



## MT. A. ABSTAINS FROM LECTURES

On Thursday, students at Mt. A. boycotted classes to back their demands that the university administration let them "co-operate in the administration of student affairs". About 95% of the 1200 students took part in the boycott. The incident took place after the administration sent bills to students which included increased fees ranging from \$16 to \$41 per student. The students had not been previously notified of the increase.

Miss Christy Beer—SRC spokesman, said students felt that there was an over-all lack of co-operation with students on the part of the administration and the fact that the extra fees were levied without notice was an example of this lack of co-operation. The Students' Representative Council could not "go to the administration with student problems and plans for student activities and receive consideration of their plans within a reasonable time."

The boycott followed a three-day series of meetings of the Students' Representative Council and a referendum of the student body. A spokesman said prior to the boycott that there would be no official picketing but a number of men residents picketed independently carrying placards saying "Mount Allison University—the Friendly Finance Company—\$45 Down and as Much as we want Later", "No taxes Without Representation" and "This is a Non-Profit Organization?", "Administration Says Give the United Way."

The students returned to classes on Thursday. Miss Beers said she felt the students had accomplished their purpose to bring the situation to the attention of the board of regents.

## McLean speaks to SRC

Last Wednesday evening, Walter F. McLean, national president of the National Federation of Canadian University Students (NFCUS) spoke to the SRC and a gathering of students in the Tartan Room of the Students Centre.

Mr. McLean spoke on the importance of NFCUS to the university students across Canada and to the universities themselves. He stressed the fact that the majority of the student body on any campus are unaware of the significance of NFCUS.

He described the students as shareholders in the organization, for it is the students who keep it going and for whose benefit it exists. He referred to a booklet entitled "Progress and Canadian Student Unity" which has been placed in various buildings on campus in order to supply the student with information on NFCUS. He urged all students to obtain a copy so as to become familiar with the benefits of the federation in both the financial and educational aspects of university life.

## EUROPE . . . REALISTICALLY

Bicycle throughout the Black Forest of Germany and down the Swiss Alps . . . Climb Mount Olympus in Greece . . . Relax on the French Riviera . . . Take a boat trip through the Mediterranean . . .

George Butterfield discusses an economical way for all students to enjoy a summer vacation in Europe on Thursday evening, Dec. 14, at 7 pm in the Maggie Jean Chestnut Residence. A recent graduate of the University of Toronto, Mr. Butterfield has been travelling in Europe for over a period of five years, and has spent the past year visiting various colleges in the United States and Canada, speaking on students' tours to Europe. His half-hour talk on Thursday night will be accompanied by the showing of slides he has taken on his trips.

The student tours provide not only an enjoyable summer vacation but a first hand chance of seeing all aspects of life in Europe—an education in itself.

Mr. Butterfield's talk is open for all to attend and everyone will have the opportunity to gain information on both private or guided travel in Europe.

Mr. McLean stated that very often the common feeling on a campus is the NFCUS should be abolished, but that this opinion is only held because students are unaware of the benefits which they derive from the federation.

## DRAMA SOCIETY TO CAST PLAY

William Saroyan's *The Cave Dwellers* has been chosen as the spring production of the UNB Drama Society, it was announced recently. The production is the society's principle effort of the season and will represent UNB in the Regional Drama Festival. Readings for the play will take place in the drama workshop in the basement of Mem Hall on Wednesday, Dec. 13 at 7 p. m. and all interested students are urged to try out. Another Saroyan work, *Hello Out There*, a one-act play, is being produced by the society in January.



A large crowd attended the Maggie Jean Christmas party.

## UN Seminar A Success

The first annual convention of the Student United Nations Association of Canada (SUNAC) was attended last week in Ottawa by two UNB students, Ed Bell and Bob Thompson, representing the UNB International Affairs Club. Representatives from almost all other Canadian universities and some American universities took part in the scheduled study groups and social activities.

Highlights of the conference included addresses by both the Russian and the American Ambassadors to Canada, as well as by Canada's own Howard Green, Secretary of State for External Affairs. The topic of the Seminar, and of the addresses, was "United Nations Today — Success or Failure". Russian Ambassador Aroutunian stressed the fact that the UN has never been headed by a person from the Soviet bloc, and was thus not representative to the point of being useful. American Ambassador Livingston Merchant stressed the fact that the Americans pay one quarter of the cost of running the UN, which is fourteen times more than the USSR pays, and that the U.S. has never once used its veto power in the Security Council. All speakers stressed the growing power of the rising African nations. Judge Read of the World Court and Prof. Maxwell Cohen of McGill made the point that, in judging the success of the UN, it must be remembered that it is not intended to be a world government.

Other events included a conducted tour of the Capital, and receptions at five of the Embassies. Plenary sessions were held on the campuses of the University of Ottawa and Carleton University, while the delegates were all housed in the Beacon Arms Hotel.

## UNB STUDENT

### To Head Conference

A graduate student in economics from St. Lucia, West Indies, has been named chairman of the annual Eastern Regional Conference of Newman Clubs to be convened at the University of New Brunswick on the weekend of January 27, 1962.

The student is Patrick Sylvester, who is presently completing his research assignment on "Federal Aid to The Atlantic Provinces of Canada".

"Pat" will bring to the conference a wealth of experience which he has acquired at numerous conferences he attended while an undergraduate at St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, and also at the University of New Brunswick.

In addition to working on his thesis, "Pat" is presently on a six month assignment as a special assistant to the economic adviser of the Government of New Brunswick.

## BOMBERS CHOOSE 1962 TEAM CAPTAINS

The 1962 Red Bombers Football Team met this Monday evening in order to choose the team captains for next year's squad. Each team member cast a ballot and two players were elected.

**Dick Scott**, a third-year Business student, and **Richard Clark**, a third-year Civil Engineer, were almost unanimous choices.

**Scott**, a defensive tackle for the first part of the season, was used in the offensive tackle slot

during the latter half of the schedule, and proved to be a stalwart in both positions. He is 6' 2", 210 lbs.

**Clark**, 5' 9", 170 lbs., is a specialist at the defensive half-back position, also seen some action in the offensive back-field.

Coach **Don Nelson** informed the players of several anticipated changes in next year's pre-season set-up, including an additional week at football camp, and team-meals at one of the dining halls.

## BEAVERS DROWN BANGOR 72-14

by Steve Holmes

Saturday afternoon the UNB Beavers exceeded previous expectations defeating the Bangor "Y" swim team 72-14. An all-out team effort produced six new pool records, four bettering previously known Maritime records.

