

Zoeteman pushes FAS

Have you heard about FAS? Tomorrow, students will be asked to determine whether we should be members of the Federation of Alberta Students at a cost of \$.50 per student per year. Here are a few points to keep in mind if you decide to vote.

The Federation of Alberta Students potentially represents students attending universities, colleges and technical schools throughout the province. The goals of FAS are: to provide a unified voice for Alberta students, to lobby the provincial government on issues facing Alberta students, and to conduct research on problems that face students in the province.

Essentially, FAS exists for all students in Alberta. Thus it attempts to advocate our individual problems by incorporating them under one common denominator for added significance. One can justify action such as this, as the major concerns of students are consistent throughout the province (i.e. employment, housing, tuition, quality of education, etc.).

There is the Alberta

Teachers' Association, for teachers, the Alberta Federation of Labor for workers, yet students are not organized under one provincial interest group. FAS also hopes to serve in this capacity.

I must underline that FAS is not a cover for certain political factions on campus, or that FAS represents organizations or political groups other than for students in Alberta. Although interest groups may or may not support the U of A being members of FAS, do not relate such groups as being an integral part of the Federation of Alberta Students. Like FAS, they are separate interest groups in themselves, expressing their opinions about the Federation of Alberta Students.

For information purposes, it should be noted that Students' Council debated the merits of FAS on September 22, 1976. It was passed that Student Council support membership in FAS at a cost of \$.50 per student per year.

If you are interested in finding out more about FAS, there will be a forum in SUB theatre from 12:00-2:00 whereby

questions on FAS can be answered in greater detail.

Your vote is important!

Len Zoeteman
President

C'mon up 'n see me ...

Knowing the dreaded reputation of Tom Barret has now been exposed, I feel the whole truth should be brought to light. Tom Barret, (alias Jersey Jabber, Ratt Ruffian, Towering Tyrant etc.) is constantly misunderstood. This Gentle Giant would never insult a friend, swear at a hockey game, or lose his temper at cards. I have never seen him kick a hound or, fail to respect a doctor.

However, his swaggering appearance can be easily misunderstood. This towering giant, 5 ft. 9 in. tall and weighing 150 lbs., is an awesome sight to say the least. The average person seeing this "cat hatted giant" would be silenced with fear and therefore not be able to find the true person hidden within.

But you ask, has Tom Barret

Lord knows I shouldn't let this sort of thing annoy me so, and I can just hear my late beloved husband Portleigh saying "Now Lydia don't get riled," but I'm just so surprised. I mean in a big and important student newspaper like the University of Alberta's newspaper you'd think that in this day and age there'd be

not been caught fighting outside SUB at 1:00 a.m.? Unfortunately the answer is yes, but a man must defend his honor at some point in his life. Tom, unfortunately, had to do this at 1:00 a.m., in front of SUB, in the winter of 1974. I ask you Manfred, must a man be judged on his appearance, and one small action in 1974? Manfred, if you really have brains, you will say no.

Manfred, on behalf of Tom's fellow jocks, I ask you to reconsider. We are sure that with your brains, you will find the "cat hat he man" is really a gentle giant. To prove our sincerity, Manfred, come to the weight room and talk to us. I am sure with free discussion, we will be able to show you the light(s).

Gerry Newnes
Ed. 4

something better to write about than "snide and unpleasant" things, like that new column you've got, CON, is going to do. What I mean is even the beautiful autumn weather is telling us how much we have to be grateful for. Sure there's sorrows in this world, and don't I know it having lost my husband so recent. But we can discuss the problems that come up, and work them out. I've never seen a problem that couldn't be worked out. I might never have got the opportunity to come back and finish college, me with grandchildren and all, except for what happened to my husband so something positive can even come out of something that terrible. And now you're going to go and start printing some young clever man's "bad life-attitude"! Well I think it's a shame.

And after hearing so much about how this generation of boys and girls is so open and honest I'm very surprised to see you publishing this fellow that he isn't even using his real name! Because I know for a fact that Ambrose Fierce is dead. My husband Portleigh often read him of an evening, for though he was a good Christian he liked a good laugh now and again even if it was on the dark side, and that Fierce sure was dark, cynical you might say. But what I want to tell you is my husband often told me how Mr. Fierce was killed mysteriously in Venezuela, oh many years ago. Foul play it was. Which may just show what happens from dark thoughts, though I'm not one to judge others or talk of just desserts. Still now that I'm back in school even at my age I did hope to see something happier and more cheerful from these younger students. And if this fellow doesn't even admit to his name and if he is going to write about nastiness and all maybe you should get someone else who can write about how you don't have to be all self-pitying and dark about the world but face the world with a smile and let that smile be your umbrella.

