

TRAVEL TALK

by **Brenda Johnston**

Need a ride to the airport? Don't have a friend with a car? **HELP IS HERE.**

There is a limousine service operating from the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel that goes to the airport forty-five minutes prior to each flight. The cost is \$3.00 per person. I always suggest going a few minutes early to make sure you get a seat.

HOWEVER, because of the heavy traffic to Montreal on the Thanksgiving Week-end, we will be operating a bus from the Student Union Building from the circular driveway to the airport on certain flights. You **MUST** have a ticket in advance. There will be three busses (unless demand merits otherwise)

October 6 Thursday Bus leaves SUB at 8:00 a.m. to catch Eastern Provincial Flight 108 at 9:00 a.m.

October 6 Thursday Bus leaves SUB at 4:45 p.m. to catch Air Canada Flight 157 at 5:40 p.m.

October 7 Friday Bus leaves SUB at 4:45 to catch Air Canada Flight 157 at 5:40 p.m.

Upon returning from Montreal there will be one bus to meet Eastern Provincial Flight 108 on October 10, Monday at 8:30 p.m.

Cost for each of the above is \$2.00 per trip.

If you feel we need another bus coming back from the airport, please let me know and I will try to make the necessary arrangements. Don't forget that you can purchase stand-by tickets at the travel office as well as your regular reserved seat tickets.

Don't forget... this is the year... to take the time to travel.

Plans laid for Caribbean Night

By L. EDWARDS

The Caribbean Circle - maintaining that solid bond of friendship between North America, the Caribbean, South and Central America, held its first meeting on Sunday 25th Sept in the SUB Rm 103 and already plans indicate that a programme is envisaged for this year.

Caribbean Night UNB's biggest attraction is already on the

draftman's board and talent spotting is in progress. This year's promises to be better than last year's since the influx of more than thirty South Americans to UNB recently.

For a detailed outline of the programme we invite all members from the Caribbean, South and Central America to attend an important meeting on Sunday at 2:00 p.m. in the SUB Rm 102.

The night was so black that I felt rather than saw the road beneath my feet. There were no street lamps, no lighted buildings, yet I was in the middle of a village of 30,000 people.

Softly, as if from a distance, voices carried to me. Distant firelight glowed orange with warmth. I knew the people of Mochudi would be grouped around their small fires, kept burning in the cooking pit after the evening meal, to drive off the chill night air.

There would be family groups and neighbors and relatives, sitting outside the rondavels in the courtyard, drinking tea from tin mugs or telling "mainane" tales. I felt lonesome that I didn't have a family to go home to that night, and sad that I knew no one whose fire I might join.

I had lived a week in the black African republic of Botswana. It was interesting in the people of developing countries and the problems they faced. During the summer of 1976, Canadian Crossroads International made it possible for me to visit this country. I wanted to meet people and with their help develop some understanding of the problems of development.

Since my arrival I had been

Crossroader finds warmth, dignity in Botswana

By ANNE MARCEAU

residing in the homes of British, Canadian and American families stationed in Botswana on development projects. Their government-provided houses had electricity and hot showers and I longed to get away from these comforts.

That black night, wandering in Mochudi looking for the house of another Crossroader, I lost my way.

I had left the section of paved road twenty minutes earlier, confident that I remembered the rutted roads and footpaths that I must follow. I was not alone on the roads and paths, though until then, the darkness and my thoughts had cut me off from the people returning to their homes.

I walked back toward a young man with a flashlight and asked for help. With a few words, he led me along another path, past rondavels and a thorn-bush goat enclosure until we reached the yard of my friend's house. "Thank you very much -- will you come in for some coffee?" I asked. "Yes, that is most kind," he replied. We had a short visit, two Canadian students and a young school-teacher. Shy and strange, we pieced together a quiet and friendly conversation.

The feelings of that night came back to me many times during my stay in Botswana. Through the gesture of asking for help, and

giving help, we had crossed hundreds of years of separate history and miles of continent.

I discovered great warmth in the people I contacted. Women at the communal borehole attempted to teach me how to carry a water bucket on my head. A girl clapped her hands happily and asked if I was going to have a baby when I asked for baby lotion in the general store.

I was a foreigner and the villagers were openly curious to learn who I was. They did not shy away from involvement. I was greeted, smiled at, questioned, stared at, touched and laughed at. I loved it -- because it was sincere and uninhibited and full of friendly curiosity. I very soon began to greet, smile and laugh too.

After responding to a traditional greeting and answering a few questions, people discovered how little Setswana I knew -- and often proceeded to teach me more!

I came home with the memory of an expressive and easy-going people. I respect the Botswana I met, for themselves, but also for the dignity, pride and courage that characterize their countrymen.

Canada is rich in resources and human potential, but we're underdeveloped, in our concern for children, old people and our neighbors.

Cross roads-not liberal B.S.

Canadian Crossroads International is not a lot of liberal bullshit. Not necessarily.

I always feel guilty when I attempt to describe the organization as "sort of like CUSO". This is not to put down the Canadian University Service Overseas, but it sometimes brings to mind the starry-eyed idealistic volunteers of the 1960s who signed up for two-year contracts on development projects in a Third World country.

And I think some of these volunteers caused serious damage when their naivety quickly turned

to bitter cynicism and hatred for the country in which they were placed because of the realization that development problems are so enormous and so complicated and the feeling that their ideals had been betrayed.

The local branch of Crossroads will be showing the film "Welcome to Paradise," a critical look at the effect of tourism on the people of the Caribbean, when it holds an information session Oct. 3 at 7:30 p.m. in room 26 of the Student Union Building. It's geared as a gathering to produce some stimulating discussion. It's also hoped that anyone interested in involvement with Crossroads will turn out.

Crossroads each year sends individuals to developing countries for a minimum of four months with the aim of encouraging them to learn more about the problems ranging from overpopulation and malnutrition to disparities in living standards across the world.

It doesn't want those types who are fired with zealous idealism. It doesn't want missionaries who perceive that everyone's salvation rests in adoption of western institutions and ideas. It wants people who are willing to live in a Third World country with the aim of coming to an understanding of what problems these countries face. And I think that while we may be aware of these problems, there is a tremendous impact in seeing the results of these problems everyday.

Service overseas with an organization like Crossroads can leave someone torn by many conflicting feelings. On one hand there may be the feeling that these countries are so poor, overcrowded, corrupt, disease-ridden and face such a dismal future that they will never catch up to the developed world. On the

other hand, returnees may feel repulsion at the developed world's lack of community, waste, pollution, inefficiency and blindness to the interdependence of all countries. This conflict has at least one good result: it drives a returnee to want to do something, because one can't reach at least some understanding of the problems -- and therefore some understanding of what is needed in the way of solutions -- without wanting to do something, anything to contribute to their solution.

Especially challenging are those who see that problems exist on both sides which can be settled mutually. Western economies are facing the prospect of running out of fuel, overproduction, inadequate markets, pollution, unemployment, inflation and generally having more than most North Americans and Europeans know what to do with. There's two thirds of the world which desperately needs to swell production, and earn money to spend on imports, desperately needed expertise and education. These seem to be a mutual end to be served.

And more important than that is the chance which a Crossroads experience provides for an open-minded person to develop an appreciation for the many weaknesses, failures, virtues and achievements which people around the world share. People who are different in a lot of ways can teach us many things. They can not only broaden our perspectives but also demonstrate to us many of the characteristics shared by people across the globe and which should lead us to the belief that more can be achieved by working together than by trying to compete for first place.

The information meeting will be followed by a second before selection takes place in October.



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