The meet started with the 160 yard Medley Relay team setting a pool record of 1:28:3. This race never has been swum in the Maritimes before, as Collegiate meets swim a 400 yard race. Gil Leach, Noel Villard, Don Sawyer and Bill Warner were the participants swimming 40 yards apiece of backstroke, breaststroke, butterfly and freestyle respectively. These four defeated the Bangor relay team by more than one half a pool length.

**Chris Robb**, paced by Charlie Sullivan in the 200 yard freestyle, maintained the pattern of breaking records, as he swam two seconds faster than his previous pool record with a time of 2:03:4. This is a new Maritime record for the distance and compares very favourably with times received from Upper Canadian Colleges.

Bangor picked up their only first place in the 40 yard freestyle. This was the closest race of the meet with Bruce McDonald and Dave Sullivan losing by only one-tenth of a second.

**Preston Thom** broke 10 seconds off his own existing time for the 160 yard Individual Medley race. Preston was pushed in the first 100 yards by Leach who also broke the previous record. Preston's time is very impressive

as there are very few faster swimmers in Canada in this event.

**Mike Hutchins** avenged his loss of last week in diving by thoroughly defeating Arsenault of Bangor. John Thompson of UNB came third. Diving coach Rick Thompson is preparing his two divers for a possible Maritime Diving Championship this spring.

Don Sawyer won the 100 yard butterfly race defeating Thom and producing a personal record for this event.

The next race, the 100 yard freestyle, saw Robb push **Bill Warner** to another pool and Maritime record. They both broke the old record of 55.6 seconds and winner Warner's time was 53.8. This time raised coach **Amby Legere's** hopes for the chances of victory against McGill at Winter Carnival.

**Leach** won the 100 yard backstroke with UNB's Jim Hayden placing second. **Herb Mitton**, regaining his old style, barely beat Bruce McDonald in the 100 yard breaststroke. Both competitors broke the old pool and Maritime records. Herb's winning time was 1:13:8.

The 160 yard freestyle relay team completed the rout by also recording a new record of 1:18:6. **Charlie Sullivan, Chris Robb, Preston Thom** and **Bill Warner** were the participants.

These records and times show that UNB will now give McGill a close meet when the two teams swim against each other at our Winter Carnival in February.

Appearing on January 12 — The First Brunswickan of the New Year

# Brunswickan

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

Honorary Editor: Rt. Hon. Lord Beaverbrook.

Editor-in-Chief: Jolly Jack; Managing Editor: Frolicing Fran; Business Manager: Bankrupt Becky; Assistant Business Manager: Tinsel Ted; News Editors: Jovial Jo, Kindling Kate; Features Editor: Passionate Pam; Assistant Features Editors: Jocular Jock, Whirling Winnie; Sports Editor: Dancing Dougie; Assistant Sports Editors: Jinglin' Jimmy, Kissin' Ken; CUP Editor: Dr. Judy Jung; Photographers: Tripod McQueen, Starry Stone; Artist: Paul Van Gogh; Typists: Jubilant Joan, Euphonic Eunice; Layouts: Lolloping Lorraine; Staff: Palaverous Paul M., Merry Mike N., Limelighter Leach.

## WHAT? CHRISTMAS

In this the last issue of the 1961 calendar year, the Brunswickan staff has attempted to portray Christmas as it appears to them. This is perhaps a somewhat different picture than the one we conventionally and unthinkingly try to paint. We are not attempting to be iconoclasts — just honest.

The traditional greeting, "Merry Christmas" no longer emphasizes the 'Christmas' but the 'Merry'. Christmas which had its origin as a religious celebration has gradually lost this connotation and become simply a celebration. It is the nature of this celebration which should be examined and evaluated. In this century more than in any other the commercial aspects of Christmas have been exploited to the utmost. However, it is equally significant that this aspect has been noticed and is constantly being deplored (although the effects of this criticism have not manifested themselves in any overwhelming changes). Nobody enjoys taking out a list of the people who sent them cards the year before and writing out the addresses of these hundreds of people on hundreds of monotonous white envelopes — yet this is what people do. Similarly, no one likes going over their budget and figuring out just exactly how much they can allot for this person's gift and how much for that one — yet people do. Similarly, no one likes — but listing the things we don't like doing at Christmas could go 'ad nauseum' and does. This is why Christmas Eve finds most people flat on their back suffering from "preparatory" hangover.

However this is perhaps too bleak a picture of a time we all find gay and joyful — the time we hate to see come to an end . . . or is it just that we all realize that we have to get back on the treadmill?

There must be some positive features — it can't be only escapism. The difficulty is trying to find them, after having been well-coated with the cynicism of this generation (which is also justifiable).

If we try to be sincere in describing the things we like about Christmas we may be guilty of sentimentality which is on a par with being guilty of reverence. However, we the Brunswickan staff are going to be courageous and list what we think are the best things about Christmas:

1. home
2. home
3. home
4. home
5. home

## Happy Yuletide

### Christmas Anniversary Sale

For all Your Christmas

Gift Shopping . . .

visit . . .



526 QUEEN STREET (opposite the Post Office)

## CHRISTMAS SHOPPING Yule Time

. . . . a glittering world of coloured baubles, twinkling lights, tissue paper and charge accounts . . . the artificial, cellophane-wrapped gaiety of Christmas — tinfoil trees, plastic wreaths, electric candles and cardboard candy cards . . .

A huge grey mass of humanity, jostling, pushing, poking, pressing you into two dimensions, knocking parcels from your arms, stepping on your already mutilated feet, breathing down your neck, shattering your precarious mental balance . . . the wonderful spirit of Christmas . . .

Grim-faced matrons with determined steps; harried salesgirls with nerves in shreds; bewildered floorwalkers wearing wilted carnations; a scrawny, sad-looking Santa Claus with a cotton-wool beard — all bubbling over with Yuletide good will . . .

The pure joy of giving burning inside every shopper . . . "She only spent \$1.50 on me last year. Why should I buy her a \$2.00 scarf?" . . . "If Sadie doesn't stop having kids I'm going to scream. Who does she think I am — Santa Claus?" . . . "What do you give to a person who has almost everything. Maybe if I give her a bottle of 'Irresistible' she'll get a man" . . . "I'd like to give Dora back every ornamental jelly mould and cigarette holder she's palmed off on me for the past ten years . . . this whole materialistic mess called "Christmas" . . .

and from the store office comes the only sound of merriment — the comfortable chuckle of the manager as he listens to the ring of the cash register drown out the tinkling sound of carols . . .

