

MUGWUMP

by Allan Carter

Well, it is one of those weeks where I have found absolutely nothing to write about. So I guess my only other option is to try to be funny. If I don't succeed, or if you hate anything in this column, please write letters of complaint. We need more Blood and Thunder.

Did you hear the terrible news? The UNB Student Union is in the red. Red ink. Apparently, red ink was mysteriously showing up on things in Glenna Bell's happy, hopping help center earlier this week. However, nothing gets past the trained eyes of Detective Derrick Dunnett, (who sometimes acts as V.P. internal), who traced the ink to a leaky pen.

What about those Neill House security guys? I'm not sure if you noticed the picture of these guys on page three, but someone at the newspaper commented that they looked more like baseball players than security. I guess that this person was implying that these guys didn't look very authoritative. But then again maybe looks are deceiving or maybe they carry baseball bats.

CHSR's search committee apparently met last night for the first time. However, it appears that they probably will have no funds until the next budget year to begin the search for a station manager. But in the meantime every funding organization has decided that CHSR's board of directors just doesn't function properly and changes must be made. So it looks like the station has stopped searching for a manager and now everyone is on their own little search trying to find a utopian solution to real problems that they are facing. Student Union representatives of both STU and UNB who are on the board are running around whining about the problems of the board and appear to fail to recognize both the fact that they too sit on the board and the fact that the decision to open up the station manager position for applicants was decided last August.

In the meantime certain CHSR staffers have decided that everyone hates them and that there is a conspiracy in the works against the station. Whiners at CHSR give the old worn out routine that every year they have to prove to the Student Union that they are a viable organization. But that in itself is not a bad thing. It would seem to me that every student at UNB would hope that their Union was concerned about where their money is going. However, there are limits to every situation and I do agree that while the Union should keep a watchful eye on every organization that they fund, they must also remember that running some of these organizations may not be as easy as it appears (it's actually easier!).

That brings me to another point. Last week I mentioned at the end of my Mugwump that James van Raalte, VP Finance, had taken over control of signing purchase orders for CHSR due to budget restraints. If you didn't read last week's mugwump then just skip this paragraph. Well, the statement I made last week is true, but misleading. van Raalte did not take over the signing of the officer at CHSR but rather the signing of the comptroller at the Student Union. However, according to van Raalte the whole situation has been resolved and although CHSR must show him each purchase order for his approval, the signing procedure is back to normal.

Have you met the new head of libraries yet, John Teskey? I happened to notice him walking on campus the other day while he was apparently getting a breath of fresh air. Pardon my rudeness, but the man looks like a derelict. He was all hunched over, lurching along, smoking a cigarette. But then again I suppose that describes a good portion of many of the professors on campus. It's nice to see that all that fame hasn't destroyed them.

Sometimes people really confuse the hell out of me, especially contributors to the Bruns. A few weeks ago two people came in with great interest to have something published in the Bruns but not before smugly informing us that they don't even read the newspaper. Strange logic. It's kind of like wasting your time looking at a car knowing that you are never going to buy it because you hate the vehicle. Secondly, it is interesting to compare some contributor's attitudes. While one contributor, who produces a great column which is well written and interesting, does not get upset with typos (even though he probably had every right to) another contributor whose column is probably the worst embarrassment to the newspaper (besides some of the classifieds) takes an arrogant fit over one little mistake. Hell, I make mistakes all the time, but they never bother me. In fact, I find that I learn from them. (Just a little visual humor, there).

Let's hope that both Glenna Bell and Marlene O'Neill are feeling better. Both employees of the Student Union have been sick this week and it times when people are sick that we truly realize how much we need them (that's kind of perverse, isn't it?).

Cats, don't you hate them?

OPINION

The opinions found in Opinion are not necessarily the views of The Brunswickan

The February Blues

by Purvi Rajani

I would have to guess that the guy who designed our modern calendar must have had a nutritious, well-balanced breakfast and his thinking cap on the day he designated February as the shortest month because February, in my humble opinion, has to be the most miserable time of year. It is not just the cold weather either (although you must admit that this is the only time of year when the proverbial snowball stands a decent chance of surviving in hell). December and January can get darn chilly and we all know that March has this tendency to come in like a lion. But at least those months have character.

