

THIS WAS THE SRC WEEK THAT WAS

The following is a fifteen point summary of the SRC issues to date. This report was prepared by R. Kenneth Carty, President of the Students' Representative Council.

1. I have discussed longer library hours with Dr. Mackay and the problem is one of staff. They just can't get the right people. We can see if a study hall could be set up for Saturday night if the Council thinks it necessary.
2. The faculty, in Council, has voted against a March break this year. They just don't want one at this time and the administration will respect their wishes.
3. Dr. Mackay hopes to announce faculty and senate appointments to the joint Faculty-student-senate Committee on Mental Health by Thursday of this week so that the work can progress.

4. Roger Savoie has the incorporation procedures ready but we will await final action until this can be seen in the light of overall changes expected to come as a result of the Banff Conference.
5. The Education Programme under Clyde McElman is going along well. This week the first High School supplement is included in the Brunswickian. This supplement is going to be sent to selected high schools in the province. As well, the high school visitation programs are all in gear and ready to go.
6. The visit of the New Brunswick Legislators is being organized pending a date of selection which is acceptable to them.
7. The S.U.B. Committee has reviewed the direction of the SRC which came as a result of the petition and has taken

into consideration the hundreds of opinions aired at the public hearings.

8. The executive of Radio UNB has established a Committee to prepare a comprehensive 'Blueprint for the Future' of the station. Such a paper could be considered by the SRC and possibly adopted as the student government policy on the Station.
9. The Education Committee will be working on student submissions to the committee on the "Future of the University" and will be considering the implications of the VIII National Seminar, which we hosted, on Student government. They shall also guide the council in its reaction to, and policy declarations on, the recommendations of the Duff commission on University government.
10. The executive has met

with members of the Alumni Association executive and we hope to set up a joint committee in order to better communicate our ideas and to provide a united front on issues on which we agree.

11. Mr. Chandler has agreed to head a study of the Winter Carnival Committee-SRC relationships. It was felt that with increasing council financial support the relationship should be more clearly defined.
12. Miss Sally Keith and her Physical Education Committee have been busy and hope to have the results of their study ready for Council's consideration in the near future.
13. The S.A.A. is presently attempting to define its relationships with "athletic" clubs with a view of bringing them under their financial umbrella. The Athletic Board of the

University is awaiting the results of this study before making any policy statement in regard to financial support of such clubs.

14. Mr. Ron McLeod has a copy of the report of the University of Alberta's very successful French-Canada Week and will be presenting a report this week on the feasibility of such a program here.
15. Mr. Eric Champion has agreed to head a study on the support of dances and socials by the SRC. This will incorporate everything from Student Centre dances to University formals.

This is a partial listing of our activities and more committees will be set up in the near future on such topics as: UNB insignia, Parking, Founder's Day, Bookstore and Ombudsman.

First Snow Brings Out The Boys

The first sticky snowfall in Fredericton this year brought mobs of men from the residences outside for a snowball fight. The noisy battle raged out of control for over an hour after midnight Sunday night.

The gathering crowd in the MacKenzie Quadrangle fought within itself until the cry "LBR" was raised and hundreds of students raced down the hill to the Lady Beaverbrook men's residence.

Several broken windows and a firecracker later (at first reported as a shotgun blast) the mob, LBR included, returned to the top of the hill. SRC President Ken Carty was the victim of a water bomb at the height of the encounter.

At about two o'clock, an alarm buzzer in the women's residence, Lady Dunn Hall, sent dozens of girls outdoors and into the arms of waiting male students, who apparently hid in waiting for them.

After a brief engagement with University security officers (called "rent-a-cop" by the badgering students) the men returned to their rooms.

Red 'N' Black Prizes

The executive of the Red 'n' Black of 1965 expressed its appreciation to Fredericton merchants who donated door prizes. The merchants who gave donations are: Herby's Music Store, Neill's Hardware, & Sports Store, Capital Gardens Restaurant, Medjucks Department Store, Federal Hardware, Shutes Jewelry, Dragon City Restaurant, Levine's Department Store, and G. B. Murphy's Credit Jewellers.

Can We Forget?

There are approximately 1200 people in the Provincial Hospital at Lancaster, which was originally intended to accommodate 700 patients. These are New Brunswick's mentally ill — the forgotten ones.

Let's meet some of them. Well, there's one elderly gentleman who graduated from McGill, and still receives copies of the McGill News — his only contact with the outside world. And Randy — he's a little nine-year-old whose only home is the men's admission ward. There is just no place for Randy, and there are no toys in his newest home. The fat little old man who plays the accordion is a joy to watch — he gets such a kick out of it! Maybe the Provincial could use more accordions, or banjos, or mouth organs, or anything!