### LOST — ONE CHRISTMAS

*Twas the night before Xmas when I had to run to the drug store and buy a pack of No-Nods; damn kids always want a christmas tree.*

*As I ran past the Laundromat there sat three robed men covered in sheep-hair dumping a bushel of socks in the dryer.*

*Noel, noel, sang the man with the bell And I put a dime in his dirty pot; He had beer stains on his red coat.*

*The street was icy and the Winter Wonderland was everywhere and I slipped on a castaway Christmas card which read 'If you haven't anything better to do have a Merry Christmas'*

*The drug store was closed but on the door they had a wreath and a little note. 'Due to a death in the family this store will be closed for the duration of the festive season.'*

*When across the street there arose such a clatter I ambled over to see what was going on there. Joe's bar was hoppin'—I'll have one while I'm here.*

*Yeshirr—here I come home kiddies, to build a tree For you and me. My oh my what a pretty window you have; The better to sell you a gift with. Ha Ha Ha, Xmas is So jolly with all its bells and holly.*

*Thish window here, its pretty; and that baby In the cradle—he's a cute little feller—and the star is so bright—Was so bright—damned Light bulbs always burn out. And now I can't See anything anymore.*



### DIAMOND TAXI

24-HOUR SERVICE  
NO EXTRA CHARGE AFTER MIDNIGHT  
DIAL 5-3335

For the HORROR SHOW of your holiday visit LARRY MOQUIN'S in Ste. Anne de Bellevue on DEC. 22, at 9:00 P. M.

### Campus Calendar

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12  
7:00 p.m. International Affairs Club; Tartan Room, Students' Centre.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13  
7:00 p.m. SRC Tartan Room, Students' Centre.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14  
7:00 p.m. "Talk on Europe", George Butterfield — Maggie Jean Lounge. All invited.

8:00 p.m. Student Wives Bridge Club, Oak Room, Students' Centre.

### ACCOMMODATION

Large double-room with two single beds, available for two boys, after Christmas. 5 minutes walk from the University.

Phone 5-5008

### Herby's Music Store

Now is the time to lay away your record player for Christmas. Small deposit holds.

1 L.P. record of your own choice with every player up to \$39.95.  
2 L.P.s of your own choice with each player from \$40.00 — \$100.00.

Christmas Cards — \$1.25 dozen — UNB Bookstore

## THE WASTE TIME

December is the damndest month,  
Fir trees out of the cold land, mixing  
Memory and desire, stabbing  
Tired minds with pungent sap  
Winter keeps us cold, feeding  
On our spent bodies with cruel flakes,  
Christmas terrorized us, sneaking over the so-few days  
With sprinkling commercials; we stopped on the Hill  
And went on in the graylight, into the Centre  
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.  
"I am no genius, I come from Ontario, true mediocrity."  
And when we go to class, staring out the window  
The professor, the \*?..\*?! assigned another essay  
And I was furious. He said, Class  
Class, for Jan. 4th. And out we went,  
Into the snow, there you feel cold.  
I read, most of the night, and write essays

all the days.

What are the marks that fail, what knowledge forms  
out of this constant rubbish? Son of a nun,  
You cannot say, or guess, for you only know  
A row of greenish bottles, where the candle glows,  
And the music gives no sound, the barfing no relief  
And the dry bottle no sound or gurgle.

"My nerves are bad today. Yes, bad. Stay with me  
"Speak to me, Why do you never speak. Are you a deaf-mute?  
"What are you thinking of? Do you think? Can you?  
"I never know what to think. Never.

"I think we are in Life's alley  
"Where the pure people lose their virginity... inity... inity  
"What is that noise?"

The dirty dishes in at the window  
"What is that noise? What is the girl... the dirty dishes girl doing?  
Nothing always nothing."

"Do  
You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember nothing?  
"Nothing?"

I remember  
That was a cherry that was his nose  
"Are you alive, or not. Are there rocks in your head?"  
O...o...o...o those Christmas carols  
There so relevant  
So intelligent  
"What shall I do now? What shall I do?  
"I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street  
"With my holly on, so. What shall we do tomorrow?  
"What shall we ever do?"

Dexedrine at nine

And if I pass, a party at five.  
And we shall play a game of...!  
Pressing lifeless lips and waiting for a star in the East.

When I went up to the salesgirl, I said —  
I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself  
O Holy night  
Now I want an expensive-looking, cheap gift  
for a friend... for all my friends  
The stars are brightly shining  
But I don't know what I want, I mean, well it's like...  
Well they have everything. They do, I know.  
But I mean everybody has to do it, at one time  
or another. Don't they?  
It is the night  
I mean they have to buy presents. Suggest something.  
Of the dear Saviour's birth  
She said, I swear, I... I said, I know, I know,  
Everybody swears. Now listen kid, I said  
Get with it... this is your job you know  
Deck the halls with boughs of holly  
I'm going home tomorrow, and I want to get gifts  
Now.  
Tra-la-la... la-la-la-la  
And if you don't get the lead out of your ass,  
there's others will, I said.

'Tis the season to be jolly  
Oh are there, she said. You're bloody right, I said.  
Then I wish you'd go find them, she said, and gave me a nasty look.  
Tra-la-la... la-la-la-la  
Well that was today, Fred. I had a helluva time.  
And TCA phoned me to tell me I couldn't get off the ground.  
"Yeah, well Merry Christmas, Dick, see you next year. Ha Ha!"  
Merry Christmas Fred, Merry Christmas Fred and Joe and Mary  
Merry Christmas all, Merry Christmas all, Merry Christmas,  
Yeah... Merry Christmas.

WE WISH TO THANK ALL U.N.B. STUDENTS FOR  
THEIR PAST PATRONAGE AND WISH THEM A  
VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A PROSPEROUS  
NEW YEAR.

DROP IN AND VIEW OUR WIDE RANGE OF  
CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

10% Discount to all Student's and Wives

**LANG'S DAD and LAD SHOP**

88 Carleton Street, Fredericton, N.B.

## Christmas Works Program

Well, IT'S almost here again. Bet some of you skeptics thought we might not make it this year but right now there are only 6 more class days until IT begins. Of course I am referring to that annual orgy which is so loosely referred to as Christmas Vacation.

