

MUGWUMP JOURNAL

By Melanie R. Hawkes

Well, if you're wondering (or maybe you just don't care) why I haven't written this mischievous column for a while; I've been saving it. I might be a good complainer (so I seem to be blessed with doing it well); but sometimes it just doesn't flow.

First of all, viewpoint. Viewpoint generally is a very popular and highlighted feature of our paper each week. Do you know what a blasted task it is to try and do the thing though? Everybody's camera shy and looks at the photographer like she has five heads and drips with slime. And then, when they finally agree to the shot, there comes the tedious task of trying to create a witty comment. It usually takes five people and rarely works.

Languages are another subject. I'm definitely not one for languages. Now I don't know if this is just me or maybe it's the course; But how can anyone person work so diligently in a language course, do really well (B+) and come away knowing not one word. I managed to do it in one of those dictionary language courses. What a waste (except for a G.P. pusher).

Let's talk about exams a little bit. How many times do you find you have two weeks for exams and four out of five exams squished into three days only to find your final exam on the last day of the exam period. Seems to never fail. And the reading period is never long enough. That's not the case this year. We actually have four days between the final day of classes and the beginning of exams. *Bonus!*

Did everyone get involved in Springfest '90? *Morgentaler* was only 80 seats short of being sold out. And *Mandel*, the hypnotist, was fantastic. Definitely worth five bucks. The funniest thing I have seen in a long while. I was appalled at the low number of people who showed up, though. And if you're skeptical about it (like I was), believe. Hypnotism really does work. Make sure you turn up next time. (Good job Rich, at least there's one good head up at the Union.)

We at the *Brun*s are once again unamused by the Student Union. They seem to be trying to make last minute changes (for example changing of the advertising policies) in an effort to look like they've actually done something this year. And on another note - honorarium. Once again very disappointing. The members of the *Brun*s just don't seem to do much or contribute to Student life, at least according to their figures.

While we're talking about the Student Union, I'd like to welcome aboard the new members for next year. Hope you get more done than the last bunch (other than stir up trouble).

And finally, I'd like to express my disgust at the number of apathetic people who, when asked if they would like to vote, responded "No". Or, what about the many students who wouldn't vote just because they didn't want a whole punched in their I.D. card!?! Grab a life and have a say in what happens to your SRC fees.

Later.

OPINION...

THE WOMAN'S ROOM

by ALEXANDRA FREMONT

Approximately one-third of the student population at the University of New Brunswick are mature students (over twenty-five years of age). Seventy-five per cent of those students are parents. The life of the student who is also a parent is foreign to many of the non-mature students who have yet to even dream about having children. Therefore, this column will serve to enlighten the masses about a day in the life of the parent/student. All the events of this typical day have been drawn from my own experiences over the last few months since I returned to UNB after my son Joshua's birth. They have been condensed into one nightmarish day.

- 6:15 a.m. Alarm goes off.
- 6:40 I wake up. (Joshua was up four times last night - he must be teething again.) Run to the washroom and start the shower. The shower wakes Joshua so I turn it off and go to him. I nurse him for ten minutes, grab a bunch of toys and put them (and him) down on the floor by the bathtub.
- 7:00 Ahh! This water feels great. "What the ...?" Joshua discovered a new game - open the shower curtain, create a draft, and throw the toys at Mommy! "Oh well, my hair wasn't that dirty anyway."
- 7:05 Joshua is playing in the garbage ("I'll get it later"). I'm actually getting some makeup on today! As I am bent over blow drying my unwashed hair, Joshua unravels the whole roll of toilet paper into a neat little pile ("I'll get that later, too!")
- 7:20 Dress myself and change Joshua's diaper. Go to the dryer to get him something clean to wear only to discover that the dryer didn't dry his clothes (I probably forgot to turn it on last night). So I grab the ugly polyester sweatsuit that aunt Matilda bought him, and put it on him (all the while he is kicking and screaming because he would rather be naked!)
- 7:40 No time for hot cereal - Weetabix, mashed banana and yogurt it is. I take a couple of bites too since I won't have time to eat anything substantial this morning. "Yumm, Yumm! I know we're rushed dear. Take another bite, pleeeeaase..."
- 7:50 There is nothing worse than winter for parents. Children hate getting into their snowsuit, hat, mitts, and boots, even worse than we hate taking the fifteen minutes it takes to do it. Why doesn't anyone ever tell you about winter before you have your kids?
- 8:05 All packed? Ready to go? The car won't start. Hook up the booster cables and ask my neighbor for the third time in the last two weeks to start my car. Car starts and I drive like a maniac to the babysitter's, throw Joshua at her (she's my sister) saying I'm late and please undress him for me. Jump back in the car and race to campus. There's no parking in the sub lot - oh well, I'll park in the tow away zone, again!
- 8:37 Walk into my 8:30 class. Everyone looks up as I drop my books to the floor trying to get the pen I was trying to pick up in the first place.
- 9:30 Class.
- 10:30 Class - Midterm. "We have a midterm today?" I could have sworn I wrote down next Monday on my schedule. "Yeah, see, it is next Monday!" ... "Yes sir, I'll do my best."
- 11:20 Run to the car and race back to the babysitter's. Joshua has an appointment with his doctor in ten minutes.
- 12:15 pm Finally get to see the doctor. ("What a cute outfit! It's just a cold, but since his throat is a little red we'll give him the baby wonder drug. Isn't penicillin a great discovery!")
- 12:35 Thank God there's a pharmacy in the building. I grab a chocolate bar too! No time for lunch. I get Joshua back into his snowsuit, into the carseat, and drive back to the babysitter. "Oh sweetheart, don't cry, Mommy will be back in just a few hours."
- 1:00 Appointment with Psychology professor. I had a term paper due two days ago and I need an extension. "Well, the baby has been teething,... and then he got this cold,... and well, I'm losing it, and if you don't give me an extension I will have no other alternative but to quit school." Great, I have until next Monday. I wonder what I'll do about the paper I have due that day?
- 1:30 Class.
- 2:30 Class. "God, I hate those two hour + classes!"
- 4:50 "Oh, sh...". How can I have a flat tire? I just bought a new one last week after the last flat. "This is not my day!"
- 5:15 Walk into the babysitter's. Joshua refuses to get dressed until I nurse him. You would be amazed how strong and stubborn a one year old child can be!
- 5:45 Home at last. I make leftover spaghetti from last night for Joshua and a peanut butter sandwich for myself. Real food!
- 8:15 Well, let's see. I did the dishes, played with Joshua for an hour and a half, gave him a bath, read him a story, rocked him and sang him a lullaby while he nursed, and put him to bed. And even though he has a cold and I haven't spent much time with him today, he still gives me a big beautiful smile, waves at me with those chubby little fingers and falls asleep without a peep. That's what parenthood is all about...
- 12:35 am Four hours study behind me. I almost feel like I got something accomplished today! I walk into the washroom to wash up and brush my teeth... only to find garbage and toilet paper thrown from one end of the room to the other. "I'll get it later," besides, Joshua just woke up.