

So, Gentlemen... as you can see... apart from one lake drying up, a few others inadvertently killed and this minor fissure here, there have been absolutely no unexpected or dangerous effects from our test.



they're our employees

Students at the University of Alberta (through the courtesy of their elected student representatives) have again "found themselves in the unhappy position of employer and in the midst of their own labour dispute" (The Gateway, Sept. 9, 1971).

Or is it the same dispute?

It is not the Students' Union Executive, or Students' Council, or Darrell Ness who employs the workers who keep our building clean and handle the bureaucracy necessary for that building and other student activities. It is you and I who are these people's employers.

And we have a responsibility to provide our workers with an adequate standard of living and a comfortable working environment.

We have obviously been ignoring our responsibilities.

We have been content to use the facilities provided by our building and have given no thought for the welfare of the people without whom our comfort would not be possible.

The CUPE local and our Students' union disagree on two basic points - money and working conditions.

The SUB workers are asking for more than adequate or legally required wages. They are asking us to give them a really decent living wage - something few other corporations could conceive of doing.

But we who masquerade as poor, powerless, mis-understood students should be willing to consider giving our workers wages which may be out of line with wages in the rest

of this society. We should be willing to experiment and take a step towards providing really decent wages for all members of this society. We must take a strong stand against the subsistence wages most workers now receive.

We should be willing to do this because we are supposedly one of the more liberal segments of this society and because we can afford it. We can afford a cutback in student activities - we probably wouldn't even notice it. And many of us would enjoy using our money for a more socially productive cause.

Our workers are also asking us for the right to have some say in the hiring of their managers and in management decisions which affect them. We have no right to deny them this.

Our workers' present struggle for power is virtually the same struggle we fought for parity on General Faculties Council and are now fighting to gain representation on the committees which decide the hiring and firing of professors.

Our elected representatives, through the medium of our general manager whom they selected, are taking a strong stand against decent wages for our workers and against participation by our workers in decision making.

If any of us are at all concerned about the quality of our lives, we must strongly oppose our official stand as expressed by the representatives we unfortunately elected last spring.

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rational that I am writing this letter.

Let us consider the costs of maintaining our own private Schutz Staffel or security force.

First we must consider the rational of having a private police force. Presumably it is to prevent and contain the many riots, bombings, bank robberies and Engineering Queen stealing for which this violent campus is noted. Also, when Armageddon and/or nuclear war breaks out, they will be needed to direct the traffic to bomb shelters, beer parlors, and churches where they will be safe. In addition to the above oneous duties, they, on rare occasions issue parking, and jay-walking tickets.

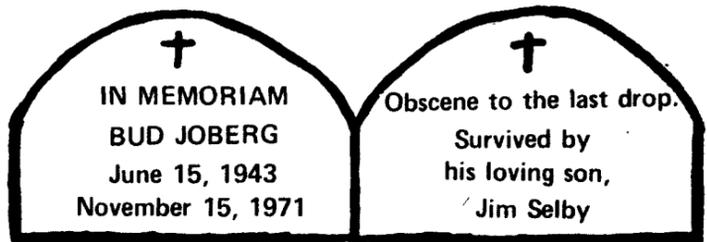
In fact, I suggest that the real rational for their existence, along with the desire of a few ex-militarists to bolster their ego by having their own personal private army or Schutz Staffel.

Why then do they need V-8 chevrolets? To roar from meter

to meter, tear from parking lot to parking lot or run down rioting students? For these functions would not Volkswagens be cheaper. in the snappy and expensive uniforms? They are hardly needed for writing parking tickets. However, they no doubt bolster the ego of their wearers General when he parades his army.

This poor and humble student feels that the administration might examine some aspects of the rational that has expanded the Campus Security Force into a quasi-military force. After all, if we have and need a private Schutz-Staffel to keep the peace on campus, why bother hiring the city police for football games and the Corps of Commissionaires for SUB? It seems to me that this is needless duplication and a waste of money. Let us eliminate the most useless of these forces and save a buck.

Chuck Tebby
Sc. 4



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STAFF THIS ISSUE

The evening started out busy, but fairly dull. Suddenly the cry rose up: "Who's going to get the booze? A figure flashed by, paused to pick up the money, then streaked out the door. When semi-sozzled Rick returned, morale went up as our staff slowly slumped to the depths of drunken oblivion. Among our drunken drivellers were:

Babbling Beth Nilson, Garrulous Winston Gereluk, Sexy Rickie Grant, Irate Elsie Ross, Dawn (watch it Rickie) Kunesky, Bud(we're going to miss you!) Joberg, Bob Blair, Mickey Quesnel, Collette Forrest, Meredith MacKeen, Lana Yakimchuck, Elke and Irene, Jim(Welcome to the Gateway)Selby and last but not least Harvey G. for most definitely grovelling, Thomgirt.

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Happened to be down at the Coffee Cup the other day, talking to a couple of my favorite people, Joe Shochtock and Benny Benzdrine, over what can be described as, at best, a poor grade of carbon remover-kind of like what they serve in SUB. Benzdrine, the 76-year-old voice of Edmonton youth, says he has plans to bring in Wayne Newton and the King family sometime this fall, and is staking his bundle on the operation. Benny confided to me that if the Edmonton hipsters don't sell the show out, he'll turn in his love beads and go back to the ministry.

Jason dropped by the other day on his way back from the Sally Shop, and happened to have his young son along with him. So we sat down to watch the olympic trials on T.V. Jason has always expressed an interest in sports of that kind, especially the broad jump. His son tells me that Jason really is good at broad jumping, too. Says that his father jumps at least three broads a day. Nice

little bastard, but one of these days, someone is going to stab him in the eye.

Passing notes: For those of you having problems operating the money changers in the temples on campus, a few short hints--the dollar changer in the basement of SUB changes bills between serial numbers A/A 1000000 and F/R 1890072. The changer in the Tory building changes dollar bills between the serial numbers of F/R 1890073 and P/Z 3045871 inclusive, and the dollar changer in the V-wing changes counterfeit bills of all serial numbers.

Well, folks, it was that time again on campus last week. There were pictures of ugly chicks all over the place, and the engineers were walking around with permanent erections. Which can mean only one thing. And that's that it was Queen Week. God knows, though, that there are enough queens wandering around campus without the engineers having to commandeer a bunch of chicks to run for the position. Yesterday, for example, I was in the can and this guy walked in. I knew he was an engineer right away because he was carrying an eight-foot gold-plated sliderule, jammed inconspicuously in his back pocket. The thing that made me suspicious about his virility, though, was the pink jumpsuit he was wearing. That didn't bother me, as much as the fact that he was carrying a navy blue purse.