

MUGWUMP JOURNAL

My foot's staying out of my mouth this time folks

Those of you who may be waiting with bated breath to watch me perform the old foot-in-mouth trick in reference to Forestry Week are going to be awfully disappointed. I've mentioned the vandalism twice in the past and it hasn't done any good so there's not much value in kicking a very dead horse.

So how's that for openers?

The university's new vice-president administration should be appointed within the very near future. Word is that the search committee has narrowed down its applications to an incredibly small number. The last candidate will be interviewed Monday I'm told. We may expect a decision on the matter shortly thereafter.

The vp's selection has been several more months in the making than had been originally planned. As a result, present vp Bev Macaulay had to stay on the job. He

quits January 1, and the new vp will probably assume office on that date.

For those of you interested in Chile and the recent coup there, an informal discussion with faculty and students will be held Monday at 7:30 p.m. It's in the Old Sheldrick Room, Carleton Hall, and is sponsored by the Humanities Association.

We're finally going to get some doctors on this campus full time. The search committee set up by the Dean of Students has reached a decision on two doctors I'm told - one full time and one part-time after July 1. They will accept part-time work after January 1, and up to July. Expect an announcement soon that R.T. and D.D. will be getting the nod from the committee.

It's too bad Rick Fisher lost the SRC vice-presidential race to Valerie Jaeger. Fisher, I think, is definitely more qualified to handle the position. He's got ages more experience than Valerie, but then she's got something Rick may never have - femininity. There can be no doubt she picked up a lot of votes from the women's residences because of her gender.

Incidentally, I didn't comment on the candidates before the elections because several Brunswickan staffers in responsible positions were running, and anything I said would probably be interpreted as some type of elitism. Perhaps I should have stated preferences, but I don't think so.

At any rate, there were reports of irregularities at the polls once again. One staffer was told she had to show the poll attendant how she filled out her ballot. The attendant, as the story goes, wanted to make sure she was doing it properly.

Added to the whole thing is the fact that

the attendant told her to select only one rep at large, when the computer ballot specifically states select "one or two." (Two seats were open, you see, and to get elected each had to get the support of 10 percent of the student population.)

Perhaps returning officer Spiro Mulholland, if he ever plans to do any more election-running, better make sure his poll captains have some reasonable idea of what they're supposed to do. I thought everyone knew we used secret ballots around here.

If you've ever thought about dropping information into this office, but were afraid your name would be used and you'd get fired, put away your fears. If you have any beefs (preferably along with some facts or photocopies of necessary documents) send them along to me, unsigned. See you next time.

POLITICS

The background to our next provincial election

By CYCLOPS

If there is a provincial election before late next spring it will probably be called for this December 10 - that would mean an announcement next Monday.

The most popular guess however is still next fall. The Hatfield government has some political "fence-mending" to do; and then there is the handicap of going to the voters without an issue.

As it now stands an election campaign would revolve around the personalities of the two party leaders; not an uncommon situation in New Brunswick politics; but one which would favour the opposition.

Hatfield and Higgins have much in common. Both are thoughtful and cautious; they shun personal aggrandizement and excess; they are very private men who respect each other.

To many fervent admirers of the flamboyance of Louis Robichaud and Charlie Van Horne, they are too mild mannered, too low key, even too "soft". But the Premier and the Opposition Leader are not identical. Hatfield is more conservative; more patient and more remote. Higgins has a warmer personality; he is more restless and pays more attention to detail.

Until recently it has been difficult to weigh their relative political strengths. Hatfield won his leadership with

considerable difficulty and with some misgivings within the party. He went on to defeat Robichaud's government when its defeat was all but inevitable and there soon was some evidence of disaffection within the party ranks. But then to the shock of Liberals and Conservatives alike he scored a landslide victory in the Kent County by-election. Weeks later, however, Liberal morale got a needed boost when Bob Higgins won his party's leadership with relative ease.

But then there was the Gloucester by-election and another upset victory for Richard Hatfield. At this point it seemed that the two term tradition for every provincial government was still very much alive and at work. Hatfield appeared to be enjoying surprising popularity which was not easily explained.

Next came the by-elections in Bathurst, Charlotte and Saint John East. Of course the Liberals won Bathurst, but was it significant that they also sharply reduced the government majorities in Charlotte and Saint John East - a Conservative stronghold? Was Hatfield slipping or had he indeed won again?

One could not be sure.