For the benefit of those of you who do not know the true purpose of Christmas vacation, let me enlighten you — **it's a time for work.** In the words of my last year's roommate who introduced me to this idea as the only possible source of May salvation, "When else can you find time to read those reference books, write those essays, catch up on your notes, and read those good novels you've been hearing about?"

Having no immediate answer then and none now and being rather keen on this salvation bit, I hurtled off to the library, returning by taxi several hours later bearing 34 Bonar-Law Bennett books triumphantly before me, much as one might have borne a cross knowing the ultimate good it would do.

As I loaded them into my largest suitcase, I was somewhat amazed to hear laughter from my friends but cleverly surmised it to be merely an expression of irrepressible admiration or to have been caused by the fact that in attempting to lift this monstrous weight it fell with a great crash upon my great toe resulting in some rather choice exclamations and actions. Friends are so sadistic this time of year.

Arriving home after a stimulating, intellectual-free train ride I suffered another minor calamity (minor only when considering the great dividends

which my books would pay). Hobbling across the station, my porter dropped, as porters are sometimes inclined to do, my weighty suitcase upon my other great toe causing such consternation that for a period there was considerable doubt as to whether or not he might also have to carry me.

During the ride home I quickly calculated that by taking 6 days off in which to rest my battered body, visit family and friends, and observe Christmas and New Years' I would have 9 days — 108 hours to work. This seemed like quite a lot.

This was excluding the Simmy Incident. As I leaped from the car dragging my "book-case" it fell on top of Simmy, my mother's pet Siamese, killing him (a thoroughbred Siamese, you know) instantly. An immediate state of mourning was declared in the household and I, the culprit, precluded from study by my conscience, felt morally obligated to remove myself from the sight of my grief-stricken mother. For two whole days and nights I was banished to my room where I scribbled off 113 New Year's cards to those people I forget at Christmas.

Parties seemed to be in style however, and I forced myself to attend—moral obligation you know. Here my conscience was relieved. I partied for seven nights and spent the days in the washroom.

New Years' came and by now parties had become an acquired holiday taste and besides, there was still plenty of time to study.

Suddenly it was time to leave and I had still not delved into my 34 books. But that was all right, lots of free time in January.

At Fredericton Junction I found myself seated next to an intellectual type who was avidly reading. Being a brilliant conversationalist, I asked him what he was reading. Imagine my chagrin when I found out he was in one of my courses and was reading the text for the fourth time for a test that we were having the next day—and my books were on the baggage car. Ruined, and finally realizing how fleeting time really is, I settled back in my seat and re-opened my Yogi-Bear comic book.

Despite my failure, I have learned several valuable lessons from this. First of all, you should take home only those books which you will really use and should never carry them in a suitcase. Secondly, you should never underestimate the speed with which time flies.

This year I'm expressing 22 books home and leaving a week early to make sure I have lots of time to work.

Who says I'm an optimist?

## Santa Hates His Father

Since December 26, 1960 Santa Claus has been "on the couch" undergoing \$10.00 an hour psycho-analysis. Once a year Mr. Claus is overwhelmed by a compulsion to fly around the world bringing joy and happiness to all children by the distribution of material goods. Throughout the rest of the year he spends morning, noon and night manufacturing them.

First examination revealed that Santa is suffering from a form of compulsive and obsessive neurosis. This is only a minute symptom of his schizophrenic personality, which is characterized basically by delusions of grandeur. He believes that the world has become dependent upon him for the satisfaction of its greed impulses. Quite obviously, he suffers from a "split personality" since he is able to appear in at least a thousand places at once.

Further probing into the mind of this mentally disturbed man revealed a deeper and more serious problem. Santa cannot control himself from sliding down and climbing up chimneys. The clinical explanation of this "strange" behavior? Santa has an inferiority complex and a feeling of rejection and because of this, is suffering from great anxiety. He uses a defense mechanism to repress these feelings, this being his delusions of grandeur. His anxiety is reduced by world travels on the 25th of December and his constant activities during the rest of the year.

His complex of inferiority and rejection stemmed from a very traumatic experience at birth. Santa was born with a beard! As a result his youth was not happy. His parents realizing they begot a freak, moved to a very isolated spot at the north pole. In a few years Santa ate himself into obesity, as a means of relieving his anxiety. This did not work. His subconscious then reverted to the defense mechanisms of delusions and compulsive behavior.

Although this explanation covered a good part of his psychotic behavior, one question still remained for the psychiatrist to solve. Why does Santa slide down and climb up chimneys?

A more thorough investigation into his background was carried out by the Doctor. It was found that Mr. and Mrs. Claus were very Victorian in their ideals, and suppressed all the normal sexual desires of their son. As a result he had to find another more acceptable outlet for these emotions. The chimney became a symbol of alleviation for Santa. Thus he used the chimney to satisfy his frustrations.

Psycho-therapy has not been far enough advanced to deal with such complex problems in such a short space of time. So please, when a man with a beard descends your chimney, accept him; he is a SICK man.

### THOREAU



### A YANKEE IN CANADA

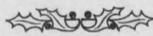
ON THE WALLS OF QUEBEC

The greatest, or rather the most prominent, part of this city was constructed with the design to offer the dearest resistance to leaden and iron missiles that might be cast against it. But it is a remarkable meteorological and psychological fact, that it is rarely known to rain lead with much violence, except on places so constructed.

Paper \$1.65 Cloth \$3.50

**HARVEST HOUSE**  
MONTREAL

P.O. Box 340 Westmount, P.Q.



A  
MERRY  
CHRISTMAS  
TO  
ALL

**GAIETY**  
MEN'S SHOP LTD.

For Those Who Prefer Quality  
FREDERICTON • N.B.

### FOR A QUICK LUNCH

Visit Our LUNCHEONETTE FOUNTAIN  
KENNETH STAPLES DRUG COMPANY

★  
Merry  
Christmas  
and every good  
wish for the New Year  
from  
**HALL'S BOOKSTORE**

## ∴ Santa's Work Is Never Done ∴



Assistant Features Editor, Jock Coulson, still believes in Santa. What does he want for Christmas? — among other things Jock asked for the abolition of 8:30 lectures.





