

DIEC ... VALUABLE WHEN USED

The Discipline, Interpretation and Enforcement Committee of the Students' Union has established itself for the year as a firm but just body through its commendable handling of a student behaviour case last week.

An upperclassman was given a reasonably heavy fine and banned for one year from all organized social and sports activities in the Physical Education Building—where he conducted himself in a manner unbecoming to a university student.

In penalizing the offending student, the DIEC made it clear it would not act in a frivolous manner—nor would it tolerate student activity beyond the frivolous stage.

During the hearing, the DIEC impressed the accused with the seriousness of what he had done. It is hoped that by the nature of the penalty the DIEC has impressed the student body with its usefulness and efficiency.

After handing down the decision, DIEC Chairman James Foster pointed out that it

would be fortunate if all cases of a similar nature were brought to the committee rather than to civil authorities. This would indeed be valuable—since the DIEC is much more familiar with student problems and behaviour than would be a magistrate's court.

As part of his recommendation for a more active and useful DIEC, Chairman Foster noted that possible injustices during Engineers' Queen Week should most definitely be brought before the committee. This would mean that an innocent artsman, for example, if attacked by a malicious individual or group of engineers, could call for justice from the DIEC. Law-abiding engineers would benefit in a parallel situation.

One item must be stressed, however: the DIEC does not deal only with disciplinary problems. In past years, clubs have not been making enough use of it as an interpretative body. When a club's rules are being ignored, the organization's constitution (where applicable) and the facts must go to the DIEC.



I HATE EATING IN THESE CAFETERIAS—THEY'RE SO DAMN MESSY

Guest Editorial

GOVERNMENT MEETS PEOPLE

by Pat Bentley

This year, the Students' Council at the University of Alberta was invited to send two delegates to the first annual Government Seminar held October 16 and 17 at the Jubilee Auditorium.

The purpose of the seminar was to develop a frank and objective discussion of the proper relationship of government to the people, with a view to strengthening and improving the operations of the democratic process on which our society depends for the conduct of public affairs.

To this seminar were invited representatives of local, municipal and provincial governments, as well as people who had attained distinction in the fields of education, business, agriculture, labor, religion and the professions. It was hoped that the purpose of the seminar would be fulfilled through an exchange of ideas between these representatives and that these seminars would be continued in the future.

Party politics had no place in the seminar. On the first day speeches were presented by speakers not only in the field of government but also in the various fields of labor, management and the professions throughout the province. A short, open question period was held after each speech, in which several suggestions and proposals were made to help strengthen

the liaison between government and these fields.

On the second day, panel and open forum discussions again brought forth similar proposals which suggested means of informing the government as to the needs and desires of the people of the province. It was hoped that through this exchange of ideas the government may act as a governing rather than a ruling body.

When first assigned as delegate to this seminar, I felt that it would probably be a Social Credit political rally. I was happily surprised to find that the term "Social Credit" was never used and the attitude of the government delegates was to learn how they could be more readily informed of the wishes of various bodies throughout the province.

Throughout the seminar a bona fide desire for exchange of ideas was predominant.

If these seminars are continued in the future and the proposals are acted upon, then the government—through any political party—will be better able to act as the conscientious employee of the electorate. Meanwhile, congratulations are in order to Premier Manning and his Social Credit government for initiating these seminars to strengthen the relationship and responsibility of the government to the people.

CLEAN UP THE PIGGERY

Even if some of us were born in a barn there is no reason to make the campus look like one.

The cafeteria in SUB this year looks like a barn—or a pigsty—daily, after the noon-hour baglunch brigade departs. Brown bags, the commuter's symbol of transience, lie clustered by piles of crumpled wax wrappers, empty pop bottles, glasses which once held milk, old sandwich crusts, and grimy plates.

Who is privileged to clean up the garbage?

The SUB Cafeteria staff (and it's a small staff, to keep food costs down for students)

have to spend at least half an hour after every noon rush just moving among the tables sorting out the litter.

This means students coming in to eat after 1 p.m. find the service poor: there is nobody behind the counter, because of the cleanup problem.

Who's to blame? Thoughtless students, who have seen the small and large signs on the tables and cash register countless times, but who disregard the message and walk away from their debris, refueled and disinterested.