The acid test for the two leaders came with the announcement of the Saint John

Centre by-election. It was a Tory riding where Liberal Higgins had been elected in spite of his party affiliation. In the face of the humiliating by-election defeats in Kent and Gloucester his supporters had argued that their leader could "carry" other Saint John Centre Liberal candidates as well as many other southern constituencies. A Hatfield victory would completely shatter that belief.

Higgins simply could not afford to lose; but neither could Hatfield.

By tradition and in the circumstances the government should have won that election and New Brunswickers thought so too. That Conservative city had recently given Tom Bell a landslide victory; they were filling George McInerney's seat which the Tories had held for over 20 years; and their candidate was the well respected and popular Dr. George Bate - a resident of the city.

The Liberal candidate was John Turnbull, a relatively unknown lawyer from Fairvale, Kings County. The Liberals without an ad agency let alone an issue simply said to the Saint John voters, "Vote Turnbull - Support Higgins". The Conservatives countered days later with "Vote Bate - Support Saint John" and announced public works projects and a new automobile assembly plant. Mayor

Bob Lockhart even pitched in by proclaiming that Saint John was prospering as never before. In essence it was Bob Higgins versus Richard Hatfield and Bob Higgins won.

Not surprisingly Liberal morale soared. On a hot summer weekend in August 800 of the party faithfuls gathered in Moncton to prepare for the general election. With this and five Regional Policy Conferences behind them the Liberal platform is all but complete. And well placed sources predict that there will be a lot of new and formidable individuals emerging from Liberal nominating conventions. Higgins is said to have done his "homework" in this area especially in the southern constituencies.

But the election is not over yet and in politics timing can be crucial. Richard Hatfield will call the election whenever he believes it is in the interests of his party to do so. His government can stay in office until the autumn of '75 and through various government moves he will try to turn the political climate in his favour.

By announcing the Single Member Ridings Commission he has put his last major 1970 platform commitment behind him; and in the months ahead we can expect several new government initiatives.

ALONG THE TRACKS

Brunswickan typist betrays her bewildered bosses

By STANLEY JUDD

It was brought to my attention last week that the editorial staff of The Brunswickan sent questionnaires to one hundred "people of influence and importance" on and around the UNB campus. These were sent in late September. Those chosen few who received these questionnaires were asked to return them (in a plain brown wrapper) to The Brunswickan office by October 20th. I have a copy of the results in my hands at this moment. It was given to me by one of The Brunswickan typists. She approached me last Tuesday while I was enjoying a large orange juice and a tuna sandwich in the College Hill Social Club. "Are you Stanley Judd?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"Why, my dear, please do sit down."

"You're shaking," I said, somewhat concerned for the poor girl. She was so excited. "Now what makes you think I'm Stanley Judd?"

"Well, I saw you sitting here in the corner, that nylon stocking over your head and that dog lying at your feet and I just thought that maybe you were him. No one's ever seen him as far as I know - he's so secretive - but I know his best friend is a dog and, well, I saw you feeding your lunch to your dog and I just thought that maybe you were him. I really have to talk with him," she explained hurriedly, bringing herself to the point of tears.

I am a sucker for tears.

"Have no fear, my dear. You are right. I am Stanley Judd. But what is so important that you would risk the jaws of my dog as well as severe embarrassment to talk to me?" I said, trying to appear confident and in control of the situation, but in fact

being totally shaken by the breakdown in both my disguise and my hardness towards women.

"Oh, Stanley," she said, "I'm so glad you're Stanley. My name is ---- (I feel it necessary to not mention her name at this time) and I type your column every week in The Brunswickan office."

"So those are your mistakes, ha ha," I said jokingly (ha ha), trying to add a touch of humour to a somewhat traumatic experience. Already we were too familiar for my liking. No one calls me Stanley. "What seems to be your problem?"

"Oh, Stanley," she said, (I winced.) "Stanley, someone's got to do something about The Brunswickan staff, they're all crazy. It's a real madhouse down there. No one cares about the work they do. No one even wants to work! All they want to do is party. Someone's always asking me to visit their apartment, no matter what time

of day it is. And some of the things that go on in the darkroom you wouldn't believe! I try to do my typing as best I can, but someone's always shooting elastics at me or putting thumb-tacks on my chair. It's impossible to do anything well in an atmosphere like that."

"I think they do a pretty good job," I said, "but if what you say is true, then, perhaps, something should be done."

"Of course something should be done," she exclaimed heatedly, "they're maniacs. Why, every week they pick someone to call down. First it's Roy Neale, then it's the SRC, then it's President Anderson, then it's back to Roy Neale. I don't know why they pick on them so much; I think they're doing an excellent job, especially Roy Neale. He's so cute, it

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