



## Mugwump By DERWIN GOWAN Journal

The column is being thrown together in a bit of a hurry this week. Us workies seem to have a problem finding spare time. However, I've been threatened with dire consequences if I didn't have this column into my ever-loving editor pronto. It's surprising how you can find time if the axe is about to come down.

In fact, it's surprising what people can do, period. People just don't realize what they have at their disposal.

If you don't believe me, you should read a poem that I am going to try to convince the editor to print.

The poem is known as Mother Shipton's Prophecy, and was written in 1449 A.D., over 500 years ago. At least the publications where I read the poem said it was written that long ago. I've read it a number of times, and every time I start out a doubter but end a believer.

Not only does this poem predict the Women's Liberation Movement of the 1960's and 1970's, but it actually contains a prophecy about what has to be the American Civil War.

Steam engines, cars, airplanes, metal ships, - it might have been possible for some intelligent mind to predict into the future and project those developments, but how can you explain the First and Second World Wars, and even an approximate date for one of them.

Now a lot of people might wonder what all this has to do with the University of New Brunswick in the 1970's. Well, frankly, a lot.

The university should appoint one of those search committees they are always appointing and try to find someone who has this knowledge. Just think what they could do if they had someone like that who could tell them what the government was going to do in the next few years, how, make enrolment projections [accurate ones, that is.] and tell which programs would be most in demand.

The last stanza of the poem is a bit frightening, as a matter of fact, suggesting we all take to the woods to jump off the world as it were.

Besides, it might sort of scare people if they knew what was really going to happen.

There would be other problems as well. Mother Shipton types were good at making thousand year projections, but the standard deviation, or whatever the mathematical term is, might increase a bit if they had to restrict themselves to the five years.

No, that's not what we need. Something a little more basic, me thinks.

Now, something there are a lot of around is dowzers, sometimes known in these parts as diviners.

In fact, over 25,000 of them from across Canada and the United States had a big convention just recently somewhere in the United States.

Diviners, for the uninitiated, are those people who go around rather solemnly with forked sticks looking for water.

Most scientists write them off for the simple reason that they can't explain them. Scientists are generally bothered by things they can't explain.

But, you say, "Who needs water? We need money, students, professors . . ."

Well, once again, for the uninitiated, these modern-day diviners are a little more sophisticated according to the article I read.

Not only can they find water where professional well-drilling crews have found only sand, clay, and bedrock, but they have developed skills that most of us would find a bit hard to believe.

Everyone has heard about the case a few years ago where a diviner found water in a Maine town which was on the verge of starvation, but, believe it or not, the article I read in a quite respectable Canadian publication actually said one of the ones attending the conference actually used his diving rod to successfully locate a forged cheque. He was hired by a bank.

Think of the possibilities!

It seems you can train those sticks to do just about everything - find hidden caches of money here, an unemployed professor there, extra first year students there.

And of course, we could be a little fussy.

Why not get us one of these new-fangled diviners to find us only students for programs which are feeling the crunch, and only money with no strings attached?

Think of what we could do! But frankly, I'm skeptical.

There is just an off chance that those diviners might have something when it comes to finding water.

I might even be convinced by some thirsty New Brunswicker that one of those things could locate me a hidden liquor stash. Note, I said "might".

However, when it came to forged cheques, it just doesn't cut the biscuit, and my whole argument was based on the premise that they could locate forged cheques. So, back to square one.

If we listen to the prophets of doom who tell us how bad the University is, we probably couldn't even afford more than a down payment on one of those diviner's salaries in any event. No, once again, a diviner won't do. Strike two, three you're out.

What can we do? Close UNBSJ? [Who said that?]

I suppose we could hire one of those modern day prophets, generally known as the consultant. These modern-types are sophisticated indeed, too. They have an ability to tell the people who hire them exactly what they want to hear, and when the time comes you can hire them again to convince you that it actually did happen. But those dudes don't work for nothing.

Maybe we could all chip in and buy them a used Ouija Board.

## Orientation-we're not all drunks

Dear Editor:

I am writing in response to a few comments that appeared in last week's Bruns. First of all, I would like to address myself to Miss Brownridge; who expressed confusion and annoyance that UNB's Orientation Week was not a dry one despite the "Godly" liquor strike. Our booze was all purchased before the strike in anticipation of same; the procedure being all very legal, etc. Miss Brownridge commented that she was "disgusted" with all the drinking that occurred during Orientation. I take particular offense to this comment as it implies that our Orientation activities are for the most part alcohol-oriented. I would like to draw the reader's attention to the fact that non-liquor Orientation events outnumbered liquor events by a ratio of slightly less than four

to one (4 to 1). In other words, there were lots of things for those who cannot stand the sight of booze to do during Orientation. I think that the Committee's catering to this particular hang-up may very well be doing injustice to those people who have other equally serious hang-ups. For instance, there were no scheduled events at all for those people who cannot abide the sight of brown hair . . . this oversight on the part of the organizers I apologize for. Those students who do not drink but who are able to tolerate those who do are of course the best off of all. They are able to enjoy themselves at both drinking and nondrinking events and can thereby get the most out of our Orientation programme. Perhaps I will be able to discuss this issue in more detail with Miss Brownridge in the near future; how about the next time I'm in the BRUNS office?

