# sound·off

## Mugwump Journal

By ED WERTHMANN

If you read this issue of The Brunswickan, you will inevitably find two or three things in reference to that tragic accident that happened last week out on the highway.

It is indeed a very sad thing that accidents such as these should happen. And I'm sure that we all can take a minute to think and reflect on this. I personally did not know these people, but, what can you say? I regret what happened--but--nobody should have to fear their lives when merely crossing a busy place where machines have their run.

If you read one of the earlier issues of The Brunswickan, you may have noticed that at that time I requested the local commercial press to join The Brunswickan in a campaign for some sort of pedestrian crosswalk over the highway behind the Fredericton Mall. Nothing. Nil. Zilch. Nobody cared to do anything about it. It was evident from their reaction that nobody in this whole damned city gives a damn about the safety of "the next guy". Too bad.

What's the big deal?--So, okay--it too bad what happened, happened, out on the highway the other night. Accidents. Nobody can avoid it. Right. Nobody can AVOID an accident. But we CAN avoid them if we CORRECT POTENTIAL DANGERS! (doom, doom)

Thinks about it--long ago, I mentioned overpasses on busy streets, where heavy pedestrian traffic is sure to happen. Surely I'm not the only person around here who ever thought of a highway as a potential danger for pedestrians.

So again--I make an appeal to everyone out there--and not only the local press! Let's get these simple and inexpensive crosswalks built. The way I see it--the lack of these structures is not worth the life of a human being.

Okay??!

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Ho ho ho...and all that stuff. It appears that our mysterious Santa returned this year--to give small, significant gifts for all the staffers. He didn't neglect me, though I found myself frigeting when going through the gifts. I was sure the jolly ol' man forgot me. You see, I haven't exactly been the most pleasant person about the SUB. (Ask any Brunser!) But I got a gift--and a most appropriate one, too!

This little surprise has put me in a most festive spirit, as well! I feel so happy that I just can't resist the temptation of making up a Christmas present list for all my fave friends all over.

So here goes:

To Dr. John Anderson--a new $24 K-mart "special" suit to replace the one (of a similar variety) he ruined with his dip in the pool.
To Barry Thompson--a video tape of the "pool" scandal mentioned above.
To Jim Smith--fifty brand new never been used before companies to be "president" of.
To Jan McCurdy--a free copy of Great News and Mao's Red Book.
To Alex Kibaki Muriithi--A new name that we at the Bruns can pronounce: Brandachokavikelenskchac?
To Peter Davidson and Brian Pryde--a scale to balance a budget.
To Ted Hudson--a new SRC to work with.
To Howie Goldberg-The presidency of UNB.
To the Saga gang--a real meal at McDonald's.
To Art Doyle--writing lessons from the "Carolyn Keene and Frank W. Dixon School of Creative Writing".
Chief Williamson--a first name (other than "Chief).
To Joyce Lincoln--some folks who don't work for The Brunswickan.
To Don Sedgewick--$46.80 so he can pay his overdue Brunswickan bill.
To Hilda and Judy--well, what can I say. The cream of the crop. Listen: Why don't you two give us the "inside tips" what goes on behind closed doors of the SRC. Scandal!
To Robert Higgins--a front page story about you on any daily (French or English) in N.B.
To Maurice Spiro--yet another who will realize just how much you really love them.
To Rick Fisher--money.
To Sue Morell--a contraceptive that works! And good health!
To Allan Patrick--some pigs to feed at 6:00 a.m. each day.
To Jim and Paul--a third orange in the bag.
To Dave, Dave, Mike and Urs--really great bread, man.
To all who work so very hard so as to present news to those thousands who starve for the realistic journalism that everyone finds displayed in this magnificent pedestal of truth and so on--another term under my (ha ha) leadership.
To Gene--a promise that this ridiculous list comes to an end.

## You blew it, Brunswickan

Dear Editor:

I'm not impressed. Being an employee of the esteemed Aitken Centre, I was quick to grab last week's Brunswickan once I caught a glimpse of its 480,000 dollar question on the front cover. I fully expected a huge article in which someone attempted to either;

a. Explain what was meant by the question on the cover.
b. Explain why we need to have, "480,000 bucks fer dis".
c. Give some sort of comment concerning opinions of the Aitken Centre and its usefulness to campus activities and its connec-with with CSL Enterprises.
d. None of the above.

After searching the pale pages of the Bruns several time, I found the correct choice to be, "d. None of the above". How come? I don't know. I felt that any publication should have at least one article, even if only vaguely, connected with the front page headline. I don't know what the idea was behind this poor journalistic display. I got the impression that someone was trying to stir up a little shit and start rumours about the financial stability of the Aitken Centre. I got the feeling that we, as students of UNB would soon be reaching in our pockets and coughing up 480,000 extra bucks, to bring the AUC to the surface, come next fee time. I feel that last weeks cover was very misleading and some sort of explanation is in order. I'm still confused as to what was meant by the cover question and would appreciate an explanation from whoever is responsible for this ridiculous display of journalism (or perhaps it was merely an error?) so that any ideas that students might get about digging out the bucks for the Aitken Centre might be either justified or eliminated. I don't see why we need "480,000 bucks fer dis"!

