Sound Off

Mugwump Journal

By Susan Manzer

You know you can dig up a lot of what we like to call "little goodies" to complain about or praise, for that matter, and this week, as difficult as it may be to believe, one must pick and choose and store the rest away.

The SRC has come up with another position, another PR position, namely an information director. Apparently this person is supposed to keep the media, campus and otherwise, informed about what's happening with the SRC. Not a bad idea I suppose, although the Bruns has had very few problems in the past keeping up with Council. I can't speak for CHSR however. The thing that bothers me, though, is the honorarium they are considering, $150. Our news editor receives the same amount and I have a feeling he does a helluva lot more than this person would be responsible for. I can't help but question this part of the idea, at least on behalf of our editors, all of them, but one, making much lower than that, and even lower than council members ($100) for that matter. I suggest the SRC look over the amount of work other organizations such as CHSR and the Bruns do before delegating all their monies to such positions. I am not bitching for myself, just on the behalf of others. I must also make clear that I am not necessarily condemning the idea of an information director, no such thing. But boys, let's get the priorities straight. This person, by the way, is to be appointed by the SRC executive for a term of office from February to February. It will be interesting to see what comes out of the discussion; I do hope it doesn't go under like the idea of an information co-ordinator.

And while "picking" at the SRC, President Pete has another play toy. Earlier in the year he finally persuaded Gilliss to permit a dictaphone to make his job easier; well, now he's got a phone that you can press the button to hear the caller through a special speaker. Ah the life of a President. We hope it'll clear up his sore ear anyway.

An interesting conversation circulated the Bruns office this week (much to everyone's surprise). It all started when a staffer bought some books he needed for this term and it darn near cost him a bloody fortune. A female member of our staff said she had figured out that if you went to the Library and xeroxed all the pages of a typical $14.95 book it would be cheaper. Seeing a little pile of paperbacks costing $25 really makes you wonder. A whole stack of xeroxed papers might be more of an inconvenience for toting purposes, but for those who must be economical....

Oh, it won't be long gang before Winter Carnival is upon us for another year. I was all set to expound on the entertainment lined up for this year, but was informed by a Carni committee member to please keep a certain attraction under raps until a certain date. Upon inquiry as to the reasons for such a request, I was told that those IN CHARGE, A MANAGER?, wants the publicity to begin all at once, you know a sudden flurry of surprise. Maybe students not knowing beforehand will be more effective but all we can say is good luck J.G.

Oh yes, the theme for this year's carnival is "Down East Daze", I think it's a great idea, about time we concentrated on the good ole Maritimes. But I hope students don't identify it with Fredericton's Downtown Fun Daze or we'll all be in trouble.

Take note of the feature on the centrespread this week. Our features editor Scoop Simms was on hand for the lecture by the two former Vietnamese prisoners who discussed their time in jail and the tortures. It certainly is something to think about.

SEXIST ADVERTISING...seen the Ring Day posters in the SUB?...the lovey dovey type "roll in the hay" with a "this is achievement" line under it and even worse a girl with her goodies almost splashed everywhere with the little ring on her finger in the corner. If you are buying boobs then the poster is appropriate. When a Brunswickan affiliate questioned SRC VP Gary Stairs about it he said he was apologetic for the posters going up. For those who don't know what "ring day" is, it is a chance to have a good look at the official UNB rings at the Bookstore and ask any questions you like for reps from the company will be on hand. Please don't let the crappy posters keep you away.

One of our staffers is a fan of outdoor sports magazines and upon reading a certain issue came across a story about woodcock hunting in New Brunswick. It was unbelievable. I mean I realize we may not be a modern industrialized area but the inaccuracies of our lifestyle were unreal. Did you know that New Brunswickers all repair the east side of the barn in the fall for winter and paint their little shingled house nice bright colors? We also send our women and children out into the fields to pick potatoes and then load the vegetable on horse drawn carts and store it for the winter. The estimated number of woodcock that is supposed to be flushed in one day was also unreasonable. But we, The Brunswickan staff set them straight by writing a letter of protest which they inform us they will print (hail to good ole American magazines). By the way, Randolph Hearst himself is the chairman of their board.

Good luck Godivan.

Non-smoker ripped off

Dear Editor:

I am a non-smoker. Along with the hundreds of other non-smokers on this campus I am a victim of one of the greatest 'rip-offs' of all time.

I am sick of smelling cigarette smoke everywhere I go. (There are times when Nackawic is a welcome relief). In classes, in study halls, and in examinations, during conversations, during mealtimes, and during relaxation, I have to put up with that disgusting smoke.

