

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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sports editor

Bill Kankewitt

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Glenn Cheriton

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Chuck Lyall

STAFF THIS ISSUE—Doggone it all! This office was so empty today we had to collar Linus to make up our staff. Actually he belongs to the photogs down the hall but the real staffers were: Ken (somebody else keeps putting up his name!) Bailey, Marvin "ice-cream" Bjornstad, Catriona Sinclair, Judy Griffiths, Ellen Nygaard, Greg Berry, Joe "won't be here" Czajkowski and Randy Jankowski and naturellement, votre ami, Harv Thomgirt.

Now for the last issue. Some explanation is (hic) forthcoming. Seeing as I was too drunk to slither onto a typewriter, THEY cancelled my column. Those also at the big bash were Pete Johnston, Ina Nieuwkerk, Trudy McKill, John Miller, Lynn Hugo, Forrest Bard, Judy Samoil, Dennis "on the wagon" Fitzgerald, W. W. P. Burns, Al Scarth, and other people who were either on the floor before me or arrived after yours truly succumbed the the spirits.—H.G.T.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1968

How to get a feeling of being a semi-rat

By RICH VIVONE

It was a bad movie and I left the theatre early. My car was down near Stony Plain Road and 124th Street so I crossed at the lights on 24th and 7th. Kids, all made up in their halloween costumes were busily scurrying about the streets trying to get to as many homes as possible before having to pack in another free treat night until next year. Lots of these ghosts and goblins had packed pillows which served as sacks and they tugged impatiently at the fathers who were compelled to chaperone the offspring for the night.

Other people had bags filled with beer along with heaps of other decencies.

As I moved down the east side of 24th, I saw a figure, huddled in unkept clothing, pick me up with his eyes and follow me for a short distance. It was as if he was making up his mind whether I fit whatever he was after.

At the same time, without so much as a prolonged glance at him, I was certain he was "a bum". I began to hurry and he quickened his pace to match mine. A car spun out of a gas station and squealed its tires and a young couple stepped sprightly out of a house near the corner.

Another man laughed as he passed us. But this "bum" was on my tail and he ignored the others. During a break in the traffic, I crossed to the west side of 24th and he followed me. But he cut diagonally across the pavement and cut me off.

His trick apparently was to walk slowly in front, then slow down and then angle up beside me. I am no stranger to these antics. I swerved back on the road to get away but he recovered instantly. "Mister, . . . please . . . for food," he said.

I don't like this sort of thing. I knew a lot of guys who were easy touches and this only increased their following. We were side by side going across the road. He said please and I said no and we continued shoulder to shoulder, exchanging words. Finally, at the other sidewalk, he stopped in front of me.

He looked bad. His shirt was open and his neck and face were not clean. He needed more than just a shave. The shirt was red plaid and his topcoat, what was left of it, had long since lost its original color.

His lips were deeply lined as he said, imploringly, "Just for some food, please. I don't want it for drink. I need food."

As he pleaded, his eyes became moist

and I thought he was about to cry. And he did—at least one large tear worth. It rolled slowly out of his eye and dropped to his cheek where it tantalizingly balanced itself.

"Please," he said again. "It's not for drink."

This is the worst—when a guy lies about it. He had been drinking. His breath reeked of it. It is degrading to want liquor and plead for food instead.

"Look," I said not kindly, "if you want booze, fine. But don't ask me for food and then use it for liquor. I don't give a damn what you really want, just don't con me," I said. A guy can get pretty righteous at times.

"No, no," he said. "Take me to a restaurant if you like. Order it and pay for it and I'll eat it right there." The tear was still on his cheek, and it stubbornly knawed at my coldness. He did not brush it away. He may not have known it was there.

"Okay," I said. We went into a place on 24th north of Stony Plain called Betty's Lunch. He was still talking, "Just soup and a hamburger, that all . . ."

There weren't many people in the place. A skinny waitress came over and took the order. There was no soup, she said so I asked him if two hamburgers would do instead of just one. He nodded approvingly. Two hamburgers were just fine, he said.

They were ordered and I gave the waitress a dollar. She range the cash register. I left before she put the food on the grill.

As I turned the corner on Stony Plain, I thought I was being rather cheap about the whole situation and I should have bought him more than a measly bucks worth.

As I got in the car, it suddenly occurred to me that I should have stayed and made sure he got the food. He could easily ask the waitress for the money and get a drink. If you've been an easy touch before, this thought stays a long time.

So I drove slowly north on 24th and edged easily past the restaurant, to see. Through the window, I could see the man, his terrible topcoat hanging over the stool and his figure bent over the counter.

Then two kids went in, their faces masqueraded by makeup and masks and they asked for their treats.

I drove home then, and I wasn't feeling too good.



THIS IS MAXIMUS NAUSEOUS HERE ATOP THE COLOSEUM BRINGING YOU THE SECOND HALF OF TODAY'S GAME. THE SCORE: CUS 0, CHRISTIANS 1.

Editorial

The "other" national union

There is talk of another national union of students in Canada. Most of the talk is coming out of Carleton University in Ottawa where one George Hunter, a vice-president of the student council, is the resident conservative.

Very little has been made public as regards to what sort of union it will be, what direction it will take, who was contacted about it etc. There are many questions to be asked. If all goes well for these people, we should know the answers sometime early in the new year after their proposed Christmas meeting.

At the Martin Loney—Marilyn Pilkington debate Monday, Miss Pilkington was asked about this union. She gave all the stock answers, of course, but none of them were very useful.

She admitted being contacted about the possibility of a new union and the sender, Mr. Hunter, indicated he was "most anxious" to hear her reply. The Gateway has its copy of the telegram and we didn't get it from the president.

While Miss Pilkington admitted she knew about the union, she also said, in a telephone interview, that "she was waiting to hear more about it" before making any definite statements.

All this is fine and above the board.

But she should remember that she is president of the Students' Union at this university and when she is contacted about a matter which may affect all students at the university, whether it be a projection of a new union or rejection of same, she should bring the mat-

ter before the students' council immediately.

Then it is council's position to instruct her to completely sever relations with any groups involved with such a proposition. It is not ethical to entertain thoughts of a new union when the question of acceptance or rejection of Canadian Union of Students' policies is to be decided by students in a spring referendum.

CUS must be decisively rejected in a referendum before another union can even be considered. To be fair to CUS, students here should be notified that the student government is putting the CUS question first before all other union talk.

And while we are in the "CUS education" field of which the Loney debate was a sample, we question the reasons why the students' union is withholding copies of the CUS national paper Issue which was supposed to be distributed on campus earlier this term. The CUS national office says the copies, about 2,000, were sent out almost three weeks ago.

We understand the students' union is making out a questionnaire to be inserted in the newspaper. Our last question to the Students' Union is "why can't the students read the paper and decide for themselves whether the rag is any good or not or whether they want CUS and its policies."

We don't agree with the way the Students' Union guides its readers in matters like this. There is a term for action such as this but it is obscene and we refuse to print it.