

Blood and Thunder

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Rm. 35, Student Union Building, UNB Campus
DEADLINE: 5 p.m. Tuesday MAXIMUM WORDS: 300

BAR SERVICES

Dear Editor,

The intent of this letter is not to offer a solution to the problems associated with holding alcohol-related events on campus. It simply illustrates the financial aspects accompanying such events. Students living in residence are well aware of the problems associated with Bar Services. Perhaps this letter will develop a greater appreciation in off-campus students who do not fully realize the extent of these problems.

On the seventeenth of November, 1989, the Lady Beaverbrook Residence held its first social event of the year. It was a pub which was held between the hours of six and nine.

The costs of the pub were as follows:

Cost of product	193.56
Provincial Sales tax	28.96
Consumables	36.75
Campus Police	120.00
Bar Staff	51.80
Management Costs	155.40
Total cost	586.47
Less: cash received	292.25
Total loss	294.22

Thus, we lost approximately one-hundred dollars per hour during the pub. That certainly is quite a price to pay for the privilege of drinking alcohol on campus.

The LBR House Committee

HYPERBOLE

There is nothing wrong with a healthy dose of school spirit, but Wayne Carson's comments concerning CFS-NB's National Student Day in your January 11th issue ("Carson Interviewed") require correction.

Comments made by Mr. Carson such as "(National Student Day) was a UNB organized event under the mask of CFS-NB" and "let's call it UNB National Student Day" are genuinely offensive to Saint Thomas students in light of our contribution to the event.

The facts will show that STU had a turnout of 150 students, giving us by far the highest per capita turnout of any school in the province, including UNB. Three days of intensive publicity were given to the event at STU by myself and our P.R. Committee, many members of which put in many hours helping Mr. Clarke's committee as well.

I feel that in light of these

contributions, the record as to participation in National Student Day should be set straight. I hope Mr. Carson will check his hyperbole in the future.

Kelly Lamrock
 V.P. General
 STU Student Union

SWAP

Dear Sir,

I am writing to express my appreciation for the excellent article on the Student Work Abroad Programme [SWAP] which appeared in the December 1, 1989 edition of the Brunswickan. Yours is the first student paper in Canada to combine a story by participants outlining their experiences with factual information on SWAP as well. My thanks to you and your staff for the prominence of the layout and to Kira Schoch and Tim Judah for the story.

Sorry about the early 11:00 p.m. pub closings. At least they stay open all day now. Until last year they shut down between 3:00 and 5:30 p.m. because of a World War I law encouraging ammunition workers to return to the factories after lunch. But one can't have the Kaizer marching down Whitehall, what?!

David Smith
 SWAP Director

NASTY MUGWUMP

Dear Miss Wanyeki, . . . or is it Ms? (my mistake)

I, myself, almost always have an opinion, and I usually only make my opinion known in informal discussions in the SUB - Cafe over a coffee and a smoke. As with all campus publications, I tend to regard them as a release from the stress built up over the course of a week. (Furthering our education is hard on the head!) I very much look forward to Friday when I can sit and get a laugh out of this very fine paper, or any other that I can get my hands on including "ERTW". I'm sorry that you got so insulted, by the way I'm in Arts too, but I really think that the comments you mentioned (Women & "Artsies") should be taken a little less to heart. A very good friend of mine is a female engineer and I'm sure she got a good chuckle out of the article. By the way I have a few friends in each of the Faculties and you are the first to have a really negative view. I am aware of your position with the "Bruns" and hope you hold it for a long time, but not if you write nasty "Mugwumps". (What do you say to the "Aquinian"?!)

Sincerely,
 Cajun

p.s. did you hear about the four engineering students who died in a car accident? . . . The bridge they were crossing collapsed.

PEN-PAL

Dear Editor,

I am writing from the confinement of a prison cell. It's very lonely in here and I am seeking help. I need some friends to correspond with, I lost contact with my family and no longer get any letters. Mail is important to people in prison!

