

Home sweet home

"No smoking, no drinking, no visitors, no late hours, no noise, etc. etc. etc."

If one has been over to the accommodations office recently (and many seem to have been), these are the conforming adicts.

We are, in the majority, mature individuals. Or at least, we like to think so. Mother's apron-strings have long since rotted away — we are basically on our own! . . . BUT . . . According to the powers that be, the UNB non-resident student has been relegated to the role of a twelve-year-old.

The UNB student spends on the average, a little more than seven months of the year in Fredericton. After we have been here for a couple of years, it is in effect our home.

For the male student in particular, the housing situation in Fredericton is appalling. He is forced into living in cold, drafty, mediocally furnished cages. The rents are exorbitant, the privileges are non-existent, and his social standing in the eyes of The Landlord is as one of the lowest of low.

The staff of the Accommodations Office do not seem to realize what the student has to put up with, or perhaps, they do not really care.

One of the many students who were looking for new abodes to start the year off was sent to a home that was "really quite nice". The only problem was that he was not allowed to smoke, drink (a deed most dastardly in the 'city of stately Elms') or come in past the hour of 11:00 PM.

The aforementioned student had asked for a 'good' place to live. He had given his faults: smoker, nipper, and a keeper of hours past 11:00 PM. Perhaps someone felt that he needed to be kept in check.

What is needed on this campus is an organization that is sympathetic to the students problems and is willing to try to do something about them.

The rise in rents, especially in the last three years, is probably due to the fact that the Landlord knows that he has us over a barrel. Little probably can be done about this but why can't the citizenry be educated to the fact that we are not children. As long as there is an organization on campus that will condone the 'NO EVERYTHING' attitude of the Fredericton Landlord, we appear to be doomed to this existence.

We do not want 'show' places or 'orgy palaces'. We just want homes (trite but true). We want to be able to entertain our friends — male or female — without the everpresent aura of 'sin' and this does not seem to be too outrageous a wish.

This plea will probably fall upon deaf ears because it is obvious that no one cares except the beleaguered student. It's a shame when one has an everpresent empathy with Don Quixote but that seems to be inescapable around here.

Wouldn't it be nice though if we could live in the manner to which we are accustomed — just like other people?

DAN SCANS: Happiness

HAPPINESS

Happiness is the Registrar's misplacing the account for your unpaid tuition fees.

Happiness is buying a prof's car with the faculty parking still on it.

Happiness is a girl who has bought her own ticket to Winter Carnival.

Happiness is passing Math 1000.

Happiness is Surfer's Regional Economics but not Bosnitch's Poli-Sci.

Happiness is a care package from home with cigarettes, toothpaste and razor blades, but no home preserves.

Happiness is four feet of snow and a prof that lives in Barker's Point.

Happiness is a competent S.R.C.

Happiness is a prof that stops lecturing at twenty after the hour and not twenty-five after the hour.

Happiness is a girl with perfume behind her knees.

Happiness is a proctor that outdrinks all the guys on the floor.

Happiness is getting a phone call into Lady Dunn Hall on the first try.

Happiness is soft butter patties in the Students' Centre.

Happiness is making kissy-face in the Tartan Room with only a dozen people around.

Happiness is a booklist of paperbacks but no hard covers.

Happiness is May 15.



Editor:

It seems only fair that our side of the story should be seen in print. You may erase any phrases you take unworthy of print but please refrain from altering the general point of the message!

With reference to the statement made by the Arts co-eds in Lady Dunn Hall that "They (U.N.B. males) are not worth the hooking anyway", I would certainly like to drop a few gems their way although I sincerely believe that it would be like casting pearls before swine, if you'll excuse the simile.

I wonder if the girls up there have ever thought that there might be a slight chance that perhaps the gentlemen of U.N.B. would rather date their mother than them. I myself am dying to discover what they really look like, subtracting their dyed hair, mascara, face paint, padded brassieres, and the infinite other love potions they can always concoct to fool, or I should say, scare the guys. For sure, my rubber boot has more personality than any of them up at L.D.H. Considering the fact that between 60-85% of the girls who take an Arts course at college come

to "get hitched", they sure are at U.N.B. out to lunch in their attempts and I judge their efforts now as fruitless unless they mend their ways. I'm just wondering what sort of fools these made-up, bag-of-bones girls make us out to be? If only they would be their natural selves for once instead of this sick caricature they seem to think to be effective. Time will certainly tell them that they are only kidding themselves.

Alan Laschinger

Editor:

That co-ed week sign in the Student Center makes me angry, because it doesn't take more than a minute to figure out what the heck those girls are up to.

Last year I was chiselled out of a Winter Carnival pass, because a co-ed (who was very pretty and sweet I might add) sucked me into thinking we were made for each other (which I did) and after asking me out on co-ed week she had us going steady and suddenly, in the middle of carnival, WHAMMO. Goodbye, loser.

I was pretty cheesed off, as

you can imagine. But she is so nice I can't believe it still. It's

not that I want to sound like a lovelorn column, but really,

I want to warn those poor finks who are unfortunate as to get asked out on co-ed week.

Please don't print my name, as this could get me in trouble with my girlfriend.

Yours sincerely,
'Sage'

The illiterate editor, along with many other staff members of the BRUNSWICKAN, will be leaving Canada's oldest official student trainwreck in the near future. Since many members of the staff will be moving up or out of the organization there will be a number of positions available i.e. everything from office boy to editor-in-chief.

Those interested in becoming staff members are urged to get in touch with the BRUNSWICKAN. You will receive all the dubious honours bestowed upon the press on this campus and will be given front row seats for staff meetings which include free candy and sex. Help . . . we need you.

Brunswickan

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