## ON THE NATURE OF CHRISTMAS

For those who care to heed, the nature of Christmas can be found in every corner of the universe — especially in the fresh wind of early winter, which carries on its airy back the first white flakes of downy snow, mingled indiscriminately with the noise of carols, laughter and carousing. Crispéd are the golden reed beds; frozen are the shimmering lakes; crispéd and golden is the brittle turkey skin; while at the local supermart, frozen solid is the pudding.

Christmas is the time for life to begin anew. Mother Nature covers all her land with whitened innocence, just as we cover our countenances with the egg-nogs, creamy white. The landscape dissolves in swirling, turning, tumbling clouds of cool snow; the best of friends dissolve in clouds of Irish Mist.

Ah! But it is in the generation of modern youth, where one can best find Christmas' truest flavour — a generation made of stern stuff, tomorrow's leaders, rugged, invincible, heads hewed from finest English oak, eyes fastened on the future and the coming New Year's Eve.

The coldest heart of the most hardened cynic beats a little faster at the sight of dear little children, round like sudden puffs of steam, caroling merrily in the streets. Their pure sweet voices rend the evening air, and rise to the very limits of the northern sky — and all for only money!

From virgin white steeples, sharply pointed, rolls forth the sound of swinging bronze, while far below, in rushing jewel-hung streets, more human sounds invade the air: the wildly clanging bells counting up the till, and to slake the nation's fierce thirst, icy cubes on coolest crystal tinkle. While out, away, across the lovely lakes, where slinking otters lie, to piney forests, deep in hoary frost, the sounds of purest nature reign unperturbed. Trees crackle in their frosty coats, sluffy little rabbits scutter here and there, and a tawny deer nudging the forest floor, crinkles icy mices' bowers.

Jack Frost, that abstractionest supreme, paints the land with whirling whitened majesty, which reddening in the first clear spark of eastern dawn, colours the whole land, forest, town, and sewage plant in the golden luxury of Kreigboff's immortal canvas.

The spirit of Christmas — who can fathom it? Useless is our intellect, and syllogisms have no effect; it is in the breasts of little children and in the local five and dime.



## DOES SANTA CLAUS EXIST?

Of course, he does! There's always been a Santa and there always will be one! To deny his existence is to deny someone very basic to human needs!

Ever since I can remember, I've made the natural assimilation of Santa to God. This is easily explained: both are elderly, and neither of them ages nor shaves — only God has a grey rather than a white beard — and both have unlimited power. Santa can do most anything. His climbing through false chimneys is unquestionably "behaviour illicit" by an omnipotent being; my good Protestant schooling informed me of God's omnipotence, so such an assimilation was inevitable.

Just consider — how could Santa visit all the children all over the world (or at least the world of the "haves" in Christendom) all in one night? The public relations office up in Santa's headquarters has in recent years admitted that the elves help Santa, but I still believe it's the jolly old man himself who makes the actual descent through the chimneys.

Again, Santa is the supreme judge of children. One must be good to receive a gift from the benevolent saint. Not that I am always a good child by any means—I threw a tantrum when my brother told me I was stupid to believe in Santa — but I am always pretty good Christmas

day, and until lately I used to delight my Grandmother by singing carols, even though I was ridiculed by my brother and not altogether appreciated by Grammy, when I sang that very special verse that goes:

"While shepherds washed their socks by night,  
All seated round the tub,  
A cake of Sunlight soap came down,  
And they began to scrub."

But still, Santa was always forgiving, just as we're told God is, and I have always received my little stocking full of goodies in the morning, and then once again assured my parents of my strong faith in Santa.

Last year when my brother told me I was stupid and . . . and . . . and "retarded", he called me, just because I believed in Santa, as I said, I threw a tantrum. But later I calmed down and revealed the basis of my faith, concluding, as I do now, that really it's no stupider to believe in Santa than it is in God . . . and golly, who could call me an atheist???

### Merry Christmas

The Brunswickan, in view of the Christmas season, would like to perform a good deed. Our staff in wishing you a good Christmas vacation, would like to assist you at this occasion in your college career. The following message is particularly addressed to freshmen.

The library will be open until 11:00 p. m. on the two Fridays during the exam period, Dec. 8th and Dec. 15th for all you fortunate souls who have exams.

## feverish folly . . .

Christmas comes but once a year — so don't sleep in . . . get out and buy . . . only ten days left . . . time flies . . . nine more shopping days . . . don't forget Chanel No. 5 at only \$5.50 an ounce . . . diluted? . . . of course not . . . on the second floor, the electric trains that every child should have . . . hurry, hurry, hurry . . . sounds like a circus . . . happy faces, empty purses . . . ah! the joy of Christmas . . . oh come all ye faithful . . . merchants await you with open arms . . . their beaming countenances . . . wrinkled noses . . . they smell money . . . for the gentlemen . . . imported pigskin gloves only \$12.98 . . . even shipping costs rise at Christmas . . . celebration of exploitation . . . suckers! . . . eight, seven . . . going, going, gone — our whole stock of goola-goola dolls . . . cheer up . . . we'll have a new shipment tomorrow . . . what? . . . a shoplifter . . . silly man, you can buy that necklace for \$10.00 . . . the spirit of Christmas . . . the ding-dong of the Salvation Army bell . . . we want money too . . . tell Mother I want . . . corruption of the little minds . . . the santa myth . . . six . . . five closer and closer . . . Christmas cheer . . . buy rye . . . even the poor turkeys are being bartered . . . tickets . . . mail . . . confusion . . . money . . . four . . . three . . . furs . . . ties . . . davy crockett hats . . . bright lights . . . tinselled trees . . . angels and devils . . . two . . . one . . . the last Judgement . . . zero . . . Silent Night, Holy Night! . . . damnit . . . the cash registers have stopped ringing.

Christmas Cards — \$1.25 dozen — UNB Bookstore

**CORSAGES**  
for Formals and Private Parties

CALL  
**THE AVENUE FLORISTS LTD.**  
Charlotte Street — Phone 5-5613

**PINS and RINGS**  
with  
**UNB CRESTS**  
at  
**SEYMOUR'S** 65 Regent Street GR 5-3182  
10% DISCOUNT  
On All Merchandise to UNB Students

**MAZUCCA'S VARIETY STORE**  
79 York Street Telephone GR 5-3484  
FOR YOUR LOCAL AND OUT-OF-TOWN  
DAILY AND WEEKLY PAPERS  
Smokers' Supplies and Magazines of all kinds  
Assorted Confectionery  
OPEN EVERY NIGHT TILL 10:30

EUROPEAN ORIENTAL  
STYLE DISHES

**SUN GRILL**

Foremost Food  
Prompt Efficient Service

Most Modern Air Conditioning  
Cor. KING & REGENT Sts.

