

NASA-AUPE hassle continues to enlarge

Bill Broad's Alberta Union of Public Employees has begun its annual frustrating campaign to recruit the University of Alberta's Non-Academic Staff. The U of A Non-Academic Staff Association, which detached itself from the old Civil Service Association (now AUPE) in 1969, is watching with mild amusement as AUPE staffers pass out literature and schedule meetings on the campus. NASA, which organized the non-academic staff long ago, has negotiated contracts, handled grievances, and generally filled all the functions that Mr. Broad would like to handle, for \$2.75 per

month per employee. Mr. Broad has trouble explaining why the same job is worth one per cent of gross salary when done by AUPE.

The literature distributed by AUPE staffers claims that the AUPE fee is only \$4.75 per member per month, but a call to the AUPE main office gets the admission that no members of AUPE pay \$4.75; all pay one per cent of gross salary.

CHED News has been researching conflicting statements from Bill Broad and Horace Easy (President of NASA); apparently Mr. Broad has been

making claims about the relationship between AUPE and NASA that he can't back up, including some interesting statements about the activities of Mr. Easy. There is a possibility of court action in this area.

Those familiar with this old dispute will remember Broad's fiasco - the day he rented the main hall of the Jubilee Auditorium, and invited all 2700 members of the U of A non-academic staff to come and hear his pitch. Speaking to large numbers of empty seats, and a scattering of the curious and downright hostile, he failed completely in his bid to convince and recruit.

There were too many people there who remembered why they dropped out of the old CSA, and they were far from convinced that Bill Broad's heavy-handed militant unionism was a good answer for their area. Many expressed complete satisfaction with their own organization - NASA - and one even congratulated Mr. Broad for leading his organization into the nineteenth century; then suggested diffidently that if he ever made it into the twentieth, AUPE might be more interesting!

Broad has scheduled a meeting for U of A staff at the Jubilee again, but in the Assembly Room. It seems that he has learned a bit, anyway - the assembly room only seats 120 people! It is expected that NASA Executive members will be there, and they are hoping that Mr. Broad will come - but fear he won't, after the embarrassment he suffered last time! The meeting is called for 4:30 PM, Tuesday, April 5th, 1977, and NASA hopes that the news media will come out to see the fun!

Of course, it's Mr. Broad's meeting, and he may bar the press, but that's up to him; NASA has no objections to full and open coverage, and NASA Executive and staff will be available at the meeting for open comment.

David A. Tomlinson
Past President NASA
Candidate for President of NASA

these meetings, since it is our view that a matter of this nature should be openly discussed before decisions are made. Members of the Executive and staff of N. A. S. A. will be on hand to answer any questions our members may have.

G. Walker
NASA Manager

Thank you to Ken

As a representative of Commerce students, I would like to take the opportunity to thank Ken Jackson and the rest of the members of the BACUS Executive for the very fine job they have done in the past year. They

have done an excellent job...it is most certainly appreciated by those of us who benefitted from their efforts!

Dale Janssen
SU Commerce Rep.

Two-faced ad policy

Might I inquire whether or not you would accept an advertisement from a condom company which was promoting its Tomahawk brand by selling T-shirts decorated with the face of a befeathered crooked nosed, lecherous old Indian? Or how about Shylock brand condoms advertising T-shirts with the face of a big nosed, leering Jew? If you would reject such advertising, why do you accept the advertising of Julius Schmid Co. selling Sheik T-shirts portraying a big nosed, lecherous sleezy-looking Arab? Apparently there is some kind of "double stan-

dard" operating widely in Canadian society which approves of the derogation of certain ethnic groups, but not of others.

And I suggest that these T-shirts aim to insult Arab people. Indeed, I recall seeing anti-Semitic cartoons distributed by the Nazis and fascists, portraying Jews who looked exactly like the Sheik T-shirt Arab except for the kafiya on the Arab's head.

I think such advertising should be refused and this Schmid and Company exposed as purveyors of racism.

Harold Barclay
Anthropology

Western split party called opportunistic

There are a number of political groups newly-hatched in Western Canada, each claiming to have a strangle-hold on a relatively small idea. The groups come by several different names, but all have the obvious immediate design of making somewhat more palatable the western separatist viewpoint. Their coy slogan appears to be "Confederation if necessary, but not necessarily confederation."

In fact this ambiguity seems to underly every public utterance by the various new party leaderships. And, in analysis, it's difficult to see exactly what they are pursuing other than immediate advantage. They seem, for instance, to be saying "now that Canada's threatened and bleeding a bit, let's stab away and maybe cut out a nice juicy chunk for ourselves."

