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## Editorial

## BUDGET BALANCED?

The Students' Representative Council has officially set the student levy at \$18.00 for the coming year. This action prepared the way for Senate ratification at yesterday's fall meeting of the University Senate.

The vital problem that faced the Council was this—Can the present levy satisfy the needs and wants of the students in the face of higher costs? The lengthy deliberation at the conclusion of the budget passing and the resulting attempts at raising the levy indicated that many of the members felt that this will be impossible. Probably the deciding factor on the final vote, was the statement by one rep questioning the motive of the reps in their voting. Whether the students actually desire or would stand for a raise in the levy in order to maintain the existing standard of social and athletic events, provided one of the most heated debates of the evening.

Little opposition to a levy hike was raised up to that time in spite of a deficit which remained after the final item was passed. The Council neatly pared this deficit by killing one autumn issue of the Brunswickan. Throughout the meeting a sense of indecision and uncertainty prevailed. The constant re-opening of items and reversals of stands and the periodic abstention from voting by blocs of the members indicated that the Council was not following any firm policy in their attempt to keep the budget within the \$18.00 levy bracket.

The absence of the customary bickering and haggling over small items did speed up the entire budget process and the Council was able to retire at a relatively normal hour. The opinion of the majority of members seemed to be that student finances for the year will be in reasonably good shape and that the trim \$82.00 surplus will see the S. R. C. through. Now that the Senate meeting is over, the Council must stand or fall by its decision to stick to the \$18.00 levy. The accuracy of their choice will soon be gauged.

## RUSSIAN ROULETTE

This is an innocent little family pastime with several popular variations that can accommodate any number of players. Originally played by two to six persons, it goes something like this:

One cartridge is placed in one chamber of an otherwise empty revolver, the gun is closed, and the cylinder is given a gentle spin, analogous to the shuffle in bridge. Then, beginning with the dealer, each player in turn places the muzzle to his head and pulls the trigger.

The loser, quite naturally, drops out, as in musical chairs. As many deals as are wished may be played. It is screaming fun; in fact, it is killing.

This amusement enjoyed a resurgence in the 30's, being adapted

to every kind of equipment from the slingshot to Big Bertha, and for a time threatened to overshadow miniature golf.

Played alone, the game soon loses interest. Larger groups, however, find that constant reloading of the gun keeps the game going at a good pace.

Experimental groups are now trying fascinating variations to add life to the pastime. Prime among these are connoisseurs who had not one, but two, three or more chambers at a time. An enthusiastic group of newcomers announce they will not be satisfied until they have tried six.

Considerable interest hangs upon their conclusions.

From the Silhouette.

## "As Seen from the Bleachers"

(By the Spectator)

As the brisk winds of fall begin to sweep across the campus they carry with their increasing coolness a variety of meanings to an even larger variety of students. To some it means the return of the Sunday afternoon symphonies; to others the return of the intriguing search for knowledge amid the Greeks and Romans; to a large number the dreadful thought of once more making that too early in the morning climb up that often abusively termed hill; but to the sports minded wearers of the Red and Black the stiff breezes convey only two meanings, the world series and football.

With due apologies to the great American pastime we must centre our attentions nearer home where the spiral of the pig skin is in the sporting light and not only beckons the gridiron enthusiast but with each incompleting pass writes an introduction to another athletic year "Up the Hill".

Even at this early date the debut has been in the form of a grand slam as one half of U. N. B.'s athletic squads have already swung into action in preparation for the grind ahead along the road which will lead them to glory or defeat. As the buzz and fever of these training schedules reach their peaks and anticipation of the remaining teams comes to the foreground the old perennial question is once more the topic of conversation among the sporting mass. How will they make out, are they stronger this season than last, will the new faces be able to replace the graduated favorites? These are but a few of the questions which are flying among the participants and spectators alike.

As in each new season there appear many unfamiliar faces in the lineups and a few new mentors at the helms, and this year is no exception. Gone are many of the former stars and tested coaches and in their place stand as the replacements the untested material.

Whether or not they can effectively fill the gaps remains to speculation and not being fully competent with the crystal ball we will leave the answering in the hands of time. Despite all the pre-season uncertainty there is one aspect which is quite evident, that last year's total of six Maritime championships can and should be bettered. Some one is apt to remind us that we only enter twelve fields of competition and surely it is enough to win one half of these, and right they are as the fault does not lie in the number of crowns but in the category in which they fall. Of those six titles five were gained in what are commonly classed as the minor sports where as only the Track team succeeded in the major bracket. For a university holding the high athletic standard we have gained up the hill this record is by no means impressive and if we are to hold our seat at the top it must be improved upon with haste.

The initial step in this direction is to wipe out the blemish of losing two titles to Mt. A. in the season past and the job of igniting this lies in the hands of our rugby squad who are at present sweating it out with this idea in mind. It is far too early to dub last season's edition from the swampland a flash in the pan but from the appearance of our English booters the boys from the marshes are in for a severe jolt.