- \*Basketball
- \*Hockey
- \*Deck Tennis
- \*Squash
- \*Darts
- \*Indoor Hockey

YOU NAME IT  
WE HAVE IT  
SPORTING GOODS  
FOR  
EVERY SPORT

**J. S. NEILL & SONS  
LTD.**  
GR 5-5535 - Fredericton

## All I Want for Christmas

Following is the sad case of a greedy man who wanted what proved to be the things most impossible to receive.

**Christmas 1957: All I want for Christmas is —**  
— happiness (in the Aristotelian sense)  
— happiness and money (to hell with Aristotle)  
— money (to hell with happiness)  
— a helluva lot of money

— enough money so that I can buy everything I'll ever want  
*\*\*Whereupon the greedy man received an infinite supply of greenbacks for Christmas. But, alas, his whole body broke out in an acute case of dermatitis. An unfortunate allergy. He remained pimply, wealthy, and unhappy for a year.*

**Christmas 1958: All I want for Christmas is—**  
— happiness (in the Platonic sense)  
— happiness and a tube of Clearasil (special blend for Philosopher-kings)

*\*\*Whereupon the greedy man received a special blend of Clearasil and 'absolutely' cleared his dermatitis. But he still was not happy.*

**Christmas 1959: All I want for Christmas is—**  
— happiness (in the Kantian sense)  
— happiness (in the Kantian sense) and a girl  
— a girl  
— a pretty girl  
— a pretty girl with a nice figure  
— a pretty girl with a nice figure, and a good mind  
— a pretty girl with a nice figure, a good mind, and money

*\*\*Whereupon the greedy man received a PG (she modelled for Revlon), with a NF (she drank Metrecal by the gallon), a GM (she had read Franny and Zooey and had fathomed its deepest meaning), and she had money (her deceased father had rented rooms to college students). After courting her for some time he discovered, much to his frustration, that she had forgotten the combination to her Chastity belt. He couldn't wait for the next Christmas.*

**Christmas 1960: All I want for Christmas is—**  
— happiness (in my sense)  
— happiness (in my sense) and a hacksaw  
— a hacksaw

*\*\*Whereupon the greedy man received a hacksaw for Christmas and married the PG soon (a few months) afterwards.*

**Christmas 1961: All I want for Christmas is—**  
— happiness (the ultimate kind)

*\*\*Whereupon the greedy man was dead on Christmas morn. The PG was astonished to find her husband naked save for a solitary fig leaf which managed to preserve his modesty. On their bed sat an apple—less one bite. The PG gasped in awe when she noticed the tart taste in her mouth.*



*Extend Season's Greetings to  
all the Faculty and Students  
at U.N.B.*

We welcome you in our store, the  
wonderland of Christmas gift sugges-  
tions in Fredericton. A visit to  
**CREAGHAN'S** is a must for Christmas  
shopping.

*We specialize in gift shopping for the  
entire family.*

FOR LADIES — FOR MEN — FOR  
CHILDREN — FOR THE HOME

We will put your gift in a distinctive  
exclusive CREAGHAN gift box if de-  
sired. CREAGHAN'S has been a mark  
of quality over the past 86 years in  
New Brunswick. You can be sure a  
gift from CREAGHAN'S will be most  
appreciated.

**J. D. CREAGHAN CO. LTD.**

# SPORT

## CHRISTMAS SPECIAL



TED TOMCHAK  
THANKS FOR  
HOOK SHOT  
PLEASE SEND  
DESIRE TO  
SHOOT MORE



ROY MILLER  
THANKS FOR  
CONSISTENCY  
PLEASE SEND  
REBOUND STRENGTH



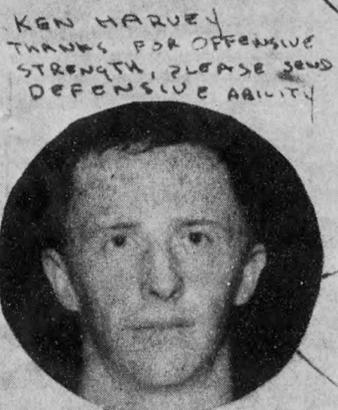
LAIRD  
MCLENNAN  
THANKS FOR  
ALL-ROUND  
ABILITY  
PLEASE SEND  
SHORTER  
OPPONENTS



ED BROWNE  
THANKS FOR  
COURT  
WISDOM  
PLEASE SEND  
BETTER  
SHOOTING  
ABILITY



ROLAND  
LABONTE  
THANKS FOR  
DEFENSIVE  
STRENGTH  
PLEASE SEND  
BALL CONTROL



KEN HARVEY  
THANKS FOR OFFENSIVE  
STRENGTH, PLEASE SEND  
DEFENSIVE ABILITY



ARLEN BURLEIGH  
THANKS FOR DRAWING ABILITY  
PLEASE SEND EXPERIENCE



BOB ABNER  
THANKS FOR  
EXPERIENCE  
PLEASE SEND  
CONFIDENCE



LARRY LAY  
THANKS FOR  
REBOUND STRENGTH  
PLEASE SEND  
SHOOTING ABILITY



DON MORGAN  
THANKS FOR  
JUMP SHOT  
PLEASE SEND  
DEFENSIVE WISDOM



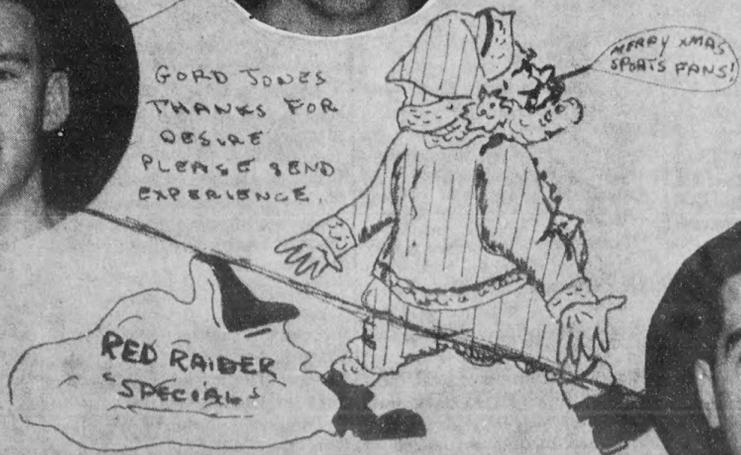
GORD JONES  
THANKS FOR  
OBSCURE  
PLEASE SEND  
EXPERIENCE



DON NELSON  
THANKS  
FOR POTENTIAL  
CHAMPS  
PLEASE SEND  
ACADIA  
TEAM



DEAN MARTIN  
THANK YOU FOR  
SHOOTING ABILITY  
PLEASE SEND  
COURT EXPERIENCE



DEAR SANTA—

RED RAIDER  
"SPECIAL"

DEAR SANTA  
WE WANT  
WE WANT  
PLEASE  
TO CHOOSE  
IN THE NEW  
YEAR. GIVE  
US THE TEAM  
TO MAKE THE  
DREAM.  
Signed D.N.

