Brunswickan

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. . . . Ho Hum

Bathtub gin helped mold the typical 20's collegian. Sincerity was the Image in the 30's — soap-box socialism and the honest dollar. The filth of Norman Mailer and the earthiness of D. H. Lawrence completed the freeing process, exemplified in 40's Youth. In the 50's masters at indifference began emerging.

Now the cool chick is studiedly unimpressed. Apathy is an art, although its roots are negative rather than neutral. This is indicated in current lingo — 'dumping', 'shafting', 'shooting down' and 'Like, take it cool'. The going opinion is "I'm tired of . . .", even if it's "I'm tired of people who are tired of life."

Tired, bored, complaining, students vegetate at the Students' Centre, spectate sports in silence, and avoid entertainment provided for them. Present activities appear too 'arty', too bourgeois, too much like work. The multitude of excuses covers up disinterest and lethargy.

College students are supposed to be notoriously radical; the avante garde of the next 20 years germinates here. There is nothing radical about destructive criticism, nothing avante garde produced by indifference.

To rhapsodize about our hallowed halls would lift any eyebrow, although the occasional senior might understand; he's getting sentimental about leaving. The alma mater spirit is generally lacking at UNB. Foresters and the Gentlemen of Jones, among others, may protest; so may hockey and basketball fans. But football fans, out-of-residence, out-of-touch types are not With Us.

The cornerstone of any college is its spirit. A university's best advertisement is its graduates. Will attitudes shift when the memory grows fuzzy; will the professional dumpers and slouchers make grand speeches about our elm-laden campus? Or will they forever tromp through life grumping about the 'Georgian abortions' we have for buildings, the lack of entertainment they enjoyed, and the deep wells of unplumbed spirit around here?

To look keen and be pleasant is regarded as phoney, a most popular sin just now. Socializing with professors is often frowned upon as apple-polishing, boot-licking and generally Not Done unless you're frank about those extra ten marks you hope to get. The sincerity of the 30's is Out. The idea that a cosy chat about the Tudor Navy or $E=MC^2$ might prove invigorating does not seem to occur.

Campus clubs use large quantities of student funds each year, and each year they plead for support. Certain organizations always get the fuzzy end of the lollypop, for want of untapped talent and due to wallflowers who have to be primed into action. Off-campus talent steps in where students won't, in some cases. In others, the absence of a competent staff cuts production.

The newer, smaller organizations seem more inspired. The clique death-sentence has either not been pronounced, or the group is exclusive. A University this size should be one big clique — not ours the problem of the Big Four, having marked faculty competition, fraternity life, large groups bound by similar interests.

The complaint is that campus leaders here not only tend to remain in their positions, the same 20 or 30 people tend to run everything. A willing worker is saddled with an endless variety of jobs. Sometimes it is not the best man who wins, but the only one.

Some people come here strictly to learn a profession, or to acquire book learning. They are usually not the complainers nor can they be termed lethargic. It is the boring people who are bored.

Doomed to boredom in the fiery pit
On asses round the bitchers sit.

Letters . . .

MORE LIBRARY HOURS

Dear Sir:

There is much discussion presently about having the library open on Saturday evening and Sunday. It has been suggested that during these times a student supervisor be appointed to insure that no one enter the stacks, and to generally take the responsibility for the maintenance of the building. This would alleviate the need for a librarian to work overtime, and at the same time would provide students with a Sunday haven for study.

A keen bean

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Letters . . . Letters . . . Letters to the Editor

ON THE ROAD

Dear Sir:

It is greatly greaved that I'm to find, while reading with a feeling of awefulness, your campis mag, that there persists to be written a misspelling of a certain word habitually, a thing that certainly should not occur in such a fine paper. Befour I divulge the word in question, I should like to ask you to delve back into the past to your grade school grammar, where, you will recall, youre teacher said: "Certain words, when written in the plural (MORE than ONE) add an "S", whereas the singular (ONE) form has no such consonant dangling on the posterior extremity." Now, think of that great Highway connecting Nashwaaksis and the thriving farm communety of Stanley, and passing through such points of interest as Estey's Bridge, Hamtown, Cardigan, Tay Creek, and other localities too numerous (???) to mention. The highway, though only partly paved is indeed ONE road, although there are two lanes (YES!!!) Then, Dear Sir (or otherwise), I only ask that, (if & when) the next time that you journey along that thoroughfair, perhaps to visit UNB's fabulouse ski hill, observe the number or roads on which you travel. I sincerely hope that you find only ONE, and in the days to come, you do not misspell that wourd "Royal Road".

A resident of that wonderful?? Royal ROAD, A student of UNB.

GROW

Dear Sir:

This is a long overdue letter of complaint about the food that we are being served in McConnell Hall. Like most students here I come from a family where good food has always been an essential — as it should be.

At noon today (March 3) I was served the toughest piece of steak that my teeth have ever had the misfortune to encounter. After attempting to chew three bites I took my "meat" to the management, and was told to take any comments I had to make to the food complaint chairman. No apology or explanation was given nor was I offered another piece of steak. Taking my complaint to the food complaint chairman would not have eased my hunger.

If the high price of food is the reason for the low quality I would much prefer to pay more and get something I could eat. It is ridiculous to expect a university student to work on the food of a prisoner and indeed we are almost prisoners since we have no choice but to eat here.

I think that on the whole, conditions with respect to residence life have improved over the last three years. I wholeheartedly endorse the ruling of tie and jacket for the evening meal but I could use a SQUARE MEAL.

Robert Alan Lewis

Hints . . . Hints . . . Hints

Darling Jackie:

We speak for those poor little co-eds of the senior class who are destined for a future of spinsterhood and who would like to take the necessary steps to avoid such a dire predicament. In order to alleviate this situation, we would like to call to the attention of all senior class men the following facts: the phone number of the Maggie is 5-9002, 5-9091, 5-9061; Murray is 5-9007, 5-9009; Tibbits is 5-9025; New House is 5-9102; Foster is 5-9017. For others please feel free to consult your student directory.

Love,
Two of Mother Bell's offsprings

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