The soccer and track teams seem a little weaker than their immediate predecessors while the Canadian football and cross country squads look to be on a par, but who knows, perhaps the new material will sparkle and the additional coaches will inject that extra something and when all is woven together this may be the year.

To those of you who think that this hope for championships is a bit over done and with the ideals of the true sportsman at heart believe that the game should be played for the sport of it and not for the glory of coming out the winner we once more must agree, but at the same time remind you that always the bridesmaid never the bride can become very boring, even to the spectator.



'No, I did not come to college in order to find a husband!'

## WELCOME

U.N.B. Students

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## A. M. &amp; D.

By Anne Sansom

For the new arrivals, and those who still have no idea as to what all this is about, perhaps I had better say exactly what is to happen here every week.

First of all: The letters A. M. and D. do not stand for "Anne's Murmurings and Drivel" (no matter what some people say) although it may be as good a title as any. The original title was and is—"Art, Music and Drama", but don't let that frighten you, all sorts of things can and do happen—you'd be surprised.

The general scheme of nattering each week is to discuss (lovely word) the various campus activities under the heading Art, Music and Drama. Sometimes the boundaries do get stretched a bit, I admit that, but who can say where culture begins and ends—m m m? This being settled then—on to business.

Things have been happening lately. First, there is an exhibition of western art in the Art Centre ("O" hut to those who like an elephant never forget). This is the first exhibition of western art to be shown in the east for a dog's age and it is very worthwhile for one reason at least. It gives us easterners a chance to see what the rest of the country is doing; as a someone who has lived in the west for a time, I was delighted to see the typical grain elevators and "stooks", it's a change from the eastern lobster at any rate.

I haven't had the time, courses as they are, to study the various paintings enough to discuss them individually in detail. Instead why don't you be your own judge and take a look for yourselves. You might like it. By the way, while we are on the subject of the Art Centre, I would like to suggest that everyone who doesn't already know the place should get an introduction at once, and the sooner the better—immediately if not sooner. All sorts of exciting things are apt to happen there. Whether your tastes are for art music, drama or merely chess (there are two boards) the hut is open from nine to five every day with a record concert on Sunday night at eight-thirty. Hurry up there—who knows, your long lost eccentric-but-rich Aunt Matilda might turn up there.

Oh dear me, there is so much to talk about. The "blot" is gone, our dear old eyesore the C. O. T. C.—U. N. T. D. hut has a new resting place behind "R" hut, way up there in the bush. The campus is a landscape again except for the bare spot, but then time heals all wounds. More troubles and worries—the camera club is on the lookout for a darkroom—one which is big enough to house all their equipment. Since Alex folded they have been without a home large enough, in fact they have been without a home at all. They are an organization who should definitely have something done for them. These poor little camera fiends really have something on the ball no matter what I say about them. I would definitely like to see U. N. B. win a Salon competition, but how can they do anything without a darkroom. (Don't rush fellows, I don't mean the ordinary kind with a sofa in it.)

Radio—how I love that word. Urp! excuse me. U. R. P. (University Radio Productions) is in the offing again this year. After all that was accomplished last year it would be a shame to let this glorious institution die out. The first need is for people, anyone interested in any branch of radio broadcasting in the non-engineering aspect—and some faculty members who are brave enough to keep the whole thing running smoothly. I have no idea of how the plans for U. R. P. are progressing—I only hope they are (Bob?).

Well we've talked about art and music and a wee bit of drama. There should be more drama in week or so but that remains to be seen. I hear an inspector is calling this year and I think it is a wonderful idea. At least there will be no taming involved. But then I shouldn't say anything—I'm going to turn out, ah the stage! wonderful! Why don't we all do our bit for the various societies, they all need new people with new ideas.

By the way there's a sheet or rag on the campus called, let me see, ah yes—The Brunswickan. Surely some of you Frosh can write.

## MO

With the opening there comes the usual tra-curricular activity which, at this time ball occupies a proportion. This brings up of student attendance games and college can best be shown by out for a Mount A. trip will it show the team behind them but it's the "swampmen" that such a thing as school the student body of ever I am not writing sermon on school spirit on the Mount A.

For the new student try to briefly tell wh A. trip is. Every course of playing in the MIAU circuit, Mount Allison uni twice (not counting once at Fredericton Sackville. For the it has been the cu student body, or rather charter (buy, beg, steal) a train and a teams to their res Since we are already ton the only trip th is the one to Mount (naturally). Of cou train a certain num dents have to turn to turn up and pa special rates wh us, at least they have past. At any rate two years ago, wh Mount A. train we rates were quite re course the U-Y club somewhat. (Hint, that is what the tra shell.

As yet I have no as to when the train leaves) however I ha it will be early in there is still time fo pitch in and try to As I mentioned be years ago the last M went. Last year it tively the fault of that there was no game did come off the fall but even at a general apathy o the students about i lieve that more names at the most v Let's not have the happen this year.

If any parallel c from the previous t will have a good ti

## ME

Modern

St. Step

FRE  
SOP

SEN

Phon