

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—Will the managing editor really marry a dog? The following loyal souls found out, and stayed long enough to operate the punch-punch (stapler to the uninitiated): Elaine Verbicky, Butch Treleaven (high-class marriage editor), Marion Conybeare (pronounced Con-a-beer), Wayne Burns, Bernie Goedhart (more attractive than her namesake), Don Moren, Ekkehard Kottke, Charlie (hot-foot) Lyall, Peter Johnson (tiger-tamer), Derek Nash, Al Yackulic, Errol Borsky, Popsicle Peter, and yours truly, Harvey Thomgirt.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1966

high prices, poor service

The university book store will move into greatly enlarged quarters in the new SUB next year.

The management plans to use some of the added space to carry records, sports supplies, an extensive selection of U of A crested items and art supplies. They will also increase the number of books on sale.

But if the book store does not become more efficient, the management will find most of their customers going elsewhere.

Theoretically, the book store is supposed to be a service to students. Its profit is to be minimal.

Yet it often charges 50 to 200 per cent more than the wholesale price of the book it sells.

The wholesale price of any book can be easily discovered for the management uses a coding system with the letters of the words A Discovery standing for the numerals 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 respectively. For example, ACY on a price tag stands for 49 cents.

True, there are some costs involved in the handling of books, but surely these shouldn't double the books' prices. The student has to bear the cost.

a ridiculous budget

The University Athletic Board's budget, which was presented to students' council Monday night, was, in the words of one councillor, "atrocious."

The idea that a budget should be presented to anyone for acceptance when estimated revenues exceed actual revenues, or at least seeming to exceed the actual, is absurd. Yet this is just what the UAB did.

The budget, which has in the past been published in The Gateway for review by all students, and was not made available this year, estimated its revenue from student fees at \$77,000, at \$7 per full time undergraduate student. There are 10,241 full time students here this year. There are 1,238 graduate students,

Nevertheless, the general policy of the book store is to sell books at five per cent less than charged in other book stores. This saving is also lost to some students because the management is so inefficient.

Until 1961, all departments handled their orders through the university. Now all texts required by the history and philosophy departments and many books used by the English, sociology and anthropology departments are ordered through Hurtig's bookstore.

Hurtig's charge the full retail price on all course books, except when they give discounts for books bought in packages available only for a few courses.

But professors still prefer to order through Hurtig's because the books are obtained much sooner after ordering, than when the orders are processed by the university.

When the university book store moves into the new SUB, the management should attempt to become a true service to students.

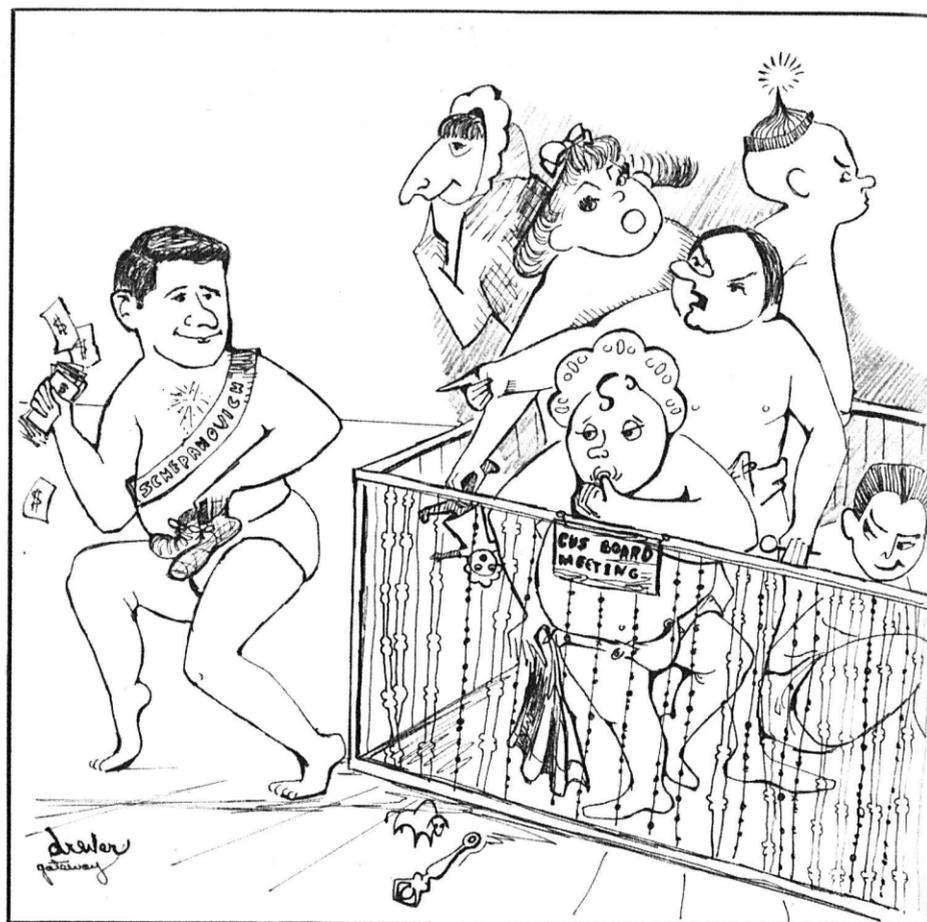
If it is unable to do this, perhaps a group of students should take charge and make the store provide cheap fast service.

