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Your Editor Speaks . . .

POLITICS ON THE CAMPUS

Students frequently encounter difficulty when attempting to organize activities at UNB, but these hardships would in no stretch of the imagination equal those faced by persons whose design it is to establish a political club at this, The Provincial University. It is no secret that most students, although conventionally prompt with their opinions concerning trivial issues, will, never indicate any interest in Canadian politics as such, unless to deplore it. Further, their fear of committing themselves to any participation in college politics knows no human bounds. This attitude is, I think, partly due to an erroneous tradition, to which we are all exposed, that professional politics is a "dirty game." This belief leads us to shun all vestige of political activity ourselves, and to regard politicians in general as a lower species. How such people can reconcile this with democracy is hard to imagine.

The immediate result of this, is to prevent the average student from having any inkling of the political issues at stake; and thus depriving him, when he is able to vote, of intelligent use of the franchise. It also, paradoxically, allows those politicians, whose ethics, perhaps, will, never indicate any interest in Canadian politics as such, unless to deplore it. Further, their fear of committing themselves to any participation in college politics knows no human bounds. This attitude is, I think, partly due to an erroneous tradition, to which we are all exposed, that professional politics is a "dirty game." This belief leads us to shun all vestige of political activity ourselves, and to regard politicians in general as a lower species. How such people can reconcile this with democracy is hard to imagine.

Advantages that would accrue the student through a program of political activity are many and varied. It would allow the participants to study the divergent platforms of Canadian Political parties, and thus judge, for themselves, which faction can provide wise government. Through the agency of political organizations throughout the country, outstanding speakers could be made available to the group. Then, as students became more conversant with political theory and platform policy, mock parliament could be established. In this way, valuable experience would be gained as regards debating, parliamentary procedure and public defence.

Tantamount to such a program is a sincere interest in contemporary politics. I have already intimated that this interest is not optional; it is a necessity. If we are to establish the principles of democracy throughout the world, then we, who govern by these principles, must not allow ourselves to become complacent. The most significant facet of Western Democracy is the freedom to vote. Surely, we can not intelligently dispatch this prerogative, if our knowledge of Canadian politics is ill-founded, inadequate and based on an erroneous pessimism in the quality and character of politicians.

There is absolutely no reason, that we, as students of UNB, cannot have at least a measure of the activity I have outlined. We are constantly being told that today's university students are tomorrow's leaders. This is merely a snare, a delusion, if no preparation is made for public life; if no thought is given the structure and texture of Canadian Government.

You are always welcome at the

Paradise Restaurants

SAINT JOHN — AND — FREDERICTON

The Search for Alley Murphy

by BRIDEY OOP

(The story you are about to read is true; only the names have been changed to protect the innocent).

My name's Bridey . . . I'm a cop . . . the date, March 23, 1984 . . . 2:45 p.m. . . I checked in at 14th Precinct . . . Velda (my secretary) gave me a message from the Chief . . . "Call Bureau of Missing Persons" . . . Velda was staring at me with those eyes . . . like a cat . . . a tigress . . . ready to pounce . . . I moved slowly to my filing cabinet . . . took out her Bernstein Chart . . . looked under "Feline" . . . I knew it . . . she was a Cheshire . . . born 1802 . . . one of a litter of four . . . died 1806 . . . owner (L. Carroll) dropped a mirror on her.

3:59 p.m. . . called Bureau of Missing Persons . . . Just as I thought . . . somebody missing . . . new twist, though . . . dead, but no body . . . name, Alley Murphy . . . unmarried female . . . eighteen years old . . . wealthy debutante . . . my job . . . find her . . . 4:05 p.m. . . called suspect's mother . . . said daughter had been acting strangely prior to disappearance . . . had affair with chauffeur . . . chauffeur fired . . . 4:15 p.m. . . had a coffee . . . 5:00 p.m. . . had another . . . 6:00 p.m. . . finished a deck of Luckies . . . then (6:23 p.m.) it hit me . . . 6:40 p.m. . . arrived at Bernstein Bureau . . . dug out the charts for both suspects . . . checked Miss Murphy first . . . routine history . . . first generated 1067 A.D. . . Hastings, England . . . maternal parent English, paternal parent French . . . died 1129 A.D. . . plague. Subsequently born seven times . . . nothing unusual . . . highest I.Q. rating occurred in fourth cycle . . . Italian countess . . . de' Medici . . . assassinated. Lowest I.Q. rating occurred in sixth cycle . . . camp-follower, Napoleon's Russian campaign . . . froze to death . . . routine.

