

MUGWUMP JOURNAL

The Computer Centre never makes mistakes?

By EDISON STEWART

There's been a little discussion of late about the computer centre. Students were saying the centre was making mistakes; staff at the centre struck back like wounded bears. Mistakes??, they cried. Not us.

Naturally, the centre says it has an explanation. Sure. Just like I have two left ears. Now like most students, I expected to get my marks last week - or even the week before. When nothing happened, I called the registrar's office and asked where they were. Religiously, the girl went to look up my file and promptly informed me they had been mailed to Brunswick St.

Well it all depends on whose story you want to believe. Course evaluation officials blamed the centre for a screw-up that lost the 1973 course evaluation forever. I'm inclined to believe them.

I haven't lived there since April. What's more, I have moved twice since then, and each time I've passed in an "address change" form to the registrar. Not only

that, but as late as two weeks ago I got other mail from UNB at my Needham St. address (that's where I moved from Brunswick St. I've since moved again.)

So if they weren't going to come to my correct address, at least they should have come to Needham St. But they didn't. And I still haven't got them.

So when I checked at the registrar's office in person to see my marks, I was a little wary of the staff there. Until it was explained to me just why they have so many addresses. The computer - bless its soul - took all last year's addresses when making up the mailing list for the marks this year.

Now it just may be that the computer didn't make the mistake. But somebody down there did - and has before. So next time the computer centre tells you there's no possible way they can make mistakes, tell them about your second left ear.

THE WORD FROM a reliable source is that the study John Anderson commissioned on the administration has now been completed. In interviews with the

consultants prior to the preparation of the report, many people said they didn't like the idea of bringing in federal civil servants to take up senior university positions. Anderson, himself a former employee of the environment dept., is known to have backed Charles Edwards, another Ottawa civil servant in the same dept., for the position of vice president. As a matter of fact, Anderson made his preference of Edwards over the front-running local candidate known, and the committee swallowed it hook, line and sinker.

Apparently the report by Kates, Peat and Marwick makes a point of mentioning this, and notes that most administration officials strongly oppose the practice.

It may be too little too late. Now that Edwards has declined the job and our local candidate has been thrown in the mud, there's little chance our new vp will come from UNB ranks. Whether Anderson picks another man from Ottawa remains to be seen.

THE SPRING ELECTIONS are on their

way, and are slated for sometime in mid-February. Most of what follows is simply from the grape-vine, but here's how it seems to be shaping up:

For president, Darrel Hay, the former SRC pubs officer - who quit because he wasn't getting enough money - is in the running I hear. And although his winning is currently unlikely, there's talk of Warren MacKenzie, one of the winter carnival chairmen, running for the post. While there's nothing that says incumbent Roy Neale can't seek a third term, chances are he'll settle back into student life so he can say he graduated before it was time to collect his Old Age Pension.

Chris Gilliss has repeatedly denied he's looking for the president's job, but that's not to say he won't run for comptroller. Don't be surprised if he does.

DEAN OF STUDENTS Frank Wilson is resigning to return to engineering work. Which is too bad, because from what I hear people have been pretty satisfied with the job he's been doing. It will be difficult to find someone who can fill his shoes.

ALONG THE TRACKS

Silver trays, calendars and a piece of blueberry pie

By STANLEY JUDD

"Good afternoon, Joseph. Brisk day isn't it?"

"It sure is ma'am. Wouldn't be at all surprised if we had frost tonight."

Mrs. Proctor always spoke to Joseph. He was the caretaker of her apartment building and she was always meeting him in the halls. He was a good caretaker. The building was very well-kept. This day he happened to be trimming the grass along the front walkway.

"I don't imagine you'll be cutting much more grass this year, will you Joseph?"

"No ma'am, wouldn't be surprised if it snowed before the weekend. And it'll probably stay. Should be a long winter."

"Oh my, I hope it doesn't snow for awhile. It's still not yet the end of October, but you're probably right Joseph. It will be a long winter."

Mrs. Proctor always trusted Joseph's weather forecasts. After all, hadn't he come to her last year and said "I'd better get the screens off your windows, Mrs. Proctor, wouldn't be surprised if it snowed tonight." And it had snowed. Nine whole inches. They had to close the schools. No one was able to get to work the next morning. Most people didn't even have snowtires on their cars.

"Well I have to hurry Joseph or I'll miss my bus."

"Yes ma'am, wouldn't want to be standing too long on the corner in this wind."

Mrs. Proctor arrived at the corner just in time to catch her bus. She said hello to the bus driver, who wasn't the regular

driver, paid her fare and walked to a seat on the left side of the bus. Yesterday she had sat on the right side. She alternated sides every day.

"I wonder what is wrong with Fred today," she thought. "He must be coming down with a cold. No wonder in weather like this, having to open and close the door at every stop. He's getting too old to be driving a bus, anyway. He should retire."

