

# THE GATEWAY

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## An Open Letter To WUSC, U of A

To The Editor:  
 I watched with utmost humility and extreme embarrassment the Buck for Bombay campaign, its bands, chorus lines, and probably some half-naked dancing girls elsewhere, which I am glad I missed.  
 On top of everything comes the article in The Gateway which gives a statistical picture of the destitute, dying, University of Bombay students "suffering from malnutrition, lack of medical assistance, and sheer poverty, etc."  
 I would have blindly believed all and felt enormous pity for these student had I only not been a U of B student only a few years ago.  
 The object of WUS is very commendable indeed! The medical ser-

vices do need money and the Bombay branch of WUS would appreciate the help.  
 I would not be surprised if the WUS in Bombay declined such monetary help in the future if only they knew what a ghastly and exaggerated picture of hunger, illness, and disease has been painted here to collect alms for the poor and destitute students.  
 This campaign, its slogans and other techniques now make it very clear to me what Sinclair Lewis meant by the professional money raisers for churches in his book, "Elmer Gantry".  
 I would like WUS to answer my questions if the ends justify the means for raising funds.

## For Art's Sake

To The Editor:  
 Having seen on various trips through the Arts' building the poster concerning the color lithography on the second floor, I decided to investigate the wonders of various artists. What a sight I beheld! There, displayed in all their beauty (?), were numerous monstrosities, the products of a variety of demented souls. This display is no doubt beautiful (don't disagree with the experts), and if we fail to appreciate these masterpieces (of wild erratic imaginations), we are, no doubt, ignorant, bigotted, and narrow-minded. But supposing we do appreciate such noble products (perish the thought) how will those of us

entering the teaching profession judge the merits of our pupils efforts in art. In all fairness we will be unable to award to one child a higher mark than to another (less rivalry in the classroom?) for each child has his own ideas of what his work should represent, or should not represent. In order to evaluate the merits of each one's work, we shall have to become psychologists and delve into the child's mind to discover the idea behind his work; find how closely it resembles what he intended it to represent. How can we avert this calamity?  
 John Strydhorst  
 ED. NOTE: How Indeed?

## For An Apology

To The Editor:  
 It would appear from the many comments in The Gateway, general opinion and the ire aroused by the affirmative in "Resolved that the Kenton disaster was the result of student apathy," that there is some objection to the Students' Council attitude. Perhaps the apathetic student body does not like having Kenton rammed down its throat. Perhaps the provincial boors object to Big Brother, the Students' Council.  
 We would think that an elected body would represent the views of the electorate, not tell us what we should do, and what we should appreciate. Obviously the views of the Students' Council and the student body differ. Maybe we suffer from Gold-Key-itus, or Big-Man-on-the-Campus-indigestion, not student apathy.  
 We therefore believe that the Students' Council does not enjoy the complete confidence of the student body, and call for a public apology or a vote of confidence.  
 Frits Anema, Santokh Basi, David Leslie, Cathy McCurdy, Shirley McMillen, Graydon Miles.

## For An Election

To The Editor:  
 If the Students Council was a board of directors in the business world, how long would they last? The loss incurred would not be \$750,000, it would probably be \$750,000,000—and they would be out on their ear. So let's pick ourselves some good business heads—people that think and plan, because that's what they are there for.  
 We the students are the shareholders of this company and the council is the board of directors. It's our money that they are playing with. So let's pick people who present the necessary qualifications not those that will lead us to bankruptcy and ruin.  
 So when we vote, vote for the qualified man not for the one who smiles nice, dresses sharp, photographs well or is the sixth cousin of John Diefenbaker.  
 I suggest an election right now.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Deare Diarye . . .

## Off The Reservation

Events even more significant than last Saturday evening's Wauneita Formal have brought attention to Canada's Indian populace.  
 Recent reports indicate that Indians on Vancouver Island are faced with the prospect of a hard winter approaching the bounds of starvation. This kind of report is old hat and there are indications that the situation will worsen in the near future.  
 Although they were a disappearing people at the turn of the century they are now the fastest growing ethnic group in the country, and number 179,000. It is estimated that this will increase to 400,000 by 1980.  
 Over two-thirds of these Indians reside on reservations under substandard living conditions depending on the government to support them. Those off the reservations are best known as frequenters of shady dance halls and 97-street-type cafes.  
 What was once an effort to protect the Indians from the white man has turned them into outcasts of no use to themselves and a definite harm to society. Instead of slowly integrating, the Indian has crystallized into a tight-knit group suspicious of the white man and afraid that he will stop his meagre hand-out. Even the granting of federal voting privileges this year

has been bitterly opposed by the Indians as a trick to snatch away from them their special status and hence their treaty money.  
 The blame rests not only with the Indian himself for showing a lack of initiative, but also with ourselves for failing to recognize the problem and take vigorous steps to alleviate it.  
 Integration, if it is to come, requires education. The Indian must be provided with the manual and mental skills which will enable him to take a responsible position in society.  
 He must be educated in such a manner that his attitude changes from one of indifference and defeatism to one of determination, confidence, and self-reliance. He must be shown that the onus lies not only on society to provide this education, but also on himself to take advantage of it.  
 Failing this, the only alternative is to turn the Indian out of the reservation for his own good. Although there would be hardships for a time, the long-run benefits would justify such action. If things are left to run their course, the problem will merely be compounded and present even more difficulty of solution in the future.  
 Positive action must be taken soon to remove this ugly black mark from the face of our social map.

