

Don't quit until you're totally confused

Well, by now you've probably been confused by your orientation squad and your faculty advisors more than you ever thought possible. But you should be proud, for you have the only true and recognizable trait of the university student — confusion.

This is not to say there aren't some Grade A geniuses out there somewhere. By and large, though, we students — and that includes you, now, too — can be viewed in one great lump.

Welcome to the University of New Brunswick.

In case you've mistaken us for the Daily Gleaner (God forbid), allow us to introduce ourselves. We're The Brunswickan, your very own newspaper. We come out every Friday, so feel free to pick up as many copies as you like (for your dog, if nothing else.)

We hope to inform you, amuse you, and on occasion, we hope to make you very mad. And it's entirely possible you might get mad at us when we don't want you to. But then there's the hazards.

As freshmen, you will be going through all those experiences we went through years ago — don't worry, none of it is new or applicable only to you. We all have to go through it, apparently.

One piece of advice for you to become thoroughly acquainted with your campus (and it is yours — don't let anybody tell you different) is to actually become a part of it.

In high school, your student council probably charged you a few bucks to get a student card — and even then joining up wasn't compulsory. Well it is here, and it'll cost more than a few bucks. In a few days when the registrar cashes your cheque, he'll charge you \$35 for a student fee. Then he'll hand your money over to the UNB Students' Representative

Council, an elected council of so-called wise men and women who meet every Monday to dispense with your money.

We — The Brunswickan, that is — get a large bit of your money. (We won't tell you how much we get just yet. If you want to know, come in to the office and ask us.) Other clubs and societies will spend upwards of \$140,000 of your money.

Considering all this, it might be

wise for you to join one or more of these clubs and help them spend your money. The Brunswickan, for example, would be very happy to have you. No experience is required. And we know other clubs could use your services as well.

In many cases, you'll find a new group of friends, people who've been through the mill you're just now going through. It might be nice to have a few of these people

as friends when you get lonely, discouraged, or just plain confused. Perhaps you've already had these feelings and didn't know what to do.

Don't allow yourself to be left out. No matter what your views, race, color, or religion, there is bound to be at least one organization that's looking for you to walk in their doors.

Give it a try and see if life isn't just a little bit easier.

Abolish Frosh Queen contest

Another year, another Frosh Queen.

Next Friday, the Frosh Squad in all its minime wisdom has arranged for the Coronation Social when the Frosh Queen will be crowned sometime during the evening.

This is nothing new — in fact, it's been a regular occurrence for years.

But the time has come to object and object strongly — to the Coronation Social. The idea of women on parade to pick up points tossed at them by admiring (or unadmiring) judges must be passe. These, or any girls, are not pieces of meat to be shown on a platter. That's reserved for livestock shows — you've seen them, lining up the cows to pick a blue ribbon special.

Freshettes have a hard enough time being hurled into the activity of campus life for the first time to have to worry about the next girl having a nicer body than she does. Many of these girls, away from home for the first time, probably lack a lot of confidence; why single one out above the others? Why line up a dozen and

make them stand there with frozen smiles on their faces as one girl is chosen by a handful of people as the pick of the crop?

These girls are human beings. None of which to say they don't appreciate an admiring glance or two. But competition for the sake of determining which girl has the best body is quite obvious in poor taste.

It is possible that the girl who wins this pageant may be very happy. But what of the others, the people who must lose? Sure they all appear to be radiantly happy for the winning girl as they plant juicy kisses on her rosy red cheek. But how can you feel pleased about your roommate or the girl across the hall being chosen as your superior?

It all seems like a farce.

Then how can you take a dozen girls out of a thousand and say she represents the frosh? And what does she represent?

Only girls are singled out for this competition. Is beauty and sexuality such a feminine thing that men just can't compete?

We feel the answers to these questions are all too obvious. The

arguments for a pageant are weak when faced with the disadvantages. While winning a pageant might be something for the girl to write home to the folks about, we've got a better idea — any girl who is asked to participate in the pageant should refuse. Any girl that is asked to attend should also refuse. And no guy should think of asking a girl to this kind of show.

By all means, attend the dances — get to know people. Enjoy. But don't attend the Coronation Social, for if you stop to think about it, your enjoyment will be the case of degradation of someone else.

Make it

For freshman information, the Frosh Squad has been working all summer to get the frosh program ready for you, and for you alone. They want you to become acquainted with campus life, meet new friends and generally have a jolly good time. After all, you're only a freshman once. So don't make the squad work for nothing.

THE BRUNSWICKAN

EDITOR-IN CHIEF Edison Stewart

MANAGING EDITOR Susan Manzer

AD DESIGN & LAYOUT Debbie Collum

ADVERTISING MANAGER Rick Fisher

EDITORS

news Gary Cameron
sports Peter Neily
entertainment Sheryl Wright

SECRETARY

Jo-Anne Drummond

photo

Bob McLeod
Danielle Thibeault
Louis

BUSINESS MANAGER Chris J. Allen

Staff This Week

Wayne Parent
Terry Downing
Brian Dingle
Lori Davies
Kathy Westman
And Friend

One hundred and eighth year of publication. Canada's Oldest Official Student Publication. A member of Canadian University Press. The Brunswickan, "New Brunswick's largest weekly newspaper", is published weekly at the Fredericton campus of the University of New Brunswick. Opinions expressed in this newspaper are not necessarily those of the Student Representative Council or the Administration of the University. The Brunswickan office is located in the Student Union Building, College Hill, Fredericton, N.B. Printed at Bugle Publishing Ltd., Woodstock, N.B. Subscriptions, \$3 per year. Postage paid in cash at the Third Class Rate, Permit No. 7. National advertising rates available through Youthstream, 307 Davenport Road, Toronto. Local ad rates available at 455-5191.