RED  
RAIDERS

# Devils Avenge Oilers

## MacGillivray, Barteaux Score

by Jim Doleman

The devils bounced back from a 5 - 2 loss to the Oilers last week, to humble the same squad 6 - 2 before a capacity Saturday night crowd here at the Lady Beaverbrook Rink.

Aided through two disallowed goals and outshot in every period, and on the game by a 35 to 24 margin, the Devils rallied behind the sensational goal tending of **Dave Inch**, to take advantage of a slow, poorly positioned Oiler defense which allowed them to get in close for most of their tallies.

The first period opened on a fast note as **Dave Inch** made great saves on **Gerry Moore** and **Crow Hewey** who had cracked the UNB defense. However the Devils were not long in coming back and went ahead 1 - 0 when **Bill MacGillivray** tipped in a loose puck from a goal-mouth scramble.

At the midway mark the Oilers capitalized on a similar situation, however the score was discounted as a Saint John player was in the crease at the time. The Oilers made good at the 17:43 mark, as the passing combination of Saint John's first line of **Jack Hamilton**, **Moore** and **Hewey** proved too much for **Bob Grant** and **Bob Naylor** in front of the UNB cage. **Hamilton** finally slid the puck home, the Devil forward line being caught up the ice.

A note of humour was seen in the closing moments as Oiler defenseman and ex Red Devil, **Galen Parent**, attempting a slap-shot on a pass along

the blue line, fanned miserably with his typical "T.V." windup.

The Devils figured in the only 2 goals of the middle frame. The first came on a picture play as **Richard Clark** swerved around **Parent** in the corner to the left of **Bill James** in the Oiler net. **Rich** tipped a pass into the goal mouth for **Frank Barteaux** to slap home.

This line of **Clark**, **Barteaux** and **Norm Bolitho** was the surprise of the evening, figuring in three goals. In a pre-game shuffle to obtain balance in his lines, **Coach Pete Kelly** switched **Clark** from his original post with **MacGillivray** and **Cloutier**, with **Dave Simpson** taking his place. Prior to Saturday this original trio had hit for seven of the ten Devil goals. The switch didn't seem to hurt the first trio and **Clark**, a smoothie and hard worker in the corners, helped digger **Bolitho** and **Barteaux** considerably, both coming up with their best performances to date. **Barteaux** hit for his first 2 goals of the season while **Bolitho** had 3 assists.

**Joel Violette** notched the second goal of the second period when he started **James** with a head high drive that whistled over the net and into the mesh at the south end of the rink. He grabbed his bouncing rebound to the side of the cage to put it into the upper left hand corner. This put the Devils ahead 3 - 1.

The period came to a unique close as the buzzer triggered the green light behind **Inch**, only a fraction of a



Brunswickan cartoonist Paul Arsenault portrays the debris-strewn ice-surface at the LB Rink as witnessed last Saturday.

second before the Oilers combined for what appeared to be their second marker.

In the finale **Inch** staved off a 17 shot attack while **Barteaux**, **MacGillivray** and **Cloutier** added tallies to put the game out of reach for the Oilers. This was **MacGillivray's** second goal. **Delaney** answered with one for Saint John.

This was probably the last game for UNB before their loop opener with the defending Maritime Intercollegiate champs, St. Thomas on Jan. 13 at Chatham.

#### Points to Ponder:

Easy going **Claude McKinnon**, in his second year of engineering at UNB, seemed to be the target of heavy body contact in the first half of the game. He played with St. FX a few years ago, but is ineligible for Intercollegiate play this season due to grades in his last year there. He has seen action with the Oilers in the last 2 years.

'Red' **MacGillivray** is running wild now that he has a chance to score goals. He's come up with 3 two goal performances thus far and is top point getter on the team with 7 goals and 2 assists in 4 games. Last year he was held to 4 goals and 4 assists in 17 contests as a defenseman.

It is a tribute to **Dave Inch** that the Devils own a 3 - 1 record while being outshot on a total basis thus far. For a man who never had a stitch before last year, **Dave** picked up a total of 40 during the 60 - 61 campaign as well as a broken nose and a cracked cheekbone in the final NB - PEI fixture of the season at Mt. A. To date this year he collected 2 stitches. However, he remains as cool as ever under fire, and those who attended the Sat. contest were given a fair indication of his fast reflexes.

There is nothing wrong with exuberance and spirit at a hockey game, but when it gets to the point of throwing objects on the ice while the

game is in play something ought to be done. It was refreshing to see that the idiot who smashed a bottle on the ice was reprimanded accordingly by the SDC.



Frank Barteaux turned in a great performance on Saturday night.

#### Attention Soo Indians

Meet At Scott's Dec. 24th  
Ciotti's Dec. 31st

**CHRISTMAS CARDS**  
**\$1.25 dozen**  
**U.N.B. BOOKSTORE**

## Fans Hate Hockey

Saturday's hockey game between the St. John Oilers and the UNB Red Devils was the scene of some of the most unruly conduct yet displayed by UNB students.

The game had been touted as the climax of a rousing rivalry between the two teams; the first game in St. John saw the teams fighting bitterly in a melee of fists and hockey sticks. On this past Saturday the players succeeded in preventing any recurrence of the first-game brawl. All in all it was a hotly contested game, but tempers were kept in hand.

Too bad the fans weren't able to keep their bottles and cans and fish in hand. The safety of the players was greatly endangered by the scattering of debris all over the ice. A broken bottle led to the halting of the game while the ice was cleared. Empty beer cans were hurled defiantly at several players with definite intent to injure. **UNB is sure some host.** 'Wild' **Bill Donovan** was subjected to some of the worst ridicule yet heard in Fredericton. The boos and slanderous names which echoed about the premises of the LB Rink could not surely have come from educated people.