T.G. Thompson

## Tibbits week coming

To the many Campus Residences of UNB

We, the happy holiday girls of Tibbits Hall, hope that you enjoyed our seasons cheer, Monday night.

Our good time was just a small example of the spirit that exsits within the hallow halls of the Number One Women's Residence on Campus, need I mention the name again? Yes, it's Tibbits Hall!!! Many thanks to Bruce of CHSR for making the night complete.

See you Tibbits Week

P.S. We appreciated the songs more than the snowballs.

## Article beneath criticism

Dear Editor:

I believe it would be absurd to personality criticize the political views expressed by Thomas O. Ojowuro in his article titled "If Communism is a Threat to Freedom, how can it be stopped," which appeared in last week's Brunswickan. The reason being that Thomas merely reflects the views of the St. Thomas Political Science department. Within this department, McCarthyism is alive and well.

If there are any other students who believe political leaders like Richard Nixon are necessary to protect our "much cherished freedom," that workers strike only serve to "dislocate economic business" and "nourish inflation" then a Political Science course at St. Thomas is right up their alley.

Much more could be said about the article, but the point I am trying to make lies somewhat outside of it. It is that many fascists throughout the world have been educated in North American universities. For example, General Pinochet, the fascist dictator of Chile, once studied at the University of Chicago. Thomas Ola Ojowuro, a Political Science student from Nigeria, now studies at St. Thomas. What they share is common is that both were educated by Conservative North American professors. Through the teaching of foreign students, these conservative professors are promoting international fascism. The absurdity of the whole thing is the some of the professors may not even realize they are doing it.

Lawrence Murphy
STU

## *From a lawyer, no less!*

Dear Editor:

I thought your photographs of law students Nos. 5, 10, 16, 19, 23 and 31 did justice to their frightened nonentity status. Go back to 5, 10, 16, 19, 23 and 31, ask them who has the biggest boobs in their class; photograph their beaming faces and print their exponsive answers!

Sincerely,

Alex Mills
Barrister & Solicitor

## *Communists solicit Canadian Aid*

*By TWEED*

The Union of Vietnamese in Canada, with the help of Canadian friends, is soliciting books to be sent to Vietnam. What help did Canadian friends send to Vietnam when the Republic of South Vietnam was fighting a war against communist aggression from the north? Why, now that the country has fallen to the communists, should Canadians send help? Is Communist China sending aid to reconstruct Vietnam after the devastation of the war which they (the communists) supported?

A recent newspaper feature article says, in part: "The communists have invited a CBC film crew to tour the country, an indication that Hanoi may be looking to the Canadian government for aid.

"Vietnam appears to have identified Canada as an immediate source of assistance."

Watch for our sympathetic Prime Minister to give a large loan or gift our of our tax money to Vietnam. Will we continue to dig our own grave until the communists finally push us into the hole and cover it over? It is their stated intention to bury us. As long as Canada is controlled by communist sympathizers, that is the direction in which we are travelling.

## ip se dixit

quite a plight before Christmas, 'cause all thru da bruns, all the critters was 'a Stirrin'--even 'buns'. Our hippy-dippy werther-mann comin' down on Derwin's case--saying "ya better get gowan orr Judy won't bee able to do her own thing!!" "hopps to it!" cried Rosemarie (baby) "ya better be sharpe or we'll dahl blom out!" anne everyone countered tim by yellin': "no heavies!! this work is too harding!!" but Tom said then to the other who were macmillan around that: "we best be cock sure that all the bul goin' down now is werth the hassle or we'll all burn, fer sure!" tremblaying with fright, Jean-Louis desperately grabbed Tim an' said: "Quick! Gor man, hue cler up da mess. Bring in da brew, er--everyone will soon feel not so very tres mal--but colm." then, as things were beginning to run smooth--J. David grabbed Barb and they all millered around. 'Duc' started then an' said: that's some doherty old man! This thing is against the law in Saint John!!" prim Phil interjected: "Saint John? but we're here!--not there!" "enough of that!" cried Debbie. "you shoulda seen what I did with our rented cav--er car!" "So sand 'er to me, son," said Bill, "i mean--Deb!" but she broke in: "oh, it's terrible!! lask Gerry! he's seen it!" "arg!" gasped Dave. "don't be so simmple! Evans though you may not all feel like it, we must get back to the paper!" then Jack 'n' Jan trift in saying: "wow! we just sheenagh most incredible thing!" then, uen Patriq--uen Steve, rather, left the office, someone from out west manages to enter. Kathy wawered hello from behind the counter. for some reason or another, Urs started to cry--marceau did Anne and at that point i figured: "you know, it just ains worth coming in here at times!" deep down i knew that that wasn't really true--but i parted just the same, saying': "see you in the 'morrow, Lorne!" an' to Bev i said as i walked out the door: "come hills or high water, i'll be in here tonight! an' i'll be ready for the all-nighter in good ol' SUB 35!!" an' with that--Merry Christmas to all and too-o-o-s-z-z-zzzzz.