

STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL PRELIMINARY BUDGET, 1968-1969

The following is a brief summary of the budget proposed by the SRC at the last council meeting. It is printed here to give students an indication of the financial priorities set by their student council, for them.

A complete statement will be published by the Brunswickan later this week. Space requirements do not allow, or warrant, printing more than a summary at this time.

Revenue			
Student Levies - 3800 x \$35.	\$133,000.00		
Investments	700.00		
Christmas Cards	150.00		
Wed., Nite Movies	500.00		
Orientation '68	200.00		
Carry Over from 1967-68	7,004.00		
	Total	\$141,554.00	
Student Union Building 3800 @ \$15.	\$ 57,000.00		
10% Reserve	8,570.15	65,570.15	
Disposable Income for Budgets		\$ 75,983.85	
Expenditure			
Amateur Radio Club	\$ 226.00		
Band	110.00		
Brunswickan	6,285.50		
Camera Club	320.00		
Campus Police	397.00		
Conferences	4,900.00		
C.U.S.O.	100.00		
Debating Society	1,386.75		
Directory	800.00		
Drama	6,000.00		
Engineering Undergraduate Society	1,000.00		
Frontier College	200.00		
Glee Club	85.00		

Student Handbook	828.50		
Honoraria	350.00		
Identification Cards	1,460.00		
India Association	140.00		
Law Society	500.00		
Majorettes	202.00		
Orientation Committee	1,400.00		
Photo Copier	1,550.25		
Pre Med	325.00		
Radio UNB	7,050.00		
Federation of Science Students	450.00		
Students' International Association	375.00		
S.R.C.—General Administration	18,479.70		
S.R.C.—Salaries	3,800.00		
S.R.C.—Travel	500.00		
Speakers' Tours	2,000.00		
Think Tanks	300.00		
United Appeal	100.00		
World University Service of Canada	1,517.00		
Royal Canadian Legion	16.00		
Save The Children Fund	120.00		
Resource Material	150.00		
		\$ 63,423.70	
		Estimated Surplus	\$ 12,560.15
Loans			
Sophomore Class of 1967-68	2,000.00		
Orientation Committee 1969-70	3,000.00		
		\$ 5,000.00	
		\$ 7,560.15	

Sixty cents worth of civil rights

by PAUL WHITE

It was twenty minutes to nine and I had to be at the corner of Fulton and Nostrand by five after. It was raining, the generator had fallen out of my car, and I was on Foster Avenue, sort of in the heart of Flatbush. So I had to get a taxi.

I was therefore, according to an ageless tradition in New York, farther up that well-known creek than I could ever have imagined, for experience had long taught me that if you even looked dark-skinned you simply did not entertain the idea of getting a taxi in Flatbush. They locked all doors when they saw you coming, and if you got the opportunity to get around to the driver's side he told you he didn't "want to go over there". Then he would speed off before you had time to pull him out the window and beat your civil rights out of him.

Anyway, this night I really needed that taxi, and I decided that regardless of traditions and precedents, I would get one. I stood at the corner of Foster and New York Avenues in the pouring rain. I had prepared myself well for my venture before leaving home.

Two taxis flew by, and I went through the motions of hailing them; both slowed, scowled, and accelerated. Then, as I saw the traffic light turn red, I slinked behind a UPS van and waited as a taxi cruised to a stop at the light. Then I darted out and quickly pulled open the back door. But the light had turned green again, and as the driver took one look at me, he drove off at about 40 miles an hour with the door open, and I was sent reeling up against the curb. I was happy it was dark and there were no passersby; it could have been embarrassing, even for me.

I waited. Oh, we blacks never mind waiting!

The light was red and another taxi was coming to a halt. I eased out again, but this time the driver saw me and quickly reached over and locked the door. It was ten minutes to nine and the light was still red. I darted around to the driver's side and put my plan into action. I pulled the little revolver from my pocket and eased it up behind the left ear of the driver, and with the other hand I reached in and opened the back door.

"Dig It," I said, swinging quickly into a frightening vernacular. "You move this cab an inch before I get inside and I'll blow your goddam brains all over the street."

He froze, and I quickly climbed into the back seat. I put the thing back into my coat pocket. He waited.

"Fulton and Nostrand," I told him.

He had regained himself. "I don't go over there," he said. "I'm on my supper break, mister. I don't want no trouble. I gotta wife and three kids to support. Waddya wanta make trouble for? I don't go over there."

In exasperation I brought out the silly thing again and touched his ear with it. Besides, there were cars lined up behind us, and they were honking horns and yelling.

"Fulton and Nostrand," I said, and glancing quickly at his identification card I added an extra "Guinea." He turned off Foster onto New York Avenue and we were on the way.

"You gonna get yourself into a lot of trouble, mister," he said. "You know that?"

I smiled and pocketed my

gun. They would never believe this in Grants Town, Nassau, Bahamas, I thought. Just like in the movies. The big time. New York. Oops! We neared Empire Blvd. and 71st Precinct, and the driver was slowing down, even though we had the green light. The gun was out again and up behind his ears. It was the first time during the entire episode that I was really frightened. Anyway, he sped past the station, and I settled down again.

Then with childlike curiosity I said, "You prejudiced, boss-man?"

He grunted. "Just don't like being forced. You coulda asked me nice."

"You locked your doors," I said wearily. "Mister, you realize how many taxi drivers lock their doors that way in New York City every day? You know how many black people in New York are waiting at this minute for taxis?"

"You don't force yourself

"The law says you have to take me where I want to go within the city limits."

"A guy can't make money off you people."

So, the shoe pinched there. I laughed. Who would ever think that prejudice could ever be an economic necessity. The poor guy—poor, stupid bastard who probably went diligently to Mass every Sunday, contributed to the Muscular Dystrophy fund, and had a daughter who was exorbitantly beautiful and loved him very much.

He pulled over at the corner of Fulton and Nostrand. The fare was 85 cents. I gave him the exact change and got out of the cab after easing an extra dollar on the seat next to him. He'd find it later, I thought.

I stood near the cab. He looked at me with all the blood and venom of his ancestors, and as he pulled away he shouted at the top of his lungs: "Nigger! Dirty, rotten niggers all!"

I smiled, and taking the gun from my pocket, dropped it into an ash can. I had paid 60 cents for it at Woolworth's, and had forgotten to give it to my nephew. I looked at all the beautiful black people scurrying about me in the rain. So many of them bought and used real guns. I assimilated.