Checked chart for Charlie (chauffeur) . . . looked O.K. . . young shaver . . . first generated 1493 A.D. . . West Indies . . . maternal parent Indian, paternal parent Portuguese . . . died 1554 A.D. . . French Disease. Subsequently born four times . . . nothing unusual . . . highest I.Q. rating occurred in second cycle . . . wrote several plays . . . name, Christopher Bacon . . . murdered (Cheapside). Lowest I.Q. rating occurred in third cycle . . . private in Napoleon's Army . . . froze to death . . . a light bulb exploded in my brain and a million clarinets hit high C . . . I really had it now . . . Alley Murphy must have found her Bernstein Chart in mother's strong-box . . . compared charts with Charlie . . . there was only one way they could have gone—back . . . only one way they could get there . . . I grabbed my hat (time, 7:30 p.m.) . . . 7:45 p.m. . . I arrived at Womug's Travel Bureau . . . showed guard my pass . . . found Dr. Womug in laboratory . . . questioned him on all transients in last twenty-four hours . . . only one party . . . young couple . . . both working on M.A. in History . . . wanted to do research on Napoleonic Wars . . . went through ten hours ago . . . Womug and I looked at their papers . . . forged, of course . . . I phoned the office . . . told Velda where I was going . . . she purred in protest . . . 8:05 p.m. . . I climbed into Time-machine . . . lit a Luckie . . . nodded to Womug.

It was cold, cold . . . snow everywhere . . . I kept going . . . storm got worse . . . I followed signposts in the snow . . . an arm here . . . a leg there . . . it was horrible . . . I lit another Luckie . . . looked at my watch . . . not much time . . . more snow . . . more legs . . . can't go on much longer . . . then I found them . . . 11:45 p.m. . . sitting together . . . holding hands . . . on a frozen Russian . . . I lit a Luckie . . . "Let's go, kids," I said . . . no answer . . . I held my burning match to her face . . . frozen stiff . . . I was too late . . . time, 11:48 p.m.

(The story you have just read is true; only the names have been changed to protect the innocent).

TO THE BOOKS— FRESHMEN

(Continued from page one)

It has been the practise in the last five years to evaluate Freshmen on this basis, as a result of term work and assignment only.

The ruling accrues only to Freshmen. Sophomore, Junior, Intermediate and Senior years are not affected, and will continue with the one final examination.

CIVIL SERVICE RECRUITING

(Continued from page one)

by these students is purposely scheduled for the summer since it requires superior education and the summer is the only time when trained people are available for short-term employment.

This is the tenth successive year in which the Commission has put on such a drive. The large requirements for both graduates and under-graduates reflect the increasing importance the government is placing on university training in its recruitment policies.



Letter to the Editor

Mr. J. Barry Toole,
Editor,
The Brunswickan,
University of New Brunswick.
Dear Barry:

You will probably be surprised to know that quite a few ex-Brunswickans still keep an eye on each issue. It happens that I am one of this privileged few, and would like to comment that you are doing a fine job under the perennial difficulties.

It would be my thought, however, that you are a little off the beam in your lengthy reply to Mr. Thaler. His comments of October 23rd, although outspoken, were nevertheless well founded. He is to be commended on his interest in writing to a fellow editor in the interest of ethical journalism.

Sincerely yours,
George C. Robinson,
'48

When you were a Tadpole . . .

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide,
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved even then.

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