

# Merry Christmas (Despite it all)



Christmas Day. And the turkey will be hot and the gravy steaming. People will be in good spirits, and maybe people the world over will take it easy and enjoy themselves for a bit.

During World War One, the Axis and Allied troops used to play soccer on Christmas Day on the bombed, shelled, and barb-wired non-man's-land between the two trenches.

Now, if they could do that, we could at least manage a smile or two between now and New Year's Day.

Of course, there will be the people complaining about the commercialization and humbug surrounding Christmas celebrations, and how the kids simply want too, too much. (We wonder who set the example they follow.)

But no one has to suffer a tin-foil Christmas if they don't want to.

Go to a friend who owns some land in the country, wait until

there is five feet of snow in the woods, and go cut yourself a Christmas tree.

Then, buy a big turkey, and invite a lot of friends to help you eat it.

Don't be cheap and buy a few presents for your friends.

Smile if you feel like it but don't worry about it if you don't.

If you're religious, go to church on Christmas Eve. (Most other religions have major celebrations around this time of year as well, don't they?)

Then, tell yourself you believe in Santa Claus and have yourself one hell of a merry Christmas.

All four billion of us need it desperately.

And, in case you haven't guessed the point of this editorial already, we'll spell it out a little more clearly.

MERRY CHRISTMAS (no kidding!)

Christmas.

Half the world is starving, we're all threatened by nuclear incineration, and three-quarters are scared stiff over their exams. The rest are beyond fear.

But don't lose heart.

Christmas should be a time of year when people stop to say, "Hello," to the people they pass by on the street, and re-affirm their belief that human-kind can and will pull through somehow.

After all, isn't that what the original Christmas was supposed to be all about, restored hope to a suffering world.

"Of course," some people say, but that was 1977 years ago, give or take six years, and conditions haven't improved a lot since then.

right.

But, when people lose hope, they lose everything. Hope is almost all some people have.

About this time someone will butt in and accuse us of resorting to some phony religion to defend the status quo and cover up the sin of an often uncaring world, and then come out with a lot of social science hooey phlooeey.

But, religion is simply one's beliefs, and show us someone who believes in nothing beyond what he or she can see and feel and logically calculate, and we'll show you either an extremely shallow person or a first class hypocrite and liar or maybe both.

There isn't much snow yet, but maybe we'll have a little more by



## Confused priorities - A recurring illness for UNB

Dear Editor: October 29, 1931

By KATHRYN WAKELING

I want to say that I heartily agree with the article in last week's Brunswickan about the path up college hill.

I would also like to suggest that lights are not all that is needed on this path. When we have rain such as on last Friday night the path becomes a raging torrent which can be heard half way to Queen Square . . . .

A Student

As you will notice the date on this letter is 1931 - the same problem existed as much then as it does now.

Time after time, and year after year the same problem is dragged through the mud. But the facts are going to be rehashed again and again until finally some action is taken by someone. The problem? Lighting, especially in the areas surrounding the pathways between Tilley Hall and the Residences - e.g. Lady Dunn.

Contrary to what Security may be saying there are incidents of harassment and the like on this campus. According to one student living at the Dunn - there has been the cases of girls

being jumped by someone hiding behind bushes and the like. Of course there is always the solution of travelling in groups - but as one girl pointed out, this is not always possible, and at times inconvenient.

She also pointed out that a lot of money has just been spent on building a tunnel connecting the new science building to the biology building and questions the need. After all aren't we all walking between the various buildings for classes now? This is money that could be very well used for providing the necessary lights on campus.

This is certainly not the first mention of this (as I stated before). Must this be continually be an issue ignored by the administration. Costs are high and everyone is paying through the nose for everything but the facts still are there. We as students of the campus have a common complaint and it is certainly not one that is of a minority position (ask the students in residence!)

Thus it becomes of great concern when the student voice is becoming increasingly unheard - who do we turn to? What dare we do? Beaucracy takes no heed - just paper and wasted words.



Christmas party an  
Last Saturday night  
say the least, was a f  
[-\$58] Why, I say, is  
p.m. [wet and ugly]  
were a group of staff  
25 CHSR staffers. By  
was working as a SU  
did not make a toke  
matter!!!  
It is a sad state of  
social they cannot ev  
the invited guests. I n  
and gals from C.B.C.  
end result of all that  
has declared or rathe  
of social event. I mea  
social events for inde  
CHSR has footed it  
membership dollars  
Next time you comp

It is indeed pleas  
Friday night's next te  
Saturday mornings. M  
inch but there is a ne

Oh horrors! Last we  
section and having it all  
thing was officially due  
about the book until 1:  
first of its kind I ever n  
money, thus no coffee f  
I must say that the lad  
most obliging, but can

"Twas  
Ar  
not  
N  
I know it doesn't  
contribution to the cau  
publish a list of gifts for  
in a think-session that  
decided that what I wa  
But to my editor I give  
Carol, and her cat, I g  
It would be nice if,  
December second, if p  
which we here in the SU  
on our vacations, and I  
On Wednesday mornin  
thought of how nice the  
peoples minds would l  
instead of hiding unde  
practise. Sounds like a  
be, I hope each of you h  
where you want and wi  
as usual on Christmas

Hello Carol, why don  
wait until July, but no  
Hello mother, do yo

The Cat you say? Wh  
been flooded with req  
feline, it would seem ap  
It is a thing, a grey an  
household as my betro  
often wanders into her  
really loves in life, Car  
ripping up plants, teari  
board next to the hot l  
have seen the cat cam  
past its latest offence,  
almost warrant a spe  
machine, [that is one ri  
its life.] Now what bath  
lot, and now I hardly e  
sometimes if it is still