If you can print my letter in your paper maybe some of your readers would like to have a "Pen-Pal" and will write to me. "I'm lonely and seek meaningful correspondence with anyone on the outside who care enough to be a friend with a prison inmate. I like to read and listen to music, I enjoy sports". Letter writing is one of the few privileges I'm permitted.

I will appreciate whatever help you can give me, a letter would really brighten up my day and bring me a little sunshine.

I hope and pray for your help and a letter!

Sincerely yours,

Howard Hudson #143-510
 Southern Ohio Connectional Facility
 P.O. Box 45699
 Lucasville, Ohio 45699
 USA

SECRET

Dear Editor

Over the past four months there has been much discussion on campus about homosexuality both verbally and in print. Some of this discussion I find offensive as I am gay. Many have said that what homosexuals do is sinful and that we should not voice ourselves. I want to argue these points.

Last summer I came to a crossroads in my life. I was far from happy because I felt compelled that I had to live my life "in the closet" because of society's standards. I got to the point where I finally said no one had the right to tell me how to lead my life. So, last October I began pursuing a social life that I never had before I had always known gay men but being gay, like heterosexuality, is more than just sex. More importantly I

felt it was an appropriate time to come out with my "secret". I am now proud to say that I am more happier and healthier than I have ever been because I no longer have nothing to hide and I can be comfortable as who I am.

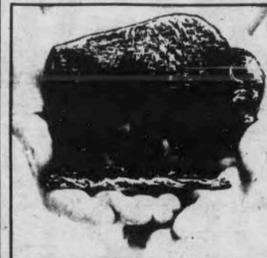
The point I am trying to make is simple: is trying to be happy such a sin?

I personally feel the reason there is such a strong line between homosexuals and heterosexuals is because very few people know little about our lifestyle. I know the many people that know about me now have changed their attitude towards homosexuality. They know that I am still the same person; the only difference now is they know that I am gay. These same people also know that I have a boyfriend and ever though they perceive it as a strange sort of love they know that it is still love.

Homosexuality is a way of life and we in the gay community are not going to go away, at least I am one gay person who is not leaving UNB for another year. Before judging someone's lifestyle one should be more educated on what they are attached. On a final note I have begun the new decade on a clean slate. I hope others like myself will be as fortunate.

Terry Richard
 A UNB Education Student.

FIRST, THE WHITE PELICAN. NOW, THE WOOD BISON.



These two animals are no longer endangered in Canada.

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A NEWSPAPER COLUMN

ORDERED COLUMNS

The other day a young child showed up at my doorstep selling chocolate bars for his school. My usual move at that point is to pelt him with snowballs so he'll drop his chocolate bars and run, so that I may eat them. This time, however, I was overcome by a feeling of warmth and caring - quite similar to the feeling when a drink of scotch tries to work its way back up your throat, yes, I felt nostalgic.

I think, at one time or another, we've all sold chocolate bars for one facet or other of our school life. We, in reality, sold them for fabulous cash and prizes - in other words a toy car and five bucks; but, we were in grade six, and our personal pride and dignity hinged on winning these prizes.

We would receive our bars and head home on the buses with enough chocolate to provide for every diabetic in this immediate hemisphere. Chocolate ran from our mouths, smeared on to the seats and windows, chocolate smudged into the wool of our mittens from our fingers - all of us eating as if our next meal would be served twelve years from next Thursday.

After several weeks of selling, the onslaught of young capitalists ceased, and we had to return our profits to the teachers. The problem being that we had already eaten more in chocolate than we would make until our RRSP's matured. So in turn our parents had to take a second mortgage out on the house to pay off our debt.

Some how, one kid always sold enough in bars to cover the National Deficit and still have enough left over to purchase a small Spanish Vista. In turn he would win all the coveted prizes.

This kid would then become the focus of our collective hatred for at least a full hour - which in those days was long enough to convince him that his life was worth about as much as bile from a diseased liver, and that the highest occupation he'd ever obtain would be scraping the gunk off of the floor of a McDonald's kitchen. Other than this the child's life returned to normal, except for when we all got together and beat the spot out of him with snowballs. Maybe that's why I enjoyed trouncing the kid at my doorstep so much.

Dale Geddes