

The Gateway

Member of the Canadian University Press
Winner N. A. M. MacKenzie Trophy 1963-64
Winner Ottawa Journal Trophy 1963-64

Editor-in-Chief - - - Bill Winship

Associate Editor Barry Rust
News Editor Don Sellar
Sports Editor Alex Hardy
Features Editor Janis Kostash
City Editor Doug Walker

Editorial Assistant Adriana Albi
Fine Arts Marion Raycheba
CUP Editor Patricia Hughes
Photo Editor Hiroto Saka
Makeup Editor Bill Miller

STAFF THIS ISSUE—Brian Flewelling, Gerry Ohlsen, Carol Kaye, Lawrence Samuel, Lorne Larson, Beverly Bayer, Larry Krywaniuk, Dave Estrin, George Yackulic, Cheryl Smith, Gary Klerman, Malcolm Fast, Bill Salter, Miles Murray, Jim MacLaren, John Loewen, Les McLeod, Barbara Humphrey, Richard Assinger, Helene Chomiak, Irene McRae, Lorraine Raboud, Ann Matheson, Ginger Bradley. The Gateway is published twice weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta. Opinions expressed by columnists are not necessarily those of the editors. The editor-in-chief is responsible for all material published herein. Final Copy Deadline: for Tuesday edition—7 p.m. Sunday, advertising—4:30 p.m. Thursday; for Friday edition—7 p.m. Tuesday, advertising—4:30 p.m. Monday. Advertising Manager, Bev Bayer. Circulation 7,500. Office phone—433-1155.

PAGE FOUR

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1964

Are Conferences Worthwhile?

This week, in a little-publicized move that culminated some pretty rough debate, Council decided to appropriate \$200 (\$300 less than was asked for) in support for a Western Regional Anglican University Students Conference, to be held here October 23.

No one quarrels with the religious nature of the function, or with the general principle of council deciding to subsidize conferences of this sort, but one serious question may be asked:

How much money are student conferences in general worth to this university?

The Students' Union — that's us, buster — pays the shot for more than two dozen delegates yearly to fly east and west, and attend various "student conferences."

On top of that, now the Students' Council has apparently decided to appropriate still more, to the Anglican Students, to hold a conference here — with the understanding, ap-

parently, that such a conference couldn't hold its own, on its own.

Surely there is room for more than just routine skepticism about the whole matter of conferences. What returns do they pay to justify their high costs? Is the superficial education for a few days, of a rather small group of students — often, all too often, it resembles more a clique — worth the tab the rest of us have to pick up?

We're not suggesting that we have the answer, and that it decrees the immediate doom of council support for student conferences.

We are suggesting that no one, on council or otherwise, has yet taken the time to inform the student body as to just what the great benefits of conferences are — and to explain patiently (for we recognize our slowness in such matters) just why conferences justify their general high cost.

The reasons might be interesting — if there are any.

The High Cost Of Eating

Food services at Lister Hall are geared to student needs, says J. M. Stoneham, Director of Food Services. So they may be, but what of the rest of the campus?

Can he deny that at peak hours the food services on this campus are inadequate to accommodate all the hungry students? Has he tried to find a seat at any of the cafeterias on campus during the lunch hour?

With the increased enrollment, the new residences in operation, the expanded efforts to discourage students driving cars to campus, seats at Hot Caf, the Students' Union Building cafeteria, and Lister Hall, are at a premium. And what happens when winter weather forces students to remain on campus for their noon meals?

If we grant Mr. Stoneham, for the moment, that the quantity, the quality, and the variety of meals offered at Lister Hall are adequate, how many students can afford to eat there on a regular basis? Even at the meal ticket price it will cost over \$66 a month for three meals a day. Tack on room rent and it's obvious Lister Hall is no place for a student with a limited budget to eat.

Yet, what are the alternatives? No campus cafeteria offers an a la carte dinner menu. No other campus cafeteria lives up to the "standards" Mr. Stoneham has set for Lister Hall. Thus, any student seeking a decent dinner meal is forced to eat at Lister

Hall or go off-campus.

May we offer these suggestions:

(1) Open Hot Caf for a la carte dinner meals. We disagree with Mr. Stoneham that there is no demand for such meals at Hot Caf. Surely a cafeteria so close to the Cameron and Rutherford libraries, occupying such a central campus location, will be in demand for dinner meals, especially when sub-zero weather makes a walk to Lister Hall impractical.

(2) Open the Lister Hall Snack Bar for lunch and dinner on an a la carte basis. Overcrowding in present facilities dictates this expansion of service.

(3) Reduce the price of meal tickets—they must be brought in line with student budgets. It would appear that non-resident students are paying more for the same food, the same amount of food, than are resident students. And yet, Mr. Stoneham can not be any more certain of attendance by residents than meal ticket holders. Since knowledge of customers per meal is the main criteria for determining costs, there is no justification for any disparity.

(4) Finally, long range plans should include a new food service plant equivalent to Lister Hall, perhaps at the present site of Hot Caf, in addition to anything planned for the new Students' Union Building.

Perhaps the way to a student's heart is indeed through his stomach.



"THERE IS, AFTER ALL, SOMETHING AESTHETICALLY APPEALING ABOUT A STUDENT CONFERENCE."

Upperclassman Too!

Letter To A Freshman

The following is an open letter to freshmen by Jeff Greenfield, a law student at Yale University, who for two and one-half years was editor-in-chief of the Wisconsin Daily Cardinal at the University of Wisconsin. Perhaps upperclassmen would be well advised to read it as well. B.W.

Canadian University Press
Collegiate Press Service

Dear Freshmen:

In entering college you have no doubt been looking forward to four years of immersion in the knowledge process, in which your mental horizons will be broadened, your parochial background will feel the cool breeze of social, cultural and ideological diversity, and in which you will become an individual, well-educated and well-prepared for your role as community participant and good citizen.

Forget it.

Unless you are one of the rare ones, unless you are either so equipped that college will not cripple you or so cynical that you are unburdened by the illusion of Academe, these four years will be more dull grey markers on the road to comfortable mediocrity. And the sooner you realize it, the better off you will be.

Your four years will be spent in the company of little minds on both sides of the classroom lectern. You will be scribbling notes in the company of "students" whose every thought and every deed is a mockery of that term, and whose world is bounded by clothes, sportscars, the football games and a shallow, mechanistic obsession with sex.

Your comrades are the Takers—the generation spawned by prosperity and complacency, for whom obligations do not exist, commitment is a joke, and concern for others a waste of time.

Their lives revolve around themselves, defined as narrowly as possible, and their universe, which ends with what they can possess. The thrill of dissent, the sparks of intellectual challenge, the lust for inquiry, is absent—because it cannot be hung

from a wall, worn, driven, or shown off at a dance.

Your teachers are a breed of men too often forced to an obsession with the trivial. Plagued by the need to publish for the sake of publishing, untutored in responsibility of offering value in what they write, the guardians of your minds are themselves men who delight in artificial constructs, in clever word games, in artful presentations of buncombe swathed in the mystical jargon of verbiage.

The classroom, for many of them, is a way-station between the library and the faculty club, a whistlestop where they cast their artificial pearls. Discussion and critical inquiry are a bore, a nuisance, and an interruption of the almighty syllabus.

And yet . . . somewhere in this desert of Summer Proms, Pep Rallies, Kampus Carnivals, Greek Weeks, Fall Proms, final papers, Fiji Island Romps, Winter Proms, midterm examinations . . .

. . . somewhere a teacher will strike sparks in your mind . . . somewhere you will stay up all night and probe your own motives and goals with a friend . . . somewhere the myriad injustices of the world will set your soul on fire with indignation . . .

And somewhere you will read a book you have not read before, and wonder at a new thought fully phrased by an extraordinary thinker, and you will in spite of yourself be driven to question what you have believed all your life, and you will search . . .

And before you plunge back into the inanities of American college life you may perceive what education is about and see why men spend their lives teaching others.

Sincerely,
An Alumnus.