

rightly noted that this position is held by Edwin Goodman.

In the CIC's own official biography of Rotstein, however, the later is identified as "Chairman, Research and Policy development Committee," and thus, our reporter's assumption that he in the capacity had served as Chairman of the recent policy conference.

A second point raised is the intention of the article. Johnson is again correct when he complains that the article is not an accurate record of the convention. It was not intended to be. For the most part the Gateway will refrain from covering events which are widely covered in other media. The article was intended simply as an interview with an individual many of our readers might find interesting. The CIC convention proved only the convenient opportunity to interview Rotstein.

A third point raised by Johnson is the limited perspective of the article: "From my own experience, these workshops were definitely not a jet-set party." Given our decision to limit coverage to Johnson is correct in asserting that we did not observe the working sessions of the conference. On the other hand, I would suggest from the lack of apple-polished faces such as Johnson's at the

convention cocktail parties and banquet I attended, that he too had a limited perspective on the convention, of which these were a part as well.

Finally, Johnson has raised the question of my commitment to the independence of Canada. While this is not the time nor place for testimonials, I explained to him in our brief conversation and will repeat for him publicly here that I left the US out of a deep sense of anger at what that country had become. I will do whatever is in my power to see that Canada does not become like it.

tj

registration

In the issue of September 19 of The Gateway a letter from a graduate student about the I.D. photograph processing was printed. I have already replied to her, but I should like to point out that the Registrar's Office is not responsible for this part of registration. In the Registration Booklet it is shown as a Supplementary Appointment following registration and the responsibility for organizing it rests with the Photodirectorate of the Student's Union.

A.L. Darling
Assistant Registrar

counterpoint

staff comment

charter flights

Whereas at first glance it may appear that Saffron Shandro was pulling a raw deal with respect to the charter issue, I will offer some clarification.

In the history books of the Student's Union is the sad tale of Western Student Services, an air charter company (now in receivership). Many students have been ripped off in paying money for flights which never materialized and then in non-existent refunds, (one estimate of the damage was \$8,300.). In speaking to Saffron, he raised this matter and his obvious reluctance to repeat that debacle necessitated his decision to recommend Wardair as the charter carrier for the Students Union this summer.

Duncan Sherwin

classroom bigotry

What happened to the generation of love, peace, and good will to your fellow man? An outrageous display of bigotry and down right ignorance was displayed by some of my fellow students. For example how many of you know that there are absolutely no educated EYEtalians anywhere in the world or at least in Canada, according to one individual. And if there were any, they would be great greedy capitalists. If we decide to listen to another individual, NO educated EYEtalian could ever compete with a shrewd Jewish merchant in any business except boiling spaghetti in a Greek pizza joint. Also, to add insult to injury of the EYEtalian people, this individual seems to think that no EYEtalian could ever cheat anyone in a business deal. After all how many people do you know that were wopped and not jewed. To further complicate matters our class also learned that a Yuckeranian is capable of neither of the feats of greed or shrewdness that the Jews or EYEtalians are supposedly capable.

These individuals have publicly shown their ignorance and also insulted the intelligence of anyone in the class room who happens to be open-minded enough to believe that all men were created equal. I once thought that racism had died out with our generation, but these individuals have proven me wrong.

People like this may get an audience for a few minutes but when people start to realize what these people are really like and if they have any feelings for their fellow man, they will pass up what these people have to say about the wops, spics, chinks, gooks, kikes, hebes, ukes, niggers, bohunks or whoever else they decide to pick on. Yes, my fellow students, now you know that friends of Archie Bunker are alive and doing well on campus.

Bob McIntyre

PUB- LUCKS

AN EXCLUSIVE GATEWAY SURVEY

With the issue of a pub on campus slated for a November referendum, a number of Gateway staffers felt the paper had a duty to survey existing facilities "within staggering distance of campus" and offer cogent comments for the potential consumer. (As if you didn't know already).

The sky was overcast, clouds hovering drippingly, ominous rumblings threatening our progress. With gritted teeth we plunged into the golden, frothing deluge and emerged disgustingly swacked. Our labors were not in vain, however, for my colleagues and I had completed (against all the odds) a comprehensive, indepth, on the spot survey of four of the watering-holes within staggering distance of campus. A truly monumental achievement.

Let us begin our tippie trip with a nip at the Park Hotel, where hard liquor is available but the rush is for Calgary draught. Designed with the customary flair for the unusual common in Canadian beer halls, the Park can accommodate 500 (??) patrons with a complement of 3 shuffle boards, an electro-dart and assorted amusing vending machines. The snax are plentiful and moderately priced, but food is not the forte here-according to a rather dusty regular we interviewed propped up in a corner, "I don't know nuthin, I just drink...For those of you who imbibe only in conjunction with more sober activities, a variety of associated services are within easy grope, including a laundromat, liquor store, billiard hall, pizza joint and a tire store. Oh yes, nitely entertainment for the agriculture set.

Squinting like gophers into the searing September sunlight, our heroes chanced a stopover at the Riviera Hotel (which, alas, is a healthy hike for those of us with severe navigational difficulties.) Here we found a trifling crowd of 535 quaffing Labatt's by the bucket, awash in the melodious background cacaphony of a shuffleboard, 2 (count 'em) Electro darts, a colour TV and -get this- a cigar machine. The snack section is high-lighted by a popcorn concession (recommended by our experts) but the food prices were generally slightly higher here than anywhere else. Frequented intermittently by hordes of boisterous nurses, the "Riv" is the perfect launching pad for a



blast down to Calgary, a shopping spree at the many car dealerships, or a leisurely wolfing at one of the many exquisite "family" restaurants known to be lurking in the vicinity. Blaring bandstand for that intimate over-the-table chat with peers-better yet, do your talking in the line-up waiting to get in.

After being ejected from the Riv, our ribald troupe decided to inflict its own brand of ill-bred vulgarity upon the noble patrons of the Commercial Hotel, with the usual lack of propriety, natch. Much to our dismay none of the 212 guzzling Beau Maid even bothered to look up. To sooth our battered egos, we turned to food, (what else?) and found the lowest prices, and a throbbing neon menu extolling the virtues of Hot Kubisaw (their spelling) and smoked fish. For those fond of nibbling fresh fodder (some on the hoof), the Blue Danube will supply, and for the vicarious masticators out there, the CPR station washrooms will provide what the Klondyke Cinema doesn't. Live country music on weekends, but a bank-board, shuffleboard and electro-dart should fill in when the juke box isn't emanating those electrifying accordion solos.

Well, our final oasis. A veritable haven for the weary of mind, body, spirit and throat, sprawling languorously in the midst of the cultural nucleus of big 'E'. The Strathcona is resplendent in its service buttons that don't work, its two shuffleboards, its shining electro-dart, its 220 licensed stalls. The amber elixir of Bohemian Maid sloshes and washes down the monstrous piles of goodies amassed at each table. No professional entertainment, but every night a colorful parade of freeks, young and old. The happy faces of Shirley, Jimmy, August and Ziggy. Close to the important centers of industry and commerce (cop shop, inoculation clinic, bus garage) the Strath forms the nucleus of a solid community.

Too bad the focus is on booze.

Too bad the noise is intolerable.

Too bad the ventilation is unacceptable.

Too bad we're treated like cattle.

Moo.

Gary Bigg