

Dear editor,

PAWN STRIKES EMPIRE BACK

Well, it appears that I touched a sore nerve! It is interesting to hear that the engineering students take me so seriously, as seriously as I take them. I say again, I do take them seriously. I am quite sure that their banal, peurile spewings come from the deepest recesses of their very own yearnings. They seem to be very serious in their infantile excretions, yowling for the attention that their puny reasoning mistakes for respect, the disgust which they mistake for amusement. I do not, of course, condemn the many for the actions of the few. A small but random sampling of their own department has convinced me that the VIEW FROM THE TOP represents the childish exhortation of only a few engineering students. I30+, you say? Bedad, I would guess the contributors to that sorry VFTT to number less than half a maniple.

paper while doing so. Informed, rational criticism is vital to this, and I urge everyone on campus to write and submit such argumentation to the SUN.

THE CRITIC

Dear Editor:

I must strenuously object to the indecent behavior of your staff photographers, last Sunday night. I am appalled that I, a humble ghost, am unable to enjoy a few moments peace in the darkroom, without having rude photographers intruding and taking my picture, without my permission and without warning. My hair was a mess. In the future, I suggest you and your ruffian staff show more respect for my privacy or I may never return to the office!

I assume this incident will not be repeated.

Respectfully yours,  
The Great Cadre

For the second week in a row I sat down, banana in hand, listening to the strains of "The Gambler", in order to really appreciate reading the SUN. And, for the second week in a row, my attempts (to enjoy the SUN, and to purge myself of the Rock's music) were partially thwarted.

Last week our poor, hairy, Rookie (of SCARWARS fame) lamentably got into trouble, courtesy of another "would-be-rookie", who is working for the "Empire", and who doesn't want to hear anything about the Empirical past. He seems to be well on his way towards achieving the insular universality of the futuristic "Sure Heavenly Institute of Technology" (S.H.I. ....). He also works on the business end of things, and (my guess is) when the "Sacred Cow" arrives - if it ever does - the "Technology" will

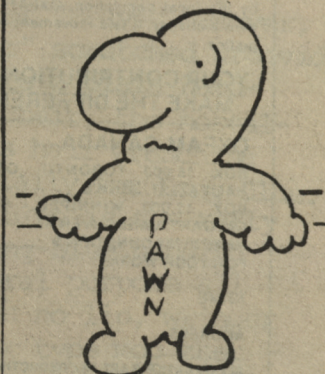
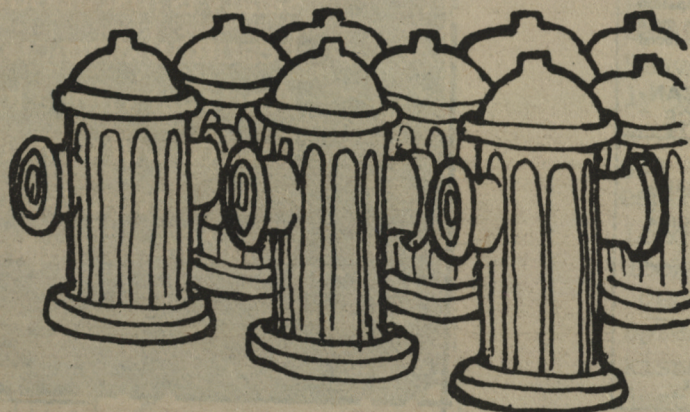
really have "hit the fan." (Speaking of fans, our "would-be-rookie" is a fan of VIEW FROM THE TOP - which is full of Sure Heavenly Institute style "Technology" - much to the dismay of the Sures, but which probably explains the Business interest in it... "it" is "growth" and "profitable".)

The week before last, as I was peeling my banana, in order to enjoy the SUN, I saw a couple of "fire-hydrants" on T.V. crying about "dogs" politicking all over them. I could only say, "How ironic!" After all, what is the trickle of a few "dogs" in comparison to the potentially devastating blast from some "Empireal fire-hydrants," only a few weeks before? ("A small and necessary response," I thought.) Yes, who is trying to silence (or get rid of) whom? Cutbacks???

I am, etc.  
INNOCENT PAWN



The Unhappy



THE GREAT PUMPKIN LIVES

HALIFAX (CUP)

If you thought blanket-toting Peanuts character Linus was the only devotee of the Great Pumpkin, you were wrong.

Since 1973, members of the University of New Brunswick's Harrison House have participated in the ceremonial sacrifice of the Great Pumpkin on All Hallow's Eve.

The preparation for the event begins a few days before Halloween when members of the all-male residence get together to bay at the moon. Before the hallowed eve,

the local pumpkin patches are staked out, and under the cover of darkness, the residence members retrieve their large orange delights.

Before returning to the university, tradition dictates that one pumpkin is thrown off a bridge to give thanks for the haul.

At midnight on Halloween, a procession begins to the chimes of maonastery bells and Gregorian chants. The "Monk" heads the procession followed by ban-

ner carriers. The largest pumpkin, dubbed "the Great One," is carried by bearers: "His Grace", three wise men and white-robed worshippers in rows of two.

They proceed to the woman's residence courtyard where the "Great Pumpkin" receives gifts. Afterwards it is taken to the roof of the residence, set aflame amid Anglican prayers, and tossed over the edge.

Two years ago, the CBC televised the event.

