

Brunswickan

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PHYSICAL EDUCATION BRUNSWICKAN

Co-Editors: Walter Beevor, Joe Baxter; Staff: Bob Baber, Len Lamrock, Martha Saunders, Frank Bortea; Cartoonist: Paul Arseneault; Typist: Fran Gladwin.

BLOOD, SWEAT AND LIFE

Last week was Physical Education Week at UNB. It was a week of activity. Every week is a week of activity for Phys Ed students. Activity classes in the gym . . . quick showers . . . lectures in Carleton Hall. The Brunswickan proposes a toast to all UNB Phys Edders and particularly to the class of '62.

*Phys. Ed. has . . . mesomania. I'm an Artsman
and I know of knowledge . . . the real stuff;
Calisthenics . . . stretch your legs and reach
for suppleness; I've a supple mind . . . it
grotes for vision of deeper things like—
What is life?*

*Life is a mathematical equation that gets
lost on a slide rule. But it's there, it
builds like a bridge and then it rusts
And falls into deep river and sinks.
To where? . . . I dunno, it just sinks.*

*Cardiographs are elegies for executives
who drink and smoke and bulge the 'mean'
And cancer grows in smoked fish . . . I think;
I drink and smoke and eat halibut
And I guess I'll die when my pulse stops.*

*My body is my life, my brain the switchboard
that tells it what to do.*

*A quart of skim a day makes strong bones
And to hell with strontium 90.*

*They say I'll grow until I'm twenty-four
when cells deteriorate and the body fails
But if I practice SBX I'll stay in shape.*

*Football and hockey . . . torn ligaments and cuts;
Ping pong and social dance . . . 20-20 vision and scuffed shoes;
Red T-shirts stiff with sweat and bursitis of the tendon;
A bucket in overtime to win the game;
Deep cleavages in the swimming pool.
My scrap book's full and then some
and little Joey says "Daddy, is that you on the bottom?"*

*No ulcers, flat feet or lung cancer—
Oh! . . . damned knee . . . let's see, yes Mt. A. game back in '59
Rheumatic leg still aches in winter . . . I really creamed that guy.
Did you see that play . . . just like our old belly series
But we always lost yards.
Make my steak rare, honey, lots of iron you know.*

*Today's class was unruly . . . they didn't want to dance,
But last Friday they really swung at the Prom.
Johnny got a black eye today and didn't cry.
That convert could have won the game—
Nice catch fella, that's it, run . . . run!*

Lost: Dana's Manual of Mineralogy in Geology Bldg. If found, please return to Bonar-Law Bennett Library.

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LETTERS . . .

TO THE EDITOR

ERRED

Dear Sir:

Concerning your editorial in today's (Nov. 28th) Brunswickan, you have erred, erred this time.

WE ARE NOT GUILTY — you mention that about two hundred students were at **The Flame**, maybe, but there were not **TWO THOUSAND** there—there was only **TEN PERCENT**.

Why consider us guilty, just because you make your statements based on a minority? . . . or??

Bob Lamoureux

(ED. NOTE: Since Mr. Lamoureux apparently has trouble with the English language, we suggest that he have someone translate the editorial to him to insure that the meaning of the term "we" is fully understood).

SHAME . . . SHAME . . .

Dear Sir:

All responsible minded students—connected with the Red 'n' Black bash—have had a very profitable meeting, so I've heard, to arrange for reparations of The Flame. It seems the reasons for this gathering are two-fold: there is great fear that the "big powers" will veto a Winter Carnival this year unless the students show some degree of regret for their actions Saturday night, and secondly, they fear that no self-respecting restaurant or establishment will rent their premises to future Red 'n' Black parties. Thus, those involved are dutifully paying for damages themselves.

It is commendable that they are intent on paying the damages they produced. But it is a great tragedy that their motives are purely selfish. Apparently there is no genuine feeling of remorse for a wrong. It would seem that nothing wrong has been done. (We have our fling, and then to insure that we don't jeopardize the possibility of having future ones, we very nobly decide to pay for the damages of the first).