Now I do not deny people the privilege of smoking. My only contention is that it is thoughtless and impolite to smoke in the presence of non-smokers (unless of course you know that they do not mind it). I am not saying this to make people angry at me but rather to point out the fact that a cigarette is not part of a person. Indeed sometimes I get the feeling that smokers consider non-smokers abnormal. I reject this line of thinking completely and also that mentality which lets it exist. It is this type of lunacy which comes up with the phrase "If he does not like my cigarette, he can just move." As a non-smoker (and I freely admit that there are other non-smokers who disagree with me I stand on the rule that IT IS THE SMOKER WHO MUST ADJUST HIS HABIT TO FIT THE NON-SMOKER.

As I have said before, people may smoke if they want to without anyone's permission. To smoke or not to smoke is a private decision. When a person smokes it is his own business, but when it comes to the point where I have to breathe his cigarette smoke then it is my business too. People can smoke as much as they want to, as long as they do not mess up my portion of the air when they do so. When they foul the air I have to breathe I consider them impolite and thoughtless. They seem oblivious to other people's feelings.

I would like to add one more thing before you think my view is an extreme and unfounded one (although I do believe that the fact that I do not like cigarette smoke should be enough to make you stop): the medical evidence linking smoking and several diseases. If you do not accept this information as valid that is fine, but respect the view of those who do accept it. We are told that to try to work in a room of smoker is tantamount to smoking yourself. Remember this as you light up a cigarette next time in the library reading room. This is one of many ways that the smoker is not only hurting himself (in my estimation) but also hurting those around him (and I do not think anyone is going to tell me that to inhale all those tars and acids is good for you).

This is why I think smokers are an unthinking and often impolite lot.

Sincerely,

James Murray, P.G.

Audience called hick

Dear Editor:

I was enchanted by Bruce Cockburn's performance, last Saturday night. It was a first for me as, I am ashamed to admit it now, I did not know this brilliant performer. He has to be a standout among today's singers because of what he says and how he expresses it. He does not have to shout and wiggle on stage; he does not need to produce shrill and discordant sounds from various instruments. Bruce talks with simple words and passes his thoughts, with mastery and imagination, by running his fingers on his guitar or banjo (and not ukelele, as an erudite behind me kindly explained to his companion).

That evening at the Playhouse would have been marvelous, were it not for the audience. I do not want to generalize, but if I have to judge Fredericton's young people by those who were present Saturday night, I am getting a very distasteful opinion of them. I have often been to presentations at the National Art Centre in Ottawa, where there was a majority of young people and never has their behavior attained anything close to that observed Saturday night.

From 20:20 to 20:30 hrs., there was a mad pile up in the lobby which attained a summum at 20:30, when the doors opened. A totally uncivilized mob pushed its way through the hole and scattered throughout the seating area (arena?). It did not take long for alcohol bottles to pop up (literally!) and guzzling started amid grunts of satisfaction. For a while, I thought I was attending a football game. Although I was wrong, the next thing to happen was a kickoff (which was to continue during the whole game, sorry, performance)...on the back of my seat! Daddy-long-legs had problems with his oversize appendages and after politely inviting him to put them somewhere else, I almost tied them into a knot around his neck. My companion found it quite annoying (to say the least) and at one point, she could not help but tell him to sit still. Unfortunately, that guy was so preoccupied with his girl friend, that the rest of the world had stopped existing for him and thus continued the thumpings and bumpings.

Bruce was fantastic, but he will probably keep a very bad opinion of Fredericton. I suppose people here are not used to the finer things of life and that might explain a certain roughness of behavior, particular to small towns and village boys and girls.

Jacques Thibault - geology
Ottawa

He wants a sales campaign

Dear Editor:

This letter pertains to that perennial source of discussion - the UNB Yearbook. First, may I extend hearty appreciation to Marilyn, Laine, and their staff for a job very well done on the 1974 "Up the Hill." I would also like to say that after 5 years at UNB that I am looking forward to having a yearbook in my graduation year. I'm sure that I speak for most of the graduating class when I express this wish. However, it looks very much like we won't have a yearbook this year and as I see it, it is no small wonder, since the visible efforts on the part of the illustrious editor are just abaout nil. If nothing else, I hope this letter will persuade all UNB students to support the yearbook and perhaps good Mr. Neale into laying off the fancy ideas and into launching a meaningful sales campaign - before it is too late.

David Van Slyke
C.E.S.

MORE LETTERS PAGE 11. We have received some unsigned letters which we cannot print for legal reasons until we have a name, which may be withheld at the request of the writer.

Saga sets record

Dear Editor:

I would like to compliment Saga for what must be a first in University food across North America. For here at the University of New Brunswick Saga has set a first by serving the most distasteful, unattractive, unpalatable and sickening food possible.

So far this year Saga has managed to serve food containing everything ranging from "condoms to pieces of metal". But have been capable of eluding taste.

From Lady Dunn to McLeod and finally McConnell Hall the management has succeeded in keeping the silverware, trays and glasses so dirty that people lose their appetite as soon as they walk into the buildings.

I urge all students to go after their food rep. and keep after them until we can secure a change in Catering Companies, management, cook or whatever. Just remember things cannot get better unless "you" take a stand.

Dave
Aitken House