

Moncton students take to the streets

MONCTON, N.B. (CUP) — Students at l'Universite de Moncton took to the streets Jan. 31 to protest expected tuition fee and rent increases, inadequate student aid, and cuts in unemployment insurance.

Only 24 hours after the first general meeting to discuss the problems, 400 of the U de M's 2400 students were boycotting classes and marching through downtown Moncton to try to gain community support.

The protest is expected to continue, with a meeting planned

that night to decide further action. Details were not available at press time.

According to student federation general secretary Ghislain Michaud, the students are trying to gain support because talking to the New Brunswick government has produced few results. The students wanted to get "The general population aware of our problems, particularly the financial problems", he said.

"At least they can ask Questions. The more influential

people might get answers that students haven't been able to get."

"We were just trying to get them interested. I think we succeeded."

The students talked to U de M administrators and to "influential people" in Moncton as well, he said.

Although no tuition increases have yet been announced, Michaud said students expect a 15% (nearly \$100) increase next year. As well, the Moncton landlords association raised rents by \$25 per month in December and plan another \$25 increase in June.

Students also object to the current student aid program, under which a student must take out a \$1400 loan before being eligible for a BURSARY. Independent status in the program is "almost impossible" to achieve, Michaud said, and students' costs are not indexed to inflation.

"The program is completely unjust. It's creating a lot of problems for students."

About 75-80% of U de M students withdrew from the provincial student aid advisory committee because they said it was unwilling to accept any of their suggestions to improve the program.

The students are also protesting the recent cuts in Unemployment Insurance which make it considerably more difficult for students to claim it.

Student representatives from all three New Brunswick universities will be meeting with Premier Richard Hatfield in February to discuss their concerns, he said.

Notice

Application for accomodation in HUB COMPLEX will take place

Friday, February 9, 1979

between the hours of 7:30 am to 4:30 pm for residency beginning May 1, 1979 and the fall term beginning Sept. 1, 1979. Apply at HUB Office.

LEADERS WANTED

FOR EDMONTON PARKS & RECREATION SUMMER PROGRAMMES

Applicants must enjoy working with children. Training courses will be mandatory for successful candidates

LEADERS DAYCAMP

- over 18 years of age
- camping experience

HANDICAPPED DAYCAMP LEADERS

- over 18 years of age
- camping experience

JUNIOR DAYCAMP LEADERS

- over 16 years of age
- camping experience

PLAYGROUND LEADERS

- over 16 years of age
- ability to lead children's activities in arts and crafts, games, sports, drama and music.

Applicants will be accepted until February 23rd, 1979 at the following locations.

GRANT MacEWAN STUDENTS
Room 101,
Grant MacEwan
10765 - 98 Street

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS & OTHERS
Canada Manpower Centre
2nd Floor, Centennial Bldg.
10015 - 103 Avenue
or 8907 - 118 Avenue

N.A.I.T. STUDENTS
Canada Manpower Centre
E 132 - N.A.I.T.
11762 - 106 Street

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS
Canada Manpower Centre
Students' Union Building
4th Floor, U. of A.



CON

by Ambrose Fierce

Prairie Lad: A Romance

"We're childless!" A woman wailed, the most nearly spherical human being I had ever seen. Indeed, despite the protuberances of her head and legs, the globe of her body seemed slightly flattened at top and bottom, as the earth is said to be. It was nearly dark, and her features, if they could be called that, were indistinct. "My husband," she waved a stubby arm at a hulk looming several yards behind her and addressed Mother imploringly, "my husband and I have tried and tried, but we must be doing something wrong. Do you know anything about sex?" Bored and embarrassed, I went over to the giant rain barrel into which Madame Ries had just dumped her husband, and reaching as high as I could, got my fingers over the rim and pulled.

I could not budge it. "You lie on your back, right?" the round woman went on. "And then your husband lies on top of you, right?" The red-headed youth, blushing, scuffled over and grabbed my belt. I tugged on the barrel, the youth tugged on me, the barrel shifted slightly, teetered, crashed down. Fortunately it was empty of water, but it was a heavy barre. Though we finally managed to squirm from beneath it, both of us had the breath knocked out of us.

"Finders keepers," said the red-head, holding my birthdate knife in one hand, dusting off shirt and trousers with the other. I was astonished at his own rage.

"Mine! It's mine!" I shouted, snatching it back. I stood there, trembling, fists clenched, body hot and nearly out of control. "It's mine and you can't have it!" for the record, my first words as a commune-ist.

"All right!" The red-head backed a step. "I was just kidding for God's sake. All right!"

"All right," said Father, coming over. "In a commune all property is shared. Since you can't share I'll just take that foolish little knife and settle things that way. Hand it over." I backed to the barrel's mouth, feeling its rim hard against my shoulder blades, snapped open my knife and astonished myself by levelling it at Father's heart. Never had I even thought of doing such a thing.

"All right," I said, still marveling at myself, "come and get it." Father goggled at me, his nubbly skin even grayer than usual. His hand slowly dropped to his side. He stepped back and sprawled over the red-head, crouching behind him.

"All right," said Mr. Ries, crawling from between my legs. "I'm all right," he went on, fingering a large bump on his forehead. "so there is no cause for alarm. I appreciate your concern, believe me, but I assure you I am unharmed." I helped him up and he stood, swaying. "I apparently spent some time in that big hogshead. I was in there for a while, but now I am out. It is as simple as that. So let us all just forget the whole unpleasant business and have a sociable drink." He steadied himself against the barrel and emptied his wine jug into his throat.

No one had heard his little speech but the red-head and Mother. Father was dusting himself off and glowering at the two of us. Mother, Mrs. Ries and the round woman were deep in discussion. The round woman's huge husband, like some rough beast, vanished, slouching into the dank prairie night; the children were swarming like furious gnomes over the U-Haul, chattering and squealing and breaking things. Father gave me a last, long look then went back over to the group of adults. "All right," I heard him say, "let's move in."

"Okay," said the red-head, "that takes care of your old man, now let's take care of mine." The jug was empty and Mr. Ries was full. We put a lifeless arm around our necks and dragged him off to bed.

"Not anuzzer step, Yankee shweinhundtor you die!" The hysterical German voice shrilled at us from inside the bunkhouse as we screamed and hit the dirt, round from an unseen Luger singing overhead. "Dummkopf! Did you sink zat you could chust into de Fuhrer's bunker zimplly valk? Zen die, Yankee spies, like pig dog zat you are!" Blamblamblam! Spangggg! Blamblamblamblam!

"But we're Canadian!" I shouted, looking frantically this way and that for the tiniest wisp of cover. "Canadian medics!"

"Mpf! I'm hit!" Mr. Ries grunted in agony. "I'm hit bad. We're pinned down here, but if I can just belly up a little closer to that God damn Hun, close enough to lob a few pineapples in the

"Yankee SHEISSKOPF! Die! Die! Die!" "Get Back! Get Back!" I hauled on Mr. Ries's belt as he inched forward through the automatic pistol fire, heedless of his safety.

"Yuh God damn Kraut-head Heinie son of a bitch! Yuh God damn Jerry bastard! I'm comin' in after yuh!" Fighting me off, Mr. Ries got to his feet, and, doubled over clutching his wound, stumbled and staggered still roaring out curses clear to the bunkhouse porch before he took another three rounds in the chest and shoulders, the bullets spinning him right around and slamming him into the porch railing. Then, panting moaning, dying, he managed with a supreme effort of the will to loft his empty wine jug through the bunkhouse window before falling back broken, staring corpse.

to be continued