



by Carol MacPherson

July 3, 1960

"Yesterday we went to the beach in a huge lorry, leaving at 8:15 a.m. and returning at 12:12 noon. Most of us got covered with tar which forms a scum on the rocks in the water. It comes from the petrol of passing ships. Ice cream is considered a luxury. The beach is well organized with life guards, a hospital, and fresh water shower. All the people seem to coagulate in one area for swimming. This seemed strange at first and very crowded. However, it appears that all try to remain within the patrolled area for fear of undercurrents.

"We were warned against exposing ourselves more than fifteen minutes to the Mediterranean sun, since this was our first swim in the country.

"It is interesting to see the Yemenite women in swimming with their small children. They do not wear bathing suits, but regular dresses. One often notices this disparity: a western influence in gay bathing suits and an eastern one in the Yemenite mothers in their dresses and gold earrings.

"A type of ping-pong seems to be a favourite sport on the beach.

"We only stayed at the beach until noon because after that time it becomes almost unbearably hot. Many Israelis sleep in the afternoon due to the heat and stores close as well.

"Everybody was on time at 12:15 when the lorry left the beach for the moshav. According to my hostess, most of the Jews do not go to the Synagogue regularly. It is a small building, a fraction of the size of "Beth-An", the "People's House". This latter structure serves as an auditorium and is of a beautiful, modern design. Movies are shown there every week for adults and every two weeks, in the afternoon, for children. We actually saw "The Merry Jester" there, with Danny Kaye.

At the "Beth-An" also community meetings are held. All the people on Kefar Monash appreciate it very much, for in the old "People's House" they had to carry their chairs back and forth from the cottages. The new chairs are made of a light but sturdy wood. They can be moved about in rows, and therefore conveniently cleared for dancing.

Commercials on the radio are few and far between. Television is non-existent. Even buses and taxis have radios which are usually playing classical music. We are being treated more like dear relations than like labourers. However, all the people seem interested to talk with us and they answer questions candidly. Tomorrow we are . . .

PRE-and RE-VIEWS

(Continued from Page 2)

the UNB Canterbury Club elected a new slate of officers for the coming academic year. Elected were: Ross Webster, President; Joan Tompkins, Secretary; Terry O'Neill, Vice-President; Don Allbright, Treasurer; Michael Sears, Publicity Director; Kathy Fitzrandolph, Social Convener. Arts Ball

Tonight at 7 o'clock all Artsmen are invited to attend a Banquet in the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel Ballroom, where Dr. W. F. M. Stewart will be guest speaker. Following at 9:00 will be the highlight of Arts Week, the annual Arts Ball, with the music being supplied by Tony George and his orchestra. Tickets may still be purchased from Arts Society executives or at the door. UNB Wins Debate

Last Saturday night, before a small but interested audience, JoAnne MacArthur and Terry McCluskey talked their way to victory, by defeating two debaters from Acadia University on the vices and virtues of censorship. Upholding the affirmative viewpoint on the necessity of censorship, UNB obtained an unanimous decision from the three judges, and as such managed to come second in the Maritime Intercollegiate Debating Conference, with three decisions against and six in favour, in three debates.

NEW SRC INSTALLED

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2) This has been our policy — these are the things we have sought to do. We thank the students for giving us the opportunity to govern their affairs during the past year.

Mr. Hart concluded his remarks by stating he wished to thank the following people for their time and efforts during the year: Miss Carol Ann Brewer, Social Committee Chairman; Pete MacNutt, editor of the Yearbook; Dave Dubrule, Winter Carnival Committee Chairman; Barry Yoell, Director of Radio UNB, and Gordon Howse, Brunswickan editor.

Engineering Nominations

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As the foundation of next year's Society will be determined at this meeting, an especially good attendance is desired.

DAFFY DITHERING or TOO MUCH TO DO

"Daffy, what is the matter? Oh, do stop crying. It can't be all that bad."

"That's what you think," blubbered Daffy, looking up through a flood of crocodile tears.

"Well then, tell me Daffy, what is your problem?"

"Well, it all started about a couple of months ago. Well, no," she reflected, "I suppose to be perfectly honest it all started with my being one of the most popular Coeds on campus."

"Sympathy" being my second name, I nodded understandingly. When she was sufficiently confident that I had comprehended all of her sorry plight, she continued:

"Remember that wonderful big gorgeous character in our English class, Bob Jeffers?" I nodded. (Remember, how could I forget!) "He asked me to the Arts Banquet and Ball."

