

Time for action

What was going on last week? Practically nothing. For some reason, the week was one of the least exciting at the University this year.

Perhaps it was the occurrence of the election and Remembrance Day in the same week that brought activity here to a standstill. But more probably, it was poor organization on the part of campus societies.

The most blame should be borne by the Students Representative Council. The council, for the first week this season, did not have a meeting. Was it for lack of business? That is the claim.

But there are still many important items of business which have not been dealt with.

The Brunswickan has been badgered by council members because it has not carried any information about student mental health. Last spring the SRC presented a brief to the senate on the subject, but so far no action has been taken. It is up to the SRC to initiate action, not the Brunswickan.

The SRC passed a resolution to invite members of the New Brunswick Legislature to speak at council meetings, but nothing has been done. Instead of bringing anyone to speak, the council meeting was cancelled.

There has been talk at council meetings about education. To date there has been very little discussion about education at council meetings. All of it came in the few weeks preceding National Students' Day. After the NSD proposals were railroaded through council and the day flopped, the subject was dropped.

There are other items for discussion too. But the council chose to take a week off. Unfortunately the SRC does not realize that time is short. If anything constructive is to be accomplished, a concerted effort must be made to work. That's what council is for. That is why the council members were elected. It is true, whether the council members like it or not.

It is sad that every year at this time the SRC lets itself become slack. We hoped, as we always hope when new councils are elected, that this one would accomplish something.

There is still a little time, but not much. Elections are just around the corner. Soon another council, inexperienced and unprepared, will take office. Now is the time for action.

Brunswickan

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The True Election Story

BY CHARLES LYNCH

In The Ottawa Citizen

A terrible feeling of guilt pervades what I so laughingly call my being over the electoral events that beset the nation on Monday.

The Liberals, to take just one example of what happened, appear to have missed their coveted majority by the margin to which I miscalculated the vote in my native Maritimes.

I ask myself the question so dreaded by all pundits — did any prose of mine enrage the Maritime Tories into the added efforts that put them over the top? Did it lull the prairie Grits — if there are any prairie Grits — into a sense of security that did them in?

And the even more dreaded question arises — what am I to do about all the people who are insisting that I help them pay off their election bets, made on the strength of my tidings that a breeze seemed to be blowing in Nova Scotia for Mr. Pearson?

As one rueful bettor put it to me today, one more breeze like that and we'll all be living on Sable Island, the graveyard of the Atlantic. Or perhaps the Sargasso Sea would be a more likely abode.

Everywhere I went in this campaign, it seems, the effect was like the kiss of death.

The only two Pearson rallies I attended were in Winnipeg and Halifax. The net effect of those meetings was to extinguish the Liberal Party in those cities.

I visited with Mines Minister J. Watson McNaught in Summerside. Out went McNaught.

I called in on Liberal candidate Paul Burden in Fredericton, and found him strong. Out went Burden. Not only that, but the enraged supporters of incumbent Chester MacRae took it out on my unoffending son when he called in at their headquarters in quest of literature. They would show me — and they did.

I found merit in the candidacies of Truro mayor Hector Hill and Liberal hopeful John Shaffner in Digby-Annapolis-Kings. Down went Hill and Shaffner.

The NDP, I thought, would take Cape Breton South. So their man finished third.

Miss Flora MacDonald of the national Tory office here tried to head me off from my madness, especially after I had suggested that the Tories might also lose Queens-Lunenburg and Pictou. She pleaded earnestly with me to repent and recant, and I told her, ever so wisely, to await the vote.

But, she said, it was her part of the country, and I had been too long away. Now, having tasted to the full the bitter gall of the exile who has waxed wise about his home folk, I live in dread of my next meeting with the charming Miss MacDonald.

Snap, crackle and pop, it went, all across the country.

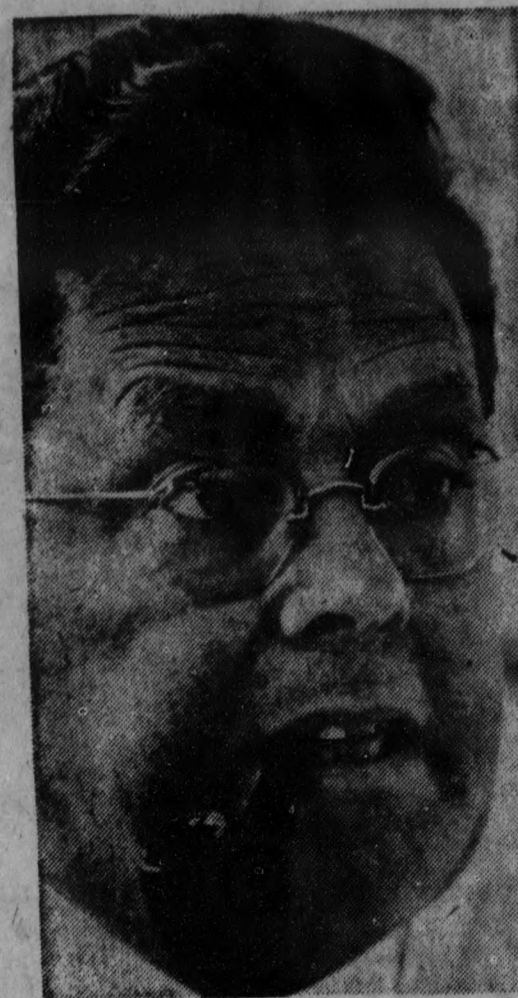
In Vancouver, my chief port of call was the office of Mr. Howard Green, heavily engaged in trying to win back the Vancouver riding of Quadra for the Conservatives. Exit Mr. Green.

On to Calgary, where I prevailed upon Harry Hays to receive me at his home, where he was isolated from hostile flu bugs. We passed a pleasant hour, but that was the end of Mr. Hays.

What this means is that in the course of our next annual election the political parties will probably get up a fund to keep me at home, or send me back to China, or perhaps finance a nice vacation for me on the Russian Riviera.

My coming will be dreaded by the politicians whose pulses I seek to take. My company will be shunned on the campaign trains, and when I try to sidle up to the bar they will deny me so much as a beaker of mix.

Nor do my woes end there. In the course of a learned piece about Prince Edward Island, I had occasion to mention that every candidate in the four seats there was a college



graduate — and this seemed to me remarkable in an island that lacked a degree-granting university.

This in turn seemed remarkable to the graduates, faculty, charladies and ground-keepers of St. Dunstan's University, which was founded in 1931 and has been granting degrees since 1941. I am in receipt of bushels of mail from Old Dunstonians (that will fetch them) written in that tone that Islanders reserve for the likes of me.

I suspect that their vote alone was enough to carry the Tories to victory in all four ridings, just to confound my prediction that the ridings would split, two-and-two.

Next election, I'm going to put in for the Yukon-N.W.T. assignment. Or perhaps just sit it out in Prince Albert, writing safe pieces about what the voters are likely to do there.

Important
Brunswickan
Staff
Meeting:
Wednesday
November 24