A bit of responsibility would help. Let's leave the tables clean, and carry those dirty dishes out like we're supposed to.

featurette

EVANS ON INSIGNIFICANCE

by C. Dudley

London, England:

"There ain't no charity anywheres
There ain't a single soul that
cares . . ."

—olde maxim

* * *

It was the day that Winston Churchill fell and broke his leg in Monte Carlo that I began to consider the concept of relative insignificance. It might also have been the anniversary of Ghandi's assassination, but no one remembered, so intent were they up the current disaster. (1) a great man had fallen (2) he had broken his leg (3) in Monte Carlo. Such are the ingredients of a first-class news story, in order of importance. Relative to that, I suppose even the anniversary of Ghandi's assassination appeared insignificant. I remember thinking these vile thoughts as I watched an old char-woman with hideously deformed, arthritis-ridden stumps of legs stagger painfully off the Underground and drag herself away, crab-like. Now, I mused, if she were to fall and break her leg, who would give a continental damn? Oh, yes, there'd be ambulances and efficient young doctors and tea and sympathy and maybe a question in the House concerning slippery platforms in H.M.R.R. stations, but who would really give a damn? It didn't even happen in Monte Carlo. Poor old broad. I suppose she was somebody's mother.

London could well be the quintessence of inexistence: (a) nobody has ever heard of John Barr in London (b) children are starving in China . . . name two. Think upon these things when next you think upon your own importance, a mode of thinking or non-thinking which is merely another product of our detestable provincialism. The most lonely feeling is that experienced by the person who, waiting in line to buy a ticket at a filthy railway station, realizes that in a city of nine millions of people the majority of whom speak the same language as himself, nobody knows of him, nobody cares to know of him. It's great for the ego. Now I know what it is like to be the inside of an empty bottle. The most fatal mistake is to mention to a sympathizer something that one

has done in one's glorious (subjective) past, e.g. "I used to be Chairman of the Promotions Committee". Answer: (very politely) "Really . . . how interesting" (followed by yawn). Couple this feeling with the theory of the expanding universe and suddenly he who thought he was somethin' . . . ain't nothin'. Fierce suggestion: "But all men are equal!" Sly answer (again): "Name two."

The unimportance of self-importance may be emphasized by a brief anecdote on insignificance which did my soul a lot of good. Wandering around and about St. Paul's Kirk, I chanced upon a revolting woman . . . a creeping socialite . . . dragging her fool of a husband by the ring in his nose. He bellowed valiantly and violently, but alas, in vain. They came, she informed me, from Armpit, Saskatchewan. "My husband," she announced (shaking his leash), "is Alderman there, you know." I said: "No, I didn't know." Quoth she: "We're very well known in Armpit." I waved my arms wildy and said, "I register emotion." She said: "Young man, you really should get a haircut. And a Canadian . . . how disgraceful! What will people think?" Quoth I: "Madame, nobody in this town is going to lose any sleep over my haircut . . . or lack of same. Mind your own bloody business!" Her eyes flashed under their layers of gunk and garbage: "Young man, back in Armpit, Saskatchewan, the likes of you wouldn't talk to me like that." To which I could scarce forbear to reply, in the seemingly manner of Daniel Defoe, "Who the Hell are you?" No answer. Who the Hell was she? Nothing. Another blank-faced non-entity. I shrugged my shoulders and walked away.

Where do people get the gall to consider themselves important . . . especially if they are not important? How can those who have nothing to offer themselves or anybody else be so coarsely audacious, ill-bred and ill-informed and just plain ill as to consider themselves significant? It is a most satisfying thing to see the big fish in a small pond turn into a smelly, verminous shrimp in a large cess pool.

I am glad I wrote this article. Now I feel important. (He smiled, slashed his wrists, and died. Nobody cared.)

VARSITY VOICE

To The Editor:

Someone should point out to the YCF that, whatever they are not (as expressed in their Newsletter No. 2), they are an organization. But a true individual, let me emphasize, is not a "joiner". Thus their organization,

on the grounds of their own program, is an contradiction, and any persons they may attract will be the same sheep that flock to all such simple utopian movements.

J. D. Wood