

Editorial

Letters to the Editor should not be more than 250 words in length. They must include your signature, faculty, year of program, I.D. number, and phone number. Requests for anonymity are at the discretion of the Managing Editor, but the above information is required regardless. We reserve the right to edit for libel and length. Letters do not necessarily reflect the views of the Gateway.

Cowtown's cavemen club women

Last Monday the Calgary Petroleum Club voted to remain in the dark ages by refusing to open up their membership to include women.

Liberal MP Sheila Copps put it perfectly when she referred to the incident as a "neanderthal vote" made by the club's "cavemen." Then again, what should one expect from a bunch of cowboys from a cowtown. Certainly not progressive thinking, surely.

This club recently suffered embarrassment when they neglected to invite the Minister of Energy to a special luncheon for the oil industry. This was not an oversight, by the way. The invitation was withheld purely because the office was held by Pat Carney. God forbid, a woman! They could not even see fit to overlook this on this occasion. So instead they snubbed the nation's Minister of Energy. This thinking is archaic!

There is nothing wrong with clubs for men only, or women only for that matter. But this isn't a social club we're talking about. This is a club that excludes a very significant number of women, in senior executive positions, from enjoying the same privileges afforded the men in the same industry.

What if they were to ban Jews or Blacks or Indians? You can bet that there would be backlash to a move like that. But what is the difference between that and banning women? They are blocking out a whole cross-section of the industry.

It was heartening to see the federal government take a stand on the issue by cancelling all thirty memberships held by Petro-Canada in protest of the club's continued practice of banning women.

What are they afraid of anyway? Surely the female gender doesn't intimidate them? Or is this a last desperate attempt to try to hang onto the chauvinistic thought that the oil industry is a males-only business?

At one time, the industry was indeed dominated by men, but times have changed, and are still changing.

C'mon, boys, wake up before the remainder of the twentieth century passes you by as well!

Juanita Spears

Letters

Escort explained

Dear Ms. Gibson:

I have investigated the incident you reported to me in your letter dated November 11, 1986. The Security Officer who completed this escort is one of our best and most experienced Officers. He advises me that it is his usual practise to question first time users of our Campus Security escort service as to any previous incidents which make them concerned about their safety on Campus.

This is a routine practise designed to solicit information on previously unreported incidents on Campus. This allows us to compile complete and accurate reports. When you asked why he was asking these questions, he explained this to you then said that on rare occasions we do have people we suspect are using the service more as a taxi service than an escort service. He did not mean to imply that this was the case with you. It was, however, an inappropriate comment and he has been counselled regarding expressing his opinions on this matter.

Campus Security is committed to providing the best and most efficient service it can to the Campus community. Our escort service is an important part of this service. We will continue to provide that service the best that our resources allow.

I am pleased that you decided to use our escort service and I encourage you to use it in the future when you must be on the Campus alone at nights.

D.M.J. Langevin
Director
Campus Security

Viva Varscona

To the Editor:

It appears that Canada Trust has an option to purchase the Varscona Theatre at 109th and Whyte. They say they want to knock it down.

It is evidently the first (1946) example in Edmonton of the Odeon style of modern architecture. Whether it is thought ugly or not, it is historic, and pure. It is said to be the sole example of this style in Alberta, and possibly Canada. It deserves a better fate than the one it now faces.

I urge all those interested in preserving this interesting bit of Stathcona to join with me in writing the Minister of Culture: Dennis Anderson, #103, Legislature Building, Edmonton, Alberta. T5K 2B6. We can also write Mr. Hodgson of Trust Con Realty, #505, 3rd. St. S.W. Calgary. T2P 3Y8.

Together we can stay the wreckers ball on another chunk of local history.

Gordon Wright
MLA

Amoeba fashion

To The Editor:

RE: Sandra Fox's letter to the editor in Gateway, Nov. 18. Ms. Fox's letter states, "women are not amoebas. We do not 'complacently conform' to make control by wearing skirts and heels."

You can't pull the wool over this science student's eyes. I know that you'll never find an amoeba wearing a skirt and heels. (not ones that fit anyway).

Brian McPeak
Science II

P.C. Propaganda

To The Editor:

Wandering aimlessly through HUB last Tuesday, I happened upon the P.C. Youth information table. While the table held pamphlets on such trivial matters as "Four things the Mulroney Gov't hasn't done to you yet," and "How to Become a 3-Piece Suit," what held my attention was the Committee on Tolerance and Understanding discussion-paper. Despite this report (which, incidently, is very good) having been funded by the provincial government and published by a non-partisan government commission, this document appears as a propaganda vehicle for the P.C. Youth on campus. QUESTION: is gov't funding available to other parties for similar propaganda projects? ANSWER: Not bloody likely!

Bob Nichol
Arts III

Moscow Yuppies?

To the Editor:

That Canadian's Canadian, Marvelous Mel Hurtig, has captured the limelight again. Despite the efforts of some feminist group (feminists, not women's — real women don't whine over important issues), Marvelous and his True North, Strong and Free? conference were, in his words, "the beginning of a process" (*Edmonton Journal*, Nov. 10/86, B12). The "...process..." would be a series of conferences held throughout Canada in the near future (1/2 half hour later in Newfoundland), and perhaps even internationally via satellite. True to what Mel's beliefs and the conference's title lead the unsuspecting to believe, there was a little U.S. bashing, even a call for Canada to become neutral and non-aligned (did Gynne Dyer really suggest that?). The real meat of the meet turns out to be world peace, of course, ie. nuclear disarmament. By the conclusion of the conference, Marvelous and his hordes (5000 came, the only other entertainment, the N.D. Party's convention not being on a major bus route and not offering a dance) passed the usual resolutions: To pull out of NATO; to turn the "bomb", the Cruise, and other bad dreams into Japanese cars; etcetera, etcetera.