"Wonderful," I exclaimed. I knew of all the pains she had taken to attract this handsome hunk and now, finally, her efforts were being rewarded. But alas, obviously I had said the wrong thing. This comment brought forth a fresh flood of tears.

"Don't you want to go with him?" I ventured cautiously.

"Want to! I absolutely adore the boy. Of course, I want to go with him. Will you wait for my story and stop interrupting me."

I closed my gaping jaw and sat back.

"Well, I also have a date for the Aitken House formal with Bill. Oh, you know, the real egg-head. I think it's cute the way you can hardly see his eyes through those thick goggles he wears. Anyway, I accepted his date." (Who wouldn't for those reasons?) I also have a date for the S.R.C. party with Pete Murphy, one of the big wheels on campus, and a date with Jim for the Drama Festival." (She thinks she has problems!)

She obviously believed she did for the tears again were flowing copiously. Exasperated, I interrupted at this point to exclaim, "Daffy, what IS your problem?"

Through wails of anguish I learned, "All the dates are for Friday night!"

I heard, I comprehended and I sat down.

"But, Daffy," I started, "didn't you know that these dances, et cetera, were on the same night?"

"Know, how would I know that?" I then realized just what a ludicrous question I had asked.

I checked my usually patient nature and started again. "This should not be too difficult. Call three of the boys, explain the situation, and I'm sure they will understand."

"You mean not go! I couldn't! I've been looking forward to these dates all term. I can't, I won't break them now." Suddenly the tears subsided. Very emphatically, Daffy informed me that she was going to attend all four functions with her respective dates.

No, I wasn't surprised, just dumb-founded!

When the appointed hour of 6 p.m. finally chimed into reality on Friday evening I found Daffy arrayed in a frothy pink creation, waiting for Escort Number 1 and the Arts Society Banquet.

8:15 p.m. found escort Number 1 full of sympathy in regards to the horrible headache that she had developed in the course of the dinner. He bade her farewell, and added, "Take care of that headache."

For the next few minutes a Tornado engulfed the room from which emerged a vision of loveliness, enveloped in a smart black sheath. Off

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 5)

THE COLUMN

by
Ed
BELL

MOST UNIVERSITY STUDENTS ARE ALWAYS EITHER MAKING ASSES OUT OF THEMSELVES TRYING TO BE FUNNY OR MAKING ASSES OUT OF THEMSELVES TRYING TO BE SERIOUS. This statement was recently made by a person connected with this university, and there is enough truth in it to raise the student eyebrow. In the process of achieving maturity, a process unnaturally hastened by life in university, we sometimes do tend to go to the extremes of levity and sobriety rather than strike the happy medium of good taste.

There are numerous examples of both instances this year which could be cited. But the reader knows the examples . . . so there's not much point in going into details (you can exhale now, boys . . .) But even granted that there is a lot of truth in the quotation . . . most students are genuinely trying to find the golden mean. If they make mistakes . . . and if they are either over-exuberant or overly-serious or both . . . won't it be worth it all if they do finally gain mature taste? I think so . . . the problem lies not in these people, but in the minority who take advantage of youth and irresponsibility to deliberately go to both extremes. (Not including those who deliberately split infinitives to antagonize the English Department). It is this variety of students who can be truly labelled asses. They should be sent to some other institution to grow up . . . if they ever do.

* * *

Miss Owens, who recently visited the university under the auspices of the I.O.D.E., outlined what seems to be the best explanation of the world's crisis spots. In each of the small nations seeking independence, such as those of Africa, a party grows up whose polity is to "liberate" the country from imperialist control. Any native who does not support this party is considered a traitor to his country. When the country does achieve "freedom", presumably this party will come to power as the government. Those who disagree with the party policies are still considered traitors, and are quite likely to be lined up and shot . . . a rather curious fact to those who maintain that democracy is the best form of government for everyone everywhere. Long live democracy in Cuba and the Congo . . . and all that rot.

ODDS 'N ENDS

—: A suggestion by an intelligent engineer concerning the Christian Atheist "Trans Canada Sewer" . . . "Run it down to Washington and put it up on skyhooks . . . with a dumping apparatus. Then when Castro says 'Dirty old Washington', he'll be telling the truth.

The Student well equipped for HOME ECONOMICS...



The student well equipped for bringing home the bacon uses one unfailing short recipe: "Take a B of M Savings Account, add to it regularly."



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