

MUGWUMP JOURNAL

Leadership conference gets little publicity

By EDISON STEWART

Don't read Stanley Judd's stuff any more. He lies. First it was Susan Manzer, the managing editor at The Brunswickan. He called her a "fire hydrant." Said his dog — dum, dum dog — had mistaken the aforementioned Miss Manzer for a bit of city plumbing. Anyone who knows Susan realizes what false diatribe Stanley is spinning. Then it was Mike Shouldice and Roy Neale. Stanley said they were fat. Said he had a dream about it. Some dream. Roy may be a little thick, but he's not that fat. Even Stanley knows that. But now the little wart has gone too far. Called me a drunk. Now I realized my

misfortune when I began to share this page with Judd. But he was harmless, so I didn't complain.

But this, this is ridiculous. I am not drunk. Never have been. Stanley, I know, is on a constant high, but not yours truly. The kid probably smokes LSD for all I know.

And his insinuations about the character of some people I know very well has got to stop. Or else I'll tell everyone his real name.

Stanley's been saying at the first of every column lately that Stanley Judd is a pen name. Some name. Everybody around The Brunswickan office knows his real name, and I might just be tempted to blow the whistle.

Can you imagine the embarrassment I

could inflict on ol' Stan if I told everybody his real name?

Remember the leadership conference? It's a fairly regular thing, sponsored by the UNB Alumni. That means they pay the shot and the university's student leaders get together to discuss common problems.

The last one was in November, I think. Those of us who attended decided that the next meeting would be in the third week of January.

The third week of January has come and gone. Not a peep from Roy Neale and the SRC (whose responsibility it is to call and set up the conference.) Through the alumni, I've found out that the conference has since been set back to this weekend.

But nobody knows about it. And they didn't know about the last one,

either, until The Brunswickan gave it a lot of play and begged people to attend. The Brunswickan got notification early this week that the conference was slated for this weekend.

Lots of advance notice, right? People who made plans for this weekend will have to cancel them, if they're going to be able to be present to see Roy Neale go out in style.

This, you see, is Roy's last week as president of the SRC. And this will be the last conference where he can dominate the proceedings.

It's a pity he couldn't have told people well in advance, especially since he made the decision to postpone the conference so many weeks ago. Typical.

ALONG THE TRACKS

The league brings in secret weapon for harassment

By STANLEY JUDD

By far, it was the strangest night of my life. Have you ever been so afraid of something that you lose all powers of reasoning? Have you ever been so terrified that your adrenalin is incessantly pumped through your body faster than oil can squirt from a ruptured pipeline and all you can do to relieve the pain is run faster than you've ever run before, but still not fast enough to escape your fear? I have. As I said, it was the strangest night of my life.

But let me start at the beginning, where all good stories start. There we were in the Riverview Arms, sitting by one of those picture windows at the back where one can get, if they're interested, an excellent view of the Princess Margaret Bridge. I like to look at the bridge. It gives me that "there's always a road out, no matter where you are" feeling. Besides, there always seems to be more progressive activity on the bridge than in the bar. Everyone knows that drinking is a waste of valuable time and inflated money, said the reforming Stanley Judd, who was in the midst of a disheartening hangover, to Bible Bill MacKinnon of the UNB Temperance Union, who was asking for donations to a new campaign entitled "Empty the Bottles; Fill the Soul!" But back to the true story — I don't even know Bible Bill MacKinnon!

We were sitting in the Riverview Arms, we being Agent Schaefer, my dog and myself. (Actually, my dog was lying in the Riverview Arms, under our table at my feet. I'd never tell him this, but, although he's a good dog, he sure can't drink like he used to. I let him think I believe he was only resting for the walk home — I don't let

on to him that I see through his white lies. I mean, he has his pride too, you know!) I was dazzling the orange lights on the bridge by squinting my eyes. Hector and I were discussing, as usual, the League of Visionary English Underminers, even though he was supposedly on a holiday for a couple of days. But who would fly 2,500 miles, from Regina, Saskatchewan, for a two day holiday in Fredericton, N.B.? I'll never know because I never asked.

"We hired a few new scientists last week," said Agent Schaefer.

"What did Hector go and do that for?" I asked. "We don't need scientists in the League. We need men of action!" If I sound a little like John Wayne, it is because I was tired, a little drunker than usual and wanting to go home, but I was searching for strength. The cliches of John Wayne always give me strength.

"Well Hector felt that we were falling behind in our quest for perfection and he thought a few more scientists might speed us along. Still the same old romantic, eh Stanley? No time for the sciences."

Before I could reply, two young ladies asked if they could join us. I'm sure they were attracted to Agent Schaefer. He was wearing "Tacky Disguise — Number 14" (from the new catalogue) and he looked quite distinguished.

"Why certainly, ladies, please sit down," he said, "it is indeed a pleasure to have you brighten our lives this dark and cold night. Do you go to school?"

"Oh yes, we do; we're in third year science at UNB."

My dog was growling, no doubt in warning. Already I was bored.