It's true, however, that there have been political parties which have risen out of Western Canada in the past brandishing some very real grievances and pursuing some very specific solutions. Without exception those earlier political movements were intensely reformist. They championed radical monetary and social changes - major solutions to problems made that much more acute by depression

conditions. There was genuine rage springing naturally from legitimate grievances.

But what is being pursued now is nothing more than immediate political and financial advantage. And the timing is certainly no accident. What we're asked to believe as westerners is that our grievances just happen to be most acute right at the moment. But these new parties - obviously not financed by any mass membership - offer to trade our inflated sense of grievance for cash and political power. The argument - and it's not obscured by any great amount of subtlety - is "we too want to separate, but we can be bought off." There is no apparent consciousness of any larger ideal of Canada than "what's in it for me, right now?" It's difficult to miss the point that all this sounds like transparent opportunism, and is far more likely to solidify support for Canadian unity in the West than erode it.

Westerners - instead of flocking to the support of the new political parties - may be asking themselves whether they're Canadians first. And whether they appreciate their loyalties being offered in trade.

Grant H. Kennedy

Look - religion is not funny

I used to enjoy reading Frank Mutton till I saw the 29th March issue.

Here he's implying that theologians are all on the wrong path and that the "85% of the world's respected scientists" are right. It's alright to make fun of a lot of other things but I don't think poking fun at religion is warranted for here.

I have one suggestion. maybe it's true that Frank

descended from the monkey since he resembles one if the picture is any indication of what he looks like. But let him leave the theory of creation and people who believe in it alone. I suggest that in the future he keep such ridiculous comments to himself. I think it's high time we put the Mutton away to rot.

Harry Anchan
Henday Hall

The way I saw it

FRANK MUTTON

It's been a long time coming, folks, but here it is - my last column. No, I'm not off on another wild goose chase. My contract with this mighty rag expires in about two hours, so I think I'll spend these last moments thanking all those who've made eight months of slanderous garbage possible:

There are Kevin and Lindsay and Don and Darrell and Liz and Mary and all the other staffers who were stupid enough to offer

me encouragement in these ridiculous pursuits - if they'd only stopped me when they had the chance!

To Frank Hutton, who had to put up with a newsroom that relished the chance to shove my worst comments in his face... and to Keith Ashwell and Andrew Snaddon, who could stand to have a few pounds of sand shoved up their respective asses.

To Martin Cowie, who is now the proud father of a bouncing

baby boy. (Not the result of experiments in recombinant DNA, by the way).

To whoever it was at CN who decided that rotten passenger service could be improved by painting yellow stripes on all the cars.

To Peter Smy, who always maintained that students come first (unless there's a racquetball court open).

To Barb and Wendy, who never believed a word I said... and to Jay Spark, who never said a word I believed.

To Reg Eadie, who still believes to this day that a room full of rabid engineers can be silenced by a simple "O.K. guys, listen up!"

To Bud and Shirli, who almost turned Edmonton's tenth best (or worst) columnist into a Japanese house boy... and to Jan, who may have singlehandedly destroyed any hopes I held for the moral decency of Royal Bank tellers.

To Chuck Chandler at CHED, the man voted "most likely to nauseate intelligent Edmontonians." With any luck he'll trip over one of those chins and land on a couple of disco kids.

To Kaysi, the U of A's Farrah-in-Residence.

Mayor Terry Cavanagh and the entire City council deserve a mention, since they proved to everyone that a civic government can, in fact, have the collective



"Some day we'll look back and laugh about this."

intelligence of a bowl of oatmeal.

To George Cumming, who may hold a world record for the amount of caffeine and nicotine combined in one term.

To Kim and Mina, who have offered to sign affidavits testifying to my loss of brain functions, at least occasionally.

To Herb Rupp and his accomplices at A.V.M.C. We can only hope that they'll continue to keep Education students in constant fear.

To Bert Hohol, who remains convinced that the only good foreign student is the one who has his bags packed and ready to go.

To Pat n' Pat (not a new restaurant), who still view me as something less than sane.

To the organizers of Bar None, who have always worn

their stetsons a little too tight.

To Scott and Cathy, who really, really deserve to get their names in boldface.

To my brother Joe, who is now rumoured to be hiding somewhere in the Faculty of Science. Some day that kid's really gonna make it big (I think).

To Gord Turtle and the crowd at CKSR, who have attained a degree of professionalism greater than that of CPIG in Weyburn, Saskatchewan.

To Brad, who gave up his worldly pursuits to return to the pike that he loves.

And finally, to all the Gran-fallooners all over campus who remain convinced that a university education is the be-all and end-all of existence. Ah, what fools these mortals be!

