mugwump journal

By MIKE MACKINNON

I'd like to start a new academic year off by welcoming back all those sudents of last year and to welcome all the new students. Here's hoping this year will be as enjoyable for you as last year.

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Being as this is the first issue of the Brunswickan I would like to inform you of our deadlines. They are as follows:
Sports - Monday at 5:00 p.m.,
Entertainment - Tuesday at noon,
Features - 5:00 p.m., Tuesday,
Soundoff - 5:00 p.m. Tuesday
Classifieds-Upcomin - 5:00 p.m. Tuesday,
News - 5:00 p.m. - Wednesday

If you have a submission we will be more than happy to accept it but I ask that you either have it typed and double spaced or legibly written and double spaced. Letters to the editor should signed and have your student number. Names will be withheld on request. If your letter is not printed it will be either because it was defered to the next week due to lack of space or because it was considered liableous by a lawyer.

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I would like to take this opportunity to invite anyone who is interested to come out and join the paper. The amount of time you put in is up to you, it can be kept to a minimum or you can become a steady staffer. There are a number of skills you can learn, such as photography, writing, both creative and news, ad design, newspaper layout and managing a business. If you are interested just drop into the Brunswickan office, Room 35 of the SUB. There may be a lot of running around and if you are ignored, don't be shy, just grab a hold of someone.

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There will be a few changes in the content of the paper. Paul white, the man who brought Jack McLoskey's Wildlife last year, will be returning to us. In addition to Wildlife we will be running a new comic strip, Captain Ka-ching. This week's issue contains the first strip. We will also be running two editorials instead of one. One will concern local happenings, campus events, and the other will concern happenings around the world. As students we tend to take an isolationist point of view and block off the 'real' world. We are effected by what happens in the world, not so much as students, but as humans. Creative pros are welcomed for the entertainment section and hopefully we will be running Brownsworth again this year. Along with these new proposals there will be a few changes in the layout of the paper. Feedback on the changes is welcomed.

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My fifth year of university (the Brunswickan plan is a long one) and I finally managed to make it through registration with the minimum of trouble. Whether it was more organized or those working at registration were more organized I have no idea. Still, things did seem to be running fairly smoothly this year and those I have talked all tell me they were out in record time. Must have been the system I guess. I hope it will be the same next year (and the next year, and the next.....).

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That about wraps it up for the first Mugwump of the year, nothing really meaty in it yet, it is much too early. Still, I have confidence that before not too long we will be back in the thick of things.

editorial

On August 31, a Soviet Union fighter pilot shot down a Korean Airlines Boeing 747, killing all 269 people aboard. Since that time we have had statements from Canada, the United States, Japan, Korea and several other countries. The Soviet Union, of course, after initially denying they had downed the airliner, blamed the U.S. for the loss of lives. The justification for their act of barbarism was the U.S. had an RC-135 spy plane, a glorified Boeing 707, in the area. It should be noted the RC-135 and Boeing 747 have the same silhoute but there is a lifference in size.

There is no question that what the Soviets did is murder. What makes their act even worse is their denial and refusal to accept responsibility for the deaths. There is no justification for delierate destruction of a civilian, unarmed passenger aircraft, even if they were in Societ airspace. I have to wonder what would happen if a Canadian pilot was to destroy one of the Soviet bombers, an armed military aircraft, that frequently stray over Newfoundland. No doubt that would be considered an open act of warfare by the Soviets.

After all the uproar has died down, we will begin to feel the effects of the whole thing. the greatest impact will be felt by the disarmament movement. We will have to question the sincerety of the Soviets in their attempts for disarmament. Andropov had brought forth a number of proposals which were generally considered to be an enlightened approach, especially since they were coming from the Soviets. Some people even thought the Soviets were making more of an attempt that the U.S. We were becoming complacent and our mistrust of the Soviets was being replaced by a cautious optimism, an optimism which we can now see was naive.

The nature of the retaliation, if that is the word to use, of the reaction of the U.S. and Canada is obviously difficult to decide. The delicate improvement in relations between them and the Soviets had to be maintained and economic sanctions would only serve to harm us. Economic sanctions have not worked in past.

Another effect we are beginning to feel is a growing attitude that we should do nothing to help the Soviets. Recently a Soviet freighter was adrift off the B.C. coast and heading towards the rocks on the shore. The crew were rescued but several workers on the dock were of the opinion they should have been left to their fate. This is an attitude we have to guide against.

The final outcome will not be apparant for a while yet, but we can be assured it will take some time to overcome the damage done. Our safety in the air will always be questioned and our trust of the Soviets, weak.

That sinking helpless feeling in the pit of your stomach increases with every step towards the Aitken Centre and registration. The walk up the hill is tiring. Clutching a ballpoint pen, you keep your head high and watch those ragged ex-humans who have just finished registering float lemming like to the Social Club.

As you arrive at the door and announce the exact spelling of your name, one great fear is proven unjust: the fear that they don't know who you are or what your doing, and would send you away to the old Arts Building to discuss matters with the computer by way of an interpreter. No, they have your personalized forms, and you can proceed.

Invariably, you turn left instead of right and wander straight into a hulking clean cut C.P. who asks of you some answers and sharply sends you on the right path into the stands.

There you find confused students hunched over their registration packets reading in the half light. You do the same.

Going over the personalized data, you find the standard errors. They don't know your phone number, or your address, so you dutifully inform them of these; but you have grown a little tired of constantly re-informing the registrar that you're enrolled in Forest Engineering, not Nursing.

After you fill out and repair the form, it's time to go to ice level. First, two more C.P.s are encountered. One snatches your forms from your trembling hands and hurls them back in your face, saying that you've forgotten to say who your benefactor is or sign the sheets. Not mentioning that you have no intention of dying, you do as he says.

Then, you must pay. This line is usually swift, as it should be: a $685 slow line wouldn't be amusing. As you pay, the person at the desk says little and thinks less.

Once passed that hurdle, two more C.P.s slam you up against some oil drums and triple check that you've paid. Once satified, they let you past.

The computer card collection race is next. dashing from desk to desk, and ignoring the No Smoking signs, you eventually complete this task. Then, two final signatures are needed; one from your faculty and the other from your Department. these two signatures are important approvals of your course choices, but the signers seem not to read anything on the form, only to sign their names. Perhaps if you placed a blank cheque in front of them they'd sign that too...Maybe next year.

Now, as a final humiliation, your photograph for your I.D. card is taken. It seems deliberate that they want to record you at your most haggard and worn out state. After that ordeal, you are almost free.

Fighting your way past the club stalls, like so many vendors on the streets of Bangladesh, you step outside properly registered and branded to start a new year at UNB.