

editorial

6—THE BRUNSWICKAN/DECEMBER 3, 1976

How much does it take?

Two UNB students died last week as they crossed the Trans-Canada Highway from the university woodlot to College Hill Road.

They were killed while attempting to cross a highway where vehicles travel at high speeds and where there are no provisions for crossing pedestrians. There is not even a sign to warn motorists of pedestrians on the road ahead. Cattle crossings are better marked.

University authorities, ignoring the risk of traffic deaths, tacitly encourage forestry students to cross the road to reach the woodlot for field labs.

Students cross the highway at several locations. Above the Aitken Center, three well-worn trails through the woods from the Forest Hill and Skyline Acres neighborhoods emerge at the side of the highway. A path running from the Lady Dunn parking lot through woods adjoining university property comes out at the roadside. Its continuation is on the other side of the Trans-Canada.

The Brunswickan urges the student union and the university administration to demonstrate their concern for the deaths of these two students.

This route has been considered the domain of high speed vehicles only. Allowance must be made for the pedestrians. The union and administration must press the provincial Department of Transportation to correct the dangerous situation that exists at the highway.



Snow job for Fredericton this Christmas

For a while there we didn't think the winter was going to make it, but here it is, 22 days before Christmas and the old white stuff is here for the duration, it seems.

You know, by the time Christmas eve is here, there'll be pretty decent sled tracks for the reindeers. That'll make their job a lot easier. Ol' Santa generally goes through the air, but he stays on the ground going through the city. Can't blame him, you know, all the time taking off and landing again.

Things aren't like they used to be, you know. Why in the old

days, he'd just jump from roof to roof and down the chimneys, no problem. But he can't do that anymore. Not many people have fireplaces nowadays, and those modern chimneys folks have nowadays make a pretty tight squeeze.

That's why he just goes along the ground through the city-ol' Saint Nick finds it easier to climb in cellar windows nowadays. It's a tighter fit than the ol' fireplace chimneys but least ways he don't have to worry about some bright whipper-snapper forgettin' to put the fire out before they go to bed.

Used to be some hard-on

clothes.

'Course, ol' Father Christmas, as some folks call 'im, he's had some tough times. Remember the time the North Pole was snowed in? Had to send in a rescue team, and the reindeer had to pull the sled along the ground all the way to Ungava Bay before it was clear enough to take off.

An' then they almost dumped 'er.

But y'know, times aren't what they used to be. I hear Air Canada has offered to help with deliveries, particularly as people are a little more fussy than they used to be and it's getting harder

and harder all the time.

But don't you worry, Santa'll make it through. He hasn't missed a delivery yet — so he claims.

Some of the folks was talkin' to him just the other week, and he says it'll take more than great big airplanes to beat him. Matter o' fact, he said the sled's just out of the repair shop and is already half loaded up.

"People may be a little more persnickedy than they us'ter be," he says, "but they's still the same ol' people."

Santa tol' us that his-self.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

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