

Mugwump Journal

Environment exhibit a waste of time and resources

By EDISON STEWART

I must be getting terribly sleepy when I write this thing. Case in point: Last week I wrote that the Media Bowl (the annual football game between CHSR and The Brunswickan) was on Friday morning. Well, it was Saturday morning.

Our Red Herrings came through in fine form, though. I'd like to congratulate members of both teams for the sportsmanship and talent they showed Saturday. And, as Station Director Michael Shouldice pointed out, The Brunswickan will be forever indebted to CHSR for giving us that big win (We won 18 - 13, you see.)

So thanks fellas; we hope you had as much fun as we did.

You might recall (then again, you might not) that a few weeks ago a story appeared on an "environment exhibit" that was to be placed in the SUB. The story was on page three, I believe, and when we were also informed that a bottle recycling service was to be started in the SUB, I began to have great hopes about the ecology minded people on this campus.

Oh woe and alas, it was not to be so. The environment exhibit — and I use the

term loosely — could have better served the environment if our resources hadn't been wasted to produce the damn thing in the first place. For those of you who didn't have the good fortune to see this, the eighth wonder of the world, I offer a brief description: It was about 10 feet high and 12 feet wide, with all sorts of color photos of trees and the like. This was all lit up by several lights in the rear. (It could have used something else in the rear, but that's another story.)

The Canadian Forestry Service had pamphlets there to be distributed to the information-hungry masses, all of which stressed the importance of the forest, its protection and use.

(Let me interrupt here briefly to state that I may have been expecting too much. Suffice it to say I was not impressed by a short dissertation on forest protection and the like.)

What might have done some good (and I stress the "might") is an exhibit on how our environment is being polluted, and what we can do about it. Something stressing the importance of recycling things like bottles would have been extremely more productive than what we did get.

Incidentally, publicity on the bottle-recycling effort has been minimal. Advertising has been non-existent (have you seen a poster or hand-out promoting the thing??) and certainly leaves a lot to be desired.

But we diehards must persist: for those of you who care, the bottle recycling depot is in the SUB lobby.

Have you seen the no parking signs in front of the men's residences lately? If you have, hang on to them — they might be collector's items. The powers that be decided some time ago that there wouldn't be any parking on any of the "streets" at UNB. Hence the no parking signs that proliferated everywhere in the last month.

Problem was, those pesky students in the residences just couldn't read and parked their cars there anyway. (There isn't, after all, anywhere else to park.) Security ticketed the cars, whereupon the signs began to disappear almost overnight, as if some malicious person actually ripped them out of the ground.

Well more signs went up. And they disappeared. This scene was repeated several times. Now apparently the bureaucrats have seen the light.

Taken a look at the signs lately? They're still there, but instead of "no parking", they read "Student parking".

The guys in the residences have won the battle of wits with the mindless monster. They deserve to be congratulated. How come some of you guys don't run for council, the Senate or the Board? We could use some students who'll push for what they believe in.

The student elections are next Wednesday, and I hope you'll see fit to give just a second or two of your precious time to stop and vote. While we may say some nasty things about the SRC and Senate at times, that's not to say we'd be better off without them. Vote for the people of your choice, but at least vote. Elections in the past have always had 30 per cent turnouts.

If you can't do better than that you had best go back to the parochial high school from whence you came. Maybe they'll find a good use for you there (though I can't imagine what it would be).

Have a good week. And if any of my professors are reading this, I'd just like to say that it's not true that I haven't been to class. My record's not great, but it will get better. Promise.

Politics

58 single-member ridings on the way for province

By CYCLOPS

It is still not clear whether or not there will be an election before single member ridings are created in New Brunswick. But one thing is certain — 58 single member ridings are on the way.

Richard Hatfield has always liked the idea of single member ridings for New Brunswick. Not only are they, in his words "more democratic"; but many Conservatives think they make good political sense too.

With only rare exceptions New Brunswickers "vote the ticket" in provincial elections. In multiple-seat ridings the dominant party wins all of the seats in the constituency. This system has traditionally given the Liberals a block of 25 "safe" seats in that vast north-shore area composed of Westmorland, Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester, Restigouche and Madawaska counties.

Pockets of Conservative support are smothered out in these overwhelmingly Liberal counties. To make the point more clearly, when three single member ridings

were created in the north-shore the Tories were able to capture two of them — Campbellton and Edmundston.

By contrast, the Conservatives can only count on 15 "safe" seats; in Albert, Carleton, Kings, Fredericton, Saint John East and West and York. The remaining 18 seats are the real battleground in any provincial election. A Liberal win in only five of them usually assures them of a provincial majority. The Conservatives, on the other hand, must capture 15 out of 18 seats where competition is often close — no easy task.

The result has been that the Conservatives have only won three provincial elections since 1930. At first glance it would seem that the trick for the Tories is to increase the number of "winable" seats in the Liberal block by creating single member ridings. Nevertheless it is a bold step for Hatfield and is filled with political risk.

