MUGWUMP

Chris Hunt

I vote we get rid of March breaks altogether. I personally hate them. This is largely due to the fact that:
a) Everyone else goes somewhere warm and sunny (their is occasional satisfaction for those of us who don't when luggage is lost, the travel agent neglected to mention the monsoon season, and better yet...dysentery, typhoid..whoopee!! -have a nice march break?) and I don't.
b) Other people can delegate their free time to make a semi-even split with school and fun. Me? Free time to me is exactly that - FREE Time (did you realize that General Hospital is actually a very inspiring and exquisitely crafted show?).
c) If you have to have a break, and you have to have it in New Brunswick, why the hell would you have it in the last week of February? I think that the holiday deities all live in Fiji or Tonga or someplace and giggle at the thought of having put a week-long school break during the only month here in the Tundra worse than November.
d) March breaks are like high-interest loans: You get a week in (god forbid) February, and by the time you have to pay it back (ie. the end of the year) the weather is actually half decent. Away with this rubbish.
e) I'm writing this in between papers due this week that I had all last week to do and I have officially been awake for 32 hours. I'm sure you all know what it is like. But I beg of you...stop this madness. Who actually had a great time last week and didn't once think about work? It's the guilt thing. It'll kill you.

If you feel the same way, come down to the Bruns and we'll talk. I was thinking maybe a sit in. We could at least get the damn thing moved. Or at very rock bottom suggest that at least a few universities have their breaks at the same time. Whatever.

Next week is in fact a good week to come down to the Brunswickan office - We are having possibly our first (in recent memory anyway) "Open House" (whatever the hell that means... as near as I can figure the place is always open...we just gotta clean it for this week so show up dammit). I think it has something to do with the fact that this is our 125th year of publication as an official student newspaper. Anyway, come on down sometime next week. It's really not all that bad. There are a few wierd people. And some nerds. There's even some engineers, but we bought some plants and cleaned out the fridge so get down here and learn how to insult, offend and disturb over ten thousand readers every week.

Student election time is here again. I believe the last time elections rolled around I missed it. Then again, so did about 70% of the student body. Maybe its the fact that the candidates tend to be...uhh..uncharismatic? - yeah, that's it, uncharasmatic.

I understand our student fees are being cut back by a whopping -get this- TEN BUCKS. That's right, TEN BUCKS!! Hold me back I'm going to simply scream. What in hell am I going to do with ten bucks? Friday night at First Choice ten bucks is a fair amount, but what is it in the difference between $2,275 and $2,265? Gee. Thanks guys. By the time I get to pay it good old Mike Wilson will have cigarettes up so far that I'll have to save up two years rebate for a 15 pack.

So where's all the great technology? Where's my television phone I was promised I'd have by now when I was young? Where are all the electric cars? This computer is great to write on but why do I still have to type (laboriously)? Why can't I go to school from bed? This is all trash. Hype. Where's the space stations and the plastic sytho-food and the talking butler robots? Dammit, I want some fun technology for a change. Cellular phones and patriot missles. Definetely not party material.

Finally, will someone please tell the Beaver people to get more large coffee lids and find a less messy way of dispensing cream (good lord, a stainless steel cow...definitely uncalled for and occasionally downright scary).

OPINION

The views found in Opinion do not necessarily reflect the views of *The Brunswickan.*

The following article was published over a hundred years ago in the University Monthly, the forerunner to The Brunsiwckan. We thought it would make extraordinarily good reading as it was written by a Bruns alumni of the earlier part of the nineteenth century. The subject of the material is the Observatory which still exists at this University. For people interested in seeing this UNB monument head down to the Old Arts Building and ask somebody who looks old enough to tell you something useful about it. Enjoy your reading.
(Ed.)

To the Editors of the University Monthly:

Dear Sirs, - My young grandson, who graduated a year or two ago from King's College, as it was when I was a student, or as you now call it, the University of New Brunswick, brought to me a few days past a late issue of your Journal, and asked me if I could throw any light upon a subject which was a source of great perplexity to the students. He told me he had asked his father concerning the matter, but that he was unable to afford him any information, which I very much wonder at, as may son Charles was a painstaking and diligent student, and no addicted to the frivolities, such as champagne suppers, hazing the watchman, etc., etc., which distinguished the College man in my days. However, if you will have patience with the prolixity of an old man, to whom, even at fourscore years, his Alma Mater is a subject of love and thoughtful regard. I will endeavor to recall what I can of the Observatory. If my remarks appear rambling or confused, you must remember that at my time of life the page is somewhat blurred and indistinct, and extend to me your kind forbearance.

As to your first question as to whether the building is an Observatory, I am certainly positive that when I was a student - to use an expression handed down through successive generations - that such was the purpose to which it was applied. To assist my memory, my grandson has brought to me Mr. Webster's Dictionary, an American compilation not in vogue in my College days, and in it I find Observatory defined as a place or building for making observations on the heavenly bodies. Yes, my enquiring and perplexed friends, the building about which hovers so great an air of mystery is an Observatory, I now proceed to your next query - the nature of the "curious tube like thing that projects from the roof". Ah! indeed, times have changed. Well, I remember how proud we old students were of our telescope, at that time the finest in the British Provinces. And now in your ignorance of its use, you speak of it as a "curious tube-like thing." Verily the old order has given place to the new. Though we saw it but once in our College course, yet with it was ever a pride and a boast.

You will gather from the remarks which I have made above an answer to your third question. Clearly limned in my recollection is that beauteous and ne'er to be forgotten night when our dear, old President - now, alas! numbered amid the obsolete - out of the goodness of his kindly heart, took us, a heedless class with never a thought of the great honor done us, to that awful building, the Observatory. How lightly we behaved! Yes, I think we even actually laughed while within the sacred precincts. But all is over now. Little we thought of the graciousness shown us, less of the envy with which succeeding generations would regard us. My own experience in the Observatory, brief though it was four swiftly - fleeing minutes - will ever remain a bright spot in my memory, and recall the generous condescension shown the Freshmen of 18 -

Your next question, as to whether money can purchase admittance to the Observatory, I take it be conceived in a spirit of youthful levity. But perhaps I misjudge you. Goaded into desperation by the tantalizing spectacle so near, and yet, oh! so far, you may have penned the sentence. If so, the excuse well justifies the deed, and warm with a collegiate fellow feeling, I will not be the one to condemn you.

Can you gain an entrance to it? That, my dear, young friends, I cannot answer. As I have described to you with, perhaps an old man's pardonable pride, I was in the building once. My son Charles though he spent three tedious years in the College, was never admitted to that high privilege. Yet, with the retiring spirit so characteristic of the dear boy, he never complained of that which he could not hope to attain. My grandson, however, who graduated but a short while ago, was loud in his denunciations of the injustice in not being admitted into the mysterious inner temple. Some allowance, however, must be made for youthful blood. Were I myself so treated when I was a student, doubtless I would have equalled him in his impatient indignation, and, therefor, I am not inclined to judge him harshly.

Now, my dear friends, I have given you all the information in my possession in reference to the Observatory, but I sadly fear that, like those glorious old days when we used to drink to each other underneath the table, the day of admittance of the Observatory has passed away and

Sic transit gloria mundi