December, for example, is a most wonderful month - filled with warm and endearing traditions and celebrations, not to mention plenty of excuses to drink (Last Class Bash, my birthday and New Year's Eve are my personal favourites). December also provides you with an opportunity to consider and reflect upon the joys and sorrows, victories and defeats, accomplishments and failures (parties and hangovers) that you have experienced over the last year, and a chance to measure how far you've come (or gone) in that short time.

January, too, demonstrates a certain charm and personality of its own, inviting you to forget about all the stupid things you did over the last twelve months and to take on the challenges of the coming year with renewed enthusiasm and hope. Just think back of how optimistic you were when you started back at school this semester, think of all the promises you made to yourself (I'll study harder. . . I'll quit smoking. . . I'll be kind to children and dumb animals. . . I won't ditch class. . . I'll only go to the Social Club three night a week, etc). And think about how you feel now - you're still smoking, you're behind in your reading, and you've got midterms coming up. The only thing that you have to be grateful for is that you can still drop some courses (of course you probably bought the book already and you can forget about them using the same one next year!). It's not just a coincidence that all these things are happening in February.

In fact I saw a story on TV about the "February Blahs" a mild form of depression suffered by millions of people during this time of year. Perhaps you've noticed some of the symptoms yourself: a loss or gain of appetite, sleeplessness, a tendency to wear too much black, an overwhelming desire to listen to Depeche Mode and drink herbal tea. . . These are all signs that you may be a victim of the February Blues.

Even I, one of the most happy-go-lucky and optimistic people I know, have been known to be a slightly less than happy camper this time of year. My big problem in February is that I tend to worry - about everything from the New Hampshire primary to standing in line to get into the Social Club on a Friday night, from the world economy to the grad class project, from the role of oat bran in a healthy diet to the future of the Nescafe couple. Taking the problem of the world onto my narrow shoulders can be darn stressful you know - and it wouldn't happen during any other time of year either. No - there's nothing else to do during February because it's too cold and dangerous (my greatest fear in life is winter driving) to leave the house so you end up watching too much TV, not drinking enough and having stupid thoughts that give you gray hairs.

Of course, all these things would be acceptable if there was a decent holiday during the month. But even that's unattainable. All we get in February are Groundhog Day and St. Valentine's Day. Now don't get me wrong - Valentine's Day is kinda cool but Groundhog Day?!?! Who's the genius who thought this up? I mean really, let's think about this for a second. A groundhog makes its way out of its hole on the second of February. If he sees his shadow and get scared, there's six more weeks of winter, if he doesn't there's less than six weeks (or something to that effect - you get the general idea - I'm not Cliffy Claven you know). Big deal! Who cares if there's more or less than six weeks of winter left? It's not like this information can give any sort of decision making capability.

I would suggest that we seriously consider ditching the whole Groundhog thing and come up with a more practical concept. . . like Club Rat's Day. It would work like this: if you go to the SUB lobby at 10 o'clock on a Friday night and see the Fire Marshall's shadow, the line up to get into the Social club will last more than six hours. If you don't see his shadow, then everything's cool and you can get in the Club and get a drink in your hand in less than 6 minutes. At least this serves a practical decision making purpose that will make all our lives much more enjoyable.

The last aspect of February that bugs me is this whole Leap Year thing. Of all the months when you can tack on an extra day at the end, why February? Why not December, so you can hang out with your old friends from high school and enjoy the Christmas holidays a little longer? Or July when you could use the extra time on the beach or the Rogue patio to really perfect your tan? But February? Perhaps there are some things that we're just not meant to understand (like why Julia Roberts ditched Kiefer Sutherland or George Bush picked Dan Quayle).

Anyway, February sucks. 'Nuff said.