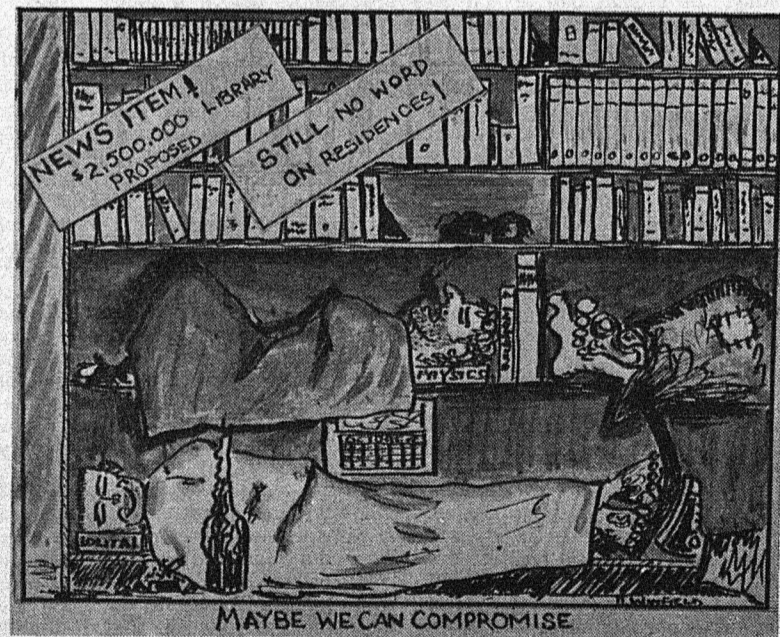
## Rinkstructions

In its four weeks of use, the new physical education building has proved to be a troublesome beast. Unforeseen problems have cropped up.  
 But fear not. Here is a list of handy "how to use the rink" instructions expressly drawn up for the organizations which will have to face it later this term.  
 First, don't bother hiring a band. Especially a big band. The acoustics are not conducive to easy listening. For that matter, don't waste energy on half-time entertainment or speakers.  
 Try to arrange for your crowd to come sans coats. At the Wauneita Formal Saturday evening, would-be dancers had to line up for an incredible three-quarters of an hour before they could shuck their cloaks.  
 The dusty terrazzo floor will be a problem if you are holding a dance. Perhaps you could establish a Dustbane-sprinkling committee, or call intermission every half hour and hose down the floor.  
 Make sure you have hundreds of dollars

worth of decorations. If you don't want your crowd to think it is creeping around in Kenton's Mammoth Caves, you must have long streamers hanging from the rink ceiling. The cavernous spaces above the rows of empty seats are also a problem.  
 Heating is another item. If your have a small Kenton-like crowd, bring your own furnace. If the crowd is large, like that at the Wauneita Formal, then have first aid men handy to revive those suffering from anoxia.  
 As a concert hall and ballroom, the new hockey rink makes a good hockey rink.

## Watch It

Perhaps Homecoming Weekend was held one week too early. That weekend Stan Kenton flopped, the football game was frozen out, and planned western festivities aborted.  
 Yet this weekend West Lounge was jammed with 250 souls for a rousing Hugill Debate, over 2,000 fans attended the football game, and some 1,300 persons filled the rink for the Wauneita Formal.  
 Perhaps this campus spirit thing is just a matter of timing.



Milord Editor:  
 Up this morning and to the Rutherford Libraries and was there most took aback to find the aspiring sergeants of law hovering about it, claiming it to be their alreadie, though the sod not yet approv'd to be turn'd for the new kiosk, a super-market.  
 I look ahead Milord, and I see a building most ugle filled with apathetic scholars and million (count 'em, sir) bookes, the students pushing grocery carts about the Shakespeare's IGA Reading Room and the Pay-N-Save Pharmacy Library. I see bibliophiles in butcher's smocks and the arte collection in a lean-in-and select-your butter refrigerator counter, most handie.  
 I also see several sad sillies, Milord:  
 Sophomore—"I be interested in something on beautiful architecture. Is there anything here?"  
 Librarian—"Just what you see, boy, take it or leave it."  
 Respectfully,  
 S. Pepsys, II