Well, I want "peace" too. Not just peace, as in a lack of actual war like we have now, but peace as in a life free from the fear of being hit by shrapnel from an exploding Litton plant or knocked silly by an unarmed, thank God, Cruise missile knocked off course by a net and some balloons. We know by now that the types of resolutions passed at True North do nothing and get us nowhere except into arguments amongst ourselves. It's time for something a tad more committal. If you really want peace, the solution is simple. Give the entire West to Soviet Russia and involve both sides.

That's right, give them Britain, France and, if we can get a peacenik instead of Reagan, the U.S. and all its satellites, including Puerto Rico, Canada, Greenland, Iceland, Israel, assorted Arab states, and so on. It is a devious plan, the coup de grace if you will. Give them the weapons and the power to govern and anything else of importance. Make the Russians jump at the chance to extend Communism and then watch as they send troops, governors, experts, and educators to the new frontiers. With the Bolsheviks spread so thin, it will become easy for the West to assimilate them. Igor Gouzenko (the Russian who first told us Russians were bad) knew he would renounce the Party after he had marvelled at the benefits offered citizens in western democracies and henceforth realized the Party had misrepresented the good life in Russia to him. He saw these marvels for the first time, incidently, in Canada... in Edmonton... in 1943! If Edmonton, at any date in time, represents a better life for anyone, then we must assume that person is truly oppressed (unless he is from Calgary). Knowing this and suspecting the "Iron

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Curtain" is actually intended to keep Russians in and not to keep us out, we can also assume that many of those sent out to administer the new frontier, perhaps half the population of Russia if the entire West gives up, will also be susceptible to assimilation. It's certain when they go home on leave they will tell their relatives of this great new lifestyle and soon Yuppies in Moscow will want a Rolex and deck shoes. Democracy will have destroyed the Marxist-Leninist ideology in a "War of Assimilation" that Russia could not win.

Of course, this is only a rough summary of the concept and details remain to be worked out. The idea appears, to me, brilliant in its simplicity, however, and it has credence in history. One need only examine the successes of Rome or of Alexander the Great Greek with Persian habits to see the effects of assimilation in the past.

Even if the idea fails, there is at least a bright spot — Afghanistan and Nicaragua get a break.

If the idea is successful, as I suspect, we get to turn their weaponry into imitations of 1975 Fiats. Then, of course, we surrender to China, the only other empire, and do it again. Damn, it's so simple!!!

S. Sample
Arts III

Humour

I wrote the car ads for the Gateway's parody issue last year. They read like this:

86 Rolls Royce convertible, \$12.98. Must sacrifice (part of a pagan ritual). Phone 555-1234.

83 Mercedes 450SL. Excellent condition. \$750. 555-8741. April Fools.

Over the summer, I read some real auto ads and quickly realized that they don't need help from me to be funny. All of the following ads were really printed for the purpose of selling cars within the last few months. (The highlights are mine.)

Some of them were intentionally funny:

71 Pinto, mechanically A-1, great transportation, good body, best buy in the book, selling dirt cheap or best offer. Phone . . .

Thinks about that. What best offer could be cheaper than dirt cheap?

Must sacrifice, 1986 MR2, mint cond., black on black, every available option, plus ski rack and bra, will sell for believe it or not, \$14,995 firm. Phone . . .

Who does this guy think he is . . . Jack Palance? And how firm is that price? Would he take \$14,994? How about \$14,990? \$14,980? . . .

Other ads were probably intended to be taken seriously, but it was hard to read them and not laugh:

VW Dune Buggy . . . serious inquiries only. Phone . . . Nobody who is serious wants a dune buggy. (Or a \$1500 car radio.)

1974 Fiat. Must sell now. Rusty. \$500 o.b.o. Phone . . .

1974 Fiat owners seemed to be up-front about their car's flaws, but the cars could be pathetic, as both the above and below examples show:

1974 Fiat, 2 dr., 4-speed, 1st and 2nd gears gone, runs good otherwise. Phone . . .

There were literally dozens of others, advertising cars with "50-foot tires," "without parts," with "extra used car included," and one with a "recent brake job and new alternator" which was "very reliable." Unfortunately, there isn't space to print all of them. However, one more is worth mentioning:

1983 Mercedes 300 Turbo, diesel, exc. cond., 38,000 km, fully loaded, one owner, lady driven, never seen winter, new tires, fully serviced, asking \$29,500. Phone . . .

A picture of the car accompanied this ad. It was sitting outside. The new tires were covered with snow.

Greg Whiting

The Gateway

The Gateway is the newspaper of the University of Alberta students. Contents are the responsibility of the Editor-in-Chief. All opinions are signed by the writer and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Gateway. News copy deadlines are 12 noon Mondays and Wednesdays. Newsroom: Rm 282 (ph. 432-5168). Advertising: Rm 256D (ph. 432-4241). Students' Union Building, U of A, Edmonton, Alberta, T6G 2G7. Readership is 25,000. The Gateway is a member of Canadian University Press.

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