482 nurses in training and 414 part-time students, for whom the fees are optional. Now, unless 759 of the latter group dished out \$7 to UAB, the budget is obviously going to be short.

The budget listed an estimated \$5,000 revenue from athletic card sales. How many cards were sold? Indications at council Monday suggested there were less than \$5,000 worth.

As the budget indicates now, there will be a surplus of \$955. We suspect there will be a deficit of at least \$1,000.

And we agree with med rep Rick Dewar who said the parties responsible should be up on the mat for this ridiculous budget.



"there goes u of a acting like a child"

ralph melnychuk requiescant in pace

Oh, he'll never return,
No, he'll never return,
And his fate is still unlearned.
He may roam forever
'Neath the roof of Tory,
He's the man who never returned.

I have been trapped in the Henry Marshall Tory Building since Sept. 23. As I write, I have given up all hope of ever being found and returned to civilization.

My nightmare started when I tripped on the stairway while headed for an 8 a.m. class that fateful Friday morning. Before I could so much as breathe a final "Act of Contrition" I was swept along beneath the thundering feet of thousands of stampeding students.

I remember trying valiantly to reach the edge of the churning mob. Just as all appeared lost, I received a resounding kick on my dignity, and everything went black.

I regained consciousness shortly, and noted it was only 8:10. Still time to make it, I thought. Oh, if only I had given up then, when I still had a chance of finding my way back to the main exit. But my foolish pride got the best of me. I would never have it said that I missed a class because I tripped.

I walked, and I walked, and I walked. But alas, I could not find my room.

I found B-12.

I found B-14.

But be darned if I could find B-13. Maybe it's upstairs, I thought. Oh, foolish dreamer! How could I ever think the solution to my problem could be so simple?

By pure chance I stumbled onto the stairway. Trembling with excitement, I lost count of the number of stories I climbed. All of a sudden I heard a low rumbling sound. I stopped. Slow-

ly, but steadily, the sound came closer.

I panicked. I made a mad dash to reach the nearest level. But it was too late. I was just reaching for the last step when the herd came charging over the rim of the stairwell. I struggled to maintain my position, but it was no use. I emitted a hoarse scream of anguish as I was again sucked under the rampaging shoe-leather.

Somehow, I was shoved and kicked into a classroom. That was fatal—I was literally out of the frying-pan and into the fire. I don't know how hot it was in there, but I remember thinking I had died and was in hell.

I don't remember how I got out, but it must have been days later. The heat must have done something to my mind, for I hazily remember wandering, day upon day, week upon week, searching for B-13. I never found it.

I ate only when I could find a bag lunch someone had dropped and had been unable to retrieve. Usually these lunches were trampled horribly. I remember once being so famished that when I found a lunch that had been churned up into a formless paste, I ate it, bag and all.

I last ate several days ago. Unfortunately, several hours after my repast, I again got caught in the mob and was propelled into what must have been the students' common room, although it looked more like the testing room of a paint factory. There went my lunch. Funny thing—it blended beautifully with the floor...

I have finally broken into an office and found this typewriter. My strength is ebbing rapidly. I keep hearing voices—coming to take me away. But when I run to the door, there is nobody there.

Please, somebody, please. Find me, find...