

### By JOEY KILFOIL

I'd like to start this week with a topic that has become a general hassle for pub-goers and Student Union Building employees alike: the guest sign-in system for events held in the SUB. I've been on both sides of the fence in this area-I've waited in line for a guest to sign someone in and I've also worked SUB staff on the night of certain events where I've had to explain to several angry people why he or she couln't get into the pub. I'm not going to attempt to get into the details of New Brunswick's somewhat archaeic liquor laws; the point I'm trying to make is that the Student Union Building has rules of its own which--like them or not--pubgoers must follow. The most obvious of these is that anyone in the area of a pub must be 19 years of age or older. All persons attend a liquor function must have a current student ID card from either UNB or St. Thomas University. If they don't, they must be signed in by someone with a valid sutdent card. Although student cards from other universities will be accepted for admittance purposes, students from other universities are not granted sign-in priviliges.

Now here's where the real fun starts: the signing-in of guests. I find great irony in the situation which exists when people assure me they are old enough and responsible enough to enter a pub and they can't even follow simple instructions. Namely, they don't seem to realize that when a picture ID is asked for, that's what is required.

I must emphasize that I don't altogether agree with the present system, and I'm sure the people who run the SUB don't altogether agree with it either. But until someone comes up with a better system, the existing rules have to be enforced, equally, for everyone.

Ever since the first stripes appeared on the doors of the office wing of the SUB, there has been good and bad remarks made about them with regard to their aesthetic value. I won't comment on that, but all I want to know is this: if we, the students, are paying someone good money to paint the doors, why isn't the painting being done right? It doesn't take an expert to see what an incredibly sloppy and halfassed job has been done: the curves are uneven, the stripes are crooked, and the edges are ragged. On top of all this, the colored paint is too thin to cover properly, resulting in a streaky effect. And in some cases, the recently- applied brown paint of the door has been ripped off in spots by the masking tape the painters used to guide their striping. The same problems exist in the larger stripes that were painted in the main hallways of the building. The concept may have been a good idea, and it doesn't look too bad from a distance, but walking along beside the stripe it's easy to see how incredibly shoddy they look as well. Personally, if I were the painter, I'd be embarrassed to leave such a mess for view by the general public.

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On behalf of the Brunswickan and specifically the photography department, I'd like to extend thanks to Roger Smith and Clayton Lewis, who volunteered to judge the Brunswickan's recent photo contest, the winners of which appear in this week's paper. Although there weren't a whole lot of people entering photos, several were submitted by those who did and the results---as the cover and feature this week show---were surprisingly good. Congratulations to the winners: Melissa MacLean, Brian Oliver, and Judy Kavangh.

# Soundoff Parking policy "stupid" Security are "cement heads"

### Dear Sir:

As I sit here writing this letter I am carefully planning my next move. I just had my first confrontation with our infamous campus security. I received in the mail yesterday, two parking tickets, sum total \$10, stated violation: not registered. Now that really burns me. In the first place its probably the most mindless excuse for giving a ticket. Money is hard enough to come by, yet alone pay out bucks to this. But that isn't the worst of it. I wasn't even driving the car. Their policy they tell me is they check out who the car is registered to then check out who at the University resides at the same place and has the same last name. Then they charge them. Also as a little incentive in the letter they sent me, they inform me if my fine is not paid within seven days they can withhold my marks. Well boys, sure I will pay the fine: when Hell freezes over!

These cement heads are almost as stupid as the policy they enforce. The person who was in the wrong and committed this "offense" was my father who was visiting an associate on campus at the time. Now he may be on campus twice during the year but the boys are doing a good job, their batting 1000. Keeping those potentially dangerous "not registered" vehicles slapped with fines.

When I checked it out with security the secretary tells me that the best thing to do is just to get my father to pay the fine then this will be taken off my file. Well why didn't they just charge him in the first place instead of dragging me into it.

That is totally unjust and someone's got to do something about it. As one wise young student said, "We will pay no fine, before its time!"

Severely Perturbed

# Editorial shallow

Dear Editor:

Thank you for your shallow editorial last week. If I was given a chance to rag on the States or the Bruns, guess which one I would choose.

Peter D. Archibald

## Prof not welcome?

Dear Editor:

NOT A TALE I liked the tale narrated by Miss Brenda Thorneycroft in your Soundoff Column of January 30, 1981 under the heading of "Faculty Should Know Their Place." Alas, like most tales, it is only a tale. I do not think most faculty members will fall into the category of Princes and Princesses that she portrays. Perhaps she is too young to know that once upon a time university professors used to be poor but respected, at least by their students. Now they are neither rich nor respected nor even welcome as good company in cafeterias.

The richly appointed chamber that Miss Thorneycroft alludes to, is not open to all faculty members, rather only to those who belong to the "Faculty Club". If you are not a member you must accompany a member for an occasional visit. It appears that as the faculty have no means of communication among themselves students have The Brunswickan and the administrative personnel have "Memos, Meetings and The Perspective", many faculty members have no easy access to an eating place for an occasional meal.

was artibtrary and some faculty members agreed by becoming chums to students. Isotory records that De Cartes famed mathematician was re

Perhaps the attitudes are changing again without a revolution. One of my 3rd year students told me last December "You are our servant"... to lecture and mark papers. There is more than an element of truth in his remark; not too many "Princes and Princesses" will leave the comfort of their warm bed early in the morning to lecture to a group of "peasants". It must

### History records that De Cartes, famed mathematician was required to instruct Queen Christina of Sweden at 5 every monring, and died after four months of "service".

I do not believe the faculty members do know their place. Perhaps you can enlighten them all in an editorial.

May I request you to withhold my name to avoid the wrath of some of my "Masters".

A Servant

## A personal experience

Dear Brunswickan:

the alcohol but five minutes after she stepped on me on her

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I'd like to take this opportunity to toss out an idea I've been thinking about for some time now. I'd like to see a club on campus, for university students interested in music--specifically, rock and pop music. The folk collective is a fine organization, if that's all you're into, but I'm interested in forming a club of musicians and singers who are more into rock and roll, or whatever. The possibilities here are endless--who knows, but it may result in the formation of a great rock band, not to mention the opportunity for beginners to jam with and learn from more experienced performers.

Like I said, it's just an idea. I'd really like to hear from anyone else out there who may think have similar notions. Just drop me a line care of the Brunswickan office, room 35, the Student Union Building.

Who knows; the next Beatles may be born on this campus.

During the revolution of the sixties, some students felt that the distinction between the students and the professors Unlike most people I have always believed that the articles in the Bruns were true but then again, unlike most people I always knew that someday I would have a chance to write to you to relate a personal experience.

I am a first-year forestry student who works as a butchers assistant.

It all started last Friday C1 the social between our residence (Neville) and McLeod. While I was lying on the bar discussing existentialism with the floor I suddenly saw a blinding flash that filled me with holy awe. I raised my voice in the strains of that inspirational song "Swing Low Sweet Chariot..." At first I felt that the vision of loveliness was attributable to way out the pain registered and I knew she was real.

I asked her up to the party in my room. As we all sat around the bonfire viewing the tupperware I deftly reached over and removed the slinky black negligee that she was wearing but unfortunately I couldn't understand how to undo the snaps on the lumberjack shirt that she was wearing underneath the negligee.

Eventually we had our own party, if you know what I mean, with some dreamwhip and a little imagination, Needless to say I am looking forward to our next social with high hopes and some fond rememberances.

"Alphonse"