While I'm on the subject of booze, I feel a comment is in order with regard to STU's Orientation. Mr. Gowan mentioned in a local newspaper recently and again in last week's Mugwump Journal the fact that STU's Orientation Week was a success in spite of the absence of booze. The pros and cons of a non-booze Orientation I have no intention of discussing in this letter; I would, however, like to point out the following fact. At every liquor-related event that we held there were large numbers of STU frosh requesting admission. Some even went so far as to buy UNB Frosh Packs in order to gain admittance under the guise of a UNB frosh. Is this the definition of a successful STU Orientation?

Sincerely,  
Peter A. Anderson  
Chairman,  
UNB Orientation '77

## UNB-warm hearts & cold weather

To UNB with love

After travelling half the globe in pursuit of knowledge and friendship, finally I found myself in the first academic session at UNB. Being new, and probably also the first of my variety to study here, in the entire history of UNB, I was full of curiosity of what life will be like. But soon I found out, though the climate here is cold to my standard, the heart of the peoples are not. Soon I discovered the truth of what a Professor told me 5 years back, that University student in all over the world are the same. Their behaviour distinctly possessed universality traits. (How near are the two words University and universality resembled? . . . a food for thought). They are highly sociable, polite and cheerful (especially when the lecture is cancelled); yet they are also full of ideal and sense of purpose, and particularly dedicated and hard-working during exam time.

During one gathering session organised by Mrs. Kissicks, the foreign Student Advisor (or

some time being termed as their mother), the rep from student councillor office said, that unlike the American cousin, the Canadian are shy; well, I guess I am shy too. But that does not stop us from being friends, does it?

Being of the same species but of different varieties made us fundamentally similar but differ in some interesting aspects. One of which is culture. A professor, incidentally he is a Canadian, in one of his visit in Malaysian forest, observed that he could stay in the forest for 5 years - just to gaze at the available flora and fauna - Probably in return, I would be happy to be in Canada for the same amount of time, but not to gaze at Canadian forest, but at Canadian culture. I found Canadian culture is especially fascinating. Thus, I hope you will not be alarmed, if sometime you are conscious of a pair of shy but intensely penetrating eyes gazing at you . . . for it is me, in one of my gazing session, probably in trance, admiring a part of Your culture. I meant no harm anyway.

Educationally? . . . Well, I am just try to recollect the stuff. . . . I always love every corner of educations, be it engineering, forestry, science nursing, etc. etc. say what you may, I just love the stuff, except a small giant portion of it i.e. examination. However, a peep into the system, unlike the university where I come from, UNB offer one silver lining behind the cloud, in some subject its permit open book exam. But being new, I have not tasted it yet but I guessed it must be about the same. Anyway, I never like exam, so what difference does it make. Yet, I have come this far using the exam's ticket and to face many more exams . . . what a paradox. Well! as our great great grandfather and mother once professed, every cloud has its silver lining. I love to be in Canada but I long for the moment when I will back home.

Abdul Rahman  
Department of Forest Engineering  
UNB  
16th., Sept., 1977.

## Physical exercise-

## aren't they thoughtful?

Dear Editor:

Hurray for UNB Administration!! Obviously deciding that residence students don't get any exercise other than bending their elbows, the people who administer this institution of higher learning have thought of a new and better way to make sure house members get their daily constitutional.

Now the phones in each house are on the same line. Or, put another way, when someone calls one of the residences, the phones on all the floors of that residence ring. Except, that is, for the phone in the pit. That one was taken out altogether. So when someone answers the phone, he(or she) may have to run up or down at least two flights of stairs. Isn't that a great way to exercise?

The administration also had the idea of making the members of a house a much closer family. We can listen in on each other's

conversations so we'll get to know each other better.

This idea for increased exercise was implemented this summer when nobody was around. That way all us lazy and out-of-shape students couldn't complain or raise a stink about it. The administration must have called in the RCMP Covert Operations Groups for this job.

Unfortunately, this nifty idea isn't meeting with much f.c.m the

residence students. But what the hell, the administration isn't here because of the students, it's vice versa, so we have to take what we can get.

Yours truly,  
Jed Sutherland

ED. According to the Men's Residence Office, the previous number of phone lines will be reinstalled between Sept 29-Oct 1st.]

## See ya soon, sucker!

Dear Mr. Penny (Banana Brains)

I couldn't help but notice your piece of drivel published in our illustrious paper (Da Brunz) last week and at this time would like to accept your challenge to meet you in the Media Bowl this Saturday.

Just a reminder - CHSR has

been humiliated by the Bruns in past years - I think you got your wires crossed, you turkey.

Anyway we'll see you Saturday.  
Sarah Ingersoll

P.S. I've been meaning to tell you - you're so ugly, it looks like someone set your face on fire and stomped it out with track shoes.