

# EDITORIAL

An open letter to the students:

the  
brunswickan

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We at the Brunswickan are proud of our heritage as the oldest official student publication in Canada.

The path we've taken has seen us grow from a monthly publication with a limited circulation to a weekly newspaper that distributes 8,000 copies per issue throughout the campus and around Fredericton.

Students of past and present have been the mechanism that has kept this paper moving forward. This is a tradition that can and will not change. The Brunswickan has recently seen a sweeping turnover that has left the paper with a young, excited and eager staff. This however amounts to a skeleton crew feverishly doing the job that our history has seen many do. The beefing-up program has begun and with these new staffers stands an unprecedented opportunity for improvement and advancement. Training is something we're always offering to inquiring bodies. The product of such efforts has seen people such as Dalton Camp, James O'Sullivan (VP ADMIN.FINANCE), Judge Andrew Harrigan, journalist Mark Estill, lawyer Harold Doherty, writer Derwin Gowan, and many more pass through our doors.

With the technology that is the envy of all the Maritimes, we will continue to produce a quality newspaper within our present means. However, this year has seen the students attack the Brunswickan's efforts and understandably this has us at a fatigued defense. We offer a closing thought for those who might malign any future issues we produce: calm thinking people have always stated that a citizen that has not voted, holds no right to criticize their government. We ask the same courtesy, offer either your assistance or suggestions so that we might better produce your Brunswickan the way you want it.

Sincerely,  
the staff of The Brunswickan.

## Mugwump Journal

By Karen Mair  
Interim Mugwump Journalist.

It's that time again... another turn-around, shake-up and thorough jumble of The Brunswickan staff. If you have not yet noticed we have a new Editor-in-Chief (Interim, mind you); we have a new News Editor (Interim, mind you) and we even have a new Mugwump Journalist. These changes were rapidly brought about when Cal and Kaye handed in their resignations.

Soooooo, there are vacancies upon vacancies that need filling. In short, The

Brunswickan needs you.

Winter Carnival has, after a series of backfires, stutters and false starts finally got under way.

Rumour has it that the Winter Carnival has lost money. Why? Well here goes....

The opening night pub introducing Miss Winter Carnival ended up admitting people in for free because of poor attendance—money out of whose pocket?

The Mr. UNB Contest (with a grand sum of five contestants) also flopped. The 'lively' entertainment failed to entice the audience to remain and by midnight the SUB Cafe was empty. Granted it was Sunday night.

Casino Nite... yes, it flopped too. Poor scheduling and poor attendance led to a substantial

monetary loss.

On a brighter note the Mock Jail seems to be attracting a lot of attention. I wonder why?!

In spite of the monetary setbacks things are looking up for the events scheduled this weekend. Coming up are such events as the Extravaganza, featuring two bands and a video show in the Blue Lounge.

While strolling around the Campus today I noticed the promising (?) beginnings of snow sculptures. Yippee. This is the one event guaranteed not to lose any money..... snow is still free, isn't it?

Well, it is time to put the paper to bed. One last note... if you are at all interested in becoming involved in the only human zoo on earth, feel free to drop into the Bruns office.



I've sometimes worried that in doing my Mutant Report, I'll fail to discover an event or occurrence sufficiently stupid and/or enraging to gripe about. I'm almost grateful for last week's turn of events which fill both qualifications.

In the last month the UNB athletic department has launched a drive to make students more aware of the facilities offered at the Lady Beaverbrook Gym. Their efforts are admittedly commendable for they do have plenty to offer the athletically oriented student.

Out of fear of growing fat behind my desk (or fatter as some of my colleagues might correct) a group of my friends and I decided to take the Gym up on their offer and organize a floor hockey league.

It was our intention to play every Sunday, and since I hold the lofty status of Sports Editor at this newspaper, yours truly was selected to book the gym and equipment (I of course, was not privy to this decision).

Regardless, I phoned an acquaintance of mine at intramurals and he led me to Guy O'Donnel. Guy, apparently is in charge of gym operations, and part of his job is to receive reservations for the gym for activities such as ours.

All went to plan; we had a fantastic time, my team lost 20-7, and were excited about the prospect of playing again the following Sunday.

So enthused was I that I phoned Guy the very next day, once again through my aforementioned acquaintance, and arranged the gym for the same time, 2:00 pm - 4:00 pm, and place, west gym.

Through a miserable snowburdened Sunday, twenty people turned out for the anticipated game. Apparently many of the returning players brought friends after it was described to them the great time we had.

We picked teams, donned our equipment and began our game. After 20 minutes a crowd appeared at the door of the gym and one of them walked over to me and asked if we'd be finishing up soon since they had booked the gym for 2:00.

I was confused.

A couple of minutes later a man with a loud and disturbing whistle, ordered us to clear the gym. Everyone looked at me of course, so I tried to explain to this person that we had the gym and if they needed confirmation to this effect, contact Guy O'Donnel.

"I'm Guy O'Donnel" the whistle bearing man replied.

I was more confused.

In the ensuing conversation, Guy admitted that he did indeed remember our talk on the phone, but since we were not on the schedule we had to leave immediately.

What most likely happened is O'Donnel neglected to book us, or did not notice that the time slot for 2:00 was already reserved.

Was an apology offered to us?

Nyet!

Was an alternative solution suggested, either in the form of another location or time?

Nyet!

Was I furious?

Da!

I have never subscribed to the thinking that after one strike you're out. If he had been mildly conciliatory at the time, it would not have been half the bother.

How much credence can we place on the intramural department's drive to recruit more active students if they employ people such as Guy O'Donnel, and fail to implore the necessity to extend simple human courtesies to the students who have blamelessly suffered due to circumstance after accepting the department's invitation?