"Look Andrew," I said to Agent Schaefer (agents never use real names in

the presence of strangers), "it's time I was getting home. The wife's probably still waiting up for me. I'll see you in the morning." Of course it was a lie; I don't have a wife. (Actually, I have two, but keep it quiet! My mother thinks I'm still a bachelor.)

"Yeah, sure William, I'll see you in the morning. Take care of yourself!" said Agent Schaefer with a smirk. I think he was happy to have two girls with him. Fredericton is mighty dull without them. "Good-bye Willie!" snickered the girls. I was glad I was leaving.

Outside, the night was fresh and cold. It was a cloudless night. There was even a full moon at which my dog began to howl. In order to howl, he was forced to drop the purse from between his teeth. Yes, a purse! My dog had stolen one of the young ladies purses. It wasn't entirely his fault; I had taught him the trick last year when the going was tough. After all, a man and his dog have to eat! But I was in the mood for being a thief's accomplice and I told him so.

"Look you stupid dog! Why'd you do that?" I said, not really angry, just a little impatient. "You don't know what kind of trouble you could get us into!"

And then it happened.

Out of the sky... out of nowhere... came a flashing orange light bulb and stationed itself twenty feet above my head. Good Lord, Jesus Christ, Son of God, help me!!! said I, obviously not in control of myself. What in the world is that?

I walked a few steps and it followed me, staying directly above my head. I lay down on the ground and it lowered itself about five feet, ten inches. I stood up and it

raised itself about five feet, ten inches. And then I started to run along those damn tracks faster than I had ever run before. My dog ran after me, biting at my heels. I'm sure he thought we were playing our game of see-who-gets-there-first, during which he always tries to trip me from behind.

No matter how fast I ran, that flashing orange light bulb stayed directly above my head. It didn't make a sound. If only I could run faster than the speed of light, I wishfully thought.

All the way home, I ran. So did my dog. So did the orange light. Into the house, up the stairs, into my room, under my bed, out from under my bed, to my shaving kit, a bottle of Old Spice after-shave, guzzle, down the hatch, a whiskey chaser and another and another and another and pass out, not only graciously, but also gratefully.

As I said, it was the strangest night of my life.

The flashing orange light bulb? Oh yes, it was real, but I can't tell you anything more; it's top secret now, Hector's orders. Yes, yes, it is the property of the League. As a matter of fact, it was invented by the League's new scientists. Its use? To harass the enemy, of course; scare them a little; help them to see things our way. How does it work? By remote control, I think; I didn't really understand the explanation too well, but it works fine, believe me; a brilliant, brilliant invention. Why was it used on me? Just to show me its potential for undermining so that I could write about it in my column. That's my job, you know, informing the public. Don't you feel informed?

that the date for the midterm is now irrevocably fixed. Of course it falls either late in Carnival week (I had two this year) or immediately afterward (of which I have three). This is rather a colossal drag, and what I humbly request on the behalf of those of us in this particular situation, is some sort of student executive-level decision on a tentative date for Carni '75; to be publicized in time that students returning in September may arm themselves with this data (for what it's worth to a prof). Something tells me that there is more to a carnival than the glimpse I caught of the parade Saturday, as I toiled up the hill to the library; if I had a little more time I could then embark on a quest to discover the truth about Winter Carnival.

Henrik Kreiberg Sc.A.H.

SOUND OFF

Continued from page 7

(v) Broadcasting of all away hockey games of the Red Devils and the Tommies. Broadcast of at least some of the away games of the Red Raiders and the Tommies basketball teams.

If you have comments, suggestions or criticisms about any of the above ideas, or have a couple of goodies of your own in which we could be interested, please feel free to drop me a line care of CHSR in the SUB.

Yours musically,

Moe Latouche, Program Manager CHSR

More on the trunkroom

Dear Sir:

In reply to your last week's edition "Trunkroom Cleaning Loss was not Fault of Aitken" written by Mr. G. Somers. I am afraid that there are some points which are misleading and therefore a further correction seems necessary.

I can very well assure Mr. Somers that my name was right on all of my boxes. Anyway this kind of excuse could not constitute the ground of validity towards the treatment of someone else's properties as I was told in my previous letter. All this stuff should be treated according to the existing rules and in a reasonable way. I still cannot agree that Mr. Somers

or others could claim to have authority over those properties and assert that there were no names on them at all. He stated that "...nowhere in the book is the privilege granted to off-campus students to ...". Well, not mentioning that I was and am legally a "student in residence" and never be an "off-campus student", I would like to comment that this kind of argument is quite misleading to be used to interpret that authority over this stuff is automatically granted and acquired. It is therefore unjustified to say "...nothing of such value was thrown out."

I hope I have made my position crystal clear.

Thank you very much for your kind attention.

Yours Sincerely

H. Soepangkat

midterms and Carni too close

Dear Sir:

I am motivated to write this by the despicable confluence of two important facets of my university life; midterms and Winter Carnival. For the second year running, I find to my dismay that I am hindered from enjoying my carnival by the unethical ruse adopted by a number of my instructors, viz. asking the innocuous question first day of classes, whether anyone objects to a particular date for a midterm; there are a few uncertain mutterings from the back of the room, and after a suitably pregnant pause, it is announced