The Remotivation program has done a great deal to bring some severely regressed patients back into the world of reality. This technique involves group discussions about specific topics with visual aids to supplement the conversation. Anything and everything is discussed —

movies, farming, books, tractors, music, cooking, fishing, Indians, painting. One middle-aged lady who hadn't spoken a word for twenty years stood up one day and delivered a little speech on cooking! What an exciting project it would be to gather together a whole collection of visual aids on a certain topic and send it to the Provincial's Chief Remotivator, Mr. Peter Stibelt.

There are a substantial number of things any one of us could do for our 'forgotten ones', unless of course, we purposely try to forget them and wash our hands of the whole business. If we wanted to be part of a majority we could forget.

On December 1, there will be a receptacle for gifts in the campus branch of the Bank of Montreal. Bring your contribution, wrapped as you would for your friend, and write in pencil on the tag what the gift is, and whether it is suitable for a man or woman. Here are some suggestions:

For Men

Shaving gear, books, brush and comb sets, handkerchiefs, scarves, cigarettes, tobacco, diabetic candy, cards, cribbage

boards, dominoes, checkers, ball-point pens, stationery, records, musical instruments, song books.

For Women

Soap, perfume, handkerchiefs, cosmetics, powder, jewelry, scarves, gloves, mittens, hand lotion, books of life-savers, chocolates, brush and comb sets, cushions, artificial flowers.

I hope you don't mind if I quote Florence Nightingale, who said, "I think one's feelings waste themselves in words; they ought all be distilled into actions, and into actions that bring results."

— Bonnie Hamilton

SRC MOVIE CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF

Starring
Elizabeth Taylor
Paul Newman
Burl Ives

WEDNESDAY,
DECEMBER 1
CHEMISTRY BUILDING

7:00 and 9:15



by
Ed
Ball

"THE SONG MY PLATEN SINGS"

I am a typewriter, and with apologies to the memory of Pauline Johnson... my platen is the round black rubber cylinder about which the typing paper is wrapped. I have belonged to the same man (boy then) for ten years or so... and although I am scarred and worn, there are many stories I can tell. My owner thinks of me as an inanimate object, but I have a surprise for him... this is the first time he has ever left me with a blank sheet of paper in my clutches... and I am going to, this time, do the writing myself... All keys Up!... Platen. Poise!... Roll, Ribbon, Roll...

Allow me to first get off my keyboard the things I liked the least... business letters. "Apply for this... Order that... Thanks for these... Dear Sirs... Re yours of the 21st... Find enclosed... Respectfully yours..." Damn, I hated business letters — all style, no imagination.

Essays I wasn't crazy about either... what interest has a little box like me in Cistercian Monks or General Grant? Especially when I had to type essays for engineers in order to buy Ed cigarettes... numbers, tables, formulae, and more numbers... complete idiocy!

Now the writing for the Brunswickan... that was something else again... it had moments both good and bad. Some of the better efforts which my big cousins down at the printers ground out... were more credit to me than to their supposed author. Quite often I added a few little flourishes he didn't even catch on to... almost got him expelled once... chuckle... And then there were times when he wasn't able to even type properly, let alone think... but I usually came through if I were properly keyed up for the occasion.

But my greatest pleasure... Oi Yoi Yoi... were the letters to women! Marvellous! I would have got carried away even if I hadn't been a portable... Romance straight from margin to margin... a suggestive bracket here, a poignant series of leaders there, a few exclamation marks for emphasis, and not a \$\$ in an entire ream of paper... Oh, 'twas heady stuff. Nearly got him hitched on a couple of occasions... he got so worked up, he typed right off the bottom of the page. And the language... Lurid, Man, Lurid! From the first tender, exploratory passages to the full-blown, Real McCoy complete with firebells and whistles... Ah-h-h, it was enough to make a little typewriter feel like it had eighty-eight keys and was playing The Polonaise...

Anyway, there's a partial summary of my memoirs... much more would be likely to get me sent back to McAdam forever... besides, there's a certain satisfaction in knowing secrets — and keeping them.

The future holds no terror for me. Sure, every once in a while, he punches futilely at an electric carriage return which isn't there... and he talks of rolling-ball office models and the likes... who cares? Eh! So he gets a new one... so what? He can work on whatever he pleases... but I know that when he's ready for the creative bits, he'll be back here. He has to... &&!*(?!&&!!*... you see, I have discovered the secret of keeping a man...