

8.00	Jr. Civils	vs	Frosh Foresters
9.00	Fresh Engineers	vs	Geology E-34's
10.00	Soph. Engineers	vs	Frosh Bus. Admin.

CLUE: Girl #2; not from New Brunswick.

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INTRAMURAL NEWS

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INTRAMURAL HOCKEY STANDINGS

RED DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pts.
*Int. Engineers	4	0	1	0
Foresters 45	4	0	0	8
Physical Education	2	0	2	6
Senior Mechanicals	2	1	2	6
Senior Civils	1	1	2	4
Foresters 23's	1	3	1	3
Science	1	3	0	2
*Frosh Engineers E12	0	3	1	1
Civils 34's	0	4	1	1
*Default				

BLACK DIVISION

Faculty—Grads	5	0	0	10
Arts	4	0	0	8

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pts.
*Junior Engineers	3	1	0	6
Frosh Engineers E34	2	2	0	4
Soph. Engineers	2	2	0	4
*Business Admin. Frosh	1	3	0	2
*Business Admin. 234's	1	4	0	2
Forestry Frosh	1	4	0	2
*Geology	1	4	0	2
*Default				

INTRAMURAL CURLING SCHEDULE

Saturday, January 23rd

5:30	Faculty	vs	Engineers (Blight)
	Nurses	vs	Foresters (Bednarski)
	Foresters (Buchner)	vs	Engineers (Foster)



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