

MUGWUMP JOURNAL

SRC election was good and a little surprising

By EDISON STEWART

Some comments on the election (which I would have made last week if my deadline wasn't so early in the week):

Pretty good, wasn't it? A little surprising, too.

People kept telling me that Dave Kent was the man to watch, that he would be the one to beat Galoska. I thought so too, but evidently you people out there don't agree with me.

Kent came last, behind Daryl Hay (the former SRC pubs officer) and John Malcolm, a virtual unknown. I thought Galoska would win, followed closely by Kent, and then Hay and Malcolm.

But when all was said and done, the final result was right. Galoska is our new man and I think we've made the right choice. Which is not to say that he won't make mistakes and you won't hear The Brunswickan raving about the idiots in the SRC.

Some things never change.

But at least we have a fresh new approach to student politics. Galoska will

be smart if he can decentralize as much as possible and keep the organization welded tightly together at the same time.

Decentralization is easy; keeping it efficient is quite another.

Gillias was properly elected Comptroller (in my view, anyway) but Pryde made a good showing. Although not on council, he is still eligible for the assistant comptroller's position (an appointment by Gillias). Chris will be wise to appoint Howard and utilize his keen interest before he fades away into the woodwork. Together, I think they'll make a good team.

I didn't endorse senators last week but the people I wanted got elected anyway. Except for Kathy Westman. Kathy has a great interest in student politics as well, but unfortunately has been beaten out in SRC and Senate elections.

(Perhaps Rick Fisher, the fellow who's lost more elections than anyone else around here, could help her in this regard.)

At any rate, Kathy deserves to be elected

to a position of responsibility. We can only hope that she'll stick around and run again (and keep on running, if necessary) until she succeeds in getting where she wants to go.

The officers of my graduating class aren't all that thrilling. Mike Richard is valedictorian - which is fine - but I hope his valedictory isn't the milk-and-honey type of dissertation we're used to hearing. Lord knows graduation is supposed to be a happy time, one of moral uplift and all that. I hope Richard can offer some words of direction to the class of '74. That way at least we'll know that we didn't come here to be processed into the establishment.

The voting turnout was one of the best I've ever seen. I don't have any figures handy on past elections, but certainly 37 percent is high. Several candidates have said they thought it was the publicity in The Brunswickan and on CHSR that made the difference, but I think that's more political lip-service than anything else.

The Brunswickan's election coverage

was great but not spectacular. Three years ago then-editor Peter Collum produced a four page special edition on the candidates and the turnout then was about average.

I could very well be wrong (it wouldn't be the first time). But I doubt that The Brunswickan and CHSR had all that much to do with it. Perhaps it was the candidates themselves. Let's all hope that it continues.

And I suppose now it's time to hand out the bouquets. I've been knocking the SRC (who hasn't???) since I took pen in hand. Although I'm glad Roy Neale didn't go for his third term as president, he is still to be thanked for doing the job. He was elected to the position and worked long hours (sometimes even in the tavern).

Fud Steeves did a good job as comptroller, although even Fud admits it would be difficult not to. I won't mention his friend Acey because he got his pat on the back last week.

See you next time.

ALONG THE TRACKS

Cats and dogs do not make the best of lovers

By STANLEY JUDD

My dog, it seems, is having an affair with a cat. Nothing serious, you understand, but I am a little concerned. Not that I am a racist or anything, it's just that I care for the welfare of my dog. At times like this, he loses all sense of reasoning and it's impossible to talk to him. All he thinks about is that damn cat. He hardly touches his food, not even his Gravy Train which is his Sunday afternoon treat. When he's not sleeping, he just mopes around the house, no spirit in him at all. Or else he stands at the window and watches the street, hoping that his new love will walk by. She never does. Cats, you know, don't go looking for love. They like to have their lovers come to them. It's all a game and my foolist dog plays by the rules.

Last Sunday, for instance. My dog had just turned up his nose to his Gravy Train and I thought he might be feeling a little sick, so I suggested that we take a walk along the tracks to visit our old friend Jake. Jake is good medicine for any illness and my dog seemed to agree. He began to wag his tail and claw at the door, eager to get going. He had more life in him than I had seen in days. But as soon as I opened the door, he took off, not running west towards Jake's place, but east in the direction of Skyline Acres.

"Hey, you stupid dog," I yelled, "slow down; you're going the wrong way!"

But he just kept on running. No matter what tune I whistled he didn't pay any attention. So I began running after him. It was some run. My dog, when he wants to, can run faster than any human. I wasn't able to keep up to him. But I didn't lose sight of him either. I can run pretty fast

myself, especially when I don't know what is happening.

Eventually I did catch up, only because he stopped at some house on Forest Hill Road. As I approached the house, I could see my dog running in circles on the front lawn. Every third circle or so, he would stop, look towards the house, and give his half-growl, half-whine, which to dog-lovers means only one thing - the dog is in love.

Oh no, I thought, not another dog in heat. Why can't my dog control his drives? He should know better by now.

As I stepped onto the lawn, a man shouted from the front door of the house. "Hey buddie, does that dog belong to you?"