Are lectures the only source for learning lessons? Are they void of feelings of shame? Was the evening merely something to be explained away as "actions of a mob"? Psychological explanations are not things to hide behind to cover up our injustices. Moral judgement can be made on those who allow themselves to get "out of control". They had the choice before they became beyond reason, and they willfully decided to get drunk. Such actions can be judged, and must be if we are to preserve any sense of law and order in this highly practical and disorganized world.

Not only are those responsible legally guilty, they are—and this seems to be quite ignored—morally guilty. Monetary payments to The Flame may "cleanse" them legally, but the effect of this in eradicating moral guilt should be extremely ephemeral.

MORALIST

PURELY WHIMSICAL

with Wayne Anderson

The world situation is perfectly ridiculous. Men fighting men when there are so many other things to fight. We have so many common enemies, why don't we all unite against them. Remember how Bismarck united the hundreds of German states by getting the whole country into wars with the common enemy — Denmark, Austria and France at the psychological moments? The Italian states were united in their struggle against Austria. So we have proof that this method works. All we have to do is get the ball rolling.

What is man's greatest enemy? The biggest threat to his freedom? The foremost disrupter of his peace of mind? No doubt about it — women. Who can deny that women are the greatest single factor influencing the behavior of mankind? And look at the mess they've got us into.

Now that we have established the identity of the enemy (the bane of all of man's endeavours ever since she handed him the apple), we must next get the campaign in motion by considering the methods of propaganda, defence, attack, etc. to be employed. First we must establish an underground movement to secretly spread the word to all men whether they be red, yellow, black or white. We might call it the "bachelari". Fooling the "better half" should not be too difficult. As the trusty agent returns home late at night he can either sprinkle himself with liquor and stick an ace up his sleeve or else dishevel his attire somewhat, adding a few drops of "My Sin", a bit of powder or lipstick, and a long hair plucked from the tail of the neighbours dog. As the rolling pin descends he can smile to himself in the happy knowledge that lumps are a small price for liberation.

The top scientists will be commissioned to turn their efforts from obsolete nuclear bombs to a crash program for perfection of the test tube baby (all males of course). Then women too will be obsolete. Using the advantages of surprise and our superior physical strength we can, in one co-ordinated onslaught, eradicate the entire female foe.

Man will be freed from the distractions of love, jealousy, family responsibility, etc. We can apply ourselves completely to the search for the better life. And what's more we shall have taken the first great step toward it. O joy! Men of the world, unite! Throw off your women. You have nothing to lose but sex.

If killing them is too repulsive, we might banish all women to some place like Australia. They could never build boats or planes to escape, except maybe the Russian belles (better watch them). Then we could send them our socks to darn.

Christmas Cards — \$1.25 dozen — UNB Bookstore

DEAR RYDER HART

Dear Ryder Hart:

I am miserable, I'm exhausted and in addition very much in love! Freshman week I invited a charming co-ed to the Sports Night. After she defeated me in ping-pong, badminton, shuffleboard and swimming I realized my plight. She was enrolled in Phys. Ed. During the frequent fatiguing sessions in basketball and volleyball I became more and more infatuated. The problem is I can't eat, sleep, or study. This girl is so exhausting. I can't live without her and at this pace, prolonged life is doubtful anyway. I love this girl and don't want to lose her but I can't keep up with her. Please help me before it's too late.

Hopefully yours,
Marvin Malnutrition

Dear Marvin Malnutrition:
I sympathize with you whole-

heartedly. I realize that keeping up with a Phys. Ed. co-ed, who I presume is the typical type and therefore has animalistic attributes, (legs like Yogi Bear, ears and feet like Dumbo, a body like Huckleberry Hound and a head like Quick Draw McGraw) would indeed be exhausting. However, I don't think that this is why you can't eat, sleep, or study. I feel that the reason for you not eating is due to rotten Student Centre food; for not sleeping, rotten accommodations; and you are probably in Engineering which will explain the no homework bit and the fact that you have been taken in by one of our beautiful co-eds (I can't stand it). I suggest that you start on the SBX plan, move into residence, switch to Arts and forget about the moose, er, I mean the Phys. Ed. co-ed.

Your Adviser in Romance,
Ryder Hart.

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