

MUGWUMP JOURNAL

SRC elections will not be on Valentine's day

By EDISON STEWART

There has been some rumor that the SRC elections will be held on Valentine's Day, Feb. 14. I assure you that the aforementioned Mr. Valentine would never accept such trash. The election is Feb. 13.

For president, we have four candidates: Dave Kent, John Malcolm, Peter Galoska and Daryl Hay.

Dave Kent entered the race only after Neale left it; and its no great secret that Neale is supporting Kent for the job. Dave has been on the council and seen it work; he's also worked on a senate committee and the athletics board. The SUB board of directors has also seen him in action.

But if you read the campaign statement he has released to The Brunswickan, you'll see that what Mr. Kent has in mind is precisely — with only slight variation — what Mr. Neale had in mind. The travel office, the fight against honoraria for SUB board members, the closed circuit tv: it's all there. About the only new idea is an

athletic's wholesale supply shop. May we then expect that Mr. Kent's imagination will only be used when it comes to athletics' policies?

Dave is right when he says the arena is a very important project. There has been some fear that the arena will be turned into a jock palace more than anything else. Where, with his long attachment to athletics, does Dave stand on the issue?

He says he wants good acoustics and diversity. I wonder.

John Malcolm, the business student from out of the blue, has the right ideas. They are no more nor little less than what the other candidates propose. He does, however, have very little experience in the student political field — at least at UNB.

I admire his interest — an interest so keen, apparently, that he wants to be president — but I doubt that interest alone can develop a sound administration.

Peter Galoska makes mention of one of the greatest problems with the SRC. And he is the only candidate thus far to do it. Galoska says he wants to delegate

authority instead of consolidate it; exactly the reverse of what's been happening under Neale in the past two years. Galoska's ideas are fairly standard, but he mentions a new policy for parking. Cable tv and CHSR for off-campus people are new ones. (New as far as this campaign is concerned, anyway.)

Galoska has experience — though it's probably not as much as Kent's — and he came extremely close to beating Neale last February. I supported Neale at that time; I've since changed my mind.

Daryl Hay wants to make the job into a public relations office. Nice try, Daryl, but we need more people standing up and telling others what we want and less of people sitting down, quiet, in the best interest of public relations.

Hay has little experience and would be better advised to run for a council seat. Next year, if he's still around, would have been the year to make the move. This is much too soon.

Of the four, I prefer Galoska.

For comptroller we have two candidates: Chris Gilliss and Howard Pryde. This really isn't an "idea" post, as Howard admits. It's more or less watching over the SRC's money in accordance with the SRC's financial policy.

For that reason, then, I prefer Gilliss to Pryde, because Chris has much more experience in this sort of thing than Howard has. If Howard is still keen and could get on the council, Gilliss would be well advised to appoint Howard as assistant comptroller or at least make him a member of the Administrative Board.

Then, if he's still around, Pryde could make his move next year. Chances are he'd win too.

This year I prefer Gilliss.

That's my opinion of the situation; I hope you'll take the time to consider this and other opinions and then decide for yourself. Please vote on Wednesday.

ALONG THE TRACKS

Fame turns "page 9" to drink continuously

By STANLEY JUDD

(Stanley Judd is the pen-name of a Canadian freelance writer who for reasons of fame and/or notoriety prefers to remain anonymous.)

Along the tracks, everyone is asking the same question. Even the girls in the supermarkets are asking the question, as they search my pockets for stolen celery. My friends along the tracks have every right to ask. They never leave the tracks and have no way of finding out on their own. The girls in the supermarkets? Well they can ask the question too. They only meet people as they're paying for food and no one talks when they're paying for food. The question? Everyone is asking if the rumours are true.

The rumours? You ask about the rumours? Haven't you heard? Oh my, well listen to this . . . Page 9 is drunk!!! Yes that's right . . . drunk . . . alcoholic!!! Not that Edison Stewart, you say? Well listen to this . . . he's the worst one of the two!!! Right hand to the sky (for you sky worshippers), honest he is. Well, of course Stanley Judd is, but who would have thought nice young Mr. Stewart would turn out that way!!!

To which I answered anonymously, "it's fame lady; fame pure and simple; he couldn't cope with fame; it happens to the best of them up there on the hill; fame gets to them every time; they lose the best of them that way; no telling how many they've lost these last couple of years ever since they lowered the drinking age and allowed all those pubs on campus; shit, lady, get your hands out of there; honest I don't have any celery in my boots; why are

you always picking on me anyway?"

To which the older one replied forcefully, "now you watch you language sonny; there's no room for that kind of talk in here; you'd just better step in line while you're still young or you'll turn out like them two on page 9."

And I asked, "Hey, do you read page 9 too?"