"Well let's just say he lives with me," I replied, "I don't believe in ownership of any living thing."

"Cut the crap, you creep," said the man, "if that's your dog, keep him away from here."

"I'm sorry he's bothering you," I answered, "but he's just following his instincts. Your dog must be in heat."

"Listen buddie," shouted the man, "I don't have a dog. Your dog's been up here every day for the last two weeks, running around on my front lawn, yelping and carrying on with that sick whine of his. What's the matter with him anyway?"

"Well sir, that's how the dog expresses his love for other dogs. Are you sure you don't have a dog?"

"Damn right I don't have a dog. All I have is a cat. And if that dog ever touches my cat, I'll break its neck. Now get him the hell out of here and don't let him come back."

And then I saw it. The cat, I mean. Sitting smugly in the front window, lazing

in the sun and flicking its tail every few seconds, which was driving my poor dog wild with desire.

Good heavens, I thought, it can't be true. My dog in love with a cat? Oh it isn't so; tell me it isn't so!

But it was. I know well the signs of love and my dog was showing them all. There was no hiding the fact that my dog was in love with that cat.

Oh, where did I go wrong? Was I over-protective when raising my dog? Or had I given him too much freedom? Perhaps I was too severe in the paper-training stage of his life? Had I ignored him too often when he was younger and in need of companionship? My mind was racing; my body was weak.

"You'll never believe this, sir," I said to the man, "but my dog is in love with your cat. I don't know how or why it happens..."

"In love with my cat?" the man screamed his interruption, "Why of all the goddamned perverted things I've heard in my life! What do you mean in love with my cat? Your dog is sick, buddie, SICK!! Now get him away from here and if I ever see him near my cat again, I'll shoot him. You understand, you long-haired son of a bitch, I'll shoot your goddamned dog and you too if either of you ever come near here again! Now get the hell out of here!"

All this time the man's cat was sitting in the window, well aware of what was going on, but enjoying every minute of it. My dog was still running in circles on the lawn. He was crazy with desire and perhaps a little misdirected, but I had to defend him. No matter what the fault, one always defends one's family.

"Listen, you thick-brained, hard-boiled red-neck," I shouted, "no one threatens

me or my dog! It's your goddamn spoiled tease of a cat who's to blame. Look how the fat, self-indulgent feline (I almost said bitch, but realized it would not help my defense of dogs) is egging him on. Anyone who keeps cats is sicker than my dog will ever be. All cats are ultra-egotistical! They don't give a damn for anything but their own comfort. They aren't even faithful; they just go where it's warmest and where the milk is freshest. They're all fortune-hunters!"

My words were spoken in haste and I admit that they do not truly represent my feelings towards cats, although I do prefer dogs. But one must fight bigotry with bigotry and our conversation raged for another few minutes along the same lines at least until the man ran from the house, gun in hand.

I'd like to say that I kungfued him in the throat or that my dog attacked him, knocking the gun from his hand. But I can't. The truth is we ran. Use any cliché you want to describe our actions; but the safest bet, when in doubt, is to run.

The fact remains that my dog is having, or is longing to have, an affair with a cat. And I don't know what to do. I've talked to him about it, trying to explain the problems of inter-species relationships, trying to make him see that cats, for dogs at least, only mean trouble. But he doesn't pay any attention to me. Dogs in love are the same as people in love and they refuse to listen to reason. Do any of you out there in wonderland have any solutions? If so, write to me care of The Brunswickan, Rm. 35, SUB. I need your help for this is one problem with which I know not how to deal. I appreciate your kindness and understanding.

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then I suggest that your next headline read - "Blue Eagles whip ass off Red Devils, win 6-3". I wonder if you would have the nerve to print such a headline, or perhaps you'll be doing like everybody else up on the hill, that is spending the week crying in your beer.

Yours truly,

Guy Cormier
Graduate Student
Université de Moncton

Prof complains of priorities

Dear Sir:

While away this year in Vancouver, I have enjoyed reading the Bruns and learning of what's happening at UNB.

One disturbing factor seems to dominate the news - janitors at UNB are not given hope of attaining a decent standard of living nor are they given adequate job security. Surely a university

which was (or is?) in such dire financial shape last year, and now proposes a "luxury item" like a sports arena this year, should be able to guarantee some form of financial security for its employees. This is simply a matter of priorities. Failure to adequately care for employee welfare seems a grievous error that can only be worsened by allocating money for pleasure palace where the university community at large can ignore these problems.

Sincerely,
Joseph B. Rose
Visiting Assistant Professor

SUB and Carni staff get thanks

Dear Sir:

On behalf of Saga Food Service, I would like to express my appreciation to the Student Union Building Supervisors and the Carnival Committee for the excellent clean up jobs they did during the janitors walkout.

Carnival week is a joyous time around the University of New

Brunswick and with these two teams help I'm sure they made what could have been a disastrous Carnival into a great one.

The Student Union Building held up well during all events and with the joint efforts in cleaning and supervising, "Druid's Winter Solace '74" was a success.

Mark Steepe

Good luck Red Devils.