

Brunswickan



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HOLD YOUR BREATH . . . AS YOU WALK PAST THE RIVER

Ebony-black, the river lay placid at night. The stars were sharply imaged in its unshimmering smoothness. The deeply embossed gloss of the river provided a better backdrop for the stars than did the dull-black sky. Roughly shaped hills hulked on either side of the river defying any intrusion on its serenity. No breeze ruffled the surface of the water, nor did raindrops shatter its calmness. This was nature in all its quiet majesty.

A bell rang — not harshly as a warning but musically as if to charm the onlooker into a dream. Dream now, for soon the dawn will come, bringing with it a foggy shroud to bury the river. Then the sun will blaze down upon it and it will burn as fire.

Even now, the river is disturbed. A huge bridge transcends its breadth. The girders dig deeply into the very heart of the water. A flashing red light dashes across the surface of the water accompanied by the roar of four powerful airplane engines. Across the river a brash red neon sign solicits business for a motel owner. Soon a rumble is heard. The earth quakes and the river trembles as a huge black locomotive lumbers across the railway trestle a little farther up-river. But airplanes, locomotives and advertisements are few—it is the increased blinking of car lights which completely devastate nature's perfect setting. One can even smell the burnt gasoline which spits from car exhausts.

Now it becomes evident that the river is not the master of this land. Asphalt roads wind all about its borders. The flow of car lights is indication enough that the river is no longer the main artery of transportation. Only on summer Sundays do even pleasure craft flit gingerly about on its vast surface.

The river is deep and black. In its depths the ripples from Indian canoes of long ago lie quelled. On its floor rest the wrecks of boats from an era long gone. The river is no longer a pulsating communications artery.

But it serves a purpose. Where else could Fredericton find such a convenient disposal unit for its raw sewage?

The above italicized article emphasizes the appalling use of the St. John River as a reservoir for Fredericton's raw sewage. There is a definite need for a sewage disposal plant in Fredericton to prevent the continuation of this practice. If it is done in Fredericton it will also have to be done in the surrounding communities of Barker's Point, Nashwaaksis and Oromocto. At the present time all of these communities are dumping raw sewage into the river. If this continues the St. John River will become a badly polluted body of water, and will lose any natural beauty it may have had in the past. Its shores would soon become infested and coated with slime.

It is up to the City of Fredericton to provide for the building of a sewage disposal unit as soon as possible. Though it may be a costly venture it is a necessary one if Fredericton is to retain its typical cleanliness and charm.

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Deadlines

Anyone interested in submitting features on any subject is encouraged to do so. The deadline for Friday's paper is "any time Monday night" and the deadline for Tuesday's is "any time Wednesday night" of the previous week.

LETTERS

TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,
Your editorial neglected to mention who accompanied me in the walkout at Memorial University CUP Conference. It was, of course, none other than Peter Lebens, the editor of the Muse of Memorial. According to your editorial this would also place Mr. Lebens in the position of giving Memorial U. a slap in the face which in this case would result in his slapping his own face. Obviously this is not the case, as anyone can plainly see, only the members of the Brunswickan now have red faces.

Yours very truly,
L. J. Amey,
Editor in chief,
The Acadia Athenaeum

The Editor Replies

The only colour on the face of The Brunswickan is a tinge of pink which resulted from the embarrassing walk-out staged by the Athenaeum's delegates. Mr. Lebens of the Muse merely walked out as token payment for any part he might have played in supporting the Athenaeum's resolution. Mr. Lebens was present at the Editors' meeting that same afternoon where he voted in favour of The Brunswickan's resolutions. It is unfortunate that you were not there, Mr. Amey, as another walk-out on your part would have proven quite amusing to all present.

And speaking of slaps in the face, the Athenaeum's delegates certainly managed to inflict a dandy on the face of ACUP as a whole. The fact that the Athenaeum (pushed on by their students' government) proposed that the Atlantic Regional CUP conference be discontinued indefinitely as a result of the Athenaeum's peculiar financial situation indicates that the Athenaeum has little concern for the general welfare of ACUP.

It is interesting to note that the only paper complaining of lack of funds was the Athenaeum. It is also interesting to note that the Athenaeum has the lowest advertising rates and highest stipends to its editorial staff of any paper in the Maritimes.

Your letter above emphasizes a point of minute significance. I suggest that rather than spending your time tearing apart my editorials, Mr. Amey, you attempt to place your own paper back on a sound financial standing.

Dear Sir,

There are some people at this university who seem willing to go to extremes to blacken the name of UNB. Or perhaps they don't realize the folly of their actions. In any case, someone has posted a request in the Students Centre calling for volunteers to travel to Mount A. to fill in their "canal". And several people have actually signed it in all sincerity!

What do they expect to gain from this venture? Certainly no great honour will be bestowed upon them, nor on UNB. Many people in the Maritimes have voiced their support for Mount A's action and therefore will not react kindly towards any faction that attempts to actually thwart their efforts.

In this light we should realize that any move on our part to interfere with Mount A's project will not enhance the name of UNB. Rather we should offer to help dig.

Henry Beer.

DEAR RYDER HART

Dear Ryder,
My girl-friend is over-sexed and often makes suggestive statements in front of my friends, at parties, in the Students' Centre and similar places, such as, "Honey, let's cut out of this drag and make with the love scene." I find that these remarks are terribly embarrassing. What can I do to keep her from making these suggestions?

Embarrassed.

* * * *

Dear Embarrassed,
Satisfy her, therefore eliminating the need of suggestion.

Your adviser in romance,
Ryder Hart

Dear Ryder,

I am presently taking out a co-ed who I enjoy being with. We converse intelligently and seem compatible in most respects.

She is, however, extremely ticklish. Every time I try to hold her she breaks into gales of laughter, frustrating my advances. I find this very depressing as I am a normal boy, who wishes to have some sort of sexual satisfaction if it be only putting my arms around her.

What do you suggest I do?

Depressed and Frustrated

* * * *

Dear Depressed and Frustrated,

Your problem is indeed a rare one. It is also rare that you were able to find a co-ed whom you enjoy being with, especially one who is intelligent and still compatible.

I can well understand that this problem of her being extremely ticklish would no doubt lead to frustration. However, there is no reason to get depressed as there is a solution which is very effective. This method is to shellac the ticklish areas therefore stopping any chance of sensitivity which would result in the so-called "gales of laughter." If shellac isn't available at the time that the laughter breaks out, a heavy enamel should do the trick. Hoping everything works out.

Your adviser in romance,
Ryder Hart

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