The three of them said "ya" and the older one continued speaking on behalf of the group, "we used to read the top half anyway; we couldn't really understand the bottom half; and there's never anything very important at the very bottom, so all we read is the Mugwump's Journal, but from what we hear, we'll have to skip the whole page; do you think it's true?"

I replied as honestly as I could under the circumstances.

"Yes," I said.

The rumours are true. Page 9 is drunk, continuously. It's fame which drives me to drink. I succumbed early in life. As my beer drinking friend, Ray Davies, sings: "who thought I would fall slave to demon alcohol?"

In my case, many thought I would; I was famous quite young in life. But Edison Stewart? Well, you can never tell. His problem began when he chose to watch girls instead of politicians. Although it is necessary to drink with both of them, politicians prefer you to keep your distance and you can fool them by drinking water and soda. But with girls — well let me bring in Mr. Stewart to tell you about it.

"Thank-you Stanley. Well, with girls, well they're always thinking that you're trying to get them drunk and well, they're always taking sips out of your glass to

make sure that you're drinking real alcohol and well, so you have to drink, but I don't mind it anymore, it's really quite good and besides, with girls always taking sips from my glass, I manage to stay a touch soberer; it's easier that way."

Thank-you Edison. That's quite good! I should invite you into my column more often. But now to my story of fame and alcohol.

I won a 'Beautiful Baby' contest when I was four months old. The prize was twenty-five dollars which my mother received. I guess they didn't feel that I had had enough to do with it. Anyway, my mother promised to keep the money for me. She wanted to send me to university when I got a little older, which she thinks I have been doing these last few years. Someday I'll tell her the truth. But back to when I was a baby. My mother knew she had a good thing and since she really wanted me to go to university, I spent the first four years of my life travelling from town to town entering 'Beautiful Baby' contests. I only lost once in my life and that was to the Mayor's grandson in some small rural Ontario town. He was an ugly baby, I remember. Of course I remember — I was almost four years old at the time! But I had lost and my mother retired me. I was getting big for the carriage, as they say.

My next stint with fame came in kindergarten when I refused to fingerprint with anything but purple paint. "Purple?" they said, "Who does he think he is?" I didn't know and so I was examined and re-examined until I was purple in the face. That's when I got my picture in the paper and my mother and I were off on another tour of small towns. This lasted until I was

ten years old, until I started smoking. I couldn't smoke and hold my breath at the same time, so my fame returned to its natural colour. But we'd made a great amount of money (which I am trying to get a hold of now that my thirtieth birthday has past) and no one was unhappy.

Next it was Little League baseball and all its glories. I was a star; and even though I smoked, I could run faster than anyone in the league. I even dreamt of the Big Leagues and quit smoking for three months. My image, you know. I was beginning to capitalize on my fame as the 'boy wonder of baseball'. Then my mother told me that she had been spiking my milk with scotch since I was seven in order to keep me interested in my work. She broke my heart and all my dreams when she said, "Stanley, you're nothing but a drunk and you'll never be anything else."

Eventually I came to UNB where once again I am famous. Photographers from the Brunswickan and the Yearbook promising me money and more fame for just one picture. (I always refuse. Edison Stewart told you what happened to David Cassidy because of his picture.) Numerous volumes of 'The Collected Columns of Stanley Judd' are being used as door-prizes at local-bingos. Somebody has been after me to speak to the students. This person went so far as to print up the posters — 'Stanley Judd will speak in Tilley 103 on the joys of life in the sub-human condition.' Imagine that! What else could I do but refuse? They guy couldn't even spell. And so one and so on.

Oh, it's a rough life and that's why I drink. Look closely and you'll see that Edison Stewart does too. It's the fame, you know. Just ask him.

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Dear Sir:

At this time I would like to put an end to the rumor that my candidacy for the President of the SRC is a marketing game or project. No one in my campaign committee is receiving any academic retribution for their action on my behalf. I do not deny

that efforts have been made, by myself and others, to market John Malcolm. But I challenge the other candidates to deny that they too are not using marketing techniques, such as posters and advertisements, in their election bids.

I have received active support from students of every faculty, with the exception of law, in my

election bid I ask student voters to get in touch with someone who knows me personally, before they accept the present smear against me. If they do this I'm sure they will find the truth. Thank-you.

Yours respectfully
John Malcolm
Business Admin III

Lady Dunn supports cleaners

Dear Sir:

This letter is in regard to the recent walkout of the maids and janitors of Modern Cleaning.

We would like to support them in their demands for higher wages,

paid vacation, Blue Cross and sick leave. More important than these, we feel, is the demand for more staff so the job they are expected to do, can be accomplished more effectively. There is too much work

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