But they did. And the Oilers went back to St. John wondering why they call this place a University. Nice going, gang, lots of good publicity for UNB.



Norm Bolitho, a veteran of four years' service with the Red Devils, came up with one of his best performances against the Oilers last Saturday, connecting for three assists.

### ROSS-DRUG-UNITED

402 Queen St., Phone GR 5-4451  
602 Queen St., Phone GR 5-3142  
361 Regent St., Phone GR 5-4311



### PAUL BURDEN LTD.

Portable Typewriters  
Rentals and Sales  
**EASY TERMS**



Business Machines  
and Stationery  
95 York St. GR 5-6639

BEST WISHES TO  
ALL UNB STUDENTS

Compliments of

**Curl's**

**LETTERS . . .**

**BRUNSWICKAN BOOB**

Dear Sir:

Nothing is harder to repeat accurately than the spoken word. This undoubtedly explains the many serious errors in the statements assigned to me in the Physical Education number of **The Brunswickan**.

For the record, and because I sympathize with the aims of the Physical Education department, I should like to give accurately my replies to the four questions asked:

To the first question I replied that I felt physical education was a good profession, but that in large universities the coaches of major spectator sports are under too much pressure.

To the second question I replied that I definitely did not think Physical Education should be a separate faculty. How this got turned around to "definitely yes" still baffles me.

To the third question I replied that most Physical Education students seemed to be equal academically, but that some of them had difficulties with English, especially in the first year.

To the fourth question I replied that I did not know, but that I could see that at UNB such a problem might exist, and that special effort should be made to anticipate the problem and solve it.

Thank you for giving me this opportunity to clear up this confusion.

Lauriat Lane, Jr.

**GREENE'S** TV-Radio Service  
Have one of the experts at Greene's repair your radio, TV, phono or appliance.  
Prices Reasonable—Prompt Service.  
Cor. King & Carleton GR 5-4449

**Wilson's Laundry and Cleaners**  
The Twin Service  
Send your drycleaning with your laundry  
DIAL GR 5-4477  
For Pick-up and Delivery Service  
Depots at  
524 King St. - 80 Regent St.  
Regent St. Open  
8:00 a.m. 'till 8:00 p.m.



**"EXPORT"**  
PLAIN  
or FILTER TIP  
CIGARETTES

**LETTERS . . .**

**PARKING SOLUTION**

Sir:

What has happened to the gentleman who has been giving out tickets lately? Has he gone berserk?

**Case 1:** A visitor to this campus, having parked in the space allotted to visitors, went into the library. On returning to her car she found, to her great surprise, a parking ticket. True, she had been in the library for nearly two hours, but then there is no time limit stated on the signs, and she was a bona fide visitor along with three other people, two from Ontario and one from Quebec. If this isn't a slap in the face, and very poor public relations, I don't know what is!

**Case 2:** I was talking to a student the other day, who had just received a ticket for parking in the wrong place. He was late for a class and had parked in the nearest space. He received his ticket rightfully, even though it was the first time he had parked in the wrong place. His roommate, however, has had four warnings. Now, if tickets are going to be given, as they must be, it is the suggestion of this writer that:

- 1) Warnings be dispensed with completely, or,
  - 2) Warnings be given **only** and to **all** poorly parked cars.
- No one can object to getting a ticket, when parking in the wrong place, but let's be sensible.  
Robert G. Cooper

**FROM SAINT JAMES?**

Dear Sir:

It was with great disgust that I read in the November 28th issue of **The Brunswickan** of UNB's reception accorded to Miss Alwilda Bonner a few days ago. As some students may remember, Miss Bonner's views and mine do not exactly coincide on the liquor issue. This does not mean, however, that one should be cynically disrespectful of her beliefs. Her actions may, at times, be quite amusing to the student body and in those instances good-hearted laughter is not out of place. However, it would appear that her treatment was one of raucous ridicule and this can scarcely be termed good taste. If even a small percentage of our citizens or students had such a vital interest in politics and an active desire to speak up

**Lots and Lots of Letters . . .**

for that which we believe to be right as does Miss Bonner, both **Canada** and her universities would be immeasurably improved.

R. B. Hurley,  
English Department,  
Saint James School.

**FIZZLING MAD**

Dear Sir:

It has been noted this year that our Winter Carnival has become a great sporting event. We are importing sports teams of a very high calibre — but for what?

The only team that can make a good showing, I feel, is the swim team. This event will be held in a match-box sized pool that will hold at the most twenty-four ardent fans.

We can watch our "Red Raiders" be beaten by any team in the Northeastern Conference, and so to import a top collegiate team like McGill is ridiculous. But maybe we can find a David?

The hockey team can and probably will give St. F. X. a good game but a much more spirited crowd would watch a UNB-Mt. A. game.

**Dear Jack . . .**

In view of all the sporting events apparently lined up for this year, I respectfully submit that the name "Winter Carnival" be dropped this year in favour of a more descriptive term like "Fizzical Frolic".

Ralph MacKay, Arts 3

**WHAT'S IN THE DOOR**

Dear Jack:

I would like to comment on the apparent lack of consideration given to the choice of UNB Christmas cards. For the past four years I have been waiting for an original and distinguished UNB Christmas card to appear. Previously it has been of the "run of the mill" type—plain white background with valiant red and black stripes running in various directions over the various years. This year a startling innovation took place — A PICTURE! — but of what? Well the caption greatly illuminates the photograph of the door. Can you imagine the recipient of such a card, opening it and reading — "A Men's Residence" — Love Jane."

Love Jane

**There is food for thought in this book**

It is about IBM, the company, its philosophy, its products and the dynamic industry in which IBM is an unquestioned leader.

But mostly the book is about the positions available at IBM for graduates in Engineering, Commerce or Business and Arts. It explains how the work at IBM is tailored to a graduate's degree and describes the positions of Applied Scientist, Sales Representative, Programmer, Instructor and Systems Representative. It indicates, too, how stimulating and satisfying these jobs can be.

We believe this book will show you why a position at IBM can be one of the most rewarding ever offered. If you would like to have a copy, write or telephone.

**INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES COMPANY LIMITED** **IBM**  
Sun Life Building, Montreal, Quebec, UN. 6-3051  
Eastern District Manager—J. E. Tapsell