Lydia M. Torrance
(Mrs. P.M. Torrance)
Household Economics

Editor jumps off conclusions

William Thorsell take note! In response to the Journal's editorial writing of Thurs. Sept. 30 where Mr. Thorsell gives a "critical analysis" of an undergraduate degree in arts from the U of A, I must say that if the logic displayed in that article is indicative of *The Journal's* level of literacy (sic), then perhaps it's time someone started another newspaper in this city.

Mr. Thorsell speaks in pejorative terms of the "huge super-market of courses" it is possible to take at the U of A for a B.A., all of which have little relationship to one another. He chooses as his example, John Doe, and says if Doe takes three courses in history, three courses in geography, two in psychology

and two in sociology, one in anthropology, one in phys. ed., one in home economics and one in Spanish, he can receive a B.A. Isn't this awful, Mr. Thorsell says, that people can take all these different courses, unrelated (at least in his mind) and still end up with an undergraduate degree? And then Mr. Thorsell bemoans the fact that his John Doe has never studied economics, classics, philosophy, politics and literature. Yes, old John may have studied a terrible mix of subjects and far too many, says Mr. Thorsell, but he certainly should have taken another five disciplines to give him a tighter field of concentration.

Mr. Thorsell bemoans the fact that a student can take up to

two-thirds of a U of A B.A. at other universities, yet talks about how narrow minded and provincial the U of A is. Mr. Thorsell says the U of A undergrad education needs radical reform and then says his mythical John Doe has "never been to a live theatre production." Should that too be a compulsory system at the U of A — no undergraduate degrees granted until a person sits through two live drama productions? Perhaps we should also think about people reading the newspaper each day — anyone who has read *The Journal* should not receive an undergrad degree because they've been reading too much simplistic logic to ever arrive at a logical, reasoned outlook on anything.

Mr. Thorsell's basic thought — that there should be compulsory courses for the first two undergraduate years for everyone at university — is nice if we were living back in the Dark Ages. But having come to the point where we understand that people's preferences, likes and dislikes are different, that students react best to the courses they themselves prefer and not the ones someone else has chosen for them, that because one has a B.A. it does not automatically qualify them as any sort of Renaissance Person of profound intellectual strength, then we can do away with the shallow logic you exhibit, Mr. Thorsell.

E. Blair
Comp. Lit.



Frank Mutton

Have you wondered what that structure going up on 76 Avenue east of 109 Street might be? Well, it's another of those wonderful Senior Citizen Storage Centers that are going up all over the city.

I was invited by Harvey Gaffer, the maintenance supervisor at the Center, to take a tour of the facilities, and it was pretty interesting.

We started off on the ground floor, where the old timers are received and processed — Harvey tells me the pale yellow paint really seems to cheer up the tenants.

After processing, they are placed in a storage compartment complete with colour TV and vibrating bed. Twice a week they're dusted off and told that their grandchildren miss them very much.

Preservation is guaranteed for a minimum two years, with optional vinyl covers ensuring that they'll even be around to prop up at their grandchild's weddings.

What I was most impressed with, however, were the facilities for feeding the old boots. Three square meals a day are mashed and spoon fed by a machine with

a striking resemblance to Rex Humbar. Every five minutes it stops to tell them that the Lord really does forgive their sins.

I hated to have to leave the place, but J. Patrick (my boss) says I can return any old time. Great guy, that J.P.

I had a call from Barb McChord, a discjockey at CHED. It seems that CHED is running a contest similar to the one I told you about last week, and Barb phoned to ask if I'd heard about it.

Well, I usually listen to CHQT because it helps me sleep, so I asked around the newsroom, and finally got Jim Davies to admit that his gerbils enjoy CHED. I told Barb (who had a pretty deep voice for a woman), and she was overjoyed — everyone at the station had been trying for weeks to get someone over 14 to admit that they listened to CHED, and if Jim's gerbils were people they'd be 68!!

The only thing I forgot to tell Miss McChord is that Jim's furry little friends have been severely retarded since birth.

This may be just a wild rumor, but word has it that a certain prominent alderman, who

had planned to run for mayor next year, will instead step down to pursue other interests special note for music fans — Ed and his Legerettes will be appearing nightly in the Old Vienna room at the Regency news from city hall — Mayor Cavanaugh has agreed to do a limbo dance in the raw at Chez Pierre's, to raise money for the Commonwealth Games. His wife June promises to ignore him if he goes through with it CITV will be replacing weatherman Bill Matheson with a box of overripe fruit next week — they promise Bill's replacement will be "twice as funny and twice as informative."

You might notice on the Journal's District Page we're really scrambling for any old thing to fill the news hole. So if you get a line on a really hot story, motorcycle gangs ravaging Ma-Me-O Beach vacation houses or something, phone us not the local radio station that promises to pay \$1 for the Hottest tip of the week.

In closing, remember that UH uh oh, skip it.