



# mugwump journal

BY MIKE MACKINNON

Something has to be done about the housing situation in this city. There is no reason why a student should be forced to move across to the north side of the river. The singular disadvantage of living there is the distance from the university. Not to many students can afford to own a car (if they could, why wouldn't they be living on the south side?) and unless you want to get up two and one half hours before your first class to catch the bus you will be facing a long, cold walk in the winter.

The problem is not the lack of housing because it is there if you can afford it. That students are forced to pay rates equal to those paid by steadily working non-students is unfair. Students obviously have to function on a lower budget and need housing on this side of the river.

The one thing landlords seem to take into consideration is our need for housing on the southside, a fact they exploit to fill their greedy paws. No consideration is shown for the lack of funds we suffer from.

One might not mind putting out the money for a jacked-up rent if the place was worth it but more often than not it isn't. Sounds travel easily between floor, even those of everyday activities such as conversation; floor boards creak, much to the annoyance of your neighbour below and the laundry machines break down on a regular basis.

Why is the upkeep so poor? Because students live in the building and they will only wreck it anyways. Another example of discrimination against students by the landlords. I have lived in a number of buildings, sometimes as a student and sometimes not, and I have seen that it's not necessarily the students who destroy the building or do the partying.

I hope in the future something will be done to help the students of this city, for they are probably the larger percentage of apartment renters.

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I have just been informed that someone stole Deborah's nail file and she is not, I repeat, not happy. To quote her, 'Piss me right off.'

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Well, the elections are over for another four months. This election was no different than any other except for the fact this year was the first time in the history of the SRC an incumbent President ran again. What's more, he pulled it off and won, much to the surprise of more than just a few people.

This year saw a change in attitude on the part of John Bosnitch. Instead of strong arming his ideas down people's throat, he went about things in a more cooperative and effective manner. Further he shed the Student Party cloak (as far as student politics is concerned). This proved to be an effective campaign ploy for you will notice the one person who did run under the Student Party ideals did not fare very well.

Now that the elections are over and John has another victory under his belt, will he continue to approach his plans in the same manner as before the election or will he revert back to his old ways? I sincerely hope he continues on the path he has taken this year, for he will accomplish much more.

To John and other winning candidates, good luck and congratulations.

# editorial

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## Let's see a real change

I guess this is the time of year we are expected to write the typical editorial congratulating the winners of the SRC elections and extend our best wishes.

This year though, we have something different to say. Oh, we do congratulate them and wish them the best of luck in their upcoming term on council but there is an issue that has to be looked at.

When a student first attends university you have the idealistic belief that the council here is going to be different, better than your old high school council.

After listening to a few council meetings or reading the minutes you soon realize there is really not much difference. The bickering and politicking still goes on, only the councillors are better at it. The meetings this year (and the latter part of last year) seemed to have had their share of quarelling. Why this is we don't know.

It is understandable that some fighting goes on during the council meetings because afterall, not all councillors are going to have the same viewpoint. This is not to be objected to because it is a healthy and necessary part of the council process.

So, what we would like to say to the icoming council, is get rid of the petty fighting. You will accomplish a lot more.

## Lest we forget

It is November and people are wearing poppies on their jackets and sweaters. Not everyone does. It seems the majority of those sporting the bright scarlet man-made facsimilies are older than your average UNB student. Poppies are sold in corners stores and malls and sometimes veterans and children sell them door to door. Poppies have become such a popularized symbol over the years that one forgets their origin -- the flowers planted on the graves of soldiers who died in the First World War.

How remote that war seems to us, living in Canada, attending university and untouched, for the most part, by violence other than that on a very small scale. Wars seem to be for other people and other countries. But in 1914, Canada was at war. Two professors formed a contingent of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps. The Alumnae Society organized women students in the arts of knitting and care packages for the boys overseas. Over three hundred graduate and under-graduate students volunteered to fight that war. Thirty-four died.

How can we properly mourn that which we have never known? The trenches, gas, filth and blood, and the young men dying are the subjects of movies and novels. We sit in class and contemplate the naivete of our grandfathers who gave life and limb to protect hearth and home -- what a cliché. Didn't they know they were sacrificing themselves merely to prolong the British Empire? Were they unaware of how often colonial troops were used as a cannon fodder? It is so easy to dismiss the beliefs of those young soldiers. It is harder to grasp that they actually felt that enlisting and fighting was the right thing to do, the only course to follow. For those who didn't fit the mold, there was the of public opinion to send them to France and Flanders. Girls presented young men not in uniform with the white feather of cowardice. This was a world and a time where, though it seems strange to us, honour was a concept worth fighting for.

Those thirty-four students who died had other plans besides fighting a war. They were like you; like that guy who sits beside you in math class; like that other guy you saw in the Social Club last night. Though it was over seventy years ago, these dead students are not mere cardboard cutouts lost somewhere in history. They were real people and they died for something they believed in.

Since it is difficult to mourn, let us remember past tragedies on November 11, but let us use that time to think of how ugly and degrading war is to the human spirit and body. In the face of an escalating 1980s version of the Cold War and the threat of nuclear arms, we should use that sense of duty which the soldiers of World War I possessed as a legacy. It is the responsibility of each of us to do all we can to ensure the existence of peace and human dignity.