After all, the Conservatives are New Brunswick's minority party (by popular vote) and the present distribution of seats

has sometimes served them well. In the last 43 years they have only once (1956) managed to receive more votes than the Liberals in a provincial election. Their only two other victories (1952 and 1970) were achieved with fewer votes than the Liberals, but the distribution of seats won the day for them.

Of course we can discuss endlessly the possible political effects of single member ridings; everything will depend on where the lines are drawn on the map.

But unless there is blatant gerrymandering, which is unlikely, Moncton's "west-end" and St. Stephen areas, for example, will likely become separate ridings. The effect will be to leave the remaining Tory seats in Moncton and Charlotte in very vulnerable positions by isolating them from those traditional pockets of Conservative strength. These other seats — 5 in all — will be vital for the Tories in the next provincial election. They probably can't win without them.

Single member ridings will have other

implications for New Brunswick politics. Parties will no longer have the problem (and opportunity) of "balancing tickets" by religion, race, geography, labour etc. — the reason for multiple-seat ridings in the first place. Popular local candidates will be running on their own without the possible burden of the rest of the ticket. Constituencies will be small enough for intensive face-to-face campaigning; and the relative importance of the individual candidates role will undoubtedly increase.

The parties will have to overcome the problems of establishing 58 constituency organizations. For the time being at least they will probably organize nominating conventions and campaigns by grouping several ridings perhaps under the existing constituency boundaries.

But ultimately the organizational problems inherent in single member ridings may lead to the centralization of party organization and the demise of local "machines" as we have known them.

Along the tracks

'Jake' the philosopher lives in a 2 room shack

By STANLEY JUDD

(Stanley Judd is the pen-name of a Canadian freelance writer who for obvious reasons prefers to remain anonymous.)

There is a man named Jake who lives in a two-room shack, just west of the Fredericton city limits. He is 73 years old and in good health. My dog and I have spent a few afternoons with him, walking along the tracks and listening to him express his views on, what seems to be, anything that comes to his mind. He calls me 'Kid'. Whether this is in reference to those 'Jake and The Kid' stories or simply to the difference in our ages, I don't know. He calls my dog 'Pup'.

Last Sunday, he was in good form. "You know, Kid, I love autumn. It's the warmest season of the year for me, very comforting. And comfort is important. Most people see autumn as the dying of the year. To me it's old Mother Earth showing us she's alive and changing, just as we do every day of our lives. There's nothing more spiritual in nature than the wind. Guess I'm a wind worshipper. The wind's

free, Kid. It proves to me that man is meant to be free. Men shouldn't allow themselves to be tied down. Causes ulcers. I've been lucky. I've been free for over thirty years now. Took a lot of work, but I managed it. Took me five years. I like to think of it as my five year plan. Want to hear about it?"

"Sure thing," I said. "Well, back in the twenties, just after the war, I spent four years in University, thinking it was really important. I graduated. In those days, it was a big accomplishment to receive a degree, but I didn't know what to do with it. I decided to become an English teacher, believing that teaching was a useful and honourable profession. I still do. But I had spent nearly twenty years in school, treading water, so to speak, waiting for something meaningful to rescue me, always doing what was expected of me. Just like most of those students 'up the hill'. They don't know what they're doing or why they're doing it. They're just biding their time, treading water, waiting for something to happen to them, trying to please their

parents who expect them to do well. Anyway, here I was, ready to enter a profession which would take up another forty years of my life doing exactly what was expected of me. But I wasn't prepared to spend another forty years treading water. But it wasn't a case of sink or swim, either. All I had to do was get out of the water! It was then that I put my five year plan into operation."

"Let's hear it," I said. "Well, Kid, what I did was to get everyone to lose faith in me. It's other people who make you do what you don't want to do, who restrict your freedom, so I got them to not want me to do anything. I made as many commitments as I possibly could, more than I could ever possibly hope to meet. I took on as many responsibilities as I could, more than I could ever deal with. I swamped myself with work. I borrowed as much money as I could and spent it all foolishly. I went so far into debt that I could never pay it all back on a teacher's salary. I started to drink heavily. I shirked every responsibility; I met none of my commitments.

Within five years, I was fired, ostracized from society and forced to declare personal bankruptcy."

"Are you sure it was a plan?" I asked. "Well, Kid, if it wasn't my plan, it was God's plan because I've led a most rewarding and free life since. I haven't been a slave to money or to anyone. I've only worked when I've wanted to. I've only bought what I've needed. And that's important, Kid, what you need. You'd be surprised at how little you really need to live. If people used less, there'd be more to go around, there'd be enough for everyone."

"Good thing you never got married," I said.

"I don't know Kid. A good woman is the only thing I think I might have missed in life. Picking women is like picking apples. A good woman will keep you healthy, just like good apples are supposed to do. But pick a bad woman and she'll make your soul sick for the rest of your days. I've only known two women in my life whom I ever

Continued on page 10