Mrs. Proctor thought of her own retirement and how hard it had been. What will I do with myself?, she had thought. But they had given her a beautiful pearl-studded brooch and a large silver tray with the inscription, "Francine, you are always welcome at the CONTINENTAL COFFEE SHOP", right in the centre of it. She kept the tray on her mantelpiece. It was too nice to use. She polished it every Sunday afternoon. It was almost three years ago that she had retired. Yes, almost three years exactly - her last day of work had been October 28, 1970. That same day, after they had closed the coffee shop, they gave her a party and her gifts. Mr. Kennedy, the owner, had stood on a table and said many wonderful things about her. "And how ironic it is that our dearest of friends and our best waitress, Francine Proctor, is leaving us in the autumn of this year, just when she is entering the springtime of her life." Everyone had cheered and clapped and Mrs. Proctor had cried.

But she hadn't really left. Every day of the week, at four in the afternoon, she visited the Continental Coffee Shop (though now it was called the Continental Restaurant and served alcohol with its meals) for tea and Danish pastry. Only

once in the last three years did she miss her daily cup of tea at the Continental. That was when her daughter and her four year old grandchild, Sarah, were visiting from Winnipeg and the three of them had gone to the zoo for the afternoon.

Mrs. Proctor got off the bus at her regular stop and bought a newspaper from the man at the corner.

"Thank you madam. A little chilly today."

"Yes it is, John, we might even get frost tonight. I hope you don't have to stand here too long in this wind."

"Oh, don't worry about me, missus, I should be sold out by four-thirty, five at the latest. Besides, I'm dressed nice and warm. Even put on my long underwear today."

"Well good afternoon John, I'll see you again tomorrow."

"Sure thing madam, see you tomorrow."

John had been selling newspapers at the same corner for at least seven years. And for seven years Mrs. Proctor had been buying her daily newspaper from him (though lately she hadn't been reading them, what with T.V. and radio always carrying news). Every Christmas she gave John a two dollar Christmas bonus and he gave her a new calendar printed by the newspaper.

Mrs. Proctor walked slowly. The stiff breeze blowing at her back didn't hurry her at all. Although the distance between the bus-stop and the Continental Coffee Shop (now the Continental Restaurant) was only one half a block, it usually took her ten minutes to walk it. She stopped and looked in every window along the way,

except for the Maple Leaf Pool and Games Hall. The flashing lights on the pinball machines and the thin ragged teenagers with black eyes and black hair, bent over the pool tables, frightened her. She deliberately avoided even glancing at the window. She lingered an extra few minutes at the window of Laura's Dress Shop watching the window-dresser adjusting the arm of a mannequin dressed in a long plaid coat with a fur collar. The mannequins were all dressed in winter coats, save for one still standing patiently in the corner, naked but ready to be clothed in the fur coat which lay at its feet. The window display was changed the last Wednesday of every month. Mrs. Proctor smiled her approval to the window-dresser (whom she had never seen before) and walked the last few feet to the Continental Coffee Shop.

"Hello Francine, how are you today? A little cold isn't it," said the cashier.

"Oh hello Janice. Yes it is cold. There's a smell of snow in the air."

"Oh no, that would be awful. Winter's long enough as it is. We don't need snow in October."

"Are you going to join me for tea?"

"Oh, I'm sorry Francine, but we were so busy today that I had to take my break early."

"Yes, I see. Well, will you tell the girl that I'll have my tea as usual, but today I'd like to try a piece of blueberry pie. It's fresh today, isn't it?"

Carnival to be bigger and better than ever this year

By CHRIS GILLISS

In spite of the rumours you might have heard about Carnival being bigger and better than ever this year, it is only fair to point out that they are all correct!

Many events are planned for Carnival '74 to enhance the festival atmosphere of the Druids.

Good times begin on Monday, or team may enter.

February 4th and pick up momentum to a rising crescendo of activity on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8th and 9th finishing with several unusual slower paced events on Sunday, February 10th.

Monday, February 4th sees a Co-ed swim nite held at the pool in the gym with waterpolo games scheduled all nite. Any individual

At the same time, in MacLaggan Hall, the exciting flick 'Skyjacked' featuring James Brolin will be viewed.

Tuesday nite in the Playhouse, Mike Quatro Jazz Band will present two more of their dynamic shows at 7:00 and 9:15 p.m. Fresh from a well-received tour of major US centres (Chicago, New York, Washington), 'Jam Band' will blow

into Fredericton with fog machines lights and sound guaranteed to reach and excite everyone. The lead in act for this occasion is 'Chad Allen', formerly of the 'Guess Who' who has just released a hit single.

Wednesday afternoon the snow sculpture judging takes place and with a little help from the elements (and Getafix) will show a high

degree of creativity and originality from several areas of the campus.

From the SUB cafeteria at supertime will pour out the sounds of 'Jazz Band' the local musicians who created the dynamite sound at Fall Festival's infamous Steak 'n' Stein. At this event the same succulent, juicy,