### the brunswickan

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The Brunswickan, in its 122st year, is Canada's oldest official student publication. The Brunswickan's offices are located in Room 35 of the University of New Brunswick's Student Union Building, P.O.Box 4400, College Hill, Fredericton, N.B., E3B 5A3.

The Brunswickan is printed with flair by Henley Printing, Ltd., Woodstock, N.B.

Subscriptions are \$20 per year. National and local advertising rates are available at (506) 453-4974. General phone 453-4983. News line 453-4973.

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# Blood and Thunder

## Lets have some fun

Dear Editor:

Friday, February 19, 1988; a date that will live in infamy! Actually, it started out quiet well. I woke up, albeit with a slight hanover, in a bed other than my own (infer what you will !). Then I realized the situation at hand; my car was at the Arms and I had less than an hour to walk home, take a shower, walk the dog and get to my 9:30 class. I proceeded to walk home, huddled against the early morning chill as I reminisced about the events of the preceeding night. I looked a lot worse than I felt and my mouth tasted like someone had dumped an ashtray in it.

After fulfilling my household committments I ran to class at breakneck speed along the treacherous, icy sidewalk. I entered the geology building, grabbed a copy of the Bruns and turned the knob on the door to my class. Alas!! It was locked. The instructor let me in, begrudgingly, and I took my seat. As the lecture was a little on the dull side, I decided to scan the Bruns. (Blood and Thunder in particular) and what did I see? .... My name everywhere. Women rushed to the defense of Ms. Forestell in an overwhelming show of solidarity. I noticed that Ms. Forestell's own letter was there too. For all of those interested, I have already sent a letter of apology of Ms. Forestell for my unwarranted attack on her character. In it, I commended her use of self-control and tact in replying to my original letter.

Now, to address the real issue at hand, and no, it isn't feminism, sexism, homosexuality, AIDS or male strippers. I'm sure that most readers of the Bruns have noticed how much more interesting it can be when there is a smattering of farcical controversy on the pages of this publication. My intent when writing the first letter was to stir things up a little bit and as you may have noticed, it worked.

I regret that I made the mistake of bringing Ms. Forestell into it and I hope she (and everyone else) realizes that I was only joking!! What this all boils down to is: We should all loosen up a little bit!

Four years is quite a long time to

spend in school (some of us need five) and it can seem even longer if everyone is so serious all the time. Let's put our conflicts aside for a while and have some fun, because if we don't, we'll all be bald or grey by the time we're twenty-five! Sincerely,

Josef A. Pach
P.S. I'm quite certain Ms. Forestell
did not submit that Classified Ad,
but whoever it was, thanks, you
made me laugh.

makes me sick. Secondly, and most personally bothersome, are those individuals who were so unwilling to accommodate us.

To those people involved in this indicent, and you know who you are, thanks so very little for your co-operation and understanding.

A disgruntled sportscaster, Tim Lynch

One more time.
Thanks for the
memories

It makes me sick

Dear Editor:

I've decided to write this letter since I find it difficult to forget the following incident. On Saturday, February 20, CHSR-FM Sports was going to broadcast a two o'clock game between the Raiders and Mt. Allison in the Main Gym. At halftime, the broadcast ended. Here's what happened.

At approximately one o'clock, Gary Leroux and I went to the gym to set up the equipment. In order to do a broadcast from the Main Gym, we need a wall outlet for the power supply, and an antenna must be placed outside a window. When we tried to set up in our regular location in the gym we were denied access to it. We were told that there was going to be a meeting of swim officials in the room and that the door had to be shut. They refused to run a cord under the door.

We found an alternative room which worked fine until the end of the first half. At this time, the Memorial women's team arrived for their four o'clock game against the Bloomers. It turned out that our new location was reserved for Memorial. Their coach promptly demanded that we remove our equipment from their room so that it could be locked. The uncompromising individual forced us to pull the plug on the broadcast.

There are two things that really irritate me about this whole event. First of all, to subject our listening audience to such treatment is so unprofessional it

Dear Editor:

It's all over, you can come out now. My beloved team's season has come to an end. So I'm hanging up my pen, I won't be around to hound you anymore. You can print what you like for the rest of the year. I did all I could, I played my part. Hopefully, next year, there will be others to continue on the noble crusade with me. Hopefully next year....ya, maybe next year. Ya, that's it, we'll get 'em next year!! Until then, relax and enjoy your peace of mind. But remember, I'll be back. I'll still be watching you;

Just a Fan
P.S. Just one last time, BLOOMERS RULE!!



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEADLINE: TUESDAY 5 P.M.. PLEASE SIGN ALL LETTERS