

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—Hallowe'en has come and gone; we had a ghostly time putting out the news and Marjibell got the thrill of her life when Glenn Yarbrough held the door open for her. We also had a visit from Albert the friendly spider; he came to see Ronald P. Yakimchuk, Susan Shill, Janet Lowsley, Barrie Ldiatt, Glenn Cheriton, Peter McCormick, Ken Hutchinson, J. Schaeffer, Hiro Saka, Ray Rajotte, Margaret Bolton, Peter Bassek, Eric Little, Leona Gom, Alex Ingram, Shirley Kirby, Judy Samoil, Dennis Fitzgerald, Suzanne Brown, Larry Mitchell, Elizabeth O'Donoghue, Jack Lantern and the ever-faithful, ever present, yours truly Harvey Thomgirt.

The Gateway is published three times a week by the students' union of The University of Alberta. The Editor-in-Chief is responsible for all material published herein. Final copy deadline for Tuesday edition—7 p.m. Sunday, advertising—noon Thursday prior, Short Shorts—5 p.m. Friday; for Thursday edition—7 p.m. Tuesday, advertising—noon Monday prior, Short Shorts—5 p.m. Tuesday; for Friday edition—7 p.m. Wednesday, advertising—noon Tuesday prior, Short Shorts—5 p.m. Wednesday; Casserole advertising—noon Thursday previous week. Advertising manager: Gordon Frazer, 432-4329. Office phones—432-4321, 432-4322. Circulation—10,000.

Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Postage paid at Edmonton. Telex 037-2412.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1967

your money . . .

Students' council early Tuesday morning gave approval to a budget with a deficit of \$10,980.

The approval climaxed more than four hours of debate, confusion, pleading, and philosophizing.

They could have spent four more hours because many councillors didn't do their homework, and obviously didn't have a clue about what they were supposed to be doing.

But, this is nothing new; a \$10,980 deficit is.

While it may appear that everything is going to work out alright when the deficit is weighed against last year's \$26,000 surplus, it is important to look into the reasons for a deficit budget and the implications of it.

Nearly all of the deficit can be attributed to the \$10,000 bill for the physical move into the new students' union building. Fortunately for everyone concerned, this is an expense which will not be recurring.

And so, disregarding the new building for the moment (with apologies to its ardent fans) the budget shapes up as pretty well a break-even operation.

Basically we agree with Mr. Ponting that the budget is good; no club has had its program cut extensively, and provision has been made for the utilization of new facilities.

In other words, the maximum number of people were satisfied.

But, as occurs every year when the matter of the students' union budget arises, a few old-hat problems were brought to the fore.

Problems such as: do we want to discourage professionalism in student government? do we need a literary magazine? why can't some clubs raise their own revenue?

Of course, no concrete answers were offered this year; there are no concrete answers.

To the annual set of constant questions, we present a few particular questions and suggestions arising out of this year's budget.

. . . is all spent

1. Is it not evident that the time has come for a complete re-evaluation of the position of the Evergreen and Gold? Is it possible to continue justifying the expenditure of \$44,850 on the yearbook? Perhaps it is time the yearbook was put on a voluntary basis; perhaps it's time thought was given to producing two books, both on a voluntary basis, serving different needs. Primarily, it's time the students were consulted as to what they want in the way of a yearbook.

2. Can an expenditure of \$6,180 and a revenue of zilch for U of A Student Radio be justified. The executive of Radio has indicated it is ready and willing to sell air time to commercial advertisers in order to offset their large capital expenditure. But, council says no. We maintain the selling of advertising time on Radio would operate on exactly the same philosophy as selling advertising space in The Gateway or the telephone directory.

And, council has welcomed with open arms the \$25,000 which The Gateway has added to the revenue side of the budget through its advertising program.

3. Is there not some way that the five groups which list speakers as an expenditure could get together and enjoy the same speakers? This could very effectively cut the more than \$4,000 expenditure for speakers to a more reasonable figure. Also, we maintain admission could be charged to some of these meetings for which speakers are imported at great cost to the students' union.

Needless to say, there are many more questions and many more suggestions. It is impossible to outline them all in detail.

We can only hope that some thought might be encouraged so that our budgets in the future will be good, not because they satisfy everybody, but because they are realistic.



elaine verbicky

the word has four letters

This is a column full of words. About a place full of words—campus—full of word-filled people—us.

We walk into classes and get shot full of words and numbers, some of them our own and some of them the prof's—but do they mean anything?

It dawned on me today that we are being subjected to fraud.

Someone is selling these words as the gilt-edged peak of Education. But they are not; they are not even the beginnings of the mountain.

Like f'rinstance. There's a lot of books around here which talk about people dying. Philosophy books about the life of the soul, mythology books about the rivers you cross to get to the Elysian Fields, medical books about what happens physically—read them all.

But you aren't educated until a coffin, full not of words but of someone you love, heads into the hole and you are there watching. Maybe you aren't educated about death until you die.

We don't get that here—and I'm glad—but it means the university can't be the final education. It has to be the biggest kindergarten of them all.

F'rinstance again: over the hum of the air-conditioning (which was humming only because the janitor in the basement cared), my prof once said wisely, "Euripides looked on love as a catastrophe; Ovid, as a method. Ha."

Halfway through my mental "brilliant, brilliant", I pulled to a halt. It didn't mean anything.

It didn't mean anything because I didn't, and still don't, know what that word "love" represents.

Even The Gateway is full of words, at times. F'rinstance III: recently the Oldest Prof on Campus gave up his title by dying. The admin flag fell a little, but most word-filled

people didn't know why. The Gateway had sent a reporter to talk to the man and garner his wisdom a few days previously. Great feature idea—the Oldest Prof on Campus speaks, and everything.

Then he died. Rats. But ohell. The Gateway had interviewed the second-oldest Prof on Campus, just in case. We still had the feature.

Occasionally, reality around here is recognized as such when it happens. And when it happens, it is surprising. Because it means so much more than words.

F'rinstance IV: it was the 11 a.m. mixing of people—point on the quad today, and a girl broke away from the crowd onto the grass. A boy broke away behind her, ran, caught her and kissed her.

After the sweetened castor oil of words, words poured out a few minutes before in the buildings around them and the crowd, it was real. And it hurt, somehow.

Words can't hurt like experience can, can't teach like experience does. All the words of the Vietnam crusaders about napalmed babies could not make me cry, now, no matter how much they hollered "deformed!" or "agony!" or "dehumanized!" I might act, yes, for reason's sake, since reason is word-filled and an answer to words like that.

But cry, no. I have no right, nor do the crusaders, to cry. All we have is words. No one but the napalmed baby or his mother has the right to cry, because they have the justifying experience.

University cannot finish educating us. It usually does not even begin. What it does is jam words into us, hoping that later real living will extract those words and fill the cavities with true knowledge.

Would you believe false teeth before the real ones?