

# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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**STAFF THIS ISSUE**—"Was there any?" asked Surfer when it came time for STAFF THIS ISSUE. Well, we looked behind the remains of the Great Avacodo and found Alex Ingram, Marj Bell, Mark Prieger, Che Guevara's body (murdered), Susan George, Henry Kwok, Bob Jacobsen, Keith Stoley, Shirley Kirby, Ray Voutier, Che's mother's army boots, the friendly sub-supervisor (another kind of boot; actually more like the heel) with his friendly candle-snuffer-outer and the ever-faithful, ever-present, yours truly, Harvey Thomgirt (the snake with the fallen arches).

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1967

## a lease on life

The Canadian Union of Students is still alive, thanks to the results of the UBC referendum.

Al Anderson is "amused", and we suppose he is entitled to his daily laugh.

But, from all appearances, it seems that he has not given the matter serious thought.

In fact, we suggest Mr. Anderson holds some kind of "sour-grapes" grudge against a students' council which let its students make the CUS decision, rather than making it themselves.

It is true that many students on the UBC campus probably did not have enough information about CUS to vote intelligently.

But, the fact remains that enough students voted to make the retention of membership valid.

It could be that the University of British Columbia, because of its geographical location, is much more interested in a national union.

It means more for them to have ties with other Canadian universities than it does for us.

It is probably very inaccurate to say that all the UBC students who voted for CUS are in favor of everything which CUS does.

The supporters merely indicated that they felt withdrawal at this time was neither feasible nor practical.

Whether or not UBC will retain CUS membership for long is debatable; certain U of A student leaders feel another referendum may be held in a year or so.

But, for the time being, UBC has, figuratively speaking, given an extension on life to what could be a dying organization.

By remaining as one of the backbone campuses of the union, UBC is providing for CUS a chance to either change some of its undesirable policies or justify them to the satisfaction of people like Al Anderson.

## face the facts

It is time that someone on this campus said a few words about thinking and its relationship to knowledge and isolationism.

Let us define an isolationist as one who restricts his knowledge to a single area, be it in medicine, the arts, politics, or what have you.

Let us also assume that if one is capable of thinking rationally, he will come to the right decisions, provided he has all the facts.

Now, let's find an isolationist. Consider some of our political activists on campus.

No one has proven these people to be more intelligent or more ignorant than the rest of the population, so it should be safe to say they are capable of thinking.

Then, why on earth are they martyrizing an out-and-out murderer like Che Guevara? Perhaps he was shot in cold blood, but he who lives by violence dies by violence.

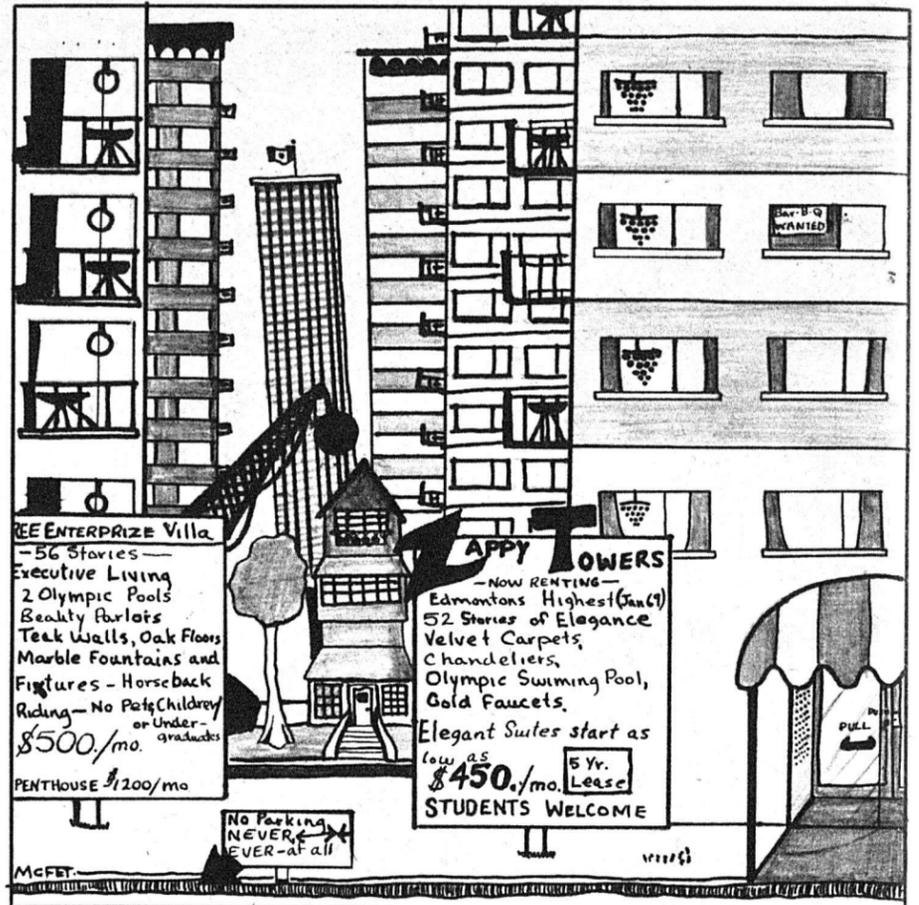
Can it be that these people have been listening to themselves for so long that they accept everything they say as gospel?

Can it be that they will not accept the fact Canada has one of the most democratic governments in the world, not excluding the U.S.S.R. and Cuba?

These activists do, in fact, come up with the odd good idea, but their system is so closed that it rarely comes to light, and the good idea remains mingled in with all the queer ones.

The bad ones remain alive because they never get out of the system to face all the facts of life.

The people to whom we are referring should get all the facts before they act. If they have an idea, they should not be afraid to let it face life. If it survives, good. If not, they should find another one.



board of governors refuses to support garneau rezoning bid—garneau circa 1969

## bob jacobsen foiled again . . . . . . like always

"Hey Fudd! Wait up a minute eh?" Fudd heard and thought: "Oh God. What now? Stupid people. Always after me at the wrong time when I'm in a hurry. Hafta catch a bus and they think I have all the time in the world. I wonder what this idiot wants."

Fudd's friend came rushing up excitedly.

"Hey. You goin to that meeting about Vietnam tonight?"

"Meeting?" Fudd said, frowning. "I hadn't really thought about it. It's usually so late by the time I get home I haven't time to come all the way back here. Why? Are you going?"

"I don't know. I hate to go by myself. What do ya think about Vietnam anyway?" By this time Fudd was getting quite irritated and out of the corner of his eye he could see several buses gathering over on the corner by the busstop. He looked at the ground for a few moments, then back at his friend again, who was watching two young girls prancing by in their short skirts.

It was unusually warm that afternoon when Fudd got out of his last class, and now as he and his friend stood contemplating the relative merits of the two tight little bums swaying tantalizingly away from them, he wondered if perhaps another bus trip back to campus would not be worthwhile.

From where they stood he could hear the huge diesel engines gunning and he knew if he didn't get over there promptly it would be at least another thirty minutes before the next one came. One of them roared and slowly began to move away from its now barren birth, Fudd involuntarily fidgeted.

"I haven't got time now," he said. "I'll give you a buzz tonight when I get home. About seven or seven-thirty. I gotta catch a bus. Okay? See ya."

"Ya. See ya!" Fudd's friend shout-

ed after him. "Don't forget to phone!"

Fudd ran across the street and over some grassy turf in order to shorten his route. He didn't see the manhole hidden in the grass until it caught his foot. When he scrambled to his feet again to collect his scattered books, a nagging fire tore through his ankle, and his foot would not hold any weight.

Limping wildly and clutching ragged and torn books and papers under his arm Fudd finally managed to scramble up to the traffic lights as they just turned red.

"Dammit! Hey, do you know if BS49J has left yet?" he asked his companions of the blockade, trying to balance his bulky weight on one weak foot.

"Which one is that?" one volunteered.

"Uh, Wuthering Hollow. Yah. That's it. Wuthering Hollow."

"Oh. No, I don't think so. It just pulled around. That's it sitting over there I think," the person said.

The lights finally changed. Fudd dashed speedily across the wide street behind everyone else, dragging his ailing foot, hoping. The bus sat panting beside the curb, waiting hungrily like a huge belching monster, hoping.

Halfway up its side, the doors banged shut, and amid a heavy cloud of dark black fumes, Fudd was left standing, swearing he would cash in his pass at the earliest opportunity.

Through the windows of the bus Fudd saw the luckier passengers laughing. In the big side rearview mirror the late afternoon sun caught an image, an image of a gross, swarthy bus driver, smirking.

"Hee, hee, hee!" the big bus laughed as it skittered away.

The sun sank, the winds began to howl, and Fudd knew that any minute, it would begin to snow.