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MacKay, rich in his own right, has not been employed by any other university to this date no one wants a controversial President tainted by student unrest.

During the periods of demonstrations, one figure in the student government became a bit of a tragic figure in his own right. Mike Start, newly elected SRC President was thrust into the middle of one of the biggest student uprisings in the history of the campus.

Start, a chicken-shit liberal, like myself, preached the moderate line, preferring negotiation over confrontation gaining respect in one area, losing it in another.

I recall observing Start entering the Administration building through a cordon of student cops. A protest demonstration was circling the building, playfully joshing one another, but as the afternoon wore on, the mood changed, growing more restless as Lawson Hunter whipped the students up to a peak. Hunter, a Law student and accomplished orator, kept the milling students entranced denouncing the Administration's actions and calling for reform.

## in memory of ...

*the stud : breeding grounds of dates*

*and sunday - non postmortems :*

*pre-exam*

*and orientated frosh fall crops.*

*home to all creeds, philosophies :*

*common ground for leftwing , rightwing ,*

*chicken wing , and anything ,*

*that thinks or moves.*

*common also in sense of ease , of*

*relaxation after labour :*

*tables and chairs disposed not tidely but here and there*

*with or without remains of previous sitter's edibles*

*and plastic cups*

*and ashes of his eloquence.*

*Cramped, stifling place.*

*You are preposterously overcrowded:*

*with straggling line of waiting human kind*

*for fodder not digestible,*

*delivered up, unwillingly,*

*by minions trained in stupefaction.*

*Only our Lady of cash register saves,*

*welcomes the traveller*

*with eyes that smile,*

*with cheerful ring that hurtles numbers*

*into payable amount.*

*with half amused but genuine, acknowledgement*

*acceptance, interest.*

*soon to be abandoned hall of kings*

*we honour you:*

*for you are ours*

*we own you; and,*

*with all your sins, we love you, -*

*Versafoodateria*



Into this atmosphere timidly stepped Mike Start, in an off-white rain coat, attempting to be heard. He had just come from a meeting with the Administration.

I don't remember what he said, but I do know that in effect, he was preaching compromise, and a number of students didn't like it at all.

It was a disturbing feeling, sensing the unrest that seemed to run through the crowd. There was little reassurance in the large group of engineering students who were acting as reserve storm troopers in case the "Strax lovers" got out of hand.

Once the issue was resolved, life at UNB drifted into the normal library flow, ending the most turbulent year in the long history of UNB.

Start finished his barely audible speech, some booed, some clapped but most students quietly filtered back to the tomb like SUB where the demonstration was rehearsed. The blarring juke-box had been removed to the Bruns office for the duration of the crisis to ensure that announcements could be made and to impress the seriousness of the situation on the SUB patrons.

Student returning in the fall of 1968, were met by changes. James Dineen was President of the University and he began to tread lightly on the affairs of campus, committed to preventing another revolt like the previous year.

Students gained seats on the Senate, positions opened up on all Senate Committees. So many positions that it became difficult to fill them.

Apathy to student affairs was back in style and Mike Start ran the corporation of the SRC like a business, not a student progressive government.

The Brunswickan in the fall of 1968 was technically innovative, as full time paid editor, Ian Ferguson, worked long hours guaranteeing a paper each week despite sporadic staff support

In December a difference of opinion occurred among the staff and a motion moved by John Blaikie and myself of non-confidence in the editor was last by one vote and we all resigned.

Two weeks later the SRC attempted to shut down the paper but were skillfully outmanoeuvred by Ferguson and his new Associate Editor Stephen MacFarlane. The Brunswickan appeared to be uncontrollable and in many instances confirmed that suspicion.

Later that year, I would be approached to run as editor after Ferguson resigned. I assumed editorship.

The political climate on this campus has changed drastically, students no longer appear interested in the government that controls their lives.

The SRC drones on but no one criticizes, not even this paper, which probably accounts for one of our greatest weaknesses.

The Brunswickan has changed drastically since I first ventured in the door, eyes bulging at the collection of long haired tough-talking, action-orientated staff members. This paper is considered a jock paper, now, not by intention but because the campus is jock-orientated in its thinking. Staff members fit the description.

Students' highest calling now is to be booed, blown or easily screwed. Not concerned at all for any social or moral issues. The Administration gleefully glides on working away at governing the university, growing more confident that the days of trouble are over, because nobody cares.

It might do this campus well if an issue was to develop for many gains arise out of conflict.

It will be the duty of future editors and future student leaders to promote awareness that a role of participation awaits everyone